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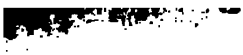
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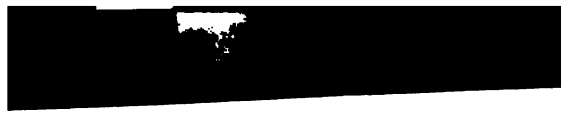
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THE

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER

BEING THE ENTIRE WORKS OF

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AND THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS DISCIPLES,

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PROLOGUE.

GENTLE READER,

I present thee with a volume of examples of WIT. Whatever be thy humour, i
tients must please thee even in spite of thyself. Whatever be thy diseases of min
u wilt here find medicine for all of them—antidotes to bad weather, dull neigh
ourhoods, contrary winds, protracted remittances, chronic disorders, lawsuit
nut, scolding wives, drunken husbands, and all the numerous *et cæteras* in the cat
ogue of life's miseries. With this volume in thy hands, thou mayst always enj
"the soul's calm sunshine," and be a stranger to ennui, hypochondria, the blu
evils, and devils of all colours, which would disturb thy repose and sense of wel
eing.

Talk of the Philosopher's Stone, Fortunatus's Wishing-cap, and the diminuti
anticide's Invisible Coat, these are mere baubles, when compared with this bool
thou wilt be cheerful, merry, and without any wants, while thou hast in th
ouch or pocket this unfailing and omnipotent talisman. "I would rather," said
profound philosopher, "have been born with a cheerful disposition, than heir to te
housand a-year," and he might have said, twenty or fifty thousand; for what
wealth without that healthful state of mind, which this golden volume will infallibl
ure? THIS BOOK IS THEREFORE worth TWENTY THOUSAND A-YEAR; and its possesso
look down with pity on the man, however wealthy, who nevertheless lacks th
asure. Before breakfast, it will create good spirits for the day; after dinner, it wi
romote digestion and healthful secretions; and after supper, it will so weary th
ples, and exercise thy diaphragm, that repose, sound and sweet, will be the co
companion of thy pillow.

Momus passed a few centuries in Greece, where he specially dispensed to the lively sons of Attica. He thence crossed into Italy, where the m so disgusted him, that he quitted that country for France, and dwelt th return of the Bourbons, when, to escape the thraldrom of dulness, he to in a steam-boat for England. During the last seven years he has been between Bath, Cheltenham, Leamington, Brighton, Hastings, Buxton, H Sidmouth, and other favoured seats of British gaiety. In these jaunts he passed through London, Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingha Nottingham, and other dens of care, and taking pity on the wretched i his godship inspired two Editors of the genuine race of the Bulls to cor work, to cheer and enliven the present gloomy existence of so many r their family.

Having received their commission, which authorized them to destroy melancholy, and to sink, burn, and overwhelm by suitable reaction all th mental disease described by Haslam, or suffered by preaching and prayi thrifty misers, swallowers of quack medicines, lawyers' clients, and oth of misguided reason, they resolved to call a COUNCIL of WITS; but I being dead, they could hear of none except George Colman, whose stock exhausted, or forestalled by the purveyors of royal amusement. They th sought Momus to evoke a council of his deceased favourites from the Sl fixed upon Salisbury-plain for the place of rendezvous. The god, on h burst into a roar of laughter, telling them that the area of Stonehenge w than suffice. To this lone place the wits of other times one night were s temporarily invested with an unsubstantial garb, resembling in appea mortal forms, and were brought into the presence of the Editors. The l have felt alarmed, but the numbers in attendance were few, and instead o groans of ghosts, incessant peals of mirth alone were heard. These at l sided, when CERVANTES demanded "*the business of the two knaves who had [redacted] to this sorry world.*" One of the Editors then named the commission w

[redacted] together, "Why trouble us on this subject? why not consult our [illegible]?" "But," said STERNE, "we are sent by the gods at the request of Momus, [illegible] is our duty to obey. I yield for one, but I can only quote my own Tris-[illegible]" and so saying, he delivered, in his sprightly manner, the following passage:

en of least *wit* are reported to be men of most *judgment*, but it is no more than report, and a vile licious report into the bargain. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of Wit and Judg-y the two knobs on the back of my chair. Here stands *wit*—and there stands *judgment*.' You see e the highest and most ornamental parts of its *frame*—as wit and judgment are of *ours*, and like o, indubitably both made and fitted to go together,—in order, as we say in all such cases of dupli-mbellishments—*to answer one another*. Now, for the sake of an experiment, and for the clearer ing this matter, let us, for a moment, take off one of these two curious ornaments from the point or e of the chair it now stands on. But did you ever, in the whole course of your lives, see such a ridi-business as this now is? Nay, let me ask you, whether this single knob, which stands here like a nd by itself, can serve any purpose, but to put one in mind of the want of the other? And rather as it is, would not the chair be ten times better without any knob at all? Now these two knobs, rnaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I said, wit and judg-which of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful—the most prized—the most calami-be without, and consequently, the hardest to come at;—for all these reasons put together, there is ortal among us so destitute of a love of fame or feeling—or so ignorant of what will do him good —who does not wish and steadfastly resolve in his own mind to be, or be thought at least, master ne or the other, or indeed, both of them, if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to be brought . Now, your graver gentry, having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one, unless they

perfection of wit, which penetrates into the recesses of things, observes all that merits observation perceives what seems imperceptible. We must therefore agree that it is extensive wit which produ the effects attributable to judgment."

Swift, who had listened to the preceding speakers with more than his wo complacency, insisted on the necessary union of wit and knowledge, some inelegantly asserting, that

"Wit without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful may be soon whipped into froth; but once skimmed away, what appears underneath will be fit for n but to be thrown to the hogs."

The Dean then proceeded to illustrate the difficulty of defining wit, in the fol ing caution to the Editors:

"Nothing is so tender as a piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or over a bottle; any of which b smallest transposal or misapplication is utterly annihilate. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus, o which it may not stray the breadth of a hair upon peril of being lost."

"I confess," said Pope, "that I am not a little disposed to coincide with the nion of those whom the last speaker has attacked. My idea of wit is that it

'Is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;'

nor am I less persuaded of the truth of my assertion, that

'——— wit and judgment ever are at strife.'"

Here he was interrupted by Dryden, who observed, "that while he agreed i sentiments of Pope, he must be allowed to say, that they appeared to be born from the well-known couplet in his own works,

'Great wits to madness sure are near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'"

When Dryden had finished, Addison expressed himself in the follo elegant and perspicuous language:

"*True wit consists* in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, as pu

y.lables, as in echoes and rhymes, or of letters, as in anagrams and acrostics. But every of ideas is not what we call wit, and it must be such an one that gives delight and surprise Where the likeness is obvious it creates no surprise and is not wit. Thus, when a poet he bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but, when a sigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit."

d Buckingham, "would not so coldly speak of this vivifier of human

'True wit is everlasting like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd:
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
E'en something of divine, and more than wit.
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.'"

," exclaimed Dennis, with the utmost impatience, "what rhapsody His Grace, when he wrote the *Rehearsal*, obtained reputation as an ex- f wit, which he has destroyed, and thus done justice to the world, by ; to define it. No intelligible characteristic of that quality has he favoured we except the very amusing paradox, that *true wit is something more than* so it is. Prose writers have seldom been capable of conceiving, illus- defining wit; and for the poets, they have generally lost their wits, in ; to do the last. For instance, the crooked little gentleman, who has amused us with his sententious plagiarism from Dryden, when he en- ists, *proprio marte*, and soared on his own feeble wings, indulged us with ing delectable apophthegm:

'There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it.'

ıld have stood alone in palpable absurdity, but for the kind example by his Grace of Buckingham.'

ral murmur of disapprobation, which arose from the writers both of verse, at this attack of Dennis's two-edged sword, compelled the Zoilus when Sir William Temple claimed the attention of the assembly, and himself.

"Wit is a Saxon word that is used to express what the Spaniards and Italians call *ing* French *Esprit*, both from the Latin; but I think Wit more peculiarly is the characteristic of of prose, and is displayed in those writings or discourses which are the most pleasing and ea all that read or hear them."

"I must acknowledge," said JOHNSON, who followed him,

"That I do not perceive the imperative necessity of ascertaining the etymology of a term in for the purpose of arriving at its ordinary acceptation; and though the labours of the philol usefully and successfully employed in collating the several terms employed in different l convey the same idea, such research must be deemed futile and superfluous in investigatin import of a word vernacular in our own tongue, and regarded as sufficiently intelligibl capacities. I cannot see why the properties attributed to wit by Sir William Temple, should verse more than prose compositions. Mr. Pope's definition of wit would exclude that origina one of its peculiar ornaments. Buckingham's flight, *non usitatâ nec tenui pennâ*, I shall n follow. The attempt to oppose wit to judgment is obviously sophistical, and I consider Stern tion on this head extremely happy; but a simile is not a definition. When a philosopher of a required to define motion, he simply rose and walked round the room. In my opinion the the same with regard to wit. He who cannot conceive its nature, unless it be defined to him reap advantage from any definition with which he can be presented."

It was the voice of thunder, and a reproof on the Editors which rea organs of hearing, like the great clock of St. Paul's. However, in t they were relieved by the suavity of LOCKE, who suddenly presented himse against one of the eternal stones of the circle.

"If a definition strictly logical," said he, "be intended by the D opinion is perhaps correct. But this does not seem to be a reason why decline inquiring into the nature and distinguishing properties of Wit. pears to me to consist in the assemblage of ideas, and in putting them tog quickness and variety, wherein can be found any semblance or congruit to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. It is a j things by distant and fanciful relations, which surprise because they pected."

"With all my veneration for the illustrious philosopher," replied CONGREVE, "I cannot joi of the subject. 'Wit, I consider, as a singular and unavoidable manner of doing or saying an liar and natural to one man only, by which his speech and actions are distinguished from th

[redacted]

[redacted] maintained, with his usual pleasantry, that [redacted] character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its [redacted] to a happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour, had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged conditions, the one might have been a sergeant and the other an exciseman. So it is with Wit, which generally descends more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy."

"I admire the laconic inference drawn by the last speaker," said the author of [redacted] "and thus far coincide in his ideas of the qualities of wit:

'All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Its form'd for every extract to abate
As much in value, as it wants in weight.'"

"For my part," said the venerable author of the *Night Thoughts*, "I have always considered wit as chiefly characterised by a happy union of courtesy and severity:

'As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is keenest by politeness set.
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.'"

"I object," said SELDON, "to the observations of the four gentlemen who have last spoken. Those [redacted] are very loose and general, and all have been too epigrammatic in their remarks; and though [redacted] not place wit and judgment in antithesis, I by no means agree with those persons who entertain [redacted] that wit necessarily implies wisdom. Wit and wisdom differ: wit is upon the sudden turn; wisdom [redacted] ging about ends. Nature must be the groundwork of wit and art. Wit must grow like fingers [redacted] taken from others, it is like plums stuck upon blackthorns, there they are awhile, but they come [redacted] off. He that lets fly all he knows or thinks, may by chance be satirically witty."

"[redacted] what wit is," said HUME gravely, "it may not be easy to define; but it is sufficient to our purpose [redacted] reflects taste and sentiment, and bestows immediate enjoyment. The most profound metaphysics [redacted] nevertheless be employed in explaining the various kinds and species of wit, and many classes [redacted] perhaps be resolved into more general principles."

On Hume's silence, LORD KAIMES thus addressed the audience.

"[redacted] all the ingenious, and, in many instances, profound observations, which have been elicited [redacted] preceding speakers, some of the most striking and decided properties of wit seem to have been [redacted] Wit," as Mr. Locke has justly remarked, "consists chiefly in joining things by dissimilitudes, which surprise, because they are unexpected. Wit is of all the most elegant [redacted] that enters the mind with gaiety, and gives a sudden flush, which is extremely pleasing [redacted] gently elevates without straining, *raises mirth* without dissoluteness, and relaxes [redacted]

entertains. The term *Wit* is applied to such thoughts and expressions as are ludicrous, and to some degree of surprise by their singularity. In its proper sense it is of two kinds; wit in the th and wit in the words or expression."

KANT, who had hitherto stood in a corner, now darted in the midst of the a bly and proceeded thus:

"In every thing capable of exciting hearty laughter, there must be absurdity. *Laughter is an tion from the sudden change of a strained imagination into nothing.* This change, which certainl no means grateful to the understanding, indirectly, and for a moment, produces very lively gratifi The cause must therefore consist in an influence, exerted upon the body, and in the reaction of thi the mind. The idea presented is not, in itself, an object of pleasure, as it is in the case of a pers receives tidings of a successful stroke in trade. How, in fact, can mere balked expectations be pl But a play of ideas takes place, and this excites a play of the powers of life.

"An Indian, at table with an Englishman, at Surat, expressed his surprise by loud exclamati seeing a vast quantity of froth ooze out of a bottle of porter, as soon as the cork was drawn. asked, *What surprised him so? Nay*, said he, *don't suppose I wonder it comes out; but how ever contrive to squeeze it in?* We do not laugh at this story, because we find ourselves wiser t poor Indian, or because the understanding finds in it any thing satisfactory, but our expectati strained, and suddenly vanishes. A rich man's heir is desirous to celebrate his funeral with all nity, but he complains that he cannot accomplish his purpose: *for*, says he, *the more I give my m to look sorrowful, the more cheerful do these fellows appear.* The reason why we laugh aloud at the sudden vanishing of expectation. Let a person of humour, by way of reply, seriously and circu tially relate how a merchant, on his return home with all his whole fortune in goods, was obl throw them all overboard during a violent storm, and that the loss affected him so, that the ver night his periwig turned grey; and we shall laugh aloud. For we feel pleasure in striking to and idea we are catching at, as if it were a ball.

"Assuming that, with all our thought, corporeal movements are harmonically connected, we can well conceive how the sudden removal of the mind, from station to station, in order to consider its is answered by a reciprocating contraction and dilatation of the elastic parts of our viscera. Th communicated to the diaphragm, which (as from tickling) throws the air out by sudden jerks, and sions a healthy concussion. This alone, and not what passes in the mind, is the true cause of th sure derived from a thought, which in reality contains nothing. Voltaire says, that Providence ha us *hope* and *sleep*, as a compensation for the many cares of life. He might have added *laughter*, wit and originality of humour, necessary to excite it among rational people, were not so rare."

At the conclusion of KANT's discourse, several of the assembly sought at to deliver their opinions, but before the point of precedency could be adjusted, th limited for their absence from the Shades expired. The sunbeams now touch eastern horizon, and the shadowy congregation disappeared in an instant.

Thus, gentle reader, have we, the Editors of this volume, enabled thee to ben
at thine ease by the discourses uttered by these luminaries of wit at the solemn h
of night, in obedience to preternatural power. Who shall decide when such doc
disagree? Thou wilt doubtless remark the discrepancies of opinion existing am
the hallowed dead, and wilt hesitate, ere presumption shall make thee arbiter am
them, by rashly deciding where wit is and is not. Our self-love induces us
believe, that there is no part of our collection which may not take shelter un
one or other of the great authorities composing this illustrious convocation.
have endeavoured "to be all things to all men, that we might by any means
some." Judge not, therefore, of the contents of our volume by the extent
thy reading, nor by thy own bright conceptions, for that which is familiar to thee m
be new to others; and thou shouldst moreover remember that wit, like music, seld
becomes old, unless it be really good.

Neither let the refinement of thy taste be in all cases a criterion of the m
of our labours; for in works of humour, as in those of theology, there must
"milk for babes." Every reader is not endued with a microscopic perception
wit; and the rough jest of a sailor, or the blunder of a rude Irishman, will aff
unequivocal delight to many, who would derive little pleasure from the sallies
Congreve or Addison. Yet if thine own disposition incline thee to seek the hig
regions of intellectual amusement, thou canst here indulge it. Our book is no
mere collection of jests and stories, or a revived Joe Miller. We have not aim
wholly at exciting the γέλως ἄσβεστος, and cracking the sides of the reader. Th
wilt find treasures of humour drawn from the richest veins of classic ore, in wh
the voluptuary of wit may revel in perfect enjoyment. And let not thy judgme
if that judgment should happily incline in our favour, be biassed against us, alt
some splenetic railer, obtuse in his perceptions, should say of our book in thy heari
"There is nothing in it;" but remember the just observation of Sterne, that "i
not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is

gift of God! *and a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him,"* as Shakspeare expresses it;

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

Lastly, we beseech thee to bear in remembrance that our attempts have been directed to promote thy entertainment and enjoyment; and consequently, should thou even be of opinion that we have failed in our undertaking, we are persuaded that, in thy liberal mind, gratitude for our intention will beget forbearance for our deficiencies, and exempt us from becoming the victims of spleen or petulance.

For Self and Co.,
JOHN BULL

Poets' Corner, Westminster,
May 1, 1824.

THE

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

FAMILY ATTAINMENTS.

cal gentleman, distinguished not only for sional ability, but likewise for his attach- literature, being in a very debilitated con- on the effects of long illness, engaged a an to read to him. It happened that the who was recommended to the doctor for pose had not exactly received what is *liberal education*; in fact, he had been ed to dispense other than literary sweets, ken his degrees in a magazine of spices ries. It will, therefore, not appear sur- at on being installed in his lectureship, *ua lingua* occurred in the execution of which not a little astonished as well as e sensitive ear of his learned auditor. he unfortunate reader, meeting with exquisite polysyllables of Greek deri- lly the delight of the pedant and the uninitiated, fairly broke down. Dis- the circumstance, the doctor inquired r he had ever learned Greek or La- iving an immediate answer to his you mean, sir," said the sick gen- ll me that you know *any* language

The unfortunate catechumen, thus wed to the sticking-place, relnc- iged that he did not, but gravely negator that *he had a brother who* **spirited with French.**

THE COQUETTES.—A DIALOGUE.

I love, and am beloved again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyness bid adieu.

2. I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
I'm sure he's mine while I refuse him,
But when I yield I fear to lose him.

1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting.
2. And both will tire with often tasting,
When they find the bliss not lasting.
1. Love is complete in kind possessing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

Chorus of both.

Then let us beware how far we consent
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
And granting desire
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

UNPALATABLE IMPROVEMENT.

Wilkes attended a city dinner, not long after promotion to city honours. Among the guests a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, his entering the dinner room, always with gr deliberation took off his wig, suspended it on a p and with due solemnity put on a white cot night-cap. Wilkes, who was a high bred *and never* accustomed to similar exhibitions

not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length the deputy walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? "Oh! yes, sir," replied Wilkes, "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

NONSENSE *v.* SENSE.

When Wilkes was confined in the King's Bench, he was waited upon by a deputation from some ward in the city, when the office of alderman was vacant. As there had already been great fermentation on his account, and much more apprehended, they who were deputed undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed the hope that he would at least wait till some more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mistook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After much useless conversation, one of the deputies at length exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the *sense* of the ward." "With all my heart," replied Wilkes, "I will take the *non-sense*, and beat you ten to one."

NOVEL WAGER.

An English gentleman, travelling in America, had his attention arrested by a singular contest between a negro and the mule on which he was mounted. The indocile animal had thought proper to take exception to the carriage of the gentleman, which preceded him, and evinced a decided disinclination to pass it; his rider, on the other hand, was as resolute in his determination to effect a change in the conduct of his beast. At length the gentleman heard Blackey exclaim to the mule, "I'll bet you a fivepenny I make you go by this time;" then, nodding his head, he added, "Do you bet?" After which, by means of some very *pressing* arguments of whip and spur, he succeeded in making the animal pass the carriage. The gentleman, who had been highly amused with the scene, ca negro, and observed that though the been laid, he did not see how payme obtained from the mule. "Oh yes," black, "Massa give me tenpenny for co he lose the bet, and me only give him f

RECOLLECTION.

False tho' she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.
In hours of bliss we oft' have met,
They could not always last;
And tho' the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

DR. JOHNSON AND THE SCOTCH

On Johnson's return from his tour t brides, he expressed, notwithstanding t lity he had experienced on his progre Scotland, the strongest antipathy to connected with that country. A Scotch who had been informed of this, being with the doctor, addressed him with " tor, so I learn you are just arrived from pray what do you think of my country ?" sir," replied Johnson, "why, it is a country, to be sure." Disconcerted by unpalatable and unceremonious, the Sc could only answer, "Well, doctor, suc God made it." "True, very true, sir Johnson, "but you will recollect that he it for Scotchmen; and were not compari deemed odious, I might remind you, sir made Hell."

TO I. H. W——N, ON HIS SPECIMENS TRANSLATION OF TASSO.

O thou! whom poetry abhors,
Whom angry prose kick'd out of doors
Hear'st thou that groan? proceed no
Translated Tasso roars out, MURDER!

PROGRESS OF LUXURY.

ld Cambridge comedy of the Returne from
, we find this indignant description of the
f luxury in those days, put into the mouth
the speakers.

't not strange to see a ragged clerke,
ammell weaver, or some butcher's sonne,
rubb'd a late within a sleeveless gowne,
he commencement, like a morrice dance,
ut a bell or two about his legges,
l him a sweet cleane gentleman:
en he 'gins to follow fashions.
ose thin sire dwelt in a smokye roofe,
ake tobacco, and must wear a locke.
rsty dad drinkes in a wooden bowle,
sweet self is served in silver plate.
ngry sire will scrape you twenty legges
e good Christmas meal on new year's day,
maive must be capon cramm'd each day."

CARDS AND KISSES.

id and my Campaspe play'd
ards for kisses, Cupid paid;
takes his quiver, bow, and arrows;
mother's doves, and team of sparrows·
s them too, then down he throws
coral of his lip, the rose
wing on's cheek (but none knows how)
h these the crystal of his brow,
then the dimple of his chin;
these did my Campaspe win.
ast he set her both his eyes,
won, and Cupid blind did rise.
Love! has she done this to thee?
t shall, alas! become of me?

WIT WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

ithout knowledge is a sort of cream which
in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand
soon whipped into *froth*: but once scum-
y, what appears underneath will be fit for
but to be thrown to the hogs.

SHIRT AND NO SHIRT.

having signified in his advertisement, while he was exhibiting his imitations at one of the Theatres Royal, that he would, on a stated evening, take off Quin: who, being desirous of seeing his own picture, took a place in the stage box, and when the audience had ceased applauding Foote for the justness of the representation, Quin bawled out, "I am glad on't, the poor fellow will get a clean shirt by it." When Foote immediately retorted from the stage, "A clean shirt, Master Quin!—a shirt of any kind was a very novel thing in your family some few years ago."

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT COVENTRY.

In a second tour through England, soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, queen Elizabeth paid the city of Coventry another visit. The mayor, on her majesty's departure, among other particulars, said, "When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear." The queen could not help smiling at the man's simplicity, which was further heightened, when he begged to have the honour to attend the queen as far as the gallows; which stood at that time about a mile out of the town.

At another time when the queen, in her progress through the kingdom, called at Coventry, the mayor, attended by the aldermen, addressed her majesty in rhyme, in the following words:—

"We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your royal majesty:
Good Lord, how fair you be!"

To which her majesty returned the following gracious answer:

"My royal majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry:
Good Lord, what fools ye be!"

CLERICAL CHATTERING.

That mad wag, the Rev. S. S., sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards, that his dull neighbour had a "*twelve* parson power" of conversation.

PICTURE OF TARTARUS.

In an old play, called the Four P's, by John Heywood, the epigrammatist, is the following ludicrous portraiture of the infernal regions, as described by an adventurer who went thither to recover his lost love:

"This devil and I walked arm in arm
So far, 'till he had brought me thither,
Where all the devils of hell together
Stood in array in such apparel,
As for that day there meetly fell.
Their horns were gilt, their claws full clean,
Their tails were kempt, and as I ween,
With sothery butter their bodies anointed;
I never saw devils so well appointed.
The master-devil sat in his jacket,
And all the souls were playing at racket.
None other rackets they had in hand,
Save every soul a good fire-brand;
Wherewith they play'd so prettily,
That Lucifer laugh'd merrily.
And all the residue of the fiends
Did laugh thereat full well like friends.
But of my friend I saw no whit,
Nor durst not ask for her as yet.
Anon all this rout was brought in silence,
And I by an usher brought to presence
Of Lucifer; then low, as well I could,
I kneeled, which he so well allow'd
That thus he beck'd, and by St. Antony
He smiled on me well-favour'dly,
Bending his brows as broad as barn-doors;
Shaking his ears as rugged as burrs;
Rolling his eyes as round as two bushels;
Flashing the fire out of his nostrils;
Gnashing his teeth so vain-gloriously,
That methought time to fall to flattery,
Wherewith I told, as I shall tell;
Oh pleasant picture! O prince of hell!" &c.

TRUE CONSOLATION.

When Dancourt, the playwright, gave a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself, he was accustomed to sup with two or three friends, at a tavern known by the sign of the Bagpipes. O after the rehearsal of a comedy which wa formed for the first time that evening, he his daughters, not ten years of age, how piece. "Ah, papa, said the girl, you wil and sup at the sign of the Bagpipes."

A FAIR FROLIC.

In a letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Ro afterwards earl of Yarmouth, dated Octo we have the following account: "Last being a faire neare Audley-end, the duchess of Richmond, and the duchess ham, had a frolick to disguise themselves lasses, in red petticoats, wastcotes, &c. see the faire. Sir Bernard Gossoign, on rode before the queen; another strange duchess of Buckingham, and Mr. Richmond. They had all so overdone disguise, and looked so much more like country volk, that as soon as they came the people began to goe after them: bu going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow her sweethart, and Sir Bernard asking gloves stitched with blue for his swe were soon, by their gebrish, found to which drew a bigger flock about them; them had seen the queen at dinner, and was proud of his knowledge. This all the faire into a crowd to stare a Being thus discovered, they, as soon as t to their horses; but, as many of the horses, got up with their wives and chi harts or neighbours, behind them, to gape as they could, till they brought court gate. Thus, by ill conduct, was a turned into pennance."

PUNISHMENT OF THE STOCK

Lord Camden, when chief justice, wa to Lord Dacre, at Alveley, in Essex, an out with a gentleman, a very absent m at no great distance from the house, upo which stood the stocks of the village:

; and after a while, having a mind to know punishment was, he asked his companion em and put him in, which being done, his a book from his pocket, sauntered on, and tely forgot the judge and his situation, that d to Lord Dacre's. When the judge was ried, but tried in vain, to remove out of the nd asked a countryman who passed by to m, who said, "No, no, old gentleman; you t there for nothing;" and left him, until he and released by some servant of the house d in quest of him. Some time after he at a trial in which a charge was brought magistrate for false imprisonment, and for the stocks. The counsel for the magistrate, ly, made light of the whole charge, and more setting in the stocks, which he said every w was no punishment at all. The chief jus- and leaning over the bench, said, in a half "Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" my lord, never." "Then I have," said the and I assure you, brother, it is no such trifle present."

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

e day before Christmas-day, 1773, about clock, two soldiers came to the Cross-Bow t. Dennis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, e soldiers, went out and bought a little paper r, and a couple of bullets, observing to the o sold them to him, that St. Dennis seemed pleasant a place, he should not dislike to e remainder of his life there. Returning to se and his companion passed the day together rily. On Christmas-day they again dined ly, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in noon, were found by the fire, on breaking door, sitting on the opposite sides of a table, were three empty champaign bottles, the g-will and letter, and a half-crown. They ds shot through the head; two pistols lay e floor. The noise of the pistols brought up ts of the house, who immediately sent for M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the maréchaussée at St. Dennis.

The Will.

A man who knows he is to die, should take care to do every thing which his survivors can wish him to have done. We are more particularly in that situation. Our intention is to prevent uneasiness to our host, as well as to lighten the labours of those whom curiosity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us visits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the lesser of the two.

He is drum-major of mestre de camp des dragoons, and I am simply a dragoon of Belzunce.

Death is a passage. I address to the gentleman of the law of St. Dennis (who, with his first clerk as assistant, must come hither for the sake of justice) the principle, which joined to this reflection that every thing must have an end, put these pistols into our hands. The future presents nothing to us but what is agreeable—Yet that future is short, and must end.

Humain is but 24 years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four lustres. No particular reason forces us to interrupt our career, except the disgust we feel at existing for a moment under the continual apprehension of ceasing to exist. An eternity is the point of reunion; a longing after which leads us to prevent the despotic act of fate. In fine, disgust of life is our sole inducement to quit it.

If all those who are wretched would dare to divest themselves of prejudice, and to look their destruction in the face, they would see it is as easy to lay aside existence as to throw off an old coat, the colour of which displeases. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of obliging our fellow-creatures. We could still procure to ourselves gratifications: but all gratifications must have a period. That period is our poison. We are disgusted at the perpetual sameness of the scene. The curtain is dropped; and we leave our parts to those who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer.

Two or three grains of powder will soon break the springs of this moving mass of flesh, which our haughty fellow-creatures stile the King of beings.

Messrs. the officers of justice, our carcasses are at your discretion. We despise them too much to give ourselves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As to what we shall leave behind us—for myself, Bordeaux, I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the maréchaussée at St. Dennis, my steel-mounted sword. He will recollect, that, last year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a person of the name of St. Germain, who had offended him.

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck-handerchiefs, as well as the silk stockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The rest of our effects will be sufficient to pay the expense of the useless law proceedings of which we shall be the subject.

The half-crown upon the table will pay for the last bottle of wine which we are going to drink.

At St. Dennis, Christmas-day, 1773.

BORDEAUX.
HUMAIN.

Letter from Bordeaux to his lieutenant in the regiment of Belzunce, he did not see the French he could not therefore answer for the translation.

"Sir,

"During my residence at Guise, you honoured me with your friendship. It is time that I thank you. You have often told me I appeared displeased with my situation. It was sincere, but not absolutely true. I have since examined myself more seriously, and acknowledge myself entirely disgusted with every state of man, the whole world, and myself. From these discoveries a consequence should be drawn; if disgusted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In short, I am on the point of putting an end to the existence that I have possessed for near twenty years, fifteen of which it has been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write a few grains of powder will destroy this moving mass of flesh, which we vain mortals call the K

"I owe no one an excuse. I deserte crime, but I am going to punish it; and be satisfied.

"I asked leave of absence from m have the pleasure of dying at my ease. condescended to give me an answer. I hasten my end

"I wrote to Bord to send you so pieces I left at Guise, which I beg ye You will find they contain some well-c ture. These pieces will solicit for m your remembrance,

"Adieu, my dear lieutenant! continu for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for t from flower to flower, and acquire the knowledge, and enjoy every pleasure.

'Pour moi, j'arrive au trou
Qui n'échappe ni sage ni fou,
Pour aller je ne sçais où.'

"If we exist after this life, and it is quit it without permission, I will endeave one moment to inform you of it; if I advise all those who are unhappy, whi the greatest part of mankind, to follow my

"When you receive this letter, I shal dead at least 24 hours.

"With es
"

NATIONAL VALOUR.

An Irishman fights before he reasons, reasons before he fights, an Englishman ticular as to the order of precedence; either to accommodate his customers. general has said, that the best troops follows: an Irishman half drunk, a Sco starved, and an Englishman with his bell

BIPEDS.

The most disagreeable two-legged an world, is a little great man; and the great man's factotum and friend.

LET WELL ALONE.

man being on a long journey in a part
try where Mr. M'Adam's useful talents
been exercised, at length came to a mile
road. Over this he kept trotting his
wards and forwards, till some spectators,
rised at this singular mode of travelling,
e reason of it. "Indeed," said he,
e to let well alone, and from what I have
road, I doubt whether I will find a bet-
ound all the way."

MY LAUNDRESS.

lovely Susan irons smocks,
damsel e'er looks neater,
es are brighter than her box,
burn me like a heater.

ITECHISM FOR THE USE OF THE NATIVES OF HAMPSHIRE.

is your name?
r *Swine*.
od make you a *hog*?
God made me man in his own image;
lon. SUBLIME BEAUTIFUL made me a

did he make you a swine?
uttering obscure and uncouth spells.
er in the black art.
feeds you?
rivers, the only real *men* in this county.
many hogs are you in all?
or eight millions.
many drivers?
r three hundred thousand.
what do they feed you?
rally with husks, swill, draff, malt,
now and then with a little barley-meal
otatoes, and when they have too much
themselves they give us some.
are the *Interpreters*† called?

† the "Swinish multitude," an epithet applied to the common people of England.

A. The BLACK LETTER SISTERHOOD.

Q. Why do you give the office to women?

A. Because they have a fluent tongue, and a knack of scolding.

Q. How are they dressed?

A. In gowns and false hair.

Q. What are the principal orders?

A. Three—*Writers*, *Talkers*, and *Hearers*, which last are also called *Deciders*.

Q. What is their general business?

A. To discuss the mutual quarrels of the hogs, and to punish their affronts to any or all of the drivers.

Q. If two hogs quarrel, how do they apply to the sisterhood.

A. Each hog goes separately to a *Writer*.

Q. What does the *Writer*?

A. She goes to a *Talker*.

Q. What does the *Talker*,

A. She goes to a *Hearer* (or *Decider*.)

Q. What does the *Hearer* decide?

A. What she pleases.

Q. If a hog is decided to be in the right, what is the consequence?

A. He is *almost* ruined.

Q. If in the *wrong* what?

A. He is *quite* ruined.

After some facetious sneers at the clergy, who are termed peace-makers, the dialogue proceeds.

Q. How are these peace-makers rewarded?

A. With our potatoes.

Q. What with all?

A. Ten per cent. only.

Q. Then you have still ninety left in the hundred?

A. No we have but forty left.

B. What becomes of the odd fifty?

A. The drivers take them, partly as a small recompense for their trouble in protecting us, and partly to make money of them, for the prosecution of law-suits with the neighbouring farmers.

Q. You talk very sensibly for a hog; whence had you your information?

A. From a *learned Pig*.

The following is an answer to the question by

what ceremony the hog is disenchanted, and resumes his natural shape?

A. The hog that is going to be disenchanted, grovels before the *Chief Driver*, who holds an iron skewer over him, and gives him a smart blow on the shoulder, to remind him at once of his former subjection and future submission. Immediately he starts up, like the Devil from Ithuriel's spear, in his proper shape, and ever after goes about with a nick-name. He then beats his hogs without mercy, and when they implore his compassion, and beg him to recollect that he was once their *Fellow Swine*, he denies that ever he was a hog.

This curious dialogue thus concludes—

Q. What is the general wish of the hogs at present?

A. To save their bacon.

Chorus of hogs. Amen.

EQUAL DIFFICULTIES.

A gentleman of considerable sense and knowledge of the world, being asked whether a man possessing genius without perseverance and stability, or one of a dull but assiduous character, was the more likely to prove successful in life, replied that it was a difficult question to decide, since it was impossible to throw a *straw* to a great distance, and almost equally the case with a *ton*.

DILATORY INCLINATIONS.

Mr. Peel, Secretary for the Home Department, when speaking in the House of Commons of the Lord Chancellor, (Eldon,) said, that to apply the words of the poet to that noble Lord "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." A gentleman present remarked that in that case his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over!*

DORIS.

Doris, a nymph of riper age,
Has ev'ry grace and art,
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush and rosy dye;
Time has her cheek bereft,
Which makes the prudent nymph
With paint th' injurious theft.
Her sparkling eyes she still retains
And teeth, in good repair,
And her well-furnish'd front disda
To grace with borrow'd hair.
Of size she is nor short nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French wo
Aimable embonpoint.
Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice
She has few faults but what she k
And can with skill disguise.
She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd,
Which like her clothes, when little
She always lays aside.
She's one who looks with great co
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of nature.
She thinks they want or health or
Who want an inclination,
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.
Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, thro' her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.
Since she thus softness can expres
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very kind, you'll gue
Of such whom she affects.
But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.
By reason her own reason's mea
Or, if you please, her will;
For when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar, therefore, is her way;
Whether by nature taught
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.
But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown;
And stare upon the strange man's face
As one she ne'er had known.
So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.
Some censure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow
Bespeaks a noble mind.
Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs,
For all her favours done;
From her love flows, as light proceeds,
Spontaneous from the sun.
On one or other still her fires
Display their genial force;
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of course. CONGREVE.

A CANAL CUT BY THE SIDE OF A RIVER AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton's wise sons found their river so large,
Though 'twould carry a ship, 'twould not carry a barge;
So they wisely determin'd to cut by its side,
A sinking canal where small vessels might glide.
Like the man who contriving a hole in his wall
To admit his two cats, the one large, t'other small,
Thus a great hole was made for the first to go through,
Would a little one have for the little cat too.

IMPORTANT DISTINCTION IN ORTHOGRAPHY.

A gentleman, who had not long returned from France, was surveying a company with the details of the superstitious ceremony he had witnessed in that country of baptising a peal of cathedral bells, to which some members of the royal family had condescended as sponsors. "For my part," he continued, "I should prefer this kind of sponsorship in a conscientious point of view, to any other; I think I might safely engage for a bell's renouncing the devil, the world, and the flesh." "I presume, sir," replied one of his auditors, "from your expression of confidence on the subject, that you spell *bell* without the final *e*."

ACROSTIC.

Pray tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces
(On a visit they came, and had just ta'en their places,)
Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces
Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to affright you?
You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite you,
Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious proceedings:
Understand, dear Mamma! there's some mischief a-breeding;
There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
That your Loves and your Graces all swerve from their duty.
On my life, says Dame Venus, I'll not be thus undone;
Now I think on't, last night some one call'd me Joan Sutton.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

In a party of theatrical critics, the merits of different performers in the part of *Giles*, in the melo-drama of the *Miller's Maid*, formed the topic of discussion, and it was observed that, with one exception, all who had attempted it had "overstepped the modesty of nature." One of the company observed that this had probably arisen from confusion of names; and that the actors allu to, in attempting *Giles*, had strayed into *Giles O reach*.*

PRAISE.

Praise was originally a pension paid by *world*; but the *moderns*, finding the trouble charge too great in collecting it, have lately bo out the fee-simple; since which time the righ presentation is wholly in ourselves.

* In Massinger's Comedy of "A New Way to P Debts."

GRAMMATICAL LEARNING.

An author left a comedy with Foote for perusal; and on the next visit asked for his judgment on it, with rather an ignorant degree of assurance. "If you looked a little more to the grammar of it, I think," said Foote, "it would be better."—"To the grammar of it, sir! What! would you send me to school again?"—"And pray, sir," replied Foote, very gravely, "would that do you any harm?"

CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

Under George the Second, the former of these universities was distinguished for its attachment to whig principles and the reigning family, while the latter was strongly infected with the leaven of Jacobitism. On the breaking out of the rebellion in Scotland in 1745, the sovereign marked his feeling towards these two eminent bodies, by sending to Cambridge a munificent present of books for the university library; but detached some dragoons to Oxford to awe the refractory disposition suspected to exist in her sons. This circumstance gave birth to the following epigram from the pen of an Oxonian.

Our gracious monarch view'd, with equal eye,
The wants of either university.
Troops he to Oxford sent, well knowing why,
That learned body wanted loyalty:
But books to Cambridge sent, as well discerning,
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

Which effusion elicited the subjoined reply from a Cantab.

Our king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force.
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

A YOUNG AUTHOR.

Swift's idea of the terror of a young author at the fiery ordeal through which he must pass on the commencement of his literary career, with the gradual disappearance of his fears, is highly striking and correct: it is in his epistle to Dr. Delany.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led;
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
'Till 'scaping oft' without a wound,
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops!
He runs into a cannon's chops;
—An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame
When first in print, you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head;
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, *Lord have mercy on his soul!*
Concluding that another shot
Would strike him dead upon the spot;
But, when with squibbing, slashing, p
He cannot see one creature dropping,
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame,
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

TOM ASHE.

Tom Ashe was a facetious, pleasant co
but the most eternal unwearied punster
lived. He was thick and short in his per
not above five feet high at the most, and
thing very droll in his appearance. He d
the year 1719, and left his whole estate
thousand pounds a year, to Richard Ashe
field, Esq. There is a whimsical story, a
true one, of Tom Ashe, which is well rem
to this day. It happened that while he
velling on horseback, and at a consider
tance from any town, there burst from t
such a torrent of rain as wetted him thro
galloped forward, and as soon as he came
he was met instantly by a drawer: "He
he to the fellow, stretching out one of

ıy coat immediately." "No, sir, I
the drawer. "Deuce confound you!"
take off my coat this instant." "No,
the drawer, "I dare not take off your
felony to strip an ASH."

NATURE AND ART.

e morning called upon a friend who
lose and retired situation in the city,
a small opening before the house, of a
are, and two plants, which once looked
a large tubs, adorned his windows.
ıployed in painting the outside of the
rother," said Wilkes to his friend,
plead in behalf of these two poor
ubs; pray let them be painted too."

E UPON DRESS AND FASHION.

monde worship a sort of idol, which
men by a kind of manufactory ope-
*idol** is placed in the highest parts of
an altar erected about three feet; he
e posture of a Persian emperor, sit-
rficies, with his legs interwoven under
d had a *goose* for his ensign; whence
e learned men pretend to deduce his
Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand,
ltar, *Hell* seemed to open and catch
s the idol was creating; to prevent
of his priests hourly flung in pieces
rmed mass, or substance, and some-
limbs already enlivened, which that
satiably swallowed, terrible to be-
one was also held a subaltern divinity,
um gentium, before whose shrine was
creature, whose hourly food is human
o is in so great renown abroad for
ght and favourite of the *Egyptian*
Millions of these animals are hourly
y day to appease the hunger of that
ity. The *chief idol* was also wor-
e inventor of the *yard* and *needle*,
e god of seamen, or on account of
mystical attributes, which hath not
en cleared. SWIFT.

* By this *idol* is meant a tailor.

SCARCE ARTICLES.

The following articles bear a very high value on account of their scarcity at present in this country.

Sincerity—*in patriotism.*
Honour—*among attornies.*
Friendship—*without interest.*
Love—*without deceit.*
Charity—*without ostentation.*
Honesty—*in parish officers.*
Fair play—*among gamblers.*
Beauty—*without pride.*
An advocate—*without a fee.*
Chastity—*in married life.*
A parson—*practising what he professes.*
A fashionable man—*without foppery.*
A fashionable woman—*without paint.*
A sanctified look—*without hypocrisy.*
A prude—*without incontinence.*
A blustering man—*without cowardice.*
A subaltern officer—*with money.*
A Jew—*without usury.*
Opposition—*without a sinister view.*
Administration—*inattentive to private interest.*

WILKES AND SIR WILLIAM STAINES.

Sir William Staines, by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated an immense fortune, and rose progressively from the dignity of Common-council-man to the State-coach, and the Mansion-house. His first entrance into life was as a common bricklayer. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, his lordship, after a sumptuous repast on turbot and venison, was eating an immense quantity of butter with his cheese—"Why brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a *trowel*."

PRINCELY PARTIALITY TO WIT.

Great wits have only been preferr'd
In princes' trains to be interr'd;
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last;
But, while they liv'd, were far enough
From all admittances kept off. BUTLER.

MEDICAL NOMENCLATURE.

Porson one day visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. Perry, who at that time lived in Lancaster-court, in the Strand, found him indisposed, and under the influence of medicine. On returning to the house of a common friend, he of course expected to be asked after the health of his relation. After waiting with philosophic patience, without the expected question being proposed, he reproached the company for not giving him an opportunity of giving the following answer, which he had composed on his walk :

My Lord of Lancaster, when late I came from it,
Was taking a medicine of names not a few,
In Greek an emetic, in Latin a vomit,
In English a puke, and in vulgar a——

ON THE POPULAR PLAY OF PIZARRO.

As I walked through the Strand so careless and gay,
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow,
Choice fruit, sir, said she, and a bill of the play,
So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.
When I got to the door, I was squeezed, and cried, dear me,
I wonder they made the entrance so narrow.
At last I got in, and found every one near me
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.
Lo ! the hero appears, what a strut and a stride,
He might easily pass for a marshal to-morrow,
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.
But Elvira, alas ! turned so dull and so prosy,
That I longed for a hornpipe by little Del Caro ;
Had I been 'mong the gods I had surely cried Nosy,
Come play up a jig, and a fig for Pizarro.
On his wife and his child his affection to pay,
Alonzo stood gazing, and straight as an arrow :
Of him I have only this little to say,
His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.
Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,
Walked solemnly on like a sow and her farrow,
And politely informed the whole ho
going
To entreat heaven's curses on nob
Rolla made a fine speech with m
grammar,
As must sure raise the envy of C
row ;
It would sell for five pounds were it
hammer
For it raised all Peru against vali
Four acts are tol lol, but the fifth's
Where history's traced with the
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in
Put an end to the piece by killing
I have finished my song if it had hu
Nancy Dawson won't do, nor the
Yarrow,
I vow I would sing it from morning
So much am I charmed with the

NOVEL DESERTER.

A naval officer, who held a civil
Rhode Island during the American w
ence, and who was of a remarkably
like figure, was stopped by a sentinel
on his return from a visit, and shut u
box, the soldier declaring that he
there until his officer came his ro
o'clock. "My good fellow," said
have told you who I am ; and I
ought to take my word,"—"It will
the soldier: "I am by no means sa
taking from his pocket a quarter of a
senting it, "Will that satisfy you?"—
think it will."—"And, now that I am
tell me why you detained me at your
prehended you," said the soldier, "
the church-yard."

The same officer, when a young ma
to London, stopped a gentleman to as
Admiralty. "Are you not mistaken in
said the gentleman: "I should think
ness lies with the Victualling Office."

SER PUNISHED.

ost an hundred pounds, pro-
ward to any one who should
oor man brought it to the old
nanded the ten pounds; but
m, alleged there were an hun-
s in the bag when lost. The
, was advised to sue for the
e cause came on to be tried, it
eal had not been broken, nor
judge said to the defendant's
you lost had an hundred and
say?"—"Yes, my lord," says
ied the judge, "according to
in court, this cannot be your
e only an hundred pounds;
iff must keep it till the true

TERS' DEVILS.

both kind and civil,
nter lends a devil;
g accounts each winter,
evil takes a Printer.

LITICAL SWEEPS.

prevailed in England of a
o chimney-sweepers fell into
the times. Adverting to the
"Jack," said one, "what is
has nothing to hope or fear
the Government; what need
e chimney-sweepers still."—
;," replied Jack, "for when
y will bring French chimney-
, and we shall be out of em-

APPINESS.

navy, meeting a friend as he
th Point, boasted that he had
company the happiest fellows
How so?" asked his friend.
flogged seventeen, and they are
nd all the rest are happy that

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

A gentle sprinkle of rain happening, a plough-boy left his work, and went home; but his master seeing him there, told him he should not have left his work for so trifling an affair, and begged for the future he would stay till it rained *downright*. Sometime afterwards, upon a very rainy day, the boy staid till dusk, and returned almost drowned. His master asked him why he did not come before? "Why, I should," said the boy, "but you zed I shoul'dn't come hoam vore it rained downright; and it has not rained *downright* yet, for it was *asjaunt* all day long."

ORIGINAL COPY OF A HAND-BILL.

I William Ringrose Bell-hanger from Scarbro intend to begin hanging of Bells which he has done for several years past God willing. He hangs bells from back door to fore door and from fore door to back door and all over the house.

N. B. The person who advised him to this was several people that I wrought for.

From your humble servt.
WM. RINGROSE.

WARM ALE.

A traveller calling at a little inn, the landlord of which was very tenacious of the character of his home-brewed ale, after sipping the beverage begged to have it warmed. "What! warm my ale!" exclaimed Boniface, "Curse that stomach that wont *warm the ale*, say I!"—"And," cried the traveller, "curse that ale that wont *warm the stomach*, say I."

LAWYER'S HONESTY.

A lawyer of Strasburgh being in a dying state, sent for a brother lawyer to make his will, by which he bequeathed his estate to the *Hospital des Fous* (Idiots). His brother advocate expressing his surprise at this bequest, "Why not bestow it upon them?"—said the dying man, "you know I got my money by fools, and therefore to fools it ought to return."

TWO REASONS.

Two reasons are giv'n (both equally good)
Why the credit of Harry's so bad—
For paying he has not the means if he would,
Nor is he inclin'd if he had.

THE PRIEST'S BLESSING.

A boy about ten years old was once brought before Chief-justice Bushe, to give evidence; upon which the following dialogue occurred—"My little boy, do you go to church?"—"No, I am a Roman."—"Well, do you go to chapel?"—"Yes, I play at ball against the gable."—"Do you know your creed?"—"No."—"Or the commandments?"—"No."—"Or the Lord's Prayer?"—"No."—"Do you know your priest?"—"Yes, I heard of Father Phelim."—"Did you ever speak to him?"—"Yes, once."—"What did you say to him?"—"I axed him to give me a penny for houlding his horse, and he bid me go *be* damned."

NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

An Englishman and Dutchman disputing about their different countries, the Dutchman said, "Your country thinks of nothing but guttling, and even the names of your places have a reference to it; you have your Ports-*mouths*, your Ply-*mouths*, your Yar-*mouths*, your Fal-*mouths*, your Dart-*mouths*, your Ex-*mouths*; and you are all *mouths* together."—"Ay," replies the Englishman, and you have your Amster-*dams*, and your Rotter-*dams*—and *d*——— you altogether, say I."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Tom's fruitful spouse produced a yearly child,
And he felt happy whilst the bantling smil'd.
Some years ago he join'd the martial train,
And sought for laurels o'er the distant main;
Yet, such the *force of habit*, Nell, they say,
Still bears her yearly child, tho' Tom's away.

MUSICAL PUFFS.

Some years ago a gentleman at Windsor took teh place of the organist, with a view to shew his superiority in *execution*. Among other was playing one of Dr. Blow's *anthems* as he had finished the verse part and beg chorus, the organ ceased. On this he call the *bellow's blower*, to know what was th —"The matter," says Dick, "I have anthem *below*."—"Aye," snys the othe have not played it *above*."—"No matt Dick, "you might have made more ha *I know how many puffs go to one of L anthems as well as you do*; I have not organ so many years for nothing."

THE EXPEDITIOUS WORKMA

A bricklayer, who was working at th house, happened to fall through the ra not being hurt, he bounced up, and cri triumphant tone, to his fellow-labourer any man to go *through his work* as quick

TO MONS. ALEXANDRE, THE VENTRI ON HIS SUCCESSFUL ASSUMPTION OF RIETY OF CHARACTERS IN ONE P

Of yore in old England it was not thou
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folks say to *you?* who h
such plenty,
Tant from under one hood you last nig
us twenty!
Stand forth, arch deceiver! and tell us
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in
Man, woman, or child, a dog, or a mou
Or are you, at once, each live thing in
Each live thing, did I ask? each dead
too!
A work-shop in your person—saw, cl
screw,
Above all, are you *one* individual? I
You must be, at the least, Alexandre *a*
But I think you're a troop—an asse
mob;
And that I, as the sheriff, must take up
And, instead of rehearsing your wonde
Must read you the riot-act, and bid yo

"WALTE

CONSOLATION.

hy fortune," a termagant cries,
ravagance caus'd ev'ry evil.
some consolation," the husband re-

tune has *gone to the devil.*"

DEAD MARCH.

ning before Dr. Clubbe died, his phy-
his pulse with much gravity, and
t it beat more *even* than upon his last
dear friend," said he, " if you don't
, or have not a technical expression
tell you what it beats—it beats the

GENEALOGY.

r Watkins William Wynne, talking
out the antiquity of his family, which
to Noah, was told that he was a mere
" Ay," said he, " how so, pray?"
plied the other, " when I was in
edigree of a particular family was
; it filled up about five large skins of
nd about the middle of it was a note
in; *about this time the world was*

DROPPED FROM AN ALDERMAN'S KET AT A CITY-FEAST ON EASTER-MONDAY.

whose power directs the feast,
hop, alderman, or priest,
in state to dine;
y temple, day by day,
g homage let me pay,
rship at thy shrine!

be it ever known,
by loaded tables groan,
n if such thy will;
an appetite, that I,
drink may still be dry,
, yet never fill!

Place me in that delightful seat,
Where I the fattest food shall meet,
Where daintiest bits are shewn;
From all intruders set me free,
My own dear carver let me be,
And help myself alone!

Enlarge my mouth!—extend my jaws!
Preserve my gums from aches and flaws,
My grinders from decay!
Oh! let my swallow be so wide,
That thumping slices down may glide,
Nor ought obstruct the way.

To thee thy humble suppliant prays,
Oh! let him pass his nights and days,
From gout and surfeit free;
Midst venison, ortolans, ragouts,
Turtle and turbot, soups and stews,
Boil'd, roast, and fricassee.

And when by cruel death laid low,
Since none can ward the fatal blow,
No power can intervene;
Oh! let this bloated paunch obtain
A burying-place in Pudding-lane,
Embalm'd in a—*Tureen.*

SOLILOQUY.

A person in company said in a violent passion to another, " You are a liar! a scoundrel!" The other with great composure turned round to the company, and said to them, " You must not mind what this poor fellow says; it is a way he has; he was only *talking to himself.*"

PYE, THE POET LAUREAT.

When Mr. Pye was made Poet-Laureat, his first ode was on George the Third's birth, and it was full of allusions to the *vocal groves* and *feathered choir.* George Stevens, the commentator, read it, and immediately exclaimed,

And when the Pye was opened,
The *birds began to sing;*
And wasn't that a dainty dish,
To set before the King.

MARQUIS TOWNSHEND.

This nobleman being designed for the army, began his campaign early in life at the battle of Dettingen. The regiment he belonged to began the attack; and, as he was marching down towards the enemy, rather thoughtful, a drummer's head was shot off so close to him, that his brains bespattered Lord Townshend's regimentals. A veteran officer, apprehensive that this accident might derange his young friend, went up and encouraged him by telling him, these were the mere accidents of war, and the best way was not to think at all in these cases. "O dear, Sir," says the other (with great presence of mind), "you entirely mistake my reverie. I have been only thinking what the d——l could bring that little drummer here, who seemed *to possess such a quantity of brains.*"

WINE AND WALNUTS.

Wine and walnuts, I own, are a feast quite divine,
When your walnuts are good, and well flavoured your wine;
But the trash which *you* give us is truly infernal;
Your *wine* has no *spirits*, your *walnuts* no *kernel.*

MAN AND WIFE.

A gentleman, who was not remarkable for being over fond of his wife, hearing her cough a good deal one day, said to a friend, who let drop some pitying expressions, "Prithee Tom, never mind her, let her be d—— with her cough, I hope it will carry her to hell in a fortnight." The lady, who was in another room, overhearing this speech, immediately rushed into the parlour, and advancing to her husband, told him she had too much of his company in this world, to wish to have it in the next.

NAUTICAL EQUIVOQUE.

A sailor, while preparing potatoes for the cook's use, was asked by a gentleman on board, what he called those things in his country: "Call them! your honour," replied Jack, "why, in my country, when we want these things, we fetch them, we *don't call them!*"

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

When Rabelais lay on his death-bed, he not help jesting at the very last moment having received the extreme unction, a coming to see him, said, he hoped he was pr for the next world; "Yes, yes," replied lais, "I am ready for my journey now, the just greased my boots."

THE DIFFICULT TASK.

He who would general favour win,
And not himself offend,
To day the task he may begin,
But Heav'n knows when he'll end.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

A country clergyman meeting a neigh who never came to church, although an o low of above sixty, reproved him on thi count, and asked, if he never read at h "No," replied the clown, "I can't read." dare say," said the parson, "you don't who made you?"—"Not I, in troth," cri countryman. A little boy coming by at thi time, "Who made you, child?" said the p —"God, sir," answered the boy.—"Why, you there," quoth the honest clergyman, "s not ashamed to hear a child of five or six old tell me who made him, when you, that old a man, cannot?"—"Ah!" said the co man, "it is no wonder that he should reme he was made but t'other day, it is a great measter, since I war made."

HOW TO BECOME CONSEQUENTIAL.

A brow austere, a circumspective eye,
A frequent shrug of the *os humeri*,
A nod significant, a stately gait,
A blust'ring manner, and a tone of weigh
A smile sarcastic, an expressive stare,
Adapt all these as time and place will
Then rest assur'd that those of little sen
Will set you down—*A man of consequ*

THE LAST WORD.

man, who had a termagant wife, after
ute, in which she was resolved to have
rd, told her, if she spoke one crooked
, he would beat her brains out. "Why,
horns, you rogue," said she, "if I die

LEE, THE POET.

ted fellow, who fancied himself a poet,
ccentric poet, Nat Lee, if it was not
te like a *madman*, as he did? "No,"
lat, "but it is easy to write like a *fool*,

EYES AND NOSE.

iam Davenant, the poet, who had no
along the Mews one day, a beggar-
owed him, crying, "Ah! God preserve
ght, sir; the Lord preserve your eye-
Why, good woman," said he, "dost
so much for my *eye-sight?*"—"Ah!
answered the woman, "if it should
that you grow dim-sighted, you have
hang your spectacles on."

CRITICS.

this country is rich
ndship and love who can match 'em,
iters are plagued with the itch,
asten most kindly to scratch 'em.

ON A GALLANT HIGHWAYMAN.

, a noted highwayman, was famous
the hearts of the women. After his
following epitaph was bestowed on

Du Val—Reader, if male thou art,
thy purse;—if female, to thy heart:
roc has he made in both:—for all
made to stand—the women fall.

ON OUTWITTED.

d an honest quaker, where
fore George Fox's time?

"Where thine was," sa[illegible] the quaker,
Harry Tudor's time. "[illegible]hou hast b[illegible]
with me," added the qu[illegible]y le[illegible]
thee a question. Where [illegible] go
he was turned of ten year[illegible] inst
that?"—"No, nor you [illegible], I [illegible]
—"Yes, I can," replied [illegible]ker, "h[illegible]
going into his *eleventh* y[illegible] not?"

THE WORLD A P[illegible]-HOUSE.

The world's a [illegible] wor
thou[illegible],
Our d[illegible] are [illegible]ery [illegible]
Composi[illegible] of
The p[illegible] *to*[illegible]
Death is th[illegible] *mous press* [illegible]hed [illegible]ing
driven,
We're *gather'd* and *bound* for either hell or
heav'n.

PARISH FEELING.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man; who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? "Oh!" said he, "I belong to another parish."

CRANIOLOGY.

After the death of Porson, his head was dissected, and, to the confusion of all craniologists, it was discovered, that he had the thickest skull of any Professor in Europe. Professor Gall being called upon to explain this phenomenon, and to reconcile so tenacious a memory with so thick a receptacle for it, replied;—"How the ideas got into such a skull, is their business not mine; I have nothing to do with that; but let them once get in—that is all I want; once in, I will defy them ever to get out again."

A LEFT-HANDED EXCUSE.

A servant girl, who could not read, had, from constant attendance, got the church-service by *rote*. But a few Sundays previous to her mis

riage, she was accompanied by her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer-book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also, but, unfortunately for her, she held it upside down. The man, astonished, says, "Good heaven! why you have the book wrong side upwards."—"I know it, sir," said she, confusedly, "I always read so, for I am *left-handed*."

THE WORLD A BOOK.

The world's a *book*, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great *author*, printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
And all th' errata will appear at the end.

JUNIUS'S LETTERS.

When the late Sir Philip Francis was one day at Holland-house, the lady of the mansion induced Mr. Rogers, the poet, to ask the knight if he was really the author of Junius's Letters." The bard, knowing the knight's austere character, addressed him with modest hesitation, asking if he might be permitted to propose a question. Sir Philip anticipating what was to come, exclaimed in a severe tone, "At your peril, Sir;" upon which Mr. Rogers observed, that "if Sir Philip was really Junius, he was certainly *Junius Brutus*."

PLAIN TRUTH.

A town beggar was very importunate with a rich miser, whom he accosted in the following phrase: "Pray, Sir, bestow your charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your charity."—"Prithee, friend, be quiet," replied the miser, "I have it not."

STRANGE, MORE, AND WRIGHT.

Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were Strange, More, and Wright; said the last, "There is but one rogue in company, and that is *Strange*."—"Yes," answered Strange, "there is *one More*."—"*Aye*," *said More*, "that is *Wright*."

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

A drunken fellow, having sold all [illegible] except his feather-bed, at last made [illegible] that too; and his conduct being reprove[illegible] of his friends, "Why," said he, "I [illegible] well, thank God, and why should *I* [illegible]

BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.

"Your colours are beautiful," said [illegible] rouged lady to a portrait-painter.—"[illegible] swered he, "your ladyship and I deal [illegible] shop."

THE DECISION.

A dispute having long subsisted in a [illegible] family, between the maid and the coach[illegible] fetching the cream for breakfast, the [illegible] one morning called them both before h[illegible] might hear what they had to say, and [illegible] cordingly. The maid pleaded, that the [illegible] was lounging about the kitchen the gre[illegible] the morning, and yet was so ill-natu[illegible] would not fetch the cream for her; no[illegible] ing he saw she had so much to do, as n[illegible] moment to spare. The coachman alle[illegible] was not his business. "Very well, [illegible] master, "but pray what do you call [illegible] ness?"—"To take care of the horses, [illegible] and drive the coach," replied he.—[illegible] right," answered the master, "and I [illegible] pect you to do more than I hired y[illegible] this I insist on, that every morning, be[illegible] fast, you get the coach ready, and dri[illegible] to the farmer's for milk; and I ho[illegible] allow that to be part of your business

IRISH HONOURS.

An Irishman boasting of his birth [illegible] said, that when he first came to Engla[illegible] such a figure that the bells rang thro[illegible] towns he passed to London. "Aye," [illegible] tleman in company, "I suppose that [illegible] you came up in a waggon with a bell

SECURING A PLACE.

n possessed of a small estate in e, was allured to town by the pro- rtier, who kept him in constant at- long while to no purpose; at last , quite tired out, called upon his nd, and told him, that he had at last The courtier shook him very heartily ınd said he was very much rejoiced "But pray, Sir," said he, "where "—"In the Gloucester coach," re- r, "I secured it last night, and so u."

ANDLE-LIGHT WARS.

n the country went for a pound of to her great astonishment and mor- was informed they had risen a ound since her last purchase of them. ys she, "what can be the cause of itant rise as a penny?"—"I can't man," "but I believe it is principally ar."—"Why," cried she, "do they -light."

TUAL ACCOMMODATION.

one of the universities, sent to ano- r a certain book. "I never lend " said he, "but if the gentleman e to my chambers, he may make use he pleases." A few days after, fused the book, sent to the other to e of bellows. "I never lend my says the other, "*but if the gentleman to my chambers, he may make use of he pleases.*"

UITABLE ADJUSTMENT.

-coachman, having had a busy an ale-house to regale himself, and joining to one in which his master John, not suspecting who was his an to divide his earnings in a man- non among the brothers of the whip, saying, a shilling for master, a shilling for myself; which he continued till he came to an odd six- pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master over- hearing his perplexity, said to him, "You may as well let me have that sixpence, John, *because I keep the horses, you know.*"

THE HIGHWAYMAN OFF HIS GUARD.

A rider to a commercial house in London, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a single highwayman, who robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. "Sir," said the rider, "I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me, to have been robbed without making any defence, I should wish you just to fire a pistol through my coat."—"With all my heart," said the highwayman, "where will you have the ball?"—"Here," said the rider, "just by the side of the button." The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but as soon as he had fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of a traveller, who came up at the time, lodged the highwayman in gaol.

THE LAWYER AND THE JEW.

One day, as a solicitor was passing through Lincoln's-inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, "Cloash to shell, *old* cloash!" The lawyer somewhat net- tled at this address, from a supposition that Mo- ses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, Sir, *they are all new suits.*"

YORKSHIRE.

A Yorkshire boy went into a public-house, where a gentleman was eating eggs. The boy looked at him for some time, and then said, "Will *you be good enough to give me a little salt, Sir?*"

—"Certainly; but why do you want salt?"—"Perhaps, Sir, you'll ask me to eat an egg presently, and I should like to be ready."—"What country are you from, my lad?"—"Yorkshire, Sir."—"I thought so—there, take an egg."—"I thank you, Sir," said the boy. "Well," added the gentleman, "they are all great horse-stealers in your country, are they not?"—"Yes," rejoined the boy, "my father, (though an honest man) would no more mind stealing a horse than I would drinking your glass of ale. Your health, Sir," said he, and drank it up. "That will do," says the gentleman, "I see you are Yorkshire."

MUNDEN, THE COMEDIAN.

Munden, when confined to his bed and unable to put his feet to the ground, being told by a friend that his *dignified* indisposition was the laugh of the green-room, replied, "though I love to laugh and make others laugh, yet I would much rather they would make me a *standing* joke."

FELLOW-FEELING.

In prime of life,
Tom lost his wife;
Says Dick, to sooth his pain;
"Thy wife, I trow,
Is long, 'ere now,
In Abraham's bosom lain."

"Her fate forlorn,
With grief I mourn;"
The shrewd dissembler cries,
"For much I fear,
By this sad tear,
She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes."

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLOTH.

A clergyman going down to his living to spend the summer, met a comical old chimney-sweeper, "So, John," said the doctor, "whence came you?"——"From your house," replied the sweep, "for this morning I have swept all your chimnies."—"How many were there?" asked the doctor.—"No less than twenty," quoth John.—"Well, and how much a chimney have you?" "Only a shilling a-piece, Sir."—"Why, then," returned the doctor, "you have earned a great deal of money in a little time."—"Yes, Sir," said the sweep, throwing his bag of soot over his shoulders, "*we black coats get money easy enough.*"

BISHOP AND HIS SERVANT.

A certain bishop had a servant, whom he ordered on a festival to go to a butcher, named D[illegible] for a piece of meat, and then to come to church where the bishop was to preach. The bishop, in the course of his sermon, happening to turn towards the door, as his servant came in, exclaimed "*And what says David?*" Upon which the fellow roared out, "*He swears if you do not pay your bill, you need never send to his shop again.*"

THE QUAKER AND THE PARSON.

A quaker barber being sued by the parson for tythes, went to him and asked why he troubled him, as he had never any dealing with him in his whole life; "Why," said the parson, "for tythes."—"For tythes!" said the quaker, "upon what account?"—"Why," said the parson, "for preaching in the church."—"Then," replied the quaker, "I have nothing to pay thee; for I come not there."—"Oh, but you might," said the parson, "for the doors are real open at convenient times." The quaker immediately entered his action against the parson for forty shillings. The parson inquired for what he owed him the money? "Truly, friend," replied the quaker, "for trimming!"—"For trimming," said the parson, "why, I was never trimmed by you in my life."—"Oh! but you might'st have come and been trimmed, if thou had'st pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine."

COINCIDENCE.

The great Duke of Marlborough passing the gate of the Tower, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow, with "How do you do, my Lord Duke

r grace and I have now been in every
ingdom?"—"I believe, friend," re-
uke, with surprise, "this is the only
visited."—"Very likely," rejoined
but I have been in all the rest."

HEROISM.

r, on his return from the wars, was
s friends, what exploits he had done
le said, "that he had cut off one of the
s;" and being told that it would have
honourable and manly to have cu
l; "Oh," said he, "you must know
s cut off before."

FIELD-PREACHER.

preacher explaining to his congrega-
ure of hell, told them he had lived there
hr. "It is a great pity," said one of
that you did not stay there a month
then you would have gained a *legal*

HE COUNTRY CARPENTER.

ter having neglected to make a gibbet,
been ordered by the executioner, on
that he had not been paid for the
erected, was sent for by the judge.
said the latter, in a stern tone, "how
neglect making the gibbet that was
my account?"—"I humbly beg your
id the carpenter. "had I known it had
r Lordship, it should have been done
r."

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

ing Harriet mov'd along,
it of the beauteous throng,
x gaz'd on with admiration,
by many an exclamation!
h! what *naiveté!* what grace!
k that Grecian face!
wood cries, "that bloom's not
rnold's, More's, or Mar-

And though you vow her [illegible] untainted,
I swear, by G——, you [illegible] beauty's painted
A wager instantly was l[illegible]
And Ranger sought the l[illegible]
The pending bet he soon[illegible]
Nor e'en the impious oa[illegible]
Confus'd, her cheek bor[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] am painted, [illegible]

TROTTERS AND GALLOPERS.

Charles Bannister, the actor, was one evening in company with a young man, who, being in liquor, began to moralize on the folly of his past conduct. "I have been a d—— fool," said he; "my late father kept a tripe-shop in Clare-market, and got a decent fortune by it, which he left to me; and I, like an ideot, have stripped myself almost of my last shilling in horse-racing and the like."—"Well," said Charles, "never mind that, he *got* his money by *trotters*, and you *lost* it by *gallopers*."

NOVEL SOLECISM.

The late John Kemble, who was so minutely observant of that great dramatic canon, "suit the action to the word," that he would study before a glass the proper position of a finger even; seeing an actor *hold down* his head on pronouncing, O, Heaven! and *hold it up* on pronouncing, O Earth! said, "*The fellow has committed a solecism with his head.*"

LONDON THIEVES.

As Yorkshire Humphrey, t'other day,
O'er London Bridge was stumping,
He saw, with wonder and delight,
The water-works a-pumping.

Numps gazing stood, and wond'ring how
This grand machine was made,
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
Betwixt the ballustrade.

A sharper, prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout,
And soon, with fish-hook finger, turns
His pocket inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around—
The thief, with artful leer,
Says, "Sir, you'll presently be robb'd,
For pickpockets are near."

Quoth Numps, "I fear not London thieves,
I'se not a simple youth;
My guinea, Measter's, safe enough!
I've put it in my mouth!"

"You'll pardon me!" the rogue replies,
Then modestly retires;
Numps re-assumes the gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand,
With Humphrey full in view;
When now an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew.

Then thus the elder thief began—
"Observe that gaping lout!
He has a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out."

"Leave that to me," young Filcher says,
"I have a scheme quite pat;
Only observe how neat I'll queer
The gaping country flat."

By this time Numps, who gaz'd his fill,
Was trudging through the street;
When the young pilf'rer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

"O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!"
The artful urchin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop to find,
And give the boy his coin;
And Humphrey, with the friendly band,
Deigns cordially to join.

"There are your pence," quoth Nu
Be zure thee haulds 'em faster!'
"My pence!" quoth Filch; "here
But where's my *guinea*, master?

"Help, help! good folks; for God'
Bawls out this hopeful youth—
"He pick'd my guinea up just no
And has it in his mouth!"

The elder thief was lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws,
And, seizing on his gullet, plucks
The guinea from his jaws!

Then roars out—"Masters, here's
I'll give the child his guinea!
But who'd have thought to see a th
In this same country ninny?"

Humphrey, astonish'd, thus begins·
"Good measters! hear me, pray
But—"Duck him, duck him!" is t
At length he sneaks away.

"Ah! now," quoth Numps, "I w
What often I've heard said,
That London thieves would steal th
Out of a body's head!"

THE MAGPIE.

A boy, belonging to one of the shi
Portsmouth, had purchased of his pi
magpie, which he carried to his father'
was at the door feeding it, when a g
the neighbourhood, who had an imped
speech, coming up, "T—T—T—To
gentleman, "can your Mag T—T—T
"Ay, Sir," says the boy, "better th
I'd wring his head off."

SLEEPING AT CHURCH.

Dr. South, when preaching befo
II. observed that the monarch and his
began to nod. Some of them soon afte
which he broke off his sermon, and cal
Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rou
you snore so loud that you will wake

ROYAL TWINS.

"Susan!" said an Irish footman to his fellow-servant, "what are the bells ringing for again?"—"In honour of the Duke of York's birthday, Mr. Murphy."—"Be *aisy* now," rejoined the Hibernian, "none of *your Blarney*—sure, 'was the Prince Regent's on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's to-day, unless they are [illegible]"

THE LITERARY BREAKFAST.

As lately a sage on fine ham was repastin
(Tho' for breakfast too savoury I ween
He exclaim'd to a friend, who sat sil a
fasting,
"What a breakfast of *learning* is mine!
"A breakfast of learning!" with wonder
And laughed, for he thought him mistak
"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly replied,
"When I'm making *large extracts from Bacon.*"

FLINT SOUP.

A friar once entered a farm-house and begged the use of a little pan, to make some flint broth! "Flint broth!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, "how is that to be done? I should like to learn such an œconomical secret." The friar took the vessel, put in some water and some clean flints: "Now," says he, "I must have a piece of beef and a few herbs, some salt, a little bacon, and a little flour, and stir them well together." Having done all this, and let the mess boil its proper time, he produced a very palatable broth, to the astonishment of the good wife, who forgot that she had contributed the only good ingredients

A FRIAR'S TACTICS.

One day, when Cardinal Richelieu had summoned Duke Bernard de Weimar to his council, [illegible] his finger over a map, said, "Monsieur, first take this city, then that, and [illegible] Duke Bernard listened to him [illegible] length said, "But, Father, with your fingers."

ROYAL CO[illegible]MON.

When Boisrobert wi[illegible] mother sent some prie[illegible] mon Dieu," said he, [illegible] pardon, and confess th[illegible] thou knowest that the[illegible] much greater sinner th[illegible]

JOHN KEMBLE.

Kemble had been for many years the inti[illegible] friend of the Earl of Aberdeen; on one o[illegible] on he called on that nobleman during [illegible] morning ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the [illegible] age at the door. Kemble and the noble [illegible] were closely engaged on some literary subject [illegible] long time, while Mrs. K. was shivering in [illegible] arriage at the door, it being very cold weat[illegible] At length her patience being exhausted, she [illegible] rected the servant to inform his master that [illegible] was waiting, and that she feared the wea[illegible] would bring on an attack of the rheumatism. [illegible] fellow proceeded to the door of the earl's st[illegible] and delivered his message, leaving out the [illegible] letter in rheumatism. This he had repeated t[illegible] several times, at different intervals, by direc[illegible] of his mistress, before he could obtain an answ[illegible] at length Kemble, roused from his subject by [illegible] importunities of his servant, replied somew[illegible] petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not co[illegible] and fellow, in future, say *tism.*"

CLASSIC TOASTS.

Sir W. Curtis was once present at a pu[illegible] dinner where the Dukes of York and Clar[illegible] formed part of the company. The President [illegible] as a toast, "*The Adelphi,*" (the Greek wor[illegible] "The Brothers.") When it came to the wo[illegible] Baronet's turn to give a toast, he said, "Mr. [illegible] sident, as you seem inclined to give *public b*[illegible] *ings*, I beg leave to propose *Somerset House.*"

CORRESPONDENCE.

Swift alluding, in a letter, to the frequen[illegible] *stances of* a broken correspondence after [illegible]

absence, gives the following natural account of the causes:—"At first one omits writing for a little while—and then one stays a little while longer to consider of excuses—and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all. In this manner" he adds, "I have served others, and have been served myself."

EPIGRAM.

Said Celia to Damon, "Can you tell me from whence
I may know a coquette from a woman of sense?
Where the difference lies?"—"Yes," said Damon, "I can;
Every man courts the one, t'other courts every man."

GOLDSMITH'S CREDULITY.

Dr. Goldsmith was sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, when he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, showed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. "Stinking!" said Goldsmith, "in good troth I do not smell it."—"I never smelled any thing so unpleasant in my life," answered the gentleman; "the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat."—"In good troth," said the poet, relying on his judgment, "I think so too, but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop as a punishment. The waiter resisted: but the doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh. "What ails you now?" said the poet. "Indeed, my good friend," said the other, "I could never think that a man whose knowl of letters is so extensive as yours, could l great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop as fine a one as ever I saw in my life."—" it?" said Dr. Goldsmith, "then I will never credit to what you say again; and so, in troth, I think I am even with you."

QUEEN BESS.

A courtier one day came running to Q Elizabeth, and, with a face full of dismay, " dam," said he, "I have bad news for you party of tailors mounted on mares, that atta the Spaniards, are all cut off."—"Cou friend!" said the queen; "this news is in bad; but when we consider the nature o quadrupeds, and the description of the soldi is some comfort to think we have lost neither nor *horse*."

BOTTLES FLYING.

Hugh Boyd was dining with a large of his countrymen, when, after having drunk fr one of the company took up a decanter and it at the head of the person that sat facing Boyd, however, seeing the missile about thrown, dexterously stretched forth his hand caught it, exclaiming, at the same time, "Ha gentlemen, if you send the bottle about this there will not one of us be able to stand ou evening."

DR. PITCAIRN.

Dr. Pitcairn one Sunday stumbled into a byterian church, to beguile a few idle mom and seeing the parson apparently overwhe by the importance of his subject:—"Wha devil makes the man *greet?*" said Pitcairn fellow that stood near him. "By my faith, answered the other, "you would perhaps too, if you were in his place, and had as litt say."—"Come along with me, friend, and have a glass together," said Pitcairn, "Yo too good a fellow to be here."

CHARITABLE FRAUD.

hbishop of Aix, on hearing that his t Francois de Sales had been canonized, l him a gallant, amiable, and honest gh he would cheat at piquet."—"But, ome one present, "is it possible that a be a sharper at play?"—"No," re- rchbishop, "he said as a reason for it, e all his winnings to the poor."

LORD ORRERY.

rery, the friend and biographer of uch an unbounded love for the classics, stowed classical appellations on the of his household. His dog bore the sar. Cæsar, however, one day giving p a most unclassical bite, his lordship ne, and pursued him round the room olemnity, uttering the while, this truly enace: "Cæsar! Cæsar! if I could Cæsar, I would give thee as many wounds ave thy namesake in the capitol!"

PETER PINDAR.

lcot, better known as *Peter Pindar*, day upon the publisher of his works, enquiring into the literary and other e day. After some chat, the doctor to take a glass of wine with the seller nd poetry. The doctor consented to t little negus, when instantly was pre- im a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of ed on it. "Eh! eh!" says the doctor, e we here?"—"A man's skull," re- ookseller, "a poet's for what I know." g more likely," rejoined the doctor, *niversally known that all you booksellers ing from our skulls.*"

NO JOKE.

an residing on his estate on the road and within a few miles of that town, grounds trespassed on and robbed, set up a board, to scare offenders by the notification that "Steel traps and spring guns are set in these grounds;" but finding that even this was treated with contempt, and his fruit, &c. vanished as before, he caused to be painted in very prominent letters underneath—"No Joke, by G—d!" which had the desired effect.

THE SAFE SIDE.

During the riots of 1780, most persons in London in order to save their houses from being burnt or pulled down, wrote on their doors, "*No Popery!*" Old Grimaldi, to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his "*No Religion!*"

DR. SOUTH.

Dr. South visiting a gentleman one morning, was asked to stay dinner, which he accepted of; the gentleman stepped into the next room and told his wife, and desired she would provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till, at length, her husband, provoked at her behaviour, protested, that, if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped out, crying, "*I beg, Sir, you will make no stranger of me.*"

QUIN ON TURTLE EATING.

Quin was asked once what he thought of turtle-eating. "By G—d," said he, "it is a thousand pities, that, on such an occasion, a man had not a stomach as long as the cable of a first-rate man-of-war, and every inch palate."

SMART RETORT.

Two gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding by Tyburn together; the former said, "this is a very pretty tenement, if it had but a garret."—"You fool," said Garret, "don't you know there must be chambers first."

PETER WALTERS.

A gentleman, not so remarkable for his economy as his wit and humour, was one day rallying the late Peter Walters on his avarice. "For my part," quoth the gentleman, "I don't know any difference between a shilling and sixpence, for when one is changed, it is gone, and so is the other."—"Ah," says Peter, "my old friend, you may not know the difference between a shilling and a sixpence now, but believe me you will when you come to be worth but eighteen-pence."

THE SENATOR.

A senator, who is not esteemed the wisest man in the House, has a custom of shaking his head when another speaks; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the House, assured them it was only the effect of an ill-habit, "for," said he, "though he often shakes his head, there is nothing in it."

THE LAWYER AND THE FARMER.

A lawyer quits the jarring courts
For rural ease and rural sports,
Surveys his newly-bought estate,
And, like all those that wealth makes great,
Thus plied an honest farmer's ear:
"Behold what spacious grounds are here!
Yon park extensive mocks the eye,
Yon house with palaces might vie;
Rich by industry I have grown,
And all thou seest I call my own."
The clown, who very seldom made
A speech of length, in answer said,
"I fancy, Sir, you'd change your tone,
If every one possess'd his own."

KING CHARLES.

King Charles II. being prevailed upon, by one of his courtiers, to knight a very worthless fellow, *and of mean aspect*, when he was going to lay the sword upon his shoulder, our new knig back, and hung down his head, as if out tenance. "Don't be ashamed," said th "'tis I have the most reason to be so."

THE CANON AND VICAR.

A canon of Windsor, who was taking l ing walk into the town, met one of the the castle gate, returning home somewhat with generous port. "So," says the "from whence come you?"—"I don' Mr. Canon," replied the vicar; "I ha *spinning* out this afternoon with a few f —"Ay, and now," says the canon, " *reeling* it home."

LORD B———.

In Queen Ann's reign, the Lord B— ried three wives, who were all his serv beggar-woman meeting him one day in t made him a very low courtesy, "Ah! mighty bless you," said she, "and sen long life; if you do but live long enough, all be ladies in time."

EPIGRAM.

Jerry dying intestate, his relatives claim
Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry d
"What!" she cry'd, "must I suffer, bec
curst knave,
Without leaving a will is laid snug in his
"That's no wonder," said one, "for 'tis
known,
Since his marriage, poor man! he'd no w
own."

COLONEL CHARTRES.

The late Colonel Chartres reflecting
ill-life and public character, told a nobl
such a thing as a good name could be pu
he would freely give 10,000*l.* for it. Th
man said, "it would be the worst money
laid out in his life."—"Why so?" said th
"Because," replied his lordship, "you
certainly forfeit it again in less than a w

THE TWO SISTERS.

nnoured wife, abusing her husband on
ıry disposition, told him that if she was
ould marry the devil's eldest daughter,
get any thing by it, "That's true,"
husband, "but the worst of it is *one*
two sisters."

TO A BAD FIDDLER.

Orpheus (as old stories shew)
fiddling to the shades below,
ompense the pleasing strain,
restor'd his wife again.
ou, the worst of mortal scrapers
ver call'd forth rustic capers,
adst for wife so vile a jade,
y own sake leave off the trade:—
Pluto hear thy tweedle-dee,
same way would punish thee.

TRUE PATRIOTISM

ars ago one of the male convicts in Bo-
wrote a farce; which was acted with
ause on the theatre, in Port Jackson.
, the noted pickpocket, furnished the
which ended with these lines:—
riots we, for be it understood,
ur country for our *country's good.*

ALL GONE OUT.

; since a gentleman near Birmingham,
ision to see a friend, called at his house,
d he was gone out; to save the trouble
again, he expressed a wish to see the
ut she also was gone out. That no
be lost, he requested to see the young
he likewise was out. Wishing, how-
go without accomplishing his business,
e would then walk in, and sit by the
of them returned, he was told by *Pat,*
Sir, and you *can't, for that is gone out*

EPIGRAM.

"Whatever is, is right," says Pope—
So said a sturdy thief;
But when his fate requir'd a rope,
He varied his belief.

I ask'd if still he held it good:
"Why, no," he sternly cried;
"Good texts are only understood
By being well applied."

APPROPRIATE CARRIAGES.

A coachmaker, remarking the fashionable stages or carriages, said, "that a *sociable* was all the *ton* during the *honey-moon*, and a *sulky* after."

NEWSPAPER READERS.

Shenstone, the poet, divided the readers of a newspaper into the following general classes:—The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts; the tradesman to the price of bread; the stock-jobber to the lie of the day; the old maid to marriages; the prodigal son to deaths: the monopolist to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding school misses to every thing that relates to Gretna-green!

THE RETREAT.

"Let's run, let's run," a soldier cries;
His captain heard, and thus replies—
"What, coward! would you turn away
The moment we have gain'd the day?
Behold the foe have ceas'd to fire;
Their broken ranks with speed retire."
"Yes, I perceive our foes retreat;
For speed Newmarket cou'dn't match 'em;
I therefore do my words repeat—
Run, or, by G—, you'll never catch 'em."

HORSE STEALING.

Two fellows meeting, one asked the other, why he looked so bad? "I have good reason for it," answered the other, "poor Jack, the greatest crony *and* best friend I had in the world, was hanged

wo days ago."—"What had he done?" said
rst. "Alas!" replied the other, "he did no
: than you or I should have done on the like
sion; he found a bridle on the road, and took
p."—"What!" said the other, "hang a man
taking up a bridle! That's hard, indeed."—
'o tell the truth of the matter," said the other,
here was a horse tied to the other end of it."

EPITAPH ON A MAN AND HIS WIFE.

Stay, bachelor, if you have wit,
A wonder to behold:
Husband and wife, in one dark pit,
Lie still, and never scold.

Tread softly tho', for fear she wakes;—
Hark, she begins already:
You've hurt my hend;—my shoulder akes;—
These sots can ne'er move steady.

Ah, friend! with happy freedom blest!
See how my hope's miscarry'd:
Not death itself can give you rest,
Unless you die unmarry'd.

THE EXECUTION.

An under-sheriff having to attend a malefactor to execution on a Friday, went to him the Wedne-day before, to ask the following favour: "My good friend," said the sheriff, "you know I have orders to see you executed next Friday; now I have business of the utmost importance at London on that day, and as you must die so soon, one day's difference can make no odds, and I should take it as a particular favour if you would be hanged on Thursday morning." The prisoner replied, "I am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this particular; for I have some business of great importance on Friday morning; but, Mr. Sheriff, to shew you that I am not an ungrateful man, suppose we put off this said execution till Monday morning; if you like that, Mr. Sheriff, I'll agree to it with all my heart."

EXCHANGING SERMONS.

It is customary for the clergy in most counties to have annual visitations, in order to settle the affairs of the church. There belonged to a society of this sort, in Dorsetshire, a clergyman, who made excellent sermons, but preached them badly. At one of these meetings, after the gentlemen had dined, and the servants were seated down together, this clergyman's man asked another, "what had many parsons met together for?"—"Why," answered he, "*to swap sermons.*"—"*Aye,*" quoth the former, "*then my master is always most damnably cheated, for he never gets a good one.*"

EPITAPH ON MR. FOOTE.

Here lies one *Foot*, whose death may thousands save,
For death has now *ons Foots* within the grave.

COPY OF A DROLL EVIDENCE,

Delivered by the Rev. Mr. J. W———, rector of Rockland, St. Peters, who was subpœnaed to give testimony of the character of one P———, a schoolmaster, at New Buckingham, in Norfolk, at the assize held at Thetford.

Counsel. Call the Rev. Mr. J. W——, rector of Rockland, St. Peters.

Clerk of Assize. Mr. J. W—— called.

Walpole. Here, Sir.

Counsel. Mr. Walpole, I think you live in Rockland, St. Peters?

Walpole. No, Sir, I don't live there; I am parson of the parish, and the living came by my mother.

Counsel. Sir, I don't ask you after the settlement, nor how you came by it.

L. C. Justice. Mr. Walpole, pray where do you live?

Walpole. May it please your Lordship, at New Buckingham, just by Tom Tunman, in the Crown

Counsel. Pray do you know one Mr. P———, a schoolmaster, at New Buckingham?

Walpole. Yes, Sir, I know him very well.

Counsel. Pray, Sir, what sort of a man is he? how does he behave in your town?

ole. Sir, he is a well-built man for
, he goes in a blue coat and buckskin pair
hes.
el. Sir, I don't ask you what sort of a
s, nor what dress he goes in.
ole. Sir, as I am upon my oath, I thought
ive an account of all I know of him.
el. Yes, Sir, relating to the questions
ou. I mean, how does he behave, that
behave well in your town?
ole. Yes, Sir, very well; only he goes
obbling, but that he cannot help.
el. Sir, you do not take me right; has he
character of an honest, sober, well be-
an in your town?
ole. Yes, Sir, that he has; it is as seldom
drunk as any man in town; perhaps in a
he will call on me to go to Tom Tunmore's,
eldom drink above two or three full pots
ning, and he goes home very sober consi-

l. Pray, Sir, do you call it a sober
n that drinks two or three full pots in a

. He is a very moderate man in drink-
om takes more than half his share.
r. Then, Sir, you have a good partner.
Sir, I like such men best, and so
d we agree extremely well together,
arrel over our cups, that's all I know

RLIAMENTARY REFORM.

ne Tooke was rejected by the House
on account of the supposed purity
character, he compared his own si-
t of the girl at the Magdalen, who
must turn out and qualify."

A DREAM.

buried with my fellow clay,
non beggar's side I lay,
ighbour shock'd my pride,
f consequence, I cry'd:

"Scoundrel, begon[illegible] henceforth to
not;
More manners lea[illegible]
" How! scoundrel
" Proud lump of
thee;
Here all are equal;
This is m[illegible], and

A STUTTERING WAG.

A person once knocked at the door of a college-fellow, to enquire the apartments of a particular gentleman. When the fellow made his appearance, "Sir," said the enquirer, "will you be so obliging as to direct me to the rooms of Mr.——." The fellow had the misfortune to stutter. He began, "S-S-S pl-pl-please to go to ——" and then stopped short. At length, collecting all his indignation to the tip of his tongue, he poured out a frightful expression, adding, as he shut the door, "You will find him sooner than I can direct you."

BARRY AND HIS CARPENTER.

The Dublin theatre, during Mr. Barry's management, failed, and he was considerably indebted to his actors, musicians, &c. Among others, the master-carpenter called at Barry's house, and was very clamorous in demanding his money. Barry came to the head of the stairs, and asked what was the matter? "Matter enough," replied the carpenter, "I want my money, and can't get it."—"Don't be in a passion," said Barry. "Do me the favour to walk up stairs, if you please, and we will speak upon the business."—"Not I, by J—Mr. Barry;" cried the carpenter, "you owe me a hundred pounds already, and if I come up you will owe me *two* before I leave you."

MR. BURKITT.

Mr. William Burkitt, author of a Practical Exposition of the New Testament, and other religious books, was a facetious man. He was edu*cated* at Cambridge, and afterwards became all

nister of Dedham, in Essex. Going one Sunday to church from the lecture-house, he met an old Cambridge friend, who was coming to give him a call before sermon. After the accustomed salutations, Burkitt told his friend, that as he had intended him the favour of a visit, his parishioners would expect the favour of a sermon. The clergyman excused himself, by saying he had no sermon with him; but on looking at Burkitt's pocket, and perceiving a corner of his sermon-book, he drew it gently out, and put it in his own pocket. The gentleman then said with a smile, "Mr. Burkitt, I will agree to preach for you." He did so, and preached Burkitt's sermon. He, however, appeared to great disadvantage after Burkitt, for he had a voice rough and untuneful, whereas Burkitt's was remarkably melodious. "Ah!" said Burkitt to him archly, after sermon, as he was approaching him in the vestry, "you was but half a rogue; you stole my fiddle, but you could not steal my fiddlestick."

ON A GLUTTON WHO HAD A REMARKABLE MOUTH.

Here lies a famous belly slave,
Whose mouth was wider than a grave;
Traveller, tread lightly o'er his clod,
For should he *gape* you're gone by G—d!

TREASON.

A very serious complaint was once lodged before a justice of the peace in a northern county, against a simple countryman, for having *damned the King*. A warrant was accordingly issued, and the poor delinquent dragged before the bench, when the following interrogatories were put to him.

Justice.—Harkee! you fellow; how came you wickedly and profanely to damn his most sacred Majesty George the Third, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth?

Countryman.—Lord, your worship, I did not *know that* the *King* of *Clubs* was *Defender* of the *Faith, or by my troth I would* not have *damn'd it.*

Justice.—King of Clubs! why, you rascal, what, do you add *insult* to *treas* me what you mean.

Countryman.—Mean, your worship, *mun know* that were *noine* and *noine*, nt swabbers, *clubs* were *trumps*. I had *queen* i' my own hand; but as ill-luck v our neighbour Tummus clapt his *king* s my *queen*, and by *gadlin* they gotten the so being well throttled with rage, you I-I-I- cry'd *damn the king!*

Justice.—Oh! well if that's all, thou about thy business: but see that thou so again.

Countryman.—God bless your Honou e'en curse a *knave*, for fear it should c *Worship!*

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAN

Inscribed on a pane of glass by H

Curst be the man, the poorest wretc
The crouching vassal to the tyrant w
Who has no will but by her permis-si
Who has not sixpence but in her pos
Who must to her his dear friends sec
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse
Were such the wife had fallen to my
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break h

JACK KETCH.

Jack Ketch being lately summoned of Conscience for a small debt, was as meant to pay it? The answer was: please your honour, as I know the p family well, I'll *work* it out for him *line!*"

FISH AND SAUCE.

A countryman on a trial respecting fishery, at the Lancaster assizes, w amined by Sergeant Cockel, who, a other questions, asked the witness— love fish?"—"Yes," said the poor f donna like *Cockle* sauce with it."

THE RIDDLE.

Addressed to four Ladies.

gentle ladies, if you can,
ing that's wondrous common,
lmost every well-bred man
ents to every woman.
with which you've often play'd
irst your thumb and finger,
if too frequent use be made,
ll spoil you for a singer.
at weak dames and old abuse,
often spoils the stronger;
rt, 'tis rhetoric lovers use,
n they can talk no longer.
pill or potion now,
as you're pleas'd to make it
the spirits when they're low,
tickles when you take it.

HE ANSWER, BY THE LADIES.

ss your riddle, gentle sir,
r dames in council sat;
ious their opinions were,
great was the debate.
id, 'twas music, play'd with skill,
caus'd all this emotion;
d said, it was a pill;
ird, it was a potion.
urth was quite amaz'd to hear
ladies talk such stuff,
hen the case was very clear,
took *a pinch of snuff*.

REAL POLITENESS.

XIV. having been told that Lord Stair
of the best-bred men in Europe, "I shall
him to the test," said the king; and
ord Stair to take an airing with him, as
of the coach was opened, he bade
ig; the other bowed and obeyed.
The world is right in the charac-
ship; another person would
eremony."

OLD AGE NOT RELI D BY LADIES.

Any imputation of old
the fair sex, let the circum
bility be ever so great.
ing alms in Islington, b
man was too old for matr
question you must ask of
than I am.

A GRAVE-DIGGER'S B.....

A grave-digger who had buried a
sent the following curious bill to his
"To making a *Button-hole*.....

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.

When the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first-lieutenant of the Revenge, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So unusual an attitude exciting his surprise, he asked the sailor if he was afraid? "Afraid!" answered the tar, "No, I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

NATIONAL TOASTS.

When Lord Stair was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were constantly invited. The French Ambassador, in his turn, as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors; and on one occasion proposed a health in these terms, "The Rising Sun, my master," alluding to the device and motto of Louis XIV. It came then to the Austrian ambassador's turn to give a toast; and he proposed the "Moon," in compliment to the Empress queen. The Earl of Stair was then called upon, and that nobleman, whose presence of mind never forsook him, drank his master, King William, by the name of "Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the Sun and Moon stand still."

NOBODY.

Sure Nobody's a wicked devil,
The author of consummate evil;
In breaking dishes, basins, glasses,
In stealing, hiding—he surpasses.
Behold the punch-bowl crack'd around,
For weeks the ladle was not found;
How crack'd—'twas Nobody that did it,
How misplac'd—'twas Nobody hid it.
When in the school, sits Dr. Pedant,
He calls to him that is the head in't,
"Who made that noise? who let his tongue stir?"
"Nobody, Sir;" exclaims the youngster.
The governess some mischief spies out;
And in a passion thus she cries out,—
"Hey day! a pretty litter this is?
Whose doing? pray! come, tell me, Misses?
Whose doing?" she repeats with fury,
Nobody's, Madam, I assure you.
The lady of the house believes,
A guest her servant-maid receives.
A thief, perhaps, who shams the lover,
The windows' fastenings to discover;
She hears a foot—yes, hears it plain,
And calls, "Who's there?"—but calls in vain:
She listens—so anxious she to know,
And hears a stranger's voice below;
"Why, Jane, who is it you've got there?"
"Lord, Madam.— Nobody, I swear,
As every body can declare."
"I'm sure somebody it must be,"
"Nobody, Madam—come and see."
She goes, but all in vain she peeps,
For any where Nobody creeps.
She finds her gravy-soup diminished;
Her ribs of beef are almost finished;
"Hey-day, who those provisions took,"
"Nobody, Madam," rejoins the cook
"Impossible! what do you mean?"
"Why then the cat it must have been"
Thus Nobody is never seen
In Anybody's shape, but that
Of a domestic dog or cat.

This Nobody, how strange I think,
Can walk and talk, can eat and drink;—
But male or female? why, I ween
The gender must be Epicene.
An old offender it appears,
Who's liv'd above a thousand years;
For Polyphemus had his odd eye
Knock'd out by him, I mean Nobody.

QUIN AND THE BEAU.

Quin being one day in a coffee-house, a young beau enter, quite languid with th of the day. "Waiter," said the coxco an affected faint voice, "Waiter, fetch me of coffee, as weak as water, and as a zephyr!" Quin, in a voice of thunder, dinately vociferated, "Waiter, bring me a coffee, hot as h—ll, and strong as d———t— The beau starting, exclaimed, "Pray, what is that gentleman's name?" Quin, same tremendous tone, exclaimed, "Waite what is that *lady's* name."

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

The tradesmen of a man of fashion dunned him for a long time, he desired his one morning to admit the tailor, who h been so constant in his attendance as th When he made his appearance, "My fi said he to him, "I think you are a very fellow, and I have a great regard for you; fore, I take this opportunity to tell you, t be d———d if ever I pay you a farthing! go home, mind your business, and don't lo time by calling here. As for the others, d a set of vagabonds and rascals, for whom *no affection*, and they may come as often choose."

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE DU

As the late beautiful Duchess of Devonsh one day stepping out of her carriage, a de who was accidentally standing by, and wa to regale himself with his accustomed whif bacco, caught a glance of her countenance,

ed, " Love and bless you, my lady,
y pipe in your eyes!" The duch-
ighted with this compliment, that
afterwards checked the strain of
ch was so constantly offered to her
ying, " Oh! after the dustman's
ll others are insipid."

INGENIOUS EVASION.

being brought up to Bow-street, the
logue passed between him and the
rate: " How do you live?" —
sir; generally a joint and a pudding
" I mean, sir, how do you get your
beg your worship's pardon; some-
aker's and sometimes at the chand-
" You may be as witty as you
ut I mean simply to ask you, how
—" Tolerably well, I thank your
pe your worship is well."

ELWALL AND MR. ERSKINE.

Thelwall was on his trial at the Old
h-treason, during the evidence for
n, he wrote the following note, and
ounsel, Mr. Erskine: " I am deter-
l my cause myself." Mr. Erskine
. " If you do, you'll be hanged;"
elwall immediately returned this
e hang'd, then, if I do."

ER AND THE TOOTH-DRAWER.

orge Barker was laid up one day,
then in the family-way;
tooth-aches of husbands begin
r wives are about lying-in;
he bellow'd, so great was the pain,
, bit ginger, but all was in vain.

n th' apothecary, came,
th, which the rest did inflame;
h, which he open'd so wide,
wn, and " I see it" he cried;
nd the pincers cramm'd in,
with a horrible grin.

Tremendous and loud were the gentleman's cries,
While out came a tooth, to the patient's surprise.
" Ouns! sir, you have drawn the best tooth that
I had,
Instead of the one that's so grievously bad;"
" That's my loss," cried Jalap, " I've now double
labour,
For needs must I take out its troublesome neigh-
bour."

George wou'd have replied, but t'other in popp'd
His pincers, and thus was his mouth quickly
stopp'd,
Then spite of odd gestures, and even wry face,
He pull'd, and he twisted, the tooth to displace;
The doctor at length brought the job to an end,
With pains to himself, but much more to his friend.

Poor Barker held up both his hands to his head,
" O death and the devil, what pain's this," he said;
While Jalap the gentleman gravely assur'd,
" 'Twas nothing to what he might chance t' have
endured;
Pray look at the rotten old stump I'd to draw,
And then thank your stars that *I didn't break your
jaw.*"

SPIRIT OF A GAMBLER.

A bon-vivant of fashion, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by his physician, and ingeniously told that he could not survive many hours, and would die by eight o'clock next morning, exerted all the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with difficulty, he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, " Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle I live till nine."

FASHION'S SAKE.

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man who stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence; upon which the prosecutor cried out, " Ten-pence, my lord! why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds."—" Oh," said his lordship, " *we must not hang a man for fashion's sake.*"

PROMPT ANSWER.

Chateauneuf, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII. when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?"—"My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."

DR. YOUNG.

One day as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married,) the servant came to tell him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," said the doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted he should go, but, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, and spoke the following lines:—

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

THE BIRCH.

Ye worthies, in trust for the school and the church,
Pray hear me descant on the virtues of Birch.
Though the *Oak* be the prince and the pride of the grove,
An emblem of pow'r, and the favourite of Jove;
Though Phœbus with *Laurel* his temples have bound,
And with chaplets of *Poplar* Alcides be crown'd;
Tho' Pallas the *Olive* has graced with her choice,
And mother Cybele in *Pines* may rejoice;
Though Bacchus delights in the *Ivy* and *Vine*,
And Venus her garlands with *Myrtle* entwine;
Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
No tree can be found to compare with the *Bi*
The Birch, they aver, is the true tree of k
ledge,
Revered by each school, and remember'd a
lege.
Though Virgil's fam'd tree may produce
fruit,
A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims
each shoot;
Yet the *Birch* on each bough, on the top of
switch,
Bears the essence of grammar, the eight pa
speech.
'Mongst the leaves is conceal'd more than m
can mention,
All cases, all genders, all forms of declensi
Nine branches when cropp'd by the hand
Nine,
Each duly arrang'd in a parallel line,
Tied up in nine folds of a mystical string,
And soak'd for nine hours in cold Hea
spring
Is a sceptre compos'd for a pedagogue's ha
Like the *Fasces* of Rome, a true badge of com
The sceptre thus finish'd, like Moses's rod
From flints can draw tears, and give life to
Should darkness Egyptian, or ignorance ap
Its clouds o'er the mind, or envelope the he
This rod thrice apply'd puts the darkness to
Disperses the clouds, and restores us to ligh
Like the *Virga divina*, 'twill find out the w
Where lurks the rich metal—the gold of the
Should Genius, a captive, by Sloth be conf
Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'
mind,
Apply but this magical wand—with a stro
The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is b
Like Hermes's rod, these few switches inf
Rhetorical thunder, and Poetry's fire.
And if Morpheus our temples in Lethe
steep,
These switches untie all the fetters of sleep

trong Conviction, of Logic the glory,
ith precision *a posteriori*,
irculation, and thrills through each

quickens, and purges the brain.
orders prevail in the blood,
correct them, like guaiacum wood.
s juice is, so sweet are its twigs,
eld we call them the Walkley-bank

rod of Circe to brutes would change

f the *Birch* can unbrute them again.
of the Sybil, that branch of pure

an the gate of Egysium unfold;
of learning, where pleasures abound,
hat still flourish on classical ground.
be its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
like the Muses, immortal shall be.

LUCKY LOSS.

n being one day engaged in examin-
ioners, and finding them extremely
ke of the punishment that awaited
n a future world; observing, that
he cast into a place of utter dark-
ere would be weeping, and wailing,
of teeth."—"Let them gnash that
cried an old woman from a corner
; "for my part, I have had none
ears."

NG JAMES THE FIRST.

ch mounting a horse that was un-
The deil tak' my saul, sirrah, an ye
'll send ye to the five hundred kings
of Commons:—They'll soon tame

COURAGE.

n Admiral Lord St. Vincent's fleet,
f the captains, who was gallantly bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the captain, "it will be time enough to do that, when we have made them strike."

PURCHASING A HUSBAND.

A country girl, desirous of matrimony, received from her mistress a present of a five-pound bank-note for her marriage-portion. Her mistress wished to see the object of Susan's favour; and a very diminutive fellow, swarthy as a Moor, and ugly as an ape, made his appearance. "Ah, Susan," said her mistress, "what a strange choice you have made!"—"La, ma'am," said Susan, "in such hard times as these, when almost all the tall fellows are gone for soldiers, what more of a man than this can you expect for a five-pound note?"

A COMPARISON.

It is with narrow-souled people, as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

THE RETORT.

Two girls of fashion entered an assembly-room, at the time when a fat citizen's wife was quitting it. "Ah," said one of them, in an audible voice, "there's beef *a-la-mode* going out."—"Yes," answered the object of their ridicule, "and *game* going in."

MATRIMONIAL REGULATIONS.

A man being brought up by his wife, who had sworn the peace against him, after being informed by the sitting magistrate of the charge laid against him, he asked permission to say *summat* in his *exculpation*.

"Well," said the worthy magistrate, "you are at liberty to say any thing you please in your defence."

"Why, then, please your worship, I *caun* show as how my wife took the law into her hands before I *baisted* her at all."

Magistrate.—"Did she strike you first?"

Husband.—"No, your worship, but if you'll please to hear my tale, you shall know all about it; first, if you'll please to hear me, you must know that I *is* of a very hot temper, and she's *plaguy* hot well as I; well, so you know, says I to *her yan* morning, Bessy, my lass, we'll split our disturbances, *t'one* of us shall be maister *yan* year, and t'other of next year, in regular *succession*: well, please your worship, she agreed to this *regularment*, and she *been't maister* all *t'last* year; the time you know, that her time expired was last Friday four months. Well, your worship, *of* Friday four month's I told you that I was *ganning* to be't *maister*; well, do you know, your worship, she took t'law into her own hands, and said she'd be *felled* if she would'nt remain *maister* for t'next year; so I *has* put up with the degradation till last Friday—*wer'nt* it that day, Bessy?"

Wife.—"Till last Friday."

Husband.—"Well, and then as how I thought t'law *wad* authorize me to *baist* her, as she had ta'en t'law into her hands. *(Much laughter.)*

Magistrate.—"Woman, what have you to say to this ingenuous defence?"

Wife.—"Please, your worship, I know *I'se* guilty of the *alledgement* he has lain again me; *I'se* sorry for what I've done! I hope as that you'll forgive me this time, and I'll try him *(pointing to her husband)* till he *misbehaves* himself again."

The magistrate then advised her in future to let her husband be the master, and, after making mutual promises to kiss and be friends, they retired.

JUSTIFICATION.

A dog, young open-mouthed at a serjeant upon a march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat and killed him. The owner was quite indignant that his dog was killed, and asked the serjeant why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of his halbert? "So I would," said he, "if he had run at me with his tail."

FORTITUDE OF A SAILOR.

A veteran, at the battle of Trafalga actively employed at one of the gun leg shot off below the knee, observed "That's but a shilling touch; an inch I should have had my eighteen-pence f luding to the scale of pensions allowed The same man, as they were lifting hi ther tar's shoulders, said to one of "Bob, take a look for my leg, and g silver buckle out of my shoe; I'll do you, please God, some other time."

A DOTING HUSBAND.

At the time when Frederick Moul w in translating Lebanius, a servant c him, that his wife, who had long been ing state, was very ill, and wished h him. "Stop a minute, stop a minute, "I have but two sentences to finish, will be with her directly." Another came to announce, that she was at the "I have but two words to write," an and "then I'll fly to her." A moment was brought to him, that she had "Alas! I am very sorry for it," exc tranquil husband, "she was the best w world!" Having uttered this brief f tion, he went on with his work.

MATRIMONIAL AFFECTION.

In a village in Picardy, a farmer's long sickness, fell into a lethargy. He was willing, good man, to believe her s and so, according to the custom of tha she was wrapped in a sheet, and r to be buried. But, as ill-luck would h bearers carried her so near a hedge, that pierced the sheet, and waked the woman trance. Some years after, she died h and, as the funeral passed along, the would every now and then call out "N the hedge, not too near the hedge, neigh

TARDY ADVICE.

nan advising his son to keep in-
e at a distance; a tradesman, who
e admonition, replied—"I am sorry,
u did not give the young gentleman
fore he got so deeply into my books."

HONESTY.

attorney asked a worthy gentleman
esty, "What is that to you," replied
meddle with those things that concern

ASONABLE RECOLLECTION.

an once told Mrs. M. A. Taylor, that
s blooming as the spring, but recol-
the spring was not very promising,
I would to God the spring would look

JOHN TAYLOR.

l interrupted the servile etiquette
to the king. "I myself," said
oet, "gave a book to King James
great chamber at Whitehall, as his
e from the chapel. The Duke of
id merrily to me: 'Taylor, where did
manners to give the king a book and
—"My lord," said I, "if it please
I do *give* now; but when I *beg* any
will kneel."

PRUDENT DELAY.

er and his boy being employed to
house by the day, were so tedious that
ne day asked the lad, in his master's
en he thought they would have done.
utly replied, "that his master was
for another job; and if he found one
make an end that week."

THE CITIZEN.

t frequenter of city feasts having
nously fat, it was proposed to write on
tuned at the expense of the corporation.

RAMSGATE FAR BEYOND MARGATE.

A young lady, on a visit to a friend near the sea-coast of Kent, was asked her opinion of the comparative degree of merit between Ramsgate and Margate; "Oh!" she replied, "I think Ramsgate *far beyond* Margate"—"Do you," replied a person present, "why, if you go round by the cliffs, it is not above five miles and a half."

DRY TOAST.

At a recent city dinner, the chairman proposed a health, but neglected to pass the bottle; upon which a facetious citizen exclaimed, "Mr. President, I will thank you for some wine, for a *dry-toast* always gives me the *heart-burn*."

A NEW MODE OF SAVING MONEY FROM ROBBERS.

Once on a time, 'tis said, that Hounslow-heath
  Was by a gang of robbers sore infested,
  Who with the sword of justice boldly jested,
Till Mister Kirby's necklace stopp'd their breath.

Three doughty officers of volunteers,
Knights of the thimble (fame reports) and sheers,
  Stopping at Hounslow in a chaise and pair,
Ask'd fiercely if the Heath was safe from thieves;
  "Yes, sir," replied the ostler, "I believes;
  Besides, what needs such warlike gemmen care?"

The ostler had a *friend* that lurk'd at hand,
  A tribute-gatherer on the road—no worse;
Who, viewing slily this redoubted band,
  Swore each should pay the *forced loan* of his purse,
Or put, to speak more like a politician,
Their money in a state of *requisition!*

Away then rode he to wait for his prey;
The heroes paid their score, and off went they.
But, ere they half the heath had cross'd,
They found the chevalier upon his post;

He stopped the chaise—"Gemmen," says he, "I hear
This road is horribly by rogues beset;
And, though such valiant men despise all fear,
Perhaps you'll be in danger if you're met."

At this their powder'd locks began to bristle;
"What shall we do?"—they cried, "oh, tell us what!"
"Why, gemmen," says the rogue, and shew'd a pistol—
"Best leave your cash with me, I'll tell you that."
"What! all our money? Nay, for goodness hold."
"Yes, all—quick, quick!" replied the rogue, "your gold!
Make haste!—your watches too must be unfobb'd;
Or d—— my buttons, sirs, but you'll be *robb'd!*"

THE MISER.

A miser, who had carefully deposited his darling treasure under a hedge, one day found that the hoard was gone. His cries and lamentations attracted several persons, and an unfeeling wag remarked, "it was very surprising the old gentleman should lose his money, as it was put into the *bank*."

APPROPRIATE TEXTS.

Some of our reverend gentlemen, who are denominated *popular preachers*, display great ingenuity in their choice of suitable texts. At an anniversary sermon before the Chelsea pensioners, a discourse was a few days since delivered from the following apposite text:—"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the days in which thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." A gentleman, who preached a sermon before the society for recovering persons apparently drowned; selected the following:—"Trouble not yourselves about him, for he is not dead." For a wedding sermon preached a short time since, at a country town in Shropshire, a reverend gentleman took part of the story of *Jephtah's daughter:*—"*And she* went upon the mountains and bewailed her virginity." A reverend dean, who published a sermon for of the poor clergy in a provincial dioc ly enough selected the following:—"great pot and seeth pottage for the prophets."

NAVAL FUN.

A gentleman enquiring of a naval sailors generally take off their shirts into action, was answered, "that the willing to have any *check* to fighting."

PROFESSIONAL DUTIES MUST BE P

An attorney presenting a copy of auctioneer apologised for his unfrien he was merely performing an unplea his profession. "Certainly not," tioneer, "you must attend to the du profession and so must I to mine;" *knocked him down.*

THE CROWN.

A country sculptor was once ordere on a tombstone the following words: "A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her
But the stone being small he engrav
"A virtuous woman is 5*s.* to her h

A MAGISTRATE NO SAILO

A sailor who had been making taken before a justice, who ordered bail. "I have no bail," said Jack. commit you," said the justice. "said the sailor, "then the Lord send that stops the wind when the ship's a "What do you mean by that?" said "Why," said Jack, "it's the hanging yard-arm."

ON CHARACTERS.

When death puts out our *flame* the sm
If we were *wax* or *tallow* by the smel

ADDISON AND STEELE.

an dining with another, prnised very
it, and asked who was the butcher?
s Addison."—"Addison!" echoed
ray is he any relation to the poet?"
robability he is, for he is seldom
eel (*Steele*) by his side."

UTER, THE COMEDIAN.

ertaking Shuter one day in the street,
" Why, Ned, are you not ashamed to
ets with twenty holes in your stock-
n't you get them mended?"—"No,
said Ned, "I am above it; and if
pride of a gentleman, you will act
walk with twenty holes rather than
rn."—"How," replied the other,
ou make that out?"—"Why," re-
a hole is the *accident* of the *day* but
neditated poverty."

ON THE LAW.

Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
his gates thrown down, his fences

d still the more, the more he spoke,
olv'd his potent foe to awe,
his right by statute, and by law!
hancery the wretch begun,
y terms through bill and answer
is cause, had costs, and was undone.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

ng *commissioned* officer, who, unfortu-
pride, was no other than the son of an
r of *soles*, chanced to let his cane fall
houlders of a poor private,
nove, you scoundrel, with ala-
officer. "Bless your honour,"
how is it possible; the shoes
h me so!" It is almost
was speedily dismissed.

SHAKESPEARE'S COOKERY.

Two gentlemen were disputing at a coffee-house upon the best mode of cooking a beef-steak, and enumerating the different processes for bringing it to table in the highest perfection. Mr. Wewitzer observed, that of all the methods of cook-g a beef-steak, he thought Shakespeare's re-pe the shortest and the best. Upon being asked for an explanation. "Why, gentlemen," said Wewitzer, "it is this:

"If when 'twere done, 'twere well done, then
'twere well
"It were done quickly———."

LIKE A PUPPY.

A gentleman observed to a lady, that since a recent illness, a mutual friend of theirs spoke very much like a *puppy*, "likely enough," replied the lady, "for I hear, that by order of the doctor he has lately taken to *bark*."

NEW RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Last night as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Delia bent deliciously to grieve,
I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
And drew the *fatal scissors* from my sleeve.

She heard the steel her beauteous lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy,—you have spoil'd my *wig*."

THE KISS.

The author of the comedy called the *Kiss*, sent a copy of the piece as soon as published to a young lady, informing her that he had been wishing for many months for the present opportunity of *giving her a kiss*."

A COMMANDMENT KEPT.

A young officer not over fond of fighting, waited on the commander on the eve of a battle, to request leave of absence to visit his father and

mother, both of whom were extremely ill. "Yes," said the general, "honour your father and your mother, *that your days may be long*."

POPE'S VERACITY.

Pope Alexander VIth. used to say, when reminded of promises he never intended to perform, "It is true I did make a promise, but I did not *take an oath to keep it*."

ON AN UGLY OLD WOMAN.

Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Syren in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
But when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

ROYAL REGULATION.

When George the Second was once told by some of his confidential friends, that every thing was complained of, and that the people were extremely dissatisfied at the tardiness of making the public payments, he, in great wrath, sent for the Duke of Newcastle, his prime-minister, and told him he would no longer suffer such infamous delays, but was determined to inspect and regulate the accounts himself; and for this purpose he commanded that the proper papers should be immediately sent to St. James's. "They shall be sent to your majesty to-morrow;" replied the duke. When the king rose in the morning, and looked out of his window, he saw two waggon-loads of papers, each tied with red tape, unloading in the area. Enquiring what they were, he was told they came from the Duke of Newcastle; to whom he sent to know what it meant. "They are the papers for examination," said the duke; "twelve more waggons-load for your majesty's inspection shall be sent in the course of the day."—"For my inspection!" replied the enraged monarch; "for my inspection! the devil's chief clerk may inspect them, but I would as soon walk barefooted to Jerusalem."

PRUDENT ADVICE.

Among the tombs in Westminster-a
to the memory of a nabob who is said
quired a large fortune in the east by di
means. The monument describes the
the defunct is represented as rising fro
with astonishment in his face, and op
tain to see what is the matter. Some
under the figure;

Lie still if you're wise;
You'll be damn'd if you rise

ON A MISER AND A SPENDTH

Rich *Gripe* does all his thoughts and c
T' increase that wealth he wants a so
Poor *Shifter* does his whole contriva
To spend that wealth he wants the se
How happy would to each appear hi
Had *Gripe* his humour, or he *Gripe*'s
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend 'em it
And, of two wretches, make one hap

STAUNCH PIETY.

General Kirk, who had served a
Tangiers, was pressed by James the
come a proselyte to the Romish rel
expressed great concern that it w
power to comply with his majesty's d
he was really pre-engaged. The kin
asked him what he meant? "Why
swered Kirk, "when I was abroad
the Emperor of Morocco, that if ev
my religion I would turn Mahom
did break my word in my life, and
say I never will."

A PARSON'S DREAD.

In a storm at sea, the chaplain ask
crew, if he thought there was any
yes," replied the sailor; "if it blo
it does now, we shall all be in heaven
o'clock at night." The chaplain to
expression, cried out, "*The Lord f*

A SEA-HORSE.

n of a West-Indiaman having bought
to the jocky, "Well, now the horse
r tell me candidly whether he has
id what they are."—"What do you
with him?" said the other. "Why,
to sea," answered the captain.
I be candid," replied the jockey,
very well at sea; but on land he
all, or I would not have sold him."

GRATITUDE.

Walpole, during his long adminis-
always averse to motions (though
ade) against the publishers of par-
ebates, "because," said he, good na-
ey make better speeches for us than
selves."

WELSHMAN AND HIS HOST.

coming late into an inn,
maid, what meat there was within?
e answered, and a breast of mutton;
e Welshman, since I am no glutton,
e shall serve; to night the breast,
morning; then light meat is best;
ook the breast, and did not pay,
look his heels and run away.

IE INGENIOUS LAWYER.

or was one day asked by a judge why
ays employed in knavish causes.
ord," said the counsellor, "I have
in the habit of losing good causes,
had better undertake bad ones."

'ERARY EXTRAVAGANCE.

n one of the reviews, was boasting,
the habit of *distributing* literary re-
Yes," replied his friend, "and you
profusely that you have *left none*

UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A young author was reading a tragedy to a gentleman, who soon discovered that he was a great plagiarist. The poet perceiving his auditor very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, asked him the reason. "I cannot pass an old acquaintance," replied the critic," without that civility."

EPIGRAM.

It is a maxim in the schools,
That women always doat on fools;
If so, dear Jack, I'm sure your wife
Must love you as she does her life.

WHITE-WASHING GENIUS.

A wretched artist was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon. "I am white-washing it," said he, "and in a short time I shall begin painting."—"I think you had better," replied one of his audience, "paint it *first*, and *then* white-wash it."

NEGATIVE SUCCESS OF A PLAY.

A person being present at a conversation in which a very dull play was talked of, attempted a defence of it by saying, "it was not hissed."—"True," said another, "I grant you that; but no one can hiss and gape at the same time."

TRIVIAL WAGER.

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a warm and dull orator, to the president Montesquieu in an argument. "I accept it," replied the philosopher; "any *trifle* among friends has a value."

BITER BIT.

Mr. Andrew Cherry, the performer, having received an offer for an engagement from a manager, who had not behaved altogether well to him, sent him word, "that he had been bit by him once, and he was resolved that he should not make two *bites of A. Cherry*."

ANTICIPATION.

A nabob, in a severe fit of the gout, told his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "What, *already*."

MATRIMONIAL CONCORD.

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;
But that *his Joan doth too*. And Giles would never
By his free will be in Joan's company;
No more would Joan he should. Giles rises early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is Joan. But turning home is sad;
And so is Joan. Oft-times, when Giles doth see
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth blind were he;
All this doth Joan. Or that his long-yarn'd life
Were quite outspun; *the like wish hath his wife*.
The children that he keeps, Giles swears are none
Of his begetting; and *so swears his Joan*.
In all affections she concurreth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self-same things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can *agree*.

BEN JONSON.

A FIRST APPEARANCE.

The late Duke of Norfolk was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night, he asked Foote what *new character* he should go in. "Go *sober*," said Foote.

CONVENIENT NAP.

Two Oxford scholars slept in the same room at college. "Jack," said one, early in the morning, "are you asleep?"—"Why?" replied the other, "Because if you are not, I will borrow half-a-crown of you."—"Is that all? Then I am."

FALSE PROPHET.

When lord-chief-justice Holt sent one of the French prophets to prison, Mr. Lacy, one of their followers came to his lordship's house, and *desired to speak with him*. The servants told him their lord was not well, and could see
that day. "But tell him," said Lac
see him, for I come to him from the
which being told the chief-justice, he
to be called in, and asked him his bu
come," said he, "from the *Lord*, who
to thee, and would have thee grant a
for John Atkins, who is his servant,
thou hast cast into prison."—"Thou
prophet," answered Holt, "and a ly
if the *Lord* had sent thee, it would h
the attorney-general, for he knows t
in my power to grant a *noli prosequi*."

FINE HAIR.

The lovely hair that Galla wears
Is her's—Who could have thought
She swears 'tis her's; and true she
For I know *where she bought it*.

SYCOPHANT SCUM.

A courtier one day coming out of t
Lords, accosted a nobleman with, "
your pot boil, my lord, in these
times?" To which the other replied,
into my kitchen; but I dare say
uppermost."

PURCELL'S PUNS.

Daniel Purcell, the famous punster,
of his going to a tavern, found the door
knocked at it, when one of the draw
through a little wicket, and asked
would please to have? "Why open
said Daniel, "and draw us a pint of w
drawer said, "his master would not
that day, for it was a *fast-day*."—"D
master," replied Purcell, "for a precis
is he not contented to *fast* himself, b
make his doors *fast* too?"

The same gentleman calling for so
a tavern, complained that they were
the drawer said they had no other, and
but just come in. "Ay," said Dan
your master has not bought them *very*

e same gentleman was desired one night in any, to make a pun extempore. "Upon subject?" said Daniel, "The *king*," answer- e other. "O! Sir," said he, "the *king* is bject."

IRISH LAW.

Irish lawyer had a client of his own coun- who was a sailor. During his absence at his wife had married again, and he was re- d to prosecute her; coming to advise with ounsellor, he was told that he must have wit- to prove that he was alive when his wife ied again. "Arrah, by my shoul, but that be impossible," said the other; "for my mates are all gone to sea again upon a long ge, and will not return this twelvemonth."— ! then," answered the lawyer, "there can thing done in it: and what a pity it is that a brave cause should be lost now, only be- you cannot prove yourself to be alive."

BETTING AND PRAYING.

o gentleman disputing about religion in a cof- use, one of them said, "I wonder, sir, you l talk of religion, when I'll hold you five as you can't say the Lord's Prayer."— se," said the other. The money being de d, the gentleman began with *I believe in God*, went cleverly through the Creed. "Well," he other, "I own I have lost; I did not he could have done it."

PILLARS AND BUTTRESSES.

he beginning of Queen Anne's reign, three ar rakes reeling home from the Foun- Tavern, in the Strand, on a Sunday morning, out, "We are the pillars of the church."— ," said a wag, that happened to be in their ay, "you can be but buttresses; for you e none inside of it."

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

hen Oliver first coined his money, an old ca- valier, looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, "God with us," on the other, "The Commonwealth of England."— "I see," said he, "God and the commonwealth are on *different* sides."

WELSH PRIDE.

A Welshman boasting of his family, said, his father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey. Being asked where, he said, "In the same monument with 'Squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman."

SAMPSON'S STRENGTH SURPASSED.

A person was saying, not at all to the purpose, that Sampson was a very strong man. "Ay," said another, "but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders."

THE MINISTRY.

An oppositionist happening to be at a dinner at the lord mayor's, after two or three healths, the ministry was toasted; but when it came to his turn to drink, he diverted it for some time, by telling a story to the person who sat next him. The chief magistrate of the city, not seeing his toast go round, called out, "Gentlemen, where sticks the ministry?"—"At *nothing*, by G—d," said the oppositionist, and drank off his glass.

MUTUAL DEFICIENCY.

A barrister who was *lame* of one leg, pleading before a late judge, who had little or no *nose*, the judge told him, he was afraid he had but a *lame* cause of it. "Oh, my lord," said the barrister, "have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every thing as plain as the *nose* in your face."

FLATTERING RESEMBLANCE.

A prince laughing at one of his courtiers, whom he had employed in several embassies, told him he looked like an owl. "I know not," answere

the courtier, "what I look like, but this I know, that I have had the honour several times to represent your Majesty's person."

PETITION ANSWERED.

When Sir Cloudesley Shovel set out on his last expedition, a form of prayer was composed by the Archbishop of Canterbury for the success of the fleet, in which his grace made use of this expression, "That he begged God would be a rock of defence to the fleet." Sir Cloudesley was cast away in that expedition on the rocks called the *Bishop and his Clerks*, on which circumstance the following lines were written:

The priest at *Lambeth* pray'd the dire event,
Else had we wanted now this monument,
That God unto our fleet would be a rock;
Nor did kind heav'n the wise petition mock;
To what the *Metropolitan* said then,
The *Bishop and his Clerks* replied, *Amen*.

MAGISTERIAL LEARNING.

A mayor of Yarmouth being by his office a justice of the peace, and one who was willing to dispense the laws wisely, though he could hardly read, procured the statute-book, where finding a law against *firing a beacon*, or causing any *beacon* to be fired after nine at night; the sapient mayor read it, *frying bacon*, or causing any bacon to be fried. Accordingly he went out the next night on the scent, and being directed by his nose to a carrier's house, he found the man and his wife both frying bacon, the husband holding the pan, while the wife turned it; being thus caught in the fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his worship committed them both to gaol to abide the consequence of the offence.

AN OLD PROVERB.

It being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended that it was Linch, "I see," observed the judge, "the old saying is verified in this man, who being allowed an *Inch* has taken an *L*.

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

A beggar asking alms under the name scholar, a gentleman, to whom he appl him a question in Latin. The fellow head, said, he did not understand him. said the gentleman, "did not you say poor scholar?"—"Yes," replied the *poor* one indeed, sir, for I do not unde word of Latin."

CONVENIENT LOSS.

It was said of one who remembered that he lent, but nothing that he borr he had lost *half* his memory.

GOOD LIVING.

An Englishman and a Welshman d whose country was the best living; the said, "There is such noble housekeepi that I have known above a dozen coo ed at one wedding dinner."—"Ay," the Englishman, "that was because toasted his own cheese."

JERVAIS, THE PAINTER.

Sir Godfrey Kneller being one day servant that Mr. Jervais had come th the same town with a coach and four. Sir Godfrey "if his horses *draw* no h himself, they'll never carry him to tow

WORSTED AND SILK.

A gentleman once asked Nanny Roc the *Whigs*, in their mourning for Quee wore silk stockings? "Because," "the *Tories wear worsted*."

THE MODEST BEGGAR.

Tom Thynne, who was celebrated f housekeeping and hospitality, was sit day at his gate in the country, when came up to him, and begged his wor give him a mug of his small beer. "

e, "What times are these, when beg-choosers! I say, bring this fellow a beer!"

PROOF OF AUTHORITY.

n speaking to his servant, said, "I mand more than any man; for before ill obey me in any thing, I must ten times over."

A COWARD'S WOUNDS.

ius boasting before Julius Cæsar of ie had received in his face; Cæsar to be a coward, told him he had best next time he ran away, how he look-

BAD COMPANY.

e young nobleman being in company ber people, desired leave to toast ie gentleman who sat next to him no objection to any of his lordship's

CRIMINATIVE EPITHETS.

an was very angry with an English who he said had abused him, and *se Scot.* "Indeed," said the Eng- aid no such thing, but that you were

ANGEROUS SYMPTOMS.

es of Rochelle attending to speak e Fourth of France, met with a phy- d renounced the Protestant religion, the popish communion, whom they e most grievously. The king hear- l the deputies, he advised them to eligion too. "For it is a dangerous id he, "that your religion is not ien a physician has given it over."

LIAMENTARY BUSINESS.

an passing along the Strand, saw a coach overturned, and asking what the matter was, he was told that three or four members of parliament were overturned in that coach. "Oh," says he, "there let them be, my father always advised me not to meddle with state affairs."

ROAD TO HEAVEN.

A charitable divine, for the benefit of the country where he resided, commenced a large causeway, and as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman passed by, "Well, doctor," said he, "notwithstanding your pains and charity, I don't take this to be the highway to heaven."—"Very true, my lord," replied the doctor, "for if it had, I should have wondered to meet your lordship here."

PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

Two brothers were to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned off first, without speaking; the other, mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, "Good people," said he, "my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see a pair of spectacles."

INSOLVENCY.

A person enquiring what became of a friend? "Oh, dear," said one of the company, "poor fellow, he died insolvent, and was buried by the parish."—"Died insolvent!" cries another, "that's a lie, for he died in England, I am sure, I was at his burying."

PARTNERSHIP.

A countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour, neglected to make the least use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his with corn and hay. In a little time the latter came to him and expostulated with him about laying out his money so fruitlessly. "Pray,

neighbour," says he, "never trouble your head, you may do what you will with your part of the barn, but I will set mine on fire."

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN.

As I honour all established usages of my brethren of the quill, I thought it but proper to contribute my mite of homage to the memory of Shakspeare, our illustrious bard. I was for some time, however, sorely puzzled in what way I should discharge this duty. I found myself anticipated in every attempt at a new reading. Every doubtful line had been explained a dozen different ways, and perplexed beyond the reach of elucidation; and, as to fine passages, they had been amply praised by previous admirers; nay, so completely had the bard of late been overlarded with panegyric by a great German critic, that it was difficult now to find even a fault that had not been argued into a beauty.

In this perplexity, I was one morning turning over his pages, when I casually opened upon the comic scenes of Henry IV., and was, in a moment, completely lost in the madcap revelry of the Boar's Head Tavern. So vividly and naturally are these scenes of humour depicted, and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained, that they become mingled up in the mind with the facts and personages of real life. To few readers does it occur, that these are all ideal creations of a poet's brain, and that, in sober truth, no such knot of merry roysters ever enlivened the dull neighbourhood of Eastcheap.

For my part, I love to give myself up to the illusions of poetry. A hero of fiction, that never existed, is just as valuable to me as a hero of history that existed a thousand years since; and, if I may be excused such an insensibility to the common ties of human nature, I would not give up fat Jack for half the great men of ancient chronicle. What have the heroes of yore done for me, or men like me? They have conquered countries, of which I do not enjoy an acre; or they have *gained laurels* of which I do not inherit a leaf; or they have furnished examples of h prowess, which I have neither the oppo the inclination to follow. But old Jac kind Jack Falstaff! sweet Jack Fals larged the boundaries of human enjo has added vast regions of wit and goo in which the poorest man may revel; a queated a never-failing inheritance of j ter, to make mankind merrier to the la rity.

A thought suddenly struck me; "I a pilgrimage to Eastcheap," said I, book," and see if the old Boar's Head exists. Who knows but I may light legendary traces of Dame Quickly and at any rate, there will be a kindred treading the halls once vocal with thei that the toper enjoys in smelling the e once filled with generous wine."

The resolution was no sooner forme in execution. I forbear to treat of the ventures and wonders I encountered in m of the haunted regions of Cock-lane; o glories of Little Britain and the parts what perils I ran at Cateaton-street and ry; of the renowned Guildhall and its t giants, the pride and wonder of the cit terror of all unlucky urchins; and how London Stone, and struck my staff upon tation of that arch-rebel, Jack Cade. I to say, that I at length arrived in merry that ancient region of wit and wassail, very names of the streets relished of go as Pudding-lane bears testimony even a sent day. For Eastcheap, says old St always famous for its convivial doings. cried hot ribbes of beef rosted, pies w and other victuels; there was clattering pots, harpe, pipe, and sawtrie." Alas! is the scene changed since the roaring da staff and old Stow! the madcap royster place to the plodding tradesman; the of pots, and the sound of "harpe and sa the din of carts and the accursed ding

ell; and no song is heard, save, haply, some syren from Billingsgate, chauntgy of deceased mackarel.
in vain for the ancient dwelling of kly. The only relic of it is a boar's l in relief, in stone, which formerly sign; but, at present, is built into the of two houses, which stand on the site ned old tavern.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ACCOMMODATING BARBER.

a boy, at a barber's one day,
display of his wit,
d you e'er shave a monkey, I pray?
em for nought else to be fit."
l yet," said the boy, "I confess;
nkey, indeed, no not I;
y line; but, sir, nevertheless,
se to sit down I will try."

MAKING SHIFTS.

dy married a very wild spark, who ough a fortune, and was reduced to s. One day she said to her husband, want some shifts sadly."—"D—me, lied he, "how can that be, when we y every day."

THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

Prince of Orange came over at the Revolution, five of the seven bishops t to the Tower declared for his high- two others would not come into on which Mr. Dryden said, "That den *candlesticks* were sent to be as- Tower, and five of them proved to be l."

MARRIAGE OF MISS LITTLE.

ly remarkably short in stature.

ppy Tom—I think him so;
ark the poet's song—
ants but *little* here below,
ants that little *long*."

TOWN TALK

King Charles II. being in company with Lord Rochester and others of the nobility, Killigrew, the jester, came in. "Now," said the king, "we shall hear of our faults."—"No, faith," said Killigrew, "I don't care to trouble my head with that which all the town talks of."

JEFFERIES AND THE WITNESS.

When Lord Jefferies, before he was a judge, was one day pleading at the bar, he called out to a witness against his client, "Hark! you fellow in the leathern doublet, what have you for swearing?" To which the witness replied, "Faith, sir, if you have no more for lying, than I have for swearing, you might e'en wear a leathern doublet too."

CONSCIENCE.

Judge Jefferies one day told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

TO THE AUTHOR OF AN EPITAPH ON DR. MEAD.

Mead's not dead then, you say, only sleeping a little;
Why, egad! sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle;
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt,
Pluto knows who he's got, and will ne'er let him out.

CLERICAL WISDOM.

A nobleman one day asked a bishop, why he conferred orders on so many blockheads? "Oh, my lord," said he, "it is better the ground should be ploughed by asses than lie quite untilled."

DOWNHILL JOURNEY

A gentleman lying on his death-bed, called his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said, "Ah, Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me,"—"Oh, dear sir," replied the fellow, "let not that discourage you, it is all down hill."

HORSE AND ASS

A justice of the peace seeing a parson on a stately horse, between London and Hampstead, "Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon *an ass*."—"Why really, sir," replied the parson, "the king has made so many *asses justices*, that an honest clergyman can hardly find *one* to ride."

HOPES AND FEARS.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair,
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A diff'rent cause, says parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

USURY.

A village parson in his sermon one day, vehemently inveighed against usury, and said, that lending money upon interest was as great a sin as wilful murder. Soon after this he had occasion to borrow twenty pounds himself, and coming to one of his parishioners with that intent, the other asked him, "if he would have him guilty of a crime he spoke so much against, and lend out money upon use?"—"No," said the parson, "I would have you lend it gratis."—"Ay," replied the other, "but in my opinion, if lending money upon use be as bad as *wilful murder*, lending it gratis can be little better than *fele-de-se*."

FOOTE'S EARLY PERFORMANCES.

In the early part of Foote's career, he played the part of Hamlet at Bath, for his own benefit. He went through the part tolerably well in the comical way, until he came to the last act and *to the scene* where he quarrels with Laertes—

"What is the reason that you use m
I lov'd you ever, but 'tis no matt
Let Hercules himself do what he
The cat will mew, the dog will ha

Stimulated by a desire to excel, h
much into the quarrel, as to throw hi
words, and he spoke it thus—"I lov'd
but it is no matter—let Hercules hims
he may—the dog will mew—no that
the cat will, no the dog will mew
wrong—the cat will bark—no that's
dog will mew—no that's the cat—the
the dog—the cat—the dog—Psha
something about mewing and barki
hope to be saved, ladies and gentlem
nothing more about it."

INEXPERIENCE.

A certain citizen, who had sudden
wealth, from a very low condition of
up in the pit of the opera one even
hat on, a lady whispered to another
forgive that man, he has been so li
the luxury of a hat, that he does not
to pull it off."

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S

And is Miss Tabby from the world re
And are her lives, all her nine lives e
What sounds so moving, as her own c
How Tabby dy'd, how full of play sh
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful s
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

THE HOLY FISHERMAN.

A certain cardinal had uniformly
upon his table at dinner, in token
and allusive to the trade of his fath
been a fisherman. As soon as the
rived at the Pontificate, this ceremo
continued; on being asked the re
holiness replied, "that the fish was n

THE BETTER JUDGE.

gement at sea a sailor hoisted on his
his comrades, who had been pro-
l by the doctor, to heave him over-
upposed dead man, however, spoke,
here he was bearing him. "To
locker," said the sailor. "I am
ssmate," replied the other. "You
rascal for your pains," replied the
loctor said you were dead! How,
better than the doctor?"

AUDABLE DECEPTION.

the appearance of the latter half of
ets, a gentleman said to him, "So,
lleman at the bar writes Young's life
Yes, sir," said Johnson, "it is true,
he would have done it very well;
has deceived me sadly, sir; he has
deal better than I thought he was
ing it."

INNUMERABILIA.

unt the silver lights,
he skies, and cheer the nights;
es that strew the vales,
rs are stript by winter gales;
ps that in the morn
transparent pearl the thorn;
om's joys, or miser's cares,
r's oaths, or hermit's prayers
angs, or love's alarms,
's acts, or Molly's charms?

MENTARY QUALIFICATIONS.

iends of the youngest Thelluson pro-
g him a member of parliament, he
d not understand exactly what it was
ament, or what they meant by con-
he country; but, if there was any
o backwards and forwards *for their*
uld trot down as fast as any member
in the kingdom.

BARRY, THE PAINTER.

Although this artist could paint portraits, yet he had a great antipathy to the employment. The Duke of Norfolk going to his house, with a desire of engaging him to paint his portrait, met a man coming down the stairs with two pails of white-wash. The duke, taking him for a bricklayer's labourer, asked him if Mr. Barry was within? "I am Mr. Barry," replied the other, bluntly. His grace, recovering from his surprise, explained the object of his visit. "Not I," said the artist, "go to that fellow in Cavendish-square, (meaning Romney) he'll paint your face for you."

PHILOSOPHY

A German professor had collected a valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prized, one morning a friend came to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance, that he had seen a man get by a ladder into a window of the Professor's house. "Into which window?" cried the philosopher. "I am sorry to say," replied his friend, "it was your daughter's."—"O man," said the other, "you almost frightened me! I thought it had been into my cabinet."

DEAN SWIFT'S CURATE.

I march'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to greet St. Mary;
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,
Which, thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewitt;
What mortal else cou'd e'er go through it?

A FRIEND IN NEED.

An actor, who was performing *Careless* in the *School for Scandal*, saying to *Charles*, in the picture scene, "What shall we do for a hammer?" A carpenter in the gallery, who had one in his apron-string, threw it on the stage, saying, "Now, go on, my lad, there's a hammer for you."

USELESS ECONOMY.

A gentleman went to dine one day with an eminent physician, who was remarkable for his attachment to money. As soon as the doctor arrived, he went to his desk to deposit the fees he had received in the morning. "Pray," said his friend, "what are you about?"—"I am laying up treasure in heaven," replied the doctor. "The more fool you," rejoined the inquirer, "for you'll never go there to enjoy it."

AN ELEGANT COMPLIMENT.

Garrick once asked Rich, the manager of the theatre, how much he thought Covent-garden would hold. "I could tell you to a shilling," replied the manager, "if you would play Richard in it."

THE AVARO.

Thus to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat, nor wine, its floors had stain'd;
I said;—"Well, sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d' you drink, and where d' you eat?
If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine."

INVITATION DECLINED.

A thief being about to be hanged, the ordinary bade him be of good cheer, "for this night," said he, "thou shalt sup with the Lord in Paradise." "I am much obliged to you," replied the other, "but I had rather be excused, for I am no supper-man."

AN AGREEMENT.

Colonel Chartres agreed to purch
of a large estate in the north, from
and pay the whole money as soon
down the last tree, which agreemen
of. His labourers were immediatel
and they cut away with uncommon
they came to the last tree, where th
left it standing, as well as the p
unpaid, until the death of the colon

MUTUAL PITY.

Tom ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life
And laughs to see me grav

'Tis thus that we two disagree,
So diff'rent is our whim;
The fellow fondly laughs at me
While I could cry for him.

DEAN SWIFT.

Dean Swift's barber one day tol
had taken a public-house. "And
sign?" said the dean. "Oh, the p
and if your worship would just w
lines to put upon it, by way of mo
doubt but it would draw me plen
ers." The dean took out his pencil
following couplet.

"Rove not from *pole* to *pole*, but st
Where nought excels the shaving,

ONE EVIL BETTER THAN

A merchant having sustained a con
desired his son not to mention it
The youth promised silence, but at
requested to know what advantage
it. "If you divulge this loss," sa
"we shall have two evils to suppo
one—*our own grief, and the joy of ou*

OUNDLESS AMBITION.

lely Hutchinson was so ambitious
ais of Towoshend said of him, "If
Ireland were given to him, he would
: of Man for a *potatoe garden*."

A HASTY MARRIAGE.

tis well! a mighty blessing!
the joy no coin possessing.
imes, when folks did wed,
one at "board and bed;"
s case, who can't afford
r either bed or board.

ACCOMMODATION.

French Revolution, a British ad-
day told by a gentleman, "that he
ie French fight in a different way
would fight for their liberties."—"I
ar it," said the gallant officer, "for
erto given us a d—d deal of trouble
them."

WICKEDNESS OF MAN.

peaking of the wickedness of man-
Why when there were only three or
a the world, one of them killed his

DULL COMPANY.

ying to a gentleman who had been
veral courts, what a happy man he
en to have conversed with so many
s. "Faith," replied he, "I never
t out; they were the dullest com-
ept."

VARIETY OF PIES.

oce asked by a lady what he would
r? "Will you have an apple-pie,
a have a gooseberry-pie, sir?—will
erry-pie, sir?—will you have a cur-
—will you have a plum-pie, sir?—
a pigeon-pie, sir?"—"Any pie,
swered Swift, "but a *mag-pie*."

POVERTY.

Villiers, the witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, was saying one day to a friend, "I am afraid I shall die a beggar at last, which is the most terrible thing in the world."—"Upon my word, my lord," said his friend, "there is another thing more terrible, which you have reason to apprehend, and that is, that you will *live* a beggar at the rate you go on."

THE DROPSICAL MAN.

A jolly, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and stale beer,
Gave the doctor the hearing—but still would drink on,
'Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a ton;
The more he took physic, the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.
Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,
This manor, this house, and estate will be yours;
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth.
Says Tom (who's a lad of generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to inherit)
Sir, don't be dishearten'd; although it be true,
The operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone through.
And then, as for years, you may yet be called young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth and a tear in his eye:
Too well, by experience, my vessels thou know'st,
No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghost.

COMPLAINTS ON BOTH SIDES.

A lieutenant-colonel of one of the Irish regiments in the French service, being dispatched to the king, with a complaint relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment, his majesty told him, that the Irish troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. "Sir," said the officer, "all you majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

THE SAILOR'S STARS.

A merchant-ship was so violently tossed in a storm, that all despaired of safety, and betook themselves to prayer, except one mariner, who was continually exclaiming, "Oh, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two!" At length a person asked him, "what two stars, or what one star he meant?" He replied, "Oh! that I could see the *Star* in Cheapside, or the *Star* in Coleman-street, I don't care which."

BATH REMEDIES.

Two ladies just returning from Bath, were telling a gentleman how they liked the place; the first had been ill, and found great benefit from the waters. "But, pray, what did you go for?" said he to the second. "Mere wantonness," replied she. "And pray, madam," said he, "did it *cure* you."

ON A STATUE OF APOLLO CROWNING MERIT.

Merit, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

ENGLISH AND IRISH.

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering? "Faith," said the knight, "there is something in the air of Ireland; and, I dare say, *if an Englishman was born there he would do the same.*"

CHANCERY.

A young gentleman, who had stolen a ward, being in suit for her fortune before a late lord chancellor, and the counsel insisting much on the equity of decreeing her a fortune for their maintenance, his lordship turned briskly upon him with this sentence, "That, since the suitor had stolen the *flesh*, he should get *bread* to it how he could."

THE CONSCIENTIOUS HERO.

In 1740, Frederick of Prussia set out for Silesia with 30,000 men. It was proposed to place his standard with the motto *Pro Deo et Patria*. "For God and my Country." Frederick crased the name of God, observing, "That it was improper to introduce the name of the Deity in the quarrels of men, and that he was going to war for a province and not for *Religion*."

ON A BAD SINGER.

When screech-owls screech, their note portends
To foolish mortals death of friends;
But when Corvina strains her throat,
E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

GARRICK'S SATIRE.

Garrick was on a visit at Hagley, when it came that a company of players were to perform at Birmingham. Lord Lyttleton said Garrick, "They will hear you are in the neighbourhood, and will ask you to write an address for the Birmingham audience."—"Suppose I do," said Garrick, without the least hesitation, begin thus—

Ye sons of iron, copper, brass, and steel,
Who have not hands to think, nor hearts to feel,

"O," cried his lordship, "if you begin so, they will hiss the players off the stage, and the house down."—"My lord," said he, "what is the use of an address, if it does not come home to the *business* and *bosoms* of the audience?"

THE OLD PLAN.

eman calling on Foote, in an elegant
on, desired Foote would come to the
to look at it. "It is a pretty thing,"
and I have it upon a new plan."—
I set my eyes on it," said Foote, "I am
have it upon the old plan—never to

QUIN'S BAIT.

icure Quin, should the devil in hell
ing for men take delight,
book bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
d I am sure I should bite.

GEORGE III. AND MR. DAY.

Judge Day returned from India, the
nister represented to his late majesty
hthood was an honour to which the
entitled. "Poh, poh," said his ma-
cannot turn day into night; it is impos-
At the next levee, which was about
, his majesty was again entreated to
. Day. The king inquired if he was
and was answered in the affirmative.
ell," said the monarch, "then let him
aced, and I will work a couple of mi-
rill not only turn Day into Knight, but
make Lady Day at Christmas."

PHILOSOPHER OUTWITTED.

ed doctor being very busy in his study,
irl came to ask him for some fire.
ays the doctor, "you have nothing to
."—As he was going to fetch something
urpose, the little girl stooped down at
lace, and taking some cold ashes on one
put live embers on them with the other.
shed doctor threw down his books, say-
th all my learning, I should never have
that expedient."

COURTLY HINT.

ay, at the levee of Louis XIV. that mo-
ked a nobleman present, "How many children have you?"—"Four, sire." Shortly after, the king asked the same question. "Four, sire," replied the nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the king in the course of conversation, and the same answer was given. At length the king asking once more,—"How many children have you?" the nobleman replied, "Six, sire."—"What," cried the king, with surprise, "six! you told me four, just now."—"Sire," replied the courtier, "I thought your majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

HODGE AND THE DOCTOR.

With a big bottle-nose, and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy ugly as sin,
With a huge grizzle wig, and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmear'd handkerchief tied over that,
Doctor Bos, riding out on his old Rozinante,
In hair very rich, but in flesh very scanty,
Was a little alarm'd out of fear for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the way with a barrow of stones.
Hip! friend, cried the doctor, with no little force,
Do set down your barrow, you'll frighten my horse.
Hodge quickly replied, like an Erskine or Garrow,
You're a great deal more likely to frighten my barrow.

PRACTICAL EQUIVOQUE

A young lady having purchased an assortment of music in a warehouse, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece she had forgotten. "Sir," she said, re-entering the shop, "there is one thing I have omitted."—"What is that, madam?" inquired the young music-seller. "It is, sir," said the lady, "*One kind kiss before we part*," on which the youth vaulted over the table, and saluted the fair stranger.

BALANCE OF BEAUTY.

A man of fashion, who was remarkably ill-*looking, but* very vain, kept a valet, whose coun-

ance was not much more amiable than his own. e day, the servant, while dressing his master, fended him, and he exclaimed, "What an ugly g!" The fellow, who observed his master at e same time very attentive at his glass, said, "Which of us do you mean, sir?"

THE BITER BIT.

Mr. Curran one day enquiring his master's age from an horse-jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, friend, has he not lost his teeth?"—"Do you think," retorted the fellow, "that I know his age as he does his horses, by *the mark of his mouth.*" The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered—"You were very right not to try, friend; for you know your master's a *great bite.*"

A HANGING JUDGE.

Counsellor Grady, on a trial in Ireland, said "he recollected to have heard of a relentless judge who was never known to have shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of the Beggar's Opera, when Macheath got a reprieve." The same judge once asked Curran, at a dinner table, whether the dish near him was *hung* beef, because if it was he should try it; Curran replied, "If you *try* it, my lord, it is sure to be hung."

IMPROMPTU

On Dr. Lettsom's manner of signing his prescriptions, "I, Lettsom."

When patients sad to me apply,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after all they choose to die,
What's that to me?—I LETS 'EM.

A FEELING REPLY.

Milton was asked by a friend, whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, sir, one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

As Doctor —— musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay;
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"

The doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew;
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale;
"Take my advice, and mend your trade;
We both are losers if you fail.

"Go write; your wit in satire show,
No matter whether smart or true;
Call —— names, the greatest foe
To dullness, folly, pride, and you.

"Then copies spread, where lies the t
Among your friends be sure you send 'e
For all who read will soon grow sick,
And when you're call'd upon attend 'e

"Thus trade increasing by degrees,
Doctor, we both shall have our ends;
For you are sure to have your fees,
And I am sure to have your friends."

A FAULT IN CANDLES.

A gentleman ordering a box of candl
hoped they would be better than the
chandler said he was very sorry to hear
plained of. "Why," said the other,
very well till about half burnt down
that they would burn no *longer.*"

COMPANIONS IN EXIT.

A gentleman hearing of the death
"I thought," said he, to a person
"you told me that Tom Wilson's fe
off?"—"O yes," replied the other,
to mention that he was gone off alon

HARD AT THE BOTTOM.

ler riding down a steep hill, and fearing
it was unsound, called out to a man
itching, and asked him "if it was hard
om."—"Aye," answered the country-
s hard enough at the bottom, I warrant
traveller, however, had not rode half-
rds, before the horse sunk up to the
ts. "Why! you villain," said he,
to the ditcher, "did not you tell me
at the bottom?"—"Aye," replied the
ut you are not half-way to the bottom

ON A BOWL OF PUNCH.

e'er a bowl of punch we make
triking opposites we take;
rong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
ber mix'd most kindly meet;
hen they happily unite,
owl "is pregnant with delight."

onversation thus we find,
our men differently inclin'd;
alents each distinct, and each
d by peculiar powers of speech;
empers too, as much the same,
k and verjuice, frost and flame:
parts, by properly sustaining,
ll prove highly entertaining.

LIBERALITY.

man much against the custom of giving
where he dined, resolved to play them
his next visit. He collected about a
ings, and as they stood in two rows,
avenue, when he left the house, he dis-
e to each alternately right and left;
e he had given the last, the butler,
he had begun, perceived his donation,
fully advancing, began to stammer out
, "I believe, sir, you have——made
take——you have——"—"Oh, no,"
ntleman, "I never give *less*."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A KINSMAN.

Sir Nicholas Bacon being once in the capacity of a judge on the point of passing sentence upon a fellow just found guilty of a robbery, the culprit alleged he had the honour of being one of his lordship's relations. "How do you prove that?" said Sir Nicholas. "My lord," replied the man, "your name is Bacon and my name is Hog, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin."—"That is true," answered the judge; "but hog is never bacon till it has been *hung*, and therefore, until *you are hung*, you can be no relation of mine."

CHINA AND CROCKERY.

A lady of rank one day remarked to a large company of visitors, that the three classes of the community, *nobility*, *gentry*, and *commonalty*, might very well be compared to the tea-drinking utensils, *china*, *delft*, and *crockery*. A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl, who was in the nursery. On this the footman was dispatched with orders to the nursery-maid, to whom he called out from the bottom of the stairs, in an audible voice, "hollo *crockery*, bring down little *china*."

A HINT IN SEASON.

When an attempt was made, some years ago, to prove Lord Harborough an idiot, the counsel on both sides produced the same instance—one of his wit, the other of his folly. His servants were once puzzled to unpack a large box, and his lordship advised them to do with it as they did with an oyster, to put it into the fire, and it would gape.

MODESTY.

An Irishwoman once called upon an apothecary with a sick infant, when the apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning; the woman replied, "perhaps your honour will lend me a sixpence the while, as I hav'n't got one at *all*."

DELICATE REPROOF.

Macklin, sitting one night at the back of the front boxes, with a friend, a lobby-lounger stood up immediately before him, and his person being rather large, prevented a sight of the stage. Macklin took fire at this, but managing his passion with more temper than usual, patted the intruder on the shoulder with his cane, and gently requested him, "when any thing entertaining occurred upon the stage, to let him and his friend be apprized of it; for you see, my dear sir," said the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend upon your kindness."

PARLIAMENTARY SLEEPERS.

Sheridan, one evening, in the midst of a long debate in the House of Commons, took an opportunity, on perceiving a member rise who was remarkable for *prosing*, to retreat for the purpose of taking some refreshment. On his return he saw several members who had fallen into a nap; and one among them, remarkable for his corpulency, was *snoring* in an elevation of tone that might be very distinctly heard, on which the dramatic wit, entering in a hurry, exclaimed in the words of Shakespeare—

——— "What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley?"

PARADOX.

Four people sat down, in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they all set,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet,
Yet, when they rose up, each gain'd a guinea,
Tho' none of them lost the amount of a penny.

ANSWER.

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

ON PUNCH.

Hence, restless care, and low design!
Hence, foreign compliments and wine!
Let generous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper, filled by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat;
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring meet;
Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd,
Awhile the catch and toast go round;
And when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the light, and shuts the door.
Say, then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body, or the mind;
What harm, in drinking, can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

CLASSIC TASTE.

Swift dining one day at a friend's, wh
hock was given round in very small glasses;
Mr. Dean," said the host, "I'll pledge y
glass of *hic, hæc, hoc.*"—"No, sir," replie
"I beg leave to *decline* it: so, John," tu
the servant, "bring me a *hujus* glass."

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

A Frenchman, being afflicted with th
was asked what difference there was betw
and the rheumatism? "One very grea
rence," replied Monsieur, "Suppose y
one vice, you put your finger in, you
screw, till you bear him no longer—da
rheumatis—den, spose you give him one tur
dat is de gout."

ON SIX SORTS OF PEOPLE, WHO KEEP

The miser fasts because he will not eat;
The poor man fasts, because he has no me
The rich man fasts, with greedy mind to e
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share
The hypocrite, he fasts, to seem more holy
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly

HE LUDRICOUS MAN.

ince occurred some time ago at a of justiciary in Scotland, in the judge whose peculiarities of temper ere more than compensated by his at and amiable qualities. Their suite had just met, and were proestigate rather an interesting case, liberations were interrupted by a ocking at the outer court-door. in the shrill-tongued macer ejacuce! silence there!" to little or no when the judge exclaimed, "What's f all that noise? Macer—officers, about, that you don't put an end to shuffle-shuffling?"—Officer. "It's rd."—"A man! what man, sir? s he, and what does he want?"—outside, please your lordship, and n,"—"Well, keep him *out*, keep sir!"—The officer bowed or nodded e business of the court proceeded. owever, an individual possessing the walked into the hall of justice, and ratching his opportunity, slipped in ime. By a levity and restlessness, o means uncommon, he had not been wished to get out again—applying, court of law what Chaucer presumpf the blessed state of matrimony—

riage is like a rabble rout—
e that are out would fain be in,
those that are in would fain be out."

egan to jostle every body near him, which not only created a new hubw forth a fresh rebuke.—Judge, his now? Even if my ears were as of Dionysius, and the room in which ontrived as the celebrated vault in it his prisoners, it would be impoo hear one word that the witness is icer. "It's *the man*, my lord."—ame man?"—"The *verra* same."—"Well, what does he want now?"—"He wants to get out, please your lordship."—"Wants to get out! Then keep him *in*; keep him in I say, sir."—The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering man was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, therefore, and elbowing his way to an open window, he mounted on what is called the *sole*, and appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer again caught the tartar, and again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His lordship appeared angry, (as well he might), and a third time exclaimed, "What's the matter now? is there to be no end to this?"—Officer. "It's *the man*, my lord."—"What! the same man again? Shew me the fellow, and I'll man him."—The officer here pointed to a respectable-enough looking individual, who, as he said, "had *cruppen* up on the window-sole, and wanted to get down again."—Judge. "Up on the window-sole! Well, keep him up; keep him up I say, sir, if it should be to the day of judgment!" (perhaps his lordship meant the *hour* of judgment.)—It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and that the incorrigible man, while held in durance on the window-sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at the bar.

SIMILES. TO MOLLY.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger, I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of woman-kind.

Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
Sleak as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat, now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And, merry as a grig, is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee!
Hearts sound as any bell, or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops, or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg, her shape appears;
Oh! were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter

As soft as pap her kisses are;
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg, was I with glee,
And happy as a king!
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel, true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru;
Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
And wish me better speed;
Flat as a flounder, when I lie,
And, as a herring, dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

LORD CLONMEL.

The late Lord Clonmel, who never t
demanding more than a shilling for an
used to be well satisfied, provided it w
one. In his time the Birmingham shill
current, and he used the following extra
precautions to avoid being imposed upon
a bad one—"You shall true answer mak
questions as shall be demanded of you
this affidavit, so help you God! *Is th
shilling?*—Are the contents of this affida
Is this your name and hand-writing?"

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

IRISH REASONING.

pedlar asked an itinerant poulterer
a pair of fowls. "Six shillings,
my dear country, my darling, you
them for sixpence *a pace*."—"Why
remain in your own dear country,
'ase we have no *sixpences*, my jewel,"

GOLD v. GOULD.

ntleman of the name of *Gould* having
very young wife, wrote a poetical
friend, to inform him of it, and con-
s—
, my dear Sir, though I'm eighty years

ighteen is in love with *old Gould*."
s friend replied,
f eighteen may love Gould it is true,
e me, dear sir, it is Gold without *U*."

THE ACTORS.

low chanc'd one day to meet
Roscius in the street,
of whom our nation justly brags.)
ugg'd him with a kind embrace—
I do not recollect your face,
k.—No! replied the man of rags;
s of Drury you and I have trod
time together, I am sure.—
th an oath, cried Garrick—for by G—
that face of yours before!
at characters, I pray,
you and I together play?
the fellow, think not that I mock—
ay'd Hamlet, sir—I play'd the cock.

A DISCOVERY.

g the personal charms of a
ore Foote, the latter whis-
don't you lay claim to such
?"—"What right have I
"Every right, by the law
coverer."

STRIKING A

A chimney-sweeper's bo
shop for a twopenny-loaf,
diminutive in size, remark
did not believe it was weigh
said the man of dough; "
"Toss"
The baker called a
money enough. "Never mind that,
Sooty; "you will have the less to count.

UNPLEASANT COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Pitt being in company with the late Duchess of Gordon, who spoke the Scotch dialect in the broadest manner, she told him that some of her family had gone to France, and was asked by him why she was not of the party. She said, in answer, "that it was very awkward to be in a country and not know the language."—"Why," said Mr. Pitt, "your grace has not found any such inconvenience in England."

DOUBLE REMEDY.

When the late Judge Grose was presiding during the assizes at Bury St. Edmund's, a dog, which happened to have followed some one into court, *gave tongue* rather loudly, at the same time with one of the barristers. Immediately there was a cry of "Turn that dog out!" but his lordship said, "Turn out the man he belongs to, and we shall soon get rid of the dog."

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does to-morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the Indies, does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late, the wise liv'd yesterday.

ECONOMY

Garrick was supping with Foote at a tavern, hen the latter dropped a guinea, with which he as going to pay the waiter, and it rolled out of ight. "Where the deuce," said Foote, "can it e gone to?"—"Gone to the devil, I suppose," cried Garrick. "Well, well, David," observed Foote, "you're always what I said you were, contriving to make a guinea *go farther* than any other man."

HOLY RELICS.

Horace Walpole thus describes some relics exhibited "in a small hovel of Capucius," at Radicofani, which were brought from Jerusalem by the king; "among other things of great sanctity, there is a set of gnashing teeth, the grinders very entire; a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful against Easter; the crisping and curling, frizzling and frowning of Mary Magdalen's hair, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that showed us all these commodities, was got into such a train of calling them the *blessed* this, and the *blessed* that, that at last he showed us the *blessed* fig-tree, that Christ *cursed*.

ON A YOUNG LADY WITH GREY HAIRS.

Marked by extremes, Susannah's beauty bears
Life's opposites—youth's blossom and grey hairs—
Meet signs for one, in whom, combined, are seen
Wisdom's ripe fruit, and roses of fifteen

IMPROMPTU,

On Lord *Rockingham's* becoming minister during our disputes with America, when a declaratory bill was brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame a measure by the adverse party.—

"You had better declare, which you may, without shocking 'em,
That the nation's *asleep*, and the Minister *Rocking 'em.*"

A FAMILIAR TALE.

Bubb Doddington was very lethargic. [illegible] asleep one day after dinner with [illegible] Temple and Lord Cobham the general, [illegible] reproached Doddington with his [illegible] Doddington denied having been asleep; [illegible] prove he had not, offered to repeat all [illegible] ham had been saying. Cobham challenged to do so. Doddington repeated a story Lord Cobham owned he had been [illegible] "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I hear a word of it: but I went to sleep I knew that about this time of day you tell that story."

A PRINTER'S WIDOW.

This daily *publishing* the weeds of woe,
Announces to my eye, as *pica* plain,
A dear romantic *duodecimo*,
Unbound, and *going into sheets* again.

ADVANTAGES OF GIBBETS.

Two highwaymen were crossing [illegible] heath, when one of them observed [illegible] "Curse those gibbets," said he, "if it [illegible] for them, *ours* would be the best trade [illegible] world."—"You are a fool," cried [illegible] "there's nothing better for us than gi[illegible] were it not for them, every person would [illegible] wayman, and we should be *ruined*."

PUNNING FLATTERY.

One day when Sir Isaac Heard was [illegible] III. it was announced that his majesty [illegible] ready for hunting. "Sir Isaac," [illegible] "are you a judge of horses?"—"[illegible] days, please your majesty," was the [illegible] was a great deal among them."—"[illegible] think of this, then?" said the king, [illegible] this time preparing to mount his [illegible] without waiting for an answer, added [illegible] him *Perfection*."—"A most appro[illegible] replied the courtly herald, bowing [illegible] reached the saddle, "*for he bears t*[illegible] *racters.*"

MICAL EPITAPH ON AN INVALID.

end that often ach'd;
hands that always shak'd;
rain of old conceit;
eart that often beat;
eyes that daily wept,
ight but seldom slept;
ongue that whining talk'd;
feet that feebly walk'd;
midriff and the breast,
f indigestion prest;
liver, full of bile,
erated proper chyle;
bowels, human tripes,
wind, and twisting gripes;
livid dab, the spleen,
f life's sad tragic scene;
e weight, that clogs the blood,
es nature's circling flood;
nerves, so often twitch'd
cramps and poignant stitch;
back, oft rackt with pains,
idneys, loins, and reins;
skin by scurvy fed,
s and eruptions red
man, from top to toe,
fram'd for pain and woe.

IRISH TELESCOPE.

an was one day observing to a friend
most excellent telescope. "Do you
ch," said he, "about half a mile off?"
cely discernible; but when I look at
y telescope, it brings it so close that
e organ playing."

POWER OF MIMICRY.

ote was acting in Dublin, he intro-
one of his pieces the character of
e printer, whose manners and dress
imitated, that the poor fellow could
public, without meeting with scoffs
m the very boys in the streets. En-
ridicule thus brought upon him, Faulk-
ner one evening treated to the gallery all the *devils* of the printing-office, that they might hiss Foote off the stage. Faulkner placed himself in the pit, to enjoy the actor's degradation, but when the objectionable scene came on, the unfortunate printer was excessively chagrined to find, that so far from a groan or a hiss being heard, his gallery friends partook of the laugh. The next morning he inveighed against them for having neglected his injunctions, and on demanding some reason for their treachery, "Arrah, master," said the spokesman, "do we not know you?—sure 'twas your own swate self that was on the stage; and shower light upon us, if we go to the play-house to hiss our worthy master."

BEAUTY AND WIT.

Wilkes once observed to Lord Townshend:—"You, my lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I the plainest; but I would give your lordship half-an-hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win; because, all those attentions which you would omit, on the score of your fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine.

A LONG PAUSE.

An old gentleman riding over Putney-bridge, turned round to his servant, and said, "Do you like eggs, John?"—"Yes, sir." Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge that day twelvemonth, again turned round and said, "how?"—"Poached, sir," was the answer.

THE LAST PROOF.

An officer being wounded by a musket-ball at the siege of La Rochelle, the surgeon who first dressed the wound declared that it was very dangerous, for he could see the brain. "Can you, indeed?" said he, "do me the favour then to take out a little of it, and send it in a linen rag to the Cardinal de Richelieu, who has told me a hundred times a day that I have none."

DESCRIPTION OF GEORGE III.

By sunrise on Sunday morning, Wylie was brushing the early dew in the little park at Windsor, to taste the freshness of the morning gale, or, as he himself better expressed it, *to take a snuff of caller air*. On stepping over a style, he saw close before him a stout and tall elderly man, in a plain blue coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, which at first he took for a livery. There was something, however, in the air of the wearer, which convinced him that he could not be a servant; and an ivory-headed cane virled with gold, which he carried in a sort of negligent poking manner, led him to conclude that he was either an old officer, or one of the poor knights of Windsor; for he had added to his learning, in the course of the preceding evening, a knowledge of the existence of this appendage to the noble Order of the Garter. "This," said the embryo courtier to himself, "is just the verra thing that I hae been seeking. I'll mak up to this decent carl; for nae doubt he's well acquaint with a' about the king;" and he stepped alertly forward. But before he had advanced many paces, the old gentleman turned round, and seeing a stranger, stopped; and looking at him for two or three seconds, said to himself, loud enough, however, to be heard, "Strange man,—don't know him,—don't know him," and then he paused till our hero had come up.

"Gude-day, sir," said Wylie, as he approached; "ye're early a-fit on the Sabbath morning; but I'm thinking his majesty, honest man, sets you a' here an example of sobriety and early rising."

"Scotsman, eh!" said the old gentleman; "fine morning,—fine morning, sir,—weather warmer here than with you? What part of Scotland do you come from? How do you like Windsor? Come to see the king, eh?" And loudly he made the echoes ring with his laughter.

The senator was a little at a loss which question to answer first; but delighted with the hearty *freedom of* the salutation, jocularly said "It's no *easy to answer so many questions* all at once; but if ye'll no object to the method, I that ye guess right, sir, and that I com shire of Ayr."

"Ah, shire of Ayr! a fine country farming there—no smuggling now a eh?—No excisemen shooting lords game, bad game. Poor Lord Eglinto taste for agriculture; the country, L owes him much.—Still improving? N it—the war needs men—corn is our dra —potatoes do as well in Ireland, eh?"

The humour of this sally tickled well as the author of it, and they bo themselves into greater intimacy. Sir," said Andrew, "as I am only a str I would like to ask you a question or the king, just as to what sort of a ma is; for we can place no sort of depe newspapers or history-books, in ma rulers and men of government."—" Sir Robert Walpole, not believe histor men very cautious." But the old gen ed in a graver accent, "The king is as some say to him he is; nor is he others say of him. But I know that scientiously endeavoured to do his du best men can do no more, be their tr low."

"That, I believe, we a' in general the blacknebs never dispute his hon they undervalue his talents. But wh know and understand, is no wi' re kingly faculties, but as to his familia behaviour, the things in which he is lik rality of the world."

"Ha!" said the stranger, briskly into his wonted freedom, "very parti particular, indeed. What reason, frien to be so particular?—Must have so never so without a reason."

"Surely, sir, its a very natural cur subject to inquire what sort of a ma reign is, whom he has sworn to honou and to bear true allegiance to with hand

ue, true;" exclaimed the old gentle-
emark.—Come on business to Eng-
t business?"
f business, in truth, sir, at present
ee and learn something about the
e no other turn in hand at this time."
rn," cried the stranger, perplexed.—
? Would place the king on your

did not well know what to make of
versatile companion; and while the
n was laughing at the jocular turn
himself given to the Scotticism, he
inking, friend, ye're commanded not
h strangers anent his majesty's con-
blink the question, as they say in
"—"Parliament?—Been there?—
like it?—Much cry and little wool
, eh?"—"Ye say Gude's truth, sir;
they would make their speeches as
hy as the king's. I'm told his ma-
ery gracious and pleasant delivery,"
iero, pawkily; and the stranger, not
drift, said with simplicity, "It was
hen he was young; but he is now an
not what I have known him."—"I
plied our hero, "that you have been
service."—"Yes, I am one of his
ts.—Ever since I could help myself,"
wer, with a sly smile, "I may say I
servant."—"And I dinna doubt,"
enator, "that you have had an easy
ave certainly obeyed his will," cried
in a lively laughing tone; but chang-
raver he added, "But what may be
at least in this world, it is for you
judge."—"I'm mista'en, then, if it
liberal," replied Andrew; "for ye
f discretion, and doubtless merit the
so long possessed. Maybe some day
t, I may call this conversation to mind
oof. The king canna gang far wrang
e keeps counsel with such douce and
men, even though ye hae a bit flight of the fancy.—What's your name?" The old gentleman looked sharply; but in a moment his countenance resumed its wonted open cheerfulness, and he said, "So you are in Parliament, eh?—I have a seat there too.—Don't often go, however. Perhaps may see you there.—Good-bye, good-bye."

"Ye'll excuse my freedom, sir," said Andrew, somewhat rebuked by the air and manner in which his new acquaintance separated from him; "but if you are not better engaged, I would be glad if we could breakfast together."—"Can't, can't," cried the old gentleman, shortly, as he walked away; but turning half round after he had walked two or three paces, he added, "obliged to breakfast with the king—he won't without me:" and a loud and mirthful laugh gave notice to all the surrounding echoes that a light and pleased spirit claimed their blithest responses.

THE INCURIOUS BENCHER.

At Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine,
Colonel Brocade, among the rest,
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night, as carelessly he stood,
  Clearing his reins before the fire,
(So every true-born Briton should)
  Like that he chaf'd, and fum'd, with ire.
"Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard
That no man's honour can be spar'd;
If I but sup with Lady Duchess,
Or play a game at ombre, such is
The malice of the world, 'tis said,
Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
If Madam Doodle would be witty,
And I am summoned to the city,
To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
What won't such hellish malice do?
If I but catch her in a corner
Humph—'tis your servant, Colonel Horner;

But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
I prove it, it shall cost them dear
I swear by this dead-doing blade.
Dreadful examples shall be made:
What—can't they drink bohea and cream,
But (damn them) I must be their theme?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
As thus he rav'd with all his might.
(How insecure from fortune's spight,
Alas! is every mortal wight!)
To shew his ancient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—
Stuck his skirts! insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, sat
A bencher grave, with look sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's Post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smelt out the breach he made
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A side-long glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length upon that tender part
Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blustering colonel felt a smart.
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounc'd about the room.
Then turning short, "Zounds, sir!" he cries—
"Deuce take him, had the fool no eyes?
What! let a man be burn't alive!"
"I am not, sir, inquisitive,"
(Replied Sir Gravity) "to know
Whate'er your honour's pleas'd to do;
If you will burn your tail to tinder,
Pray what have I to do to hinder?
Other men's business let alone,
Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"
Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And, wrapping round his freeze surtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

DIFFICULT DILEMMA.

A surgeon in Shropshire was called t
night by a labouring man, to attend his w
was in childbed; but having often attend
similar circumstances, without obtaining
muneration, he asked the man who wa
him. The countryman answered that he
ed five pounds, which, kill or cure, shou
reward. The doctor paid every attenti
poor woman, who, notwithstanding, die
after her death, he met the widower at
and observed that he had an account ag
The man appeared greatly surpri-ed, and
for what? On being informed, he rep
don't think I owe you any thing; did
my wife?"—"No, certainly, it was n
power of medicine to cure her."—"Did
her, then?" said the countryman. "I
not," was the reply. "Why then," said
tryman, "as you did not either kill
you are not entitled to the reward."

FEMALE SPIRIT.

A young couple about to be married,
ceeded as far as the church-door, whe
tleman stopped his intended bride, an
dressed her:—"My dear Eliza, during
ship I have told you most of my mind,
not told you the whole: when we are
shall insist upon three things."—"
they?" asked the lady. "In the fi
said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alo
eat alone, and find fault when there i
sion; can you submit to these conditio
yes, sir, very easily," was the reply; "
sleep alone, I shall not—if you eat alo
eat first—and, as to your finding fault
casion, that I think may be prevented.
take care you shall never want occasio

ORATORY.

At the time when Sir Richard Stee
paring his great room for public orat
rather backward in his payments to th
and coming one day to see what pr

ered the carpenter to get into the ros-
ake a speech, that he might observe
be heard. The fellow told Sir Rich-
new not what to say, for he was no
h," cried the knight, "no matter for
ny thing that comes uppermost."—
Sir Richard," said the fellow, "here
working for you honour these six
annot get one penny of money. Pray,
you design to pay us?"—"Very
ell," said Sir Richard, "pray come
re heard quite enough; I cannot but
ak very distinctly, though I don',
your subject."

BRIBERY.

n once a judge besought,
ge aright his cause
pot of oil salutes
dger of the laws.

d," quoth he, "thy cause is good;"
lad away did trudge;
wealthy foe did come,
e the partial judge.

ll fed, this churl presents,
raves a strain of law;
ceiv'd, the poor man's right
dg'd not worth a straw.

he cried, "O partial judge,
oom has me undone;
gave, my cause was good,
w to ruin run."

n," quoth he, "I thee forgot,"
e, thy cause of foil;
e since into my house,
roke thy pot of oil."

A HIGH WIND.

inister, coming into a coffee-house
ight, said he never saw such a wind!
d!" replied a friend, "what was it
ike," answered Charles, "like to
ny hat off."

RETALIATION.

In Charles the Second's days it was the custom, when a gentleman drank a lady's health, as a toast, by way of doing her honor, to throw some part of his dress into the fire, an example which his companions were bound to follow, by consuming the same article of their apparel, whatever it might be. One of his friends perceiving at a tavern dinner, that Sir Charles Sedley had on a very rich lace cravat, when he named his toast committed his cravat to the flames, and Sir Charles and the rest were obliged to do the same. The poet bore his loss with great composure, observing it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a one some other time. He therefore watched his opportunity, when the same party was assembled on a subsequent occasion, and drinking off a bumper to the health of Nell Gwynne, he called the waiter, and ordering a tooth-drawer into the room, whom he had previously brought to the tavern for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth which had long plagued him. The rules of good-fellowship, then in force, clearly required that every one of the company should have a tooth drawn also, but they naturally expressed a hope that Sedley would not be so unmerciful as to enforce the law. Deaf, however, to all their remonstrances, persuasions, and entreaties, he saw them one after another in the hand of the operator, and writhing with pain, while he exclaimed, "patience, gentlemen, patience; you know you promised that I should have my frolic too."

THE CONSULTATION.

Three doctors met in consultation,
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate all agreed,
But what of that?—they must be fee'd;
They write, then, as 'twas fit they should
But for their own, not patient's good:
Consulting wisely, don't mistake, sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, sir

THE GIFT HORSE.

A nobleman having presented King Charles II. with a fine horse, his majesty bid Killigrew, the jester, who was present, tell him what was its age; upon which Killigrew examined the animal's tail. "What are you doing?" said the king, "that is not the place to find out his age."—"Oh, sir," said Killigrew, "your majesty knows one should never look a gift horse in the mouth."

SHEEP-STEALING.

In a trial at the Old Bailey, for sheep-stealing, the prosecutor, a butcher, gave a long account of his tracing the sheep from place to place; that he first went to Acton, then to Ealing, "and then, my lord," said he, "I went to Uxbridge, where I found the sheep, and then I went to handle 'em, and feel 'em, to judge of their identity."—"Handle 'em and feel 'em!" exclaimed the judge, "pray where are they? I thought I had known the county of Middlesex extremely well, but I confess I never heard of such places as Handle-'em and Feel-'em before."

THE ASTRONOMER'S ROOM.

One day I called, and, Philo out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When all his goods being full in view
I took this inventory true:—
Item—A bed without a curtain
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
A spitting-pot to catch what might hap;
Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
Were filled with books unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
Enough to shew the man who made 'em,
Was full as mad as he who read 'em;
An almanack of six years standing,
A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
One corner held his books and che
And round the floor was strew'd th
That all things might be like himse
He'd neither closet, drawer, or she
Here piss-pot, sauce-pot, broken p
Appear'd like heterogeneous matte
In ancient days the walls were wh
But, who 'gainst damps and snails
They're now in wreathy ringlets b
Some square, some oval, and some
The antiquarian there may find
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there may fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place;
And he who studies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands
In short, the room, the goods, and
Appear'd to be one made for t' ot

JOHN HORNE TOOKE ON TH

"Law," said Mr. Tooke, "ough
luxury for the rich, but a remedy
cheaply, and speedily obtained by th
person once observing to him the exc
English laws being so impartial, that
justice are open to all persons witho
"And so," said Tooke, "is the *Lo*
such as can afford to pay for their en

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AT DE

Previous to the engagement at
private soldier procured the canteen
his comrades, on pretence of fetching
he did not return till after the batt
two afterwards, the Duke of Cumbe
at the camp, and the soldier's coun
ported to him, he demanded why h
field, previous to the battle.—"Wh
man, "Do you think I was such a fo
there to be shot at?—Why was n
ness there?"—"I," cried the duk
my march thither."—"I know yo
plied the fellow, "but you might
little more haste, if you had chosen

PERSONALITIES.

oin and Garrick performed at the same
d in the same play, the night being very
ch ordered a chair. To the mortifica-
in, Mr. Garrick's chair came up first.
get into the chair," cried the surly ve-
t me get into the chair, and put little
the lan horn."—" By all means," said
" I shall ever be happy to give Mr.
in any thing."

BODILY INFIRMITIES.

ibber, in company with three other bon
e day made an excursion. Theo. had a
teeth; a second, a glass eye; a third,
; but the fourth had nothing particular,
remarkable way of shaking his head.
lled in a post-coach; and while at the
, after each had made merry with his
's infirmity, they agreed that at every
ace they would all affect the same singu-
hen they came to breakfast, they were
t? and as the countrymen stood gaping
n they first alighted, " Od rot it," cried
w that man squints!"—" Why, dom
a second. " here be another squinting
The third was thought to be a better
an the other two, and the fourth better
he rest. At dinner, they appeared to
legs, and their stumping about made
sion than they had done at breakfast.
y were all deaf; but at supper each
umed his character, the better to play
a farce they had concerted. When
ready to go to bed, Cibber called out
er, " Here, you fellow, take out my
Teeth, sir!" said the man. " Ay,
Unscrew that wire, and they'll all
ogether." After some hesitation, the
he was ordered. This was no sooner
than a second called out, " Here, man,
eye!"—" Lord, sir," said the waiter,
"—" Yes, my eye. Come here, you
pull up that eye-lid, and it will come
out as easy as possible." This done, the third cried out, " Here, you rascal, take off my leg!" This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork, and also conceived that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the waiter was surveying the eye, teeth, and leg, lying on the table, cried out, in a hollow voice, " Come here, sir, take off my head!" Turning round, and seeing the man's head shaking like that of a mandarine upon a chimney-piece, he darted out of the room, and after tumbling headlong down-stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen above-stairs were certainly all devils.

THE OLD CHEESE.

Young Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturbed, or contradicted:
Yet still into his story she would break
With "'Tis not so—pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling him a fool;
Told him, he must exert himself, and be,
In fact, the master of his family.
He said, " That the next Tuesday noon would shew
Whether he were the lord at home or no;
When their good company he would intreat
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.

" I'll grant your wish," cries she, " that you may see
'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each blowsy farmer with his simpering dame.
" Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, " why dost not thou appear!
Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here?"
" I pardon ask," says Sue, " I'd not offend
Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying, " there was nothing fit to eat:
The boil'd pork stinks, the beef's not roast enough,
The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;
The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;
And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sate
Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed
Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be drest,
When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
This beer is sour, 'tis musty, thick, and stale,
And worse than any thing except the ale."
Sue all this while many excuses made:
Some things she own'd, at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch, " This e'en shall roll,
I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl;
This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.
" Pray let me rise," says Sue; " my dear, I'll find
A cheese perhaps may be to lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends might see;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occasion smelt;
" I'll try, my joy!" she cried, " if I can please
My dearest with a taste of his old cheese!"
Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife hand
Wielding her oaken sapling of comman
Knew well the twang; " Is't the old
" my dear?
No need, no need of cheese," cries
" I'll swear,
" I think I've din'd as well as my Lord-M

CELEBRITY AND NOTORIETY

Tompion, the most celebrated watch
his day, was accosted, in Moorfields, by
of the trade, who, after the usual salut
inquiries about business, said, " I be
Tompion, you and I are the two most di
men of our profession in existence."—"
exclaimed Tompion, who knew nothing
dividual's abilities. " Yes," was the re
are, of all watchmakers, the best, and
worst."

DR. MONSEY AND HIS BANK-NO

Dr. Monsey, a celebrated physicia
ways strangely infatuated with a fear
lic funds, and was frequently anxio
absence from his apartments, for a plac
in which to deposit his cash and notes.
a journey, during the hot weather i
chose the fire-place of his sitting-ro
treasury, and placed bank-notes and
considerable amount in one corner,
cinders and shavings. On his retur
month's absence, he found his housek
paring to treat some friends with a c
and, by way of shewing respect to her
parlour fire-place was chosen to make
boil; the fire had not long been lighted
master arrived.

When the doctor entered the room th
had scarcely begun tea. He ran acro
like a madman, saying, " Hang it, you
me for ever: you have burned all
notes!"—First went the contents of
bason, then the tea-pot; then he rus

itchen, and brought a pail of water, w partly over the fire and partly any, who, in the utmost consterna- of his way as speedily as possible. er cried out, "For God's sake, sir, will spoil the steel stove and fire- ——n the irons," replied the doctor, ined me, you have burned my bank- rd, sir," said the half-drowned wo- think of putting bank-notes in a where the fire is ready laid?"— ned he, "who'd think of making a mer time, where there has not been several months?" He then pulled nd cinders, and at one corner found f his bank-notes, and one quarter e, so as to be legible. Next day, rent to Lord Godolphin's, the high- told him the story. His lordship would go with him to the Bank the get the cash for him through his in- accordingly ordered his carriage, meet the doctor at the room in the some of the directors daily attend. eing obliged to go to the Horse- siness, took water at Whitehall for going down the river, he pulled t-book, to see if the remains of his ife; when a sudden puff of wind of his pocket-book into the river. you scoundrel," said the doctor, tes are overboard!"

antly obeyed, and the doctor took pped it into the river, inclosing the t full of water. In this state he put m, and desired to be set on shore

On landing, he walked to the s shewn into the room where Lord d just before arrived. "What have ur arm?" said Lord Godolphin; notes," replied the doctor, throw- ith the contents, on the table, with to scatter the water into the faces ere standing near it. "There," said the doctor, "take the remainder of your notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!"

ECONOMY.

Frank, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas, "Come," said I,
"Give me a pen—it is but fair,
You take my note." Quoth he, "Hold there;
Jack, to the cash I've bid adieu,
No need to waste my paper too!"

SUMMARY JUSTICE.

A French nobleman, who had been satirised by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. "Sir," replied the duke, with a significant smile, "it has been done you already."

A FOOL'S WIT.

A silly country squire asked a merry-andrew why he played the fool? "For the same reason that you do," answered he; "*for want*—you for want of wit, and I for want of money."

BEAR AND STAKE.

Mr. Wilkes going to Dolly's Chop-house in Paternoster-row, with a friend, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his steak, as he called it. Mr. Wilkes, in the mean time, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the *City* and the *Bear-garden*; in the latter the *bear* is brought to the *stake*, but here the *steak* is brought to the *bear*."

POT VALOUR.

Who in his cups will only fight, is like
The clock that must be oil'd well, ere it strike.

ROMEO COATES.

his amateur of fashion having finished the cha-
ter of Romeo, was *encored* by some of the gal-
y wags; whereupon the gentleman got up,
de his bow, and obligingly repeated the dying
eech. A person in the pit remarked, that "Mr
ates was a *good Christian*, for he was *always*
dy to die."

A FRIENDLY ADVOCATE.

The fat Stephen Kemble was one day met by a
riend, who told him he had just been with a per-
on who spoke very contemptuously of his acting.
"In short," added he, "he said *you were not fit*
to carry guts to a bear."—"Well," said Stephen,
"and did not you take my part?"—"O, yes, I
said you were."

THE THIEF.

I tell, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kate's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles,
She stole the graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd Orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant toils, a store
To which, in time, she added more;
At twelve she stole from Cypris' queen
Her air, and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung,—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice, appear'd;
She play'd—the muses, from their bill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day:
While Jove, her pilf'ring thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t'other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge the vot'ry on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

CONCEALED AND ASPIRING LOVE.

In some persons love may be said to re
Hecla. We all know how a poor tailor
love of Queen Elizabeth; another unhapp
bewitched with the love of royalty, conc
the year 1788, a violent passion for anoth
beth, now princess of Homberg, and gr
palace to pay his respects to her royal
His name was Spang, his father a Da
an Englishman and a hair-dresser! But
fate of this sort of love, the friseur wa
pronounced insane. And again, in th
year, 1787, one Stone, a heavy-looking
thirty-three years of age, unfortunately
with the princess-royal of England
the dowager-queen of Wurtemberg.
princess stole his heart from him by
him in the two-shilling gallery at the
Doctor Monro, who knew less about
nacy, decided the business, and p
sent to Bedlam. Thus we see that
is no bar to the indulgence of the
for "love has twenty pair of eye
venture to state, after this, that, on
many young maidens have not c
some or all of the royal dukes? S
the gentle Viola, never tell their
cankering worm hasten them to
here, in the other sex, we are

Birmingham, who wrote his life and
he was a male Viola, for he let con-
ke a worm, &c. but he shall speak for
Perhaps there is not a human being in
it sooner or later feels, in some degree,
of love. I was struck with a girl,
wherever I could, and peeped through
the windows at night. She lay near
even years; but I never spoke to her
life, nor was she ever apprised of my

THE UGLY FAMILY.

an who once sat next to Lord North
e, but with whose person he was un-
enquired, after some preliminary
, the name of the lady sitting on the
e of the house, adding, that she was
oman he ever beheld. "That," re-
rdship, "is my sister, sir!" Con-
he error he had committed, the inter-
mmering, exclaimed, "I do not mean
ut the one seated next to her,"—
ied Lord North, smiling, "That, sir,
Lady North, and we are esteemed the
e in England."

E PICTURE OF SLANDER.

but slander, that serpent, hath stung,
are sharp arrows, a razor her tongue?
f asps her vivid lip loads,
snakes with the spittle of toads;
an open sepulchre, her legs
of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
a scorpion's; like hyena, she'll cry;
of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
f a monkey, the hug of a bear,
a parrot, the chat of a hare;
a magpie, the snout of a hog,
mole, and the tail of a dog;
a tyger's, her forehead is brass,
of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

MISSIONARY PURITY.

A beautiful naked young female savage coming on board a missionary ship, the missionaries had unavoidably an excellent opportunity of surveying her person; "a temptation," says the writer of a missionary journal, "which no one, without great restraints from God's grace, could have resisted."

EFFECTS OF ROUGE.

Walpole says, "the beautiful Lady Coventry killed herself with painting, she bedaubed herself with white so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Wortley Montagu was more prudent, she often went into the hot-bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall."

TASTE FOR DRINKING.

"The Russ loves brandy, Dutchmen beer,
The Indian, rum most mighty,
The Welchman sweet Metheglin quaffs,
The Irish, aquavitæ;
The French extol the Orleans grape,
The Spaniards tipple Sherry;—
The English none of these escape,
For they with all make merry."

WIVES ON TRIAL.

The island of Sky has been ravaged by a feud between the two mighty powers of Macdonald and Macleod. Macdonald having married a Macleod, upon some discontent dismissed her, perhaps because she brought him no children. Before the reign of James the Fifth, a highland laird made a trial of his wife for a certain time, and, if she did not please him, he was then at liberty to send her away. This, however, must always have offended, and Macleod, resenting the injury, whatever were its circumstances, declared that the wedding had been solemnized without a bonfire, but that the separation should be better illuminated; and, raising a little army, set fire to the territories of Macdonald, who returned the visit and prevailed.

ON THE DEATH OF A NOTABLE SCOLD AND A SHREW.

We lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure her soul is not in hell,—
The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she soar'd aloft,
For in the last great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voice,
Rending the clouds in sunder.

VIRGINS AND WIDOWS.

Varro asserts, that virgins marry with grief—widows with pleasure.

AMOROUS BRIBERY.

In the year 1792, a lady of fortune, in Denmark-street, Dublin, having conceived a strong affection for a gentleman at the Irish bar, and not meeting with a reciprocal return, became unhappily deranged in her intellects, from the excess of her love and disappointment. Some curious circumstances relative to this affair transpired afterwards. The lady, unable to make any impression by the ordinary efforts of female practice, sent a confidential maid-servant, with bank-note after bank-note, to the gentleman, till 1,100*l.* had been expended in this species of love-letters. The gentleman possessed too nice a sense of honour to be concerned in so base a communication. The fact was, that the *fille de chambre* deceived her mistress, and had gone so far as to deliver forged letters, thanking her for her favours, and expressing an ardent wish to &c. The servant decamped, and have taken shipping at Dover for F it is supposed, to enjoy her ill-acq The unfortunate young lady since confined in Swift's Lunatic Hospit paroxysms of her grief, gave proo and disordered affection, which bring to mind the merits, the suff virtue of Shakespeare's Ophelia. lady happily recovered

COURT OF CHANCER

In sore affliction, tried by God's
Of patience, Job the great exam
But in those days, a trial more
Had been Job's lot, if God had

CIVIL-LIST.

A nobleman who sported a feroci whiskers, meeting Mr. Curran in D said, "When do you mean to plac on the *peace-establishment?*"—"V your tongue on the *civil list*," was

GOOD-FRIDAY.

A barrister being concerned in he wanted to postpone for a few d Mansfield when he would bring it day next," said his lordship. "Wi consider, my lord, next Friday is —"I don't care for that; the bett deed."—"Well, my lord, you wil you please; but if you do sit on lieve you'll be the first judge who a Good-Friday since Pontius Pila

CERTAIN BENEFIT

The Duchess of Marlborough o duke to take medicine, with he said, "I'll be hanged if it does n able." Dr. Garth, who was pre "Do take it then, my lord duke of use one way or the other."

WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ppening at a public-house, one of the requesting the engineer to play against t; but being told it was in no danger, y for that," said he, "because I have upon it, which I shall never be able

EVE'S CURIOSITY.

Eve would try, but to her cost,
xperiment of evil,
e with gods might wisdom boast,
cunning with the devil—.
on the knowledge she obtain'd;
late she curst the prize:
d she but a fool remain'd,
hould have all been wise.

THE IRISHMAN'S DEATH.

rishman, who was on his death-bed, not seem quite reconciled to the long as going to take, was kindly consol- d-natured friend with the common on, that we must all die *once*. ar, now," answered the sick man, ery thing that vexes me; if I could n times I should not mind it."

A SIMPLE RETORT.

hort stature appearing as evidence ourts, was asked by a gigantic profession he was of? and having vas an attorney; "You a law- ancellor, "why I can put you in Very likely you may," was the a do, you will have *more law* in r your *head*."

WINDOW TAX.

Rigby to Charles Fox, "that t of my light, or that you had belly of your's."—"What," you might lay an additional e."

ERRATUM CORRECTED.

The celebrated Scarron wrote a copy of ver to which he prefixed a dedication in these wor "A Guillemette, *chienne de ma sœur*." — " Guillemette, my sister's bitch." Some time aft having quarrelled with his sister, he collected poems for re-publication, and inserted among th errata, "For *chienne de ma sœur*—read *ma chienn de sœur*—For my sister's bitch, *read* my b—ch a sister."

ON THE INTENDED DEMOLITION OF FRIAR BACON'S STUDY, IN OXFORD.

Roger, if with thy magic glasses,
Running, thou seest below what passes,
As when on earth thou didst decry
With them the wonders of the sky—
Look down on you devoted walls!
Oh! save them e'er thy study falls!
Or to thy vot'ries quick impart
The secret of thy mystic art!
Teach us, ere learning's quite forsaken,
To honour thee, and—save our Bacon.

EQUAL PRIVILEGES.

A naval officer relating his feats to a marshal, said, "that in a sea-fight he had killed 300 men with his own hand."—"And I," said the marshal, "descended through a chimney in Switzerland to visit a pretty girl."—"How could that be?" said the captain, "since there are no chimnies in that country?"—"What, sir," said the marshal, "I have allowed you to kill 300 men in a fight, and surely you may permit me to descend a chimney in Switzerland."

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

"To be disposed of, for the benefit of the poor widow, a blind man's walk in a charitable neighbourhood, the comings-in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a week, with a dog well drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected. For further particulars, inquire at No. 40, Chiswell-street."

ULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

Marshal Tallard was riding with the Marlborough in his carriage, after the f Blenheim. "My lord duke," said the "you have beaten to-day the best troops world."—"I hope," replied the duke, except those who have had the honour of them."

TO A GREAT BEAUTY.

dlock a species of lottery lies,
ere in blanks and in prizes we deal;
ow comes it that you, such a capital prize,
ould so long have remain'd in the wheel?
ver, by Fortune's benignant decree,
o me such a ticket should roll,
sixteenth, good Heavens! is sufficient for me,
For what could I do with the *whole*?

POLITENESS OF A MAYOR.

At the time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses through the kingdom, a mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went out to meet her majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return they passed through a wide brook, when Mr. Mayor's horse several times attempted to drink, and each time his worship checked him; which the queen observing, called out to him, "Mr. Mayor, let your horse drink, Mr. Mayor," but the magistrate, bowing very low, modestly answered, "Nay, nay, may it please your majesty's horse to drink first."

CAUTIOUS HUMANITY.

A tanner one day invited a supervisor to dine with him, and after pushing the bottle about briskly, the supervisor took his leave; but in passing across the tan-yard, he fell into a vat, and called out for the tanner's assistance to get out, but to no purpose; "For," said the tanner, "if I draw any hides without giving the twelve hours' notice, I shall be exchequered and ruined, but *I'll go and inform* the exciseman."

TABLE WIT.

A nobleman once in a large company, and [illegible] patiating about himself, made the following [illegible] mark:—"When I happen to say a *fool*[illegible] I always burst out *laughing*."—"I envy you your happiness, my lord, then," said one of the party, "for you must certainly live the merriest *life* of any man in Europe."

A COUNTRY QUARTER SESSIONS.

Three or four parsons full of October;
Three or four squires between drunk and [illegible]
Three or four lawyers; three or four liars;
Three or four constables; three or four crimes;
Three or four parishes bringing appeals;
Three or four writings and three or four seals;
Tag, rag, and bobtail three or four scores;
Three or four statutes misunderstood;
Three or four paupers all praying for food;
Three or four roads that never were mended;
Three or four scolds, and the sessions are ended.

FOX-HUNTING OR HARE-HUNTING.

Mr. Hare, formerly envoy to Poland, apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings the monied Israelites. One morning as he looking out of the window, he observed [illegible] of the tribe assembled at the door for admis "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "are you hunting, or Hare-hunting this morning?"

DR. REID.

Dr. Reid, well known by his medical in the Monthly Magazine, was request lady of eminence to call at her house. you recollect the address," said she quitted the room, "No. 1, Chesterfield "Madam," said the doctor, "I am admirer of politeness not to remember and I fear too selfish ever to forget

AN ARCH REPLY.

having been much praised for his
ply, a gentleman present observed,
ren were keen in their youth, they
stupid and dull when they advanc-
d *vice versa*. "What a *very sensible*
u have been!" returned the child.

TIPPLING BLACKSMITH.

e blacksmith, by his frequent whets
much, contracted many debts;
he, like some other fools,
s forge and sold off all his tools;
ft that would fetch any price,
as sold, he kept his *vice*.

TOAD-EATING.

f Ireland asked one of his guests at
r, why there were no *toads* in Ire-
he replied, "Because, please your
re are so many *toad-eaters*."

FOUL BREATH.

having a remarkably *bad breath*,
obleman, who asked him where he
have been taking the air this morn-
"which was rather disagreeable
d—d *north-wind* full in my face all
Come, come," replied his lordship,
mplain; by G—d, the *north-wind*
it."

IMPUDENCE.

examining a very young lady, who
in a case of assault, asked her, if
o was assaulted did not give the de-
l language, and utter other words
, the learned counsel, had not *im-*
to repeat them; she replied in the
Will you, madam, be kind enough,
to tell the court what these words
" replied she, "if *you* have
to speak them, how can you

A WAGER.

The bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat.
Up starts his lordship, to the window flies;
And lo! "a race! a race!" in rapture cries.
"Where?" quoth Sir John. "Why see two drops of rain
Start from the summit of the crystal pane.
A thousand pounds, which drop with nimblest force
Performs its current down the slipp'ry course!"
The bets were fix'd; in dire suspense they wait
For vict'ry pendant on the nod of Fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But, ah! the glitt'ring joys of life are short!
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!

ROYAL PUDICITY.

Louis the Eighth, in the midst of his conquests, was seized with a disorder, for which his physicians could prescribe no other remedy than that of breaking the seventh commandment, his queen being then of necessity at Paris, to govern during his absence. He opposed this wicked project; yet, while he was asleep, his courtiers introduced into his chamber a lady of exquisite beauty, who, on his awaking, confessed what she was sent for. "No, my child," said the king, "I had rather die than commit a deadly sin;" and then ordering the girl to be married off, and making his will, die he did.

DANGER OF UPRIGHTNESS.

A judge going the western circuit, had a great stone thrown at his head; but, from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he to his friends, "that had I been an upright judge, I might have been *killed*."

EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

ner time, when leaves grow greene,
blossoms bedeck the tree,
dward wolde a hunting ryde,
e pastime for to see.

hawke and hounde he made him bowne;
th horne, and eke with bowe;
Drayton Basset he took his waye,
ith all his lordes a rowe.

l he had ridden o'er dale and downe
By eight of clock in the day,
nen he was ware of a bold tanner,
Came riding along the waye.

. fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast button'd under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the greene wood spraye?
And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

"God speede, God speede thee," said our king,
"Thou art welcome, syr," sayd hee,
"The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset would'st thou goe,
Fro' the place where thou dost stand?
The next payer of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

"That is an unreadye way," sayd our king,
"Thou doest but jest I see:
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I prny thee wend with mee."

"Away with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner;
"thee out of thy witt;
Brocke my mare,

"Go with me down to Drayton Basset,
No dainties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

"Gramercye for nothing," the tanner replyde,
"Thou payest no fare of mine;
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the king,
"And send them well to priefe."
The tanner wolde faine have been away,
For he weende he had been a thiefe.

"What art thou," he sayde, "thou fine fellow,
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might beseeme a lord to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the roode."
"Then thou playest as many an unthrift does,
And standest in midds of thy goode."

"What tidinges heare you," sayd the kyng,
"As you ryde far and neare?"
"I hear no tidings, sir, by the masse,
But that cow-hides are deare."

"Cowe hides! cowe-hides! what this
those?
I marvell what they be?"
"What art thou a foole?" the tanner re
"I carry one under me."

"What craftsman art thou," sayd the k
"I pray thee tell me trowe."
"I am a harker, sir by trade;
Now tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, sir," quoth
"That am forth of service worne;
And faine I would thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne."

"Marrye, heaven forfend!" the ta
"That thou my prentise were;
Thou woldst spend more good than
By fortye shilling a yere."

I,'' sayd our king,
seeme strange;
better than thy mare,
ne wold change.''

u faine wilt change,
maye wee,
dye, thou proud fellowe,
ot of thee.''

eason,'' sayd the king,
I thee;
n thy mare,
mayst see.''

e is gentle and mild,
fare;
nd wild I wiss;
nd theare.''

u have?'' our king reply'd,
is stound.''
ence, by my faye,
o round.''

of white moneye,
of mee.''
now,'' quoth the tanner,
one pennie.

made a change,
de,
Brocke my mare,
we-hide.''

d the king,
hee;
ld not beare,
mee.''

od cowe-hide,
;
g's saddelle,
te.

ne fellowe,
e;
in, my wife,
on.''

The kinge he took him by the legge;
The tanner a f—— let fall.
'' Nowe marrye, good fellowe,'' sayd the kinge,
'' Thy courtesye is but small.''

When the tanner he was in the kinge's saddelle,
And his foote in the stirrup was;
He marvelled greatly in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cow's-taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne;
He stamped, and stared, and away he ranne,
As the devil had him borne.

The tanner he pull'd, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummel fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His neck he had well-nye brast.

'' Take thy horse again with a vengeance,'' he sayd,
'' With me he shall not byde.''
'' My horse wold have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,
I will have some boote of thee.''

'' What boote wilt thou,'' the tanner replyd,
'' Now tell me in this stounde?''
'' Noe pence nor half-pence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound.''

'' Here's twenty groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine;
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine.''

The kinge set a bugle horn to his mouthe,
And blewe bothe loude and shrille;
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

'' Nowe, out alas!'' the tanner he cryde,
'' That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon comes thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.''

/ are no thieves," the king replyde,
sweare, so mote I thee;
ey are the lords of the north countrey,
re come to hunt with mee."

soone before our king they came,
nd knelt downe on the grounde;
n might the tanner have beene awaye,
le had lever than twenty pounde.

A coller, a coller, here," sayd the king,
A collar he loud did crye;
hen woulde he lever than twentye pounde
He had not been so nighe.

A coller, a coller," the tanner he sayd,
" I trowe it will breede sorrowe;
After a coller, comes a halter,
And I shall be hanged to morrowe."

" Away with thy feare, thou jolly tanner,
For the sport thou hast shewn to me,
I wote no halter thou shalt weare,
But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

" For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside;
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintain thy good cow-hide."

" Gramercye, my liege," the tanner replyde,
" For the favour thou hast me showne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen."

A FAIR OFFER.

A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the west of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at church on a late fast-day, told them that if they went to church, they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work; upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, "that, if he would pay them for over-hours, they would attend likewise at the Methodist chapel in the *evening*."

SWIFT.

An attorney, i
asked him, " Sup
and the devil sho
do you think w
doubt," replied
the lawyers on

C

" How man
in this street,
" without co
me!" says hi
" Well," re
reckon incl

Sarah, I
ed to mak
all her re
she dran
sight it
rishing
guests
sioned
be it
said h
branc
unde

THE OTHER FIG.

r that some years ago, when I knew he world, and thought too much and y of its slightest and least opinion of with an author of much eminence as oet, in the company also of men of y; and much mad mirth, and wit, ting talk we had, too mad and too who could only laugh or wonder in many brilliant imaginations, and striking out of those brisk fiery ir wit,

e and so full of subtle flame,
every one from whom they came
nt to put his whole wit in a jest,
resolv'd to live a fool the rest
ll life.

ear to hear," and took in "jests create a laugh under the ribs of thoughts, and high imaginations, "lift a man to the third heaven of nd thither I was for once lifted. But s of that weak wing, that so much t they soar above the proper level of o much the lower shall they fall be- of their proper resting-ground; and excitement of wine, some men will ir bidden foibles, and the flaws and in their characters, so under the ex- oo much wit, I betrayed one frailty as after supper that a basket of most g figs was put on the friendly board, among other fingers, I was then oderate enough to deduct only one and compressed lumps of luscious- a short time after this, music and h are synonymous, were proposed, mpany left the supper-room for the , with the exception, for two loi- ts, of the hospitable host and myself: short time that I fell from the hea- gh exaltation, and proved myself of the "earth earthly." The basket of figs still stood before me; they were sweet as the lips of Beauty, and tempting as the apples of Eden; and I was born of Eve, and inherited her "prigging tooth." It is no matter where temptation comes from, whether from Turkey or Paradise; if the man Adam to be tempted is ripe for ruin, any wind may shake him off the tree of steadfastness. Every man has his moment of weakness: I had two, and in these I fell.

"I really must take *the other fig*," said I, taking it before the words were out. I had no sooner possession of it, than I blushed with the consciousness that I had committed a sin against self-restraint; and this confusion was increased by observing that the eyes of mine host had followed the act, as if they would inquire into it, and ascertain the true meaning of it, and perhaps set it down over against the credit side of my character. I was too much afraid that I had the weakness of covetousness in my composition, and that I had betrayed it to a man who, though lenient and charitable, and inclined to think well of the slightly faulty, would nevertheless weigh it in the balance of estimation, and value and think of it and me accordingly. I deserved to blush for it, and I did to the bottom of the stairs, as I descended with him, chewing the sweet fruit of mine offence, and the bitter consequence of it—an uneasy thought of shame. But out of the greatest evil we may deduce good; and from the knowledge of our weakness we may derive strength. One thing only comforted me in my acute disgrace: I had the courage to resist making an equivocatory apology for the act, which I was for a moment tempted to make; for the Devil, who has his *good things* at his tongue's end, as well as much better beings, suggested, in a whisper, and with a nudge at my elbow, that I took it merely to have occasion for rewarding one of the wits with "a fig for his joke," mentioning him by name as pat as if he had it in his books, though I doubted his having it there at all; and if he had, I'll be his surety that all the rest of the page where it was

written was blank from offences. I thanked him for the suggestion. "But, no," I whispered to him, "there is more comeliness in a naked fault than in the best attired lie in the world; so I'll even let it stand naked as its mother Eve, who was the first weak creature that took *the other fig*." And here the Devil chuckled; for he recollected the good fortune that fell into the first trap he baited with sin, and was not disappointed that he had set one in vain for me.

I have never forgotten this little incident of my incidental life; it has served to check me, when I have coveted that which I did not want. And now, when I learn that some one, always famous for his covetousness, has at last been detected in some flagrant dereliction from honesty, I do not wonder at it; for I attribute it to a long unrestrained habit of taking *the other fig*.

When I am told that a great gourmand of my acquaintance has died over his dessert table, I am not surprised, for I have myself noticed that he always would eat *the other fig*.

When I hear that a man, once celebrated for the expensiveness of his living, and luxuriousness of his table, now wants a common plain dinner, I say, "It is a pity, but he always would have *the other fig* on the table."

When I see a sensible man daily and nightly staggering through the streets in drunken forgetfulness of himself and of the divine property of his being, and degrading the god-like uprightness of man to the grovelling attitude of the brute, I sigh and say, "This fellow, too, cannot refrain from *the other fig*."

When I look on the miserable miser, who, possessed of gold and land, yet lives without money or house, using not the one as it should alone be used, and enjoying not the other as it should be enjoyed, in all comfort and convenience; and when I see that, though having more than he will use, he covets more, that he may still have more than he can use, I scorn him as a robber of the poor, not to make himself richer than they, but poorer, and more thankless and comforth say, "This poor rich wretch must gras *other fig*."

When I hear of some wealthy veter with the four quarters of the wide world, ing forth again from his ark of safety, a of his old age, on his promised last voya never returning to it, but perishing thro peril of the way, I cannot but pity the m could not lay up in the safer harbour o because he still craved after *the other fig*.

When I behold some swaggering, heavy gamester enter one of those temples, wh tune snatches the golden offerings from th of her blind fools, to fling them at the fre knaves that see, and look at him issui thence without a "beggarly denier" to b with a dinner, I cannot help pitying him, should risk the fortune he had, for *the o* which he has not.

When I see some mighty conqueror having many thrones under his domini many sceptres in his hand, struggling f thrones and sceptres, and one after an those he held and commanded, in his ra eagerness to snatch at and mount to those h have, I cannot pity him if he loses so mas possess *the other fig*.

When I behold a rich merchant made the extravagance and boldness of his trad lations, when, if he could have been cont the wealth he had, he might have lived ously, and died rich, I cannot help think pity that he could not be content without *fig*.

When I hear that a rich man has done action for the sake of some petty penny gain, I scorn him that he should so much *other fig*.

When I see a man already high in ra more ennobled by descent than desert, and stooping to a little dispenser's heels f new honour, which is but a new disgrac

d, it is difficult not to despise him,
o honoured, who will so degrade
sake of *the other fig.*
old an old man panting and chas-
pretty, fluttering, light-winged but-
and perhaps panting and toiling
in, or, if he comes up with her, gets
but her scorn, I cannot but laugh
nan make himself so ridiculous for
other fig.
nclude, when I see the detected
in fetters to the dungeons of du-
ro myself. "Ay, this is one of the
quences of a wilful indulgence in

VIL OUTWITTED. A TALE.

d on this side Trent,
arn'd, benevolent,
life, in deed, word, thought,
n the truths he taught:
rge, his income small,
wanted wherewithal;
every merry tide
ld carefully provide.
stor; but his sheep,
no bounds would keep;
ck, that every day
d would go astray.
his cushion, fretted, vext,
r again each useful text;
horted, all in vain,
as the more profane:
ould have their wicked will,
Satan triumph'd still.
each expedient fail'd,
neasures nought avail'd,
his head to try
wit and raillery.
n was by nature gay,
nd joke, as well as pray;
e hide-bound folk, who chace
mile from their dull face,
ide zeal, ill-nature grace.

At christenings and each jovial feast,
He singled out the sinful beast:
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very sly,
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd, where truth could never hit;
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole parish was with ease
Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chrysostom and Austin fail.

ELWES THE MISER.

One very dark night, Mr. Elwes, hurrying along the street, ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. Colonel Timms, at whose house he was, insisted on an apothecary being sent for, with which Mr. Elwes reluctantly complied. The apothecary, on his arrival, began to expatiate on the dangerous consequences of breaking the skin, the peculiar bad appearance of the wounds, and the good fortune of his being sent for. "Very probably," said old Elwes, "but, in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement; I will take one leg, and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please to yours, and I shall do nothing to mine; and I'll wager you your bill that my leg gets well the first." He used to boast that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

CLERICAL SHEEP-SHEARING.

A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled "an unfaithful shepherd," from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying, he was always with them *at* "*shearing time.*"

THE SINGLE-SPEECH PARROT.

There is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only the words, "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A mogul asked the parrot, "Are you worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed now of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

THE ONLY CONQUEST.

A facetious abbé, having engaged a box at the Opera-house, at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a mareschal, as remarkable for his ungentlemanlike behaviour, as for his cowardice and meanness. The abbé, for this unjustifiable breach of good-manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which was granted. When the day of trial arrived, he pleaded to the following effect: "'Tis not of Monsieur Suffrein, who acted so nobly in the East Indies—it is not of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca—it is not of the Comte de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of Mareschal ———, who *took* my box at the opera-house, and never *took* any thing else." This stroke of satire so sensibly convinced the court, that he had already inflicted sufficient punishment, that they refused to grant him a verdict.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN JAMES.

Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Posterity, let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

EXEMPLARY LIBERALITY.

Marshal Villars, upon the death of the Vendôme, in the reign of Louis the XI made Governor of Provence in his ro when he went to take possession of his vernment, the deputies of the province m the usual present of a purse full of *louis d* the person who had the honour to presen to him, "Here, my lord, is such another that we gave to the Duke de Vendôm like you, he came to be our governor; prince, after accepting of it as a testimo regard, very generously returned it."— said Marshal Villars, putting the purse pocket, "M. Vendôme was a most n man; he has not left his fellow behind."

IRISH DREAMING.

An English officer being quartered i town in Ireland, he and his lady were besieged as they got into their carriage, beggar-woman, who kept her post at the sailing them daily with fresh importunitie charity and patience became exhausted the petitioner's perseverance. One mor oratrix began—"Oh, my lady! succes ladyship, and success to your honour' this morning, of all the days in the year did I not *dream* last night that her lady me a pound of tea, and your honour g pound of tobacco."—"But, my good said the general, "don't you know th go by the rule of contrary?"—"Do the joined the old woman, "then it must m your honour will give me the tea, and ship the tobacco."

A GREAT COMPOSER.

Dormouse esteems it wond'rous odd,
That people, when he preaches, nod,
As if he was a very proser.
Take comfort, Dormouse!—Though t
Your oratory, you may claim
The merit of a rare *composer*.

IRACLE ENHANCED.

ending to describe the miracle of
ng to the preaching of St. Anthony
ed the *lobsters* stretching out of the
ng probably never seen them in
e. Being questioned on this, and
ould justify his representing the
I, he extricated himself by observ-
niracle was the greater."

HE STAGE-COACH.

l a far distant friend,
Bull-and-gate, I send,
e at all events engage
ther in the Chester stage;
ns—its done as soon as said—
ure when once the money's paid;
p, impatient of delay,
, and swears he cannot stay;
urs ere the break of day.)
nd sleep, thrice call'd at length I

h out my arms, half clos'd my eyes,
thorn, enter the machine,
ace, now cordially! between
ns of excessive bulk,
tter too, of meaner folk;
ode, jamm'd in on t'other side
, and a fair one, ride;
and in whose lap a boy——
ternal, and her only joy:
ious number to complete,
llord for that bodkin seat;
v'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
s face by turns we're thrown;
colds, that coughs, and Captain

eams, and has a thousand fears;
p landlord, trained in other lore,
, nor yet asham'd to snore;
ky, in his mother's lap,
up at once three meals of pap;
! next time I do protest, sir,
blin, ere I'll ride to *Chester.*

A GOOD CHARACTER.

Lord Mansfield had discharged a coachman whom he suspected of having embezzled his corn; a short time afterwards he received a letter from a merchant in the city, requesting a character of the dismissed servant: his lordship accordingly wrote an answer, that he was a very sober man, and an excellent coachman, but that he believed he had cheated him. Some time after this, going to Caen-wood, his lordship met his old coachman, who accosted him, expressing himself glad to see him in such good health, and thanked him for the character he had given him, in consequence of which he had got an excellent place.—"Your lordship," he said, "has been pleased to say I was a sober man, and a good coachman, but that you believed I had cheated you; my master observed, that if I answered the two first descriptions, the last he thought little of, for he did not think the devil himself could cheat your lordship."

SCARCE ARTICLES IN A REPUBLIC.

George the First of England having frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoetsluys, was, in one of his journeys, determined to avoid it by not stopping there. It was a fine summer's day; and while the servants were changing the horses, and stowing his baggage in the coach, he stopped at the door of the principal inn, and asked for three fresh eggs; which having eaten, he enquired what he had to pay for them. "Two hundred florins," was the reply. "How!" cried the astonished monarch, "why so? eggs are not scarce at Helvoetsluys."—"No," replied the landlord, "but kings are."

TO A PARISH-CLERK.

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By Jove 'twould have made him mad.



PROOFS OF INSANITY.

In a cause respecting a will, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) a lunatic; and, amongst many other things, it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, &c. into the streets, as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping *physic* into the street be any proof of insanity."—"True, my lord," replied the counsel; "but sweeping the *pots* away certainly was."

LORD THURLOW'S RELIGION.

Mr. Tierney once observed of Lord Thurlow, who was much given to swearing and parsimony, that he was a rigid disciplinarian in his religion, for that in his house it was *passion-week in the parlour, and lent in the kitchen, all the year round.*

FIREWORKS.

An eminent director of fireworks being in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph in the abbey on Mr. Purcell's monument—

"He is gone to that place where only his own
Harmony can be exceeded."

"Lord, sir," said one of the ladies, "the same epitaph might serve for you, by altering a single word—

"He is gone to that place where only his own
Fire-works can be exceeded."

SLOTH THE CAUSE OF ENNUI.

Of those who time so ill support,
The cal lation's wrong
Else, why is *life* accounted short,
While days appear so long?

By action 'tis we life enjoy;
In idleness we're dead;
The soul's a fire will self destroy,
If not with fuel fed. VOLTAIRE.

RIGID ECONOMY.

The steward of the Duke of Guise t
to him the necessity there was of mo
in his household, gave him a list of m
whose attendance was superfluous.
after reading it, said—"It is very tru
do without all these people, but have
them if they can do *without* me?"

UNIVERSITIES.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridg
In learning and science so greatly abo
Since some carry thither a little each
And we meet with so few, who bring

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

On a lady's entering the assemb
York, Sterne asked her name: he wa
a Mrs. Hobson; on which he said, "I
heard of Hobson's choice, but he n
before."

SKIN AND GRIEF.

Thy nags (the leanest things alive
So very hard thou lov'st to drive
I heard thy anxious coachman sa
It cost thee more in whips than h

INCOME-TAX.

Horne Tooke is said to have given
under the property-tax, as having a
only sixty pounds a year. Being,
quence, summoned before the commis
found fault with his return, and de
explain how he could live in the s
with so small an income; he replie
had *much more reason* to be dissatis
smallness of his income than they had
their enquiry there were three wa
people contrived to live above t
namely, by *begging, borrowing*, and
he left it to their sagacity, which of th
he employed.

UP A SAND-BAG, AT A CITY-FEAST.

one who will absorb like a bag
st, all the wine you can pour into
ave in your party half-a-dozen
rs, whose heads are liquor-proof.
ual distances round your table;
ge barrel bellied Common Coun-
ed, and have loaded their first
r chosen marksmen are to begin
challenge those fellows alter-
ers of port and sherry. Let all
lt as pickle, and all the meat-
ade-dishes, as hot as pepper can
, as your guests get thirsty and
them be plied alternately with
r beer, brown stout, rough cyder,
keeping up the fire of port and
Rifle Corps. Before the cloth is
be induced to swallow a large
y, just to settle his stomach and
he instant the table is cleared, at
bumper-rounds of claret; give
g time, if you do they will drink
l then, before the sixth bumper-
d, their maws will ferment, they
k pigs, and, unable to speak, or
tumble under the table, or stag-
en you will have time to enjoy
is, and acquire *gout*, to relish a

IAGES IN HEAVEN.

a reverend dean,
ason can be given,
ge is a holy thing,
ave none in heaven?"

" said he, " no women there,"
return'd the jest;
re are, but I'm afraid
ot find a priest."

REPUBLICANISM

After the death of Charles the First, the Court of King's Bench was called the Court of Public Bench, and some republicans were so cautious of acknowledging monarchy any where, that in repeating the Lord's Prayer, instead of saying, " Thy kingdom come," they changed it to " Thy *Common-wealth* come."

A PATIENT COMPANION.

A gentleman who once introduced his brother to Johnson, was very earnest to recommend him to the doctor's attention; which he did by saying, " Doctor, when we have sat together some time, you'll find my brother very entertaining."—" Sir," said Johnson, " *I can wait.*"

A FRIENDLY WISH.

Two Irishmen one day meeting, " I am very ill, Pat," said one, rubbing his head. " Then," replied the other, " I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse."

PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.

On account of the great number of suicides, a member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make it a capital offence.

When Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, brought in his bill for restricting the liberty of the press, a member moved as an addition, that all *anonymous works* should have the name of the author printed on the title-page.

PICTURE-ROOM.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. " Faith, gentlemen," said he, " if you all go in, it will not hold you."

ON THE PHRASE " KILLING TIME.

There's scarce a point wherein mankind agree
So well as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing, but, when I've a mind,
I *think* I can be even with mankind.

THE OATH OF DUNMOW.

To reward chastity of mind, as well as body, an institution was established, giving to the happy possessors of conjugal virtue a flitch of bacon. In 1510, Thomas Lefuller, of Coggeshall, Essex, came to the priory of Dunmow, and required to have some of the bacon. He was, according to the form of the charter, sworn before the prior of the house and the convent, and before a multitude of neighbours; when he received a gammon of bacon. The oath of Dunmow was this—

"Ye shall swear, by the custom of our confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression
Since you were married to your wife,
Or household travels, or contentious strife:
Or otherways at bed or boarde,
Offended each other in deede or worde;
Or, since the parish-clerk said 'Amen,'
Wished yourselves unmarried agen;
Or, in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But, continued true and in desire
As when you join'd hands in the holy quire.
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear;
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bere it home with love and good leave;
For this is our custom in Dunmow, well known,
Tho' the sport be our's, the bacon's your own."

OBEDIENCE OF WIVES.

In the Unitarian prayer-book, used by the American states of New England, the word *obey* is left out of the matrimonial service. Saint Paul, however, says, "Let the wife be subject to her own husband in every thing."

CONFESSION OF TALLEYRAND, OF HIS EXPLOITS FROM THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN TO TWENTY-ONE.

During five years, six husbands, from jealousy on my account, blew out their brains; *and eighteen* lovers perished in duels for ladies who were my mistresses. Ten wives, d
me, retired in despair to convents. T
married ladies, from doubt of my fidel
stancy, either broke their hearts, o
themselves in desperation. All these
sons of *haut ton*; and, in their numbe
therefore include the hundreds of the
or of chambermaids, who, forsaken by
consolation from an halter, or in the r
I have, besides, during the same sh
made twenty-four husbands happy f
forty maids solitary and miserable mo

CHINESE MAXIM.

The tongue of women is their sword never suffer it to grow rusty.

ON MARRIAGE.

God was the first that marriage did
By making one, two; and two, one

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

A young fellow, called handsome
walking in the Park, with some of h
ance, and overtook three girls; on
pretty; they followed them, but th
away, and the company grew tired
them, all but Tracy. He followed he
hall-gate, where he gave a porter a cr
them: the porter hunted them—he
The girls ran all round Westminster,
the Haymarket, where the porter ca
them. He told the pretty one she m
him, and kept her talking till Tra
quite out of breath, and exceedingly i
insisted on knowing where she lived,
refused to tell him; and, after muc
went to the house of one of her comp
Tracy with them. He there made h
her family, a butter woman, in Craven
engaged her to meet him next mor
Park; but before night he wrote he
letters, and, in the last, offered tw
pounds a-year to her, and a hundre
Signora la Madre. Griselda made a

ker's wife, who told her that the
rtainly in love enough to marry her,
letermine to be virtuous and refuse
'Aye," says she, "but if I should, and
im by it." However, the measures
et-council were decided for virtue;
e met Tracy next morning in the
s convoyed by her sister and brother-
tuck close to the letter of her repu-
ast, as an instance of prodigious com-
told him, that if he would accept
as a butter-woman's daughter could
should be welcome. Away they
raven-street; the mother borrowed
buy a leg of mutton, and they kept
r drinking till twelve at night, when
mittee waited on the faithful pair to
f May-fair. The doctor was in bed,
would not get up to marry the king,
d a brother, over the way, who per-
and who did. The mother borrowed
eets, and they consummated at her
he next day they went to their own
two or three days the scene grew
the husband, coming home one night,
ld bear it no longer. "Bear! bear
Why, to be teazed by all my acquaint-
arrying a butter-woman's daughter.
ned to go to France, and will leave
me allowance."—"Leave me! why
ney you shall leave me? I will go
." What! you love me then?"—"No
her I love you or not, but you shan't
me." And they are gone! If you
dy that proposes marrying and tra-
ink they cannot do it in a more com-
ner.

UGHT; OR, A SONG OF SIMILES.

the fair Narcissa cries,
Sir?—"Like your eyes—
—'tis like a key—
e—'tis like a flea—
'Tis like a beggar—l
'Tis like the Dutch—
'Tis like a kilderkin
'Tis like a Doctor—l
Why are my eyes, Si
For that's the Thoug
"Ah! witness every pang
The deaths they give, the li
A sword is like a chair
Because, 'tis most an
'Tis like a key, for 't
'Tis like a pur
'Tis like a flea,
'Tis often draw
Why like a b
'Tis often car
'Tis like the sun, because it gilt;
Besides, it travels in a *belt*.
'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
Because that state, whenever we
A push for our own int'rest make,
Does instantly our sides forsake."
The moon?—"Why, when all 's said and done
A sword is very like the moon;
For if his Majesty (God bless him)
When County Sheriff comes t' address him,
Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
On him, before him kneeling low,
This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the glory to the Knight (night);
'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
For its not long in drawing out.
'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
But why a sword is like a whale
Is no such easy thing to tell;
"But since all swords are swords, d' ye see,
Why, let it then a backsword be,
Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
To raise up somewhat like a whale."

—noon—
—
—
e;
n thro' one;
d,
."
hall hear;
lay'r;

LEGACY TO A WIFE.

Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made w
uneasy by Elizabeth, my wife, for many y

from our marriage, by her turbulent behaviour; for she was not content with despising my admonitions, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse in her nature, that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be born to be a plague to me; the strength of Sampson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Hermogenes, could not have been sufficient to subdue her; for no skill or force in the world would make her good; and, as we have lived several years separate, and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me; therefore I give her one shilling only.

MUTUAL LONGING.

A pregnant lady, dining with a bishop, took a sudden longing to an elegant silver tureen, then on the table. When she returned, her indisposition alarmed her husband; at length she explained the cause of it, and even prevailed on him to go to the bishop, and acquaint him with it. The bishop was too gallant to refuse a lady in her situation any thing, and sent it. She was delighted; she thanked the good bishop for it. At length her accouchement took place, and she went abroad. The bishop then sent a polite letter, congratulating her on getting abroad; requested she would return the tureen, as he now, in his turn, began to long for it; but that, upon any future occasion, if she should again long for it, it was at her service upon such terms.

LILLY'S WIFE.

Lilly, the almanack-maker, in the history of his life, makes the following item of his wife:—"Feb. 16, 165½, my second wife died, for whose death I shed no tears. I had £500 with her, as her portion; but she, and her poor relations, spent me a thousand pounds. *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto; sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper et in secula seculorum.*"

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE. DRINKING

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin, so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enou
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my pa
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and w
Ev'n as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bo
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wi
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

OF CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

extraordinary entry appears in
r of Bermondsey, in 1604:

August.

solemne vowe, made betwixt a
the man having beene long ab-
ch the woman beinge married to
e her again as followeth.

ie Man's Speech.

beloved wife, I am right sorie
ge absented my sealfe from thee,
uldest be occasioned to take an-
usband; therefore, I do nowe
, in the sight of God, and of this
thee againe as mine owne; and
rgive thee, but also dwell with
ther duties unto thee as I pro-
inge.

Woman's Speech.

oved husband, I am right sorie
absence, taken another man to
but here, before God and this
nounce and forsake him, and do
ay sealfe onlie unto thee during
m all duties which I first pro-
our marriage.

The Prayer.

we beseech thee to pardon our
us grace ever hereafter to live
eare, and to perform the holy
e, one to another, accordinge as
thy holie word; for thy dear
Amen.

udes thus—

August, 1604, Ralphe Good-
irish of Barkinge, in Thames-
eth, his wife, weare agreed to
thereupon gave their hands one
g, either of them, a solemn vow
resence of

WILLIAM STERE, Parson,
EDWARD COKER, and
RICHARD EIRE, Clerk.

This difficult case of conscience must be left to the casuists. The poor substitute-husband, somehow, does not appear in the business; his renunciation of the lady was to be expected, if he acquiesced in the transfer.

ON A COVETOUS OLD PARSON.

Cries Spintext in spleen, "This public donation,
Methinks, savours much of vain ostentation;
God bless me, five pounds, why the sum is immense,
And for pity, mere pity! 'tis shew and pretence;
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows
What my right hand is doing, my left never knows;
All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say;
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
That his parish ne'er sees, nor the poor ever feel 'em,
And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal 'em.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Menalcas comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and examining himself further, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he finds a coach, which taking for his own he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends *the staircase*, and runs through all the chambers

with the greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in, Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription; a nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: "I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter." His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My Lord, I received your Grace's commands with an entire submission to——" If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate; it is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him; the truth of it is, *his eyes are open, but he makes* no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any ma else; he came once from his co his own footmen undertook to ro ceeded; they held a flambeau to bad him deliver his purse; he di home told his friends he had be desired to know the particular vants," said Menalcas, "for they

THE SUITOR.

Lucas, with ragged coat, att
My lord's levee; and, as he
The gaping wounds expose
All else beneath as ragged t
But hark the peer: "My fr
By great affairs I'm call'd a
Attend to-morrow at this ho
Your suits shall claim my at
The crowd, retiring, thanks
Save Lucas, who, behind the
Desponding loiter'd, cries
"Why, Lucas, do you doub
No, sir, 'tis too well unders
To-morrow!"—Here his ga
Alas! my lord! can I be m
To-morrow I shall have no

A HARD MASTER

A theatrical manager, one e band was playing an overture, horn players, and asked why the ing. They said they had tw "Rest!" says he, "I'll have n pany; I pay you for *playing* not

APPROPRIATE PRES

On the City of London pre Keppel with the freedom in a bo and Lord Rodney in a gold box:

Each admiral's defective pa
Satiric cits, you've told:
The wealthy Keppel wante
The gallant Rodney, *gold*.

THE COMPOSITION OF WINE.

Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of a
f Madeira wine, presented to him by an
of the company's service, said, "he thought
ice extracted from women's tongues, and
hearts; for after he had drunk enough of it,
ld talk for ever, and fight the devil."

BOX-LOBBY LOUNGERS.

hearing two worthless cowards challenge
other in Drury-lane theatre, a gentleman
nt wrote the following stanzas:—

Drury's lobby, Tom and Dick
Pull'd each the other's nose;
t, if Dick or Tom was right,
Pray who the devil knows?

am a gentleman!" cried Dick,
"And so," quoth Tom, "am I!"
strove to hide his trembling heart,
hile each roar'd out—"You lie!"

said, "I'm cousin to Lord Cog."
swore, "he roll'd in riches;"
knit his black Patrician brows,
Tom pull'd up his breeches.

f this palsied pair should meet,
ll'd by common sneers,
, or if *both* were shot,
who the devil cares?

AFFECTATION.

s the world is, I find by very strict ob-
pon virtue and vice, that if men ap-
worse than they really are, I should
ck than at present I am obliged to
ur their reformation. They have ge-
n up a kind of inverted ambition,
en faults and imperfections of which
ecent. The first of this order of men
ludinarians, who are never in health;
of want of stomach or rest every day
nd then devour all which comes be-
fore them. Lady Dainty is convinced, that it
necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of orde
and to preserve that character, she dines eve
day in her closet at twelve, that she may becon
her table at two, and be unable to eat in publi
About five years ago, I remember it was th
fashion to be short-sighted. A man would no
own an acquaintance until he had first examine
him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the
playhouse, you might see tubes immediately le-
velled at her from every quarter of the pit and
side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is
out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the
blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a
janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have
formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of
a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear
he should be thought to have an occasion for it,
or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple.
I have considered but could never find out the
bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a
Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a
bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion
to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable
cripples, I know no foundation for their beha-
viour, without it may be supposed that in this
warlike age, some think a cane the next honour
to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have
known run from one limb or member to another.
Before the Limpers came in, I remember a race
of Lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to
particular letters in our language; some never
uttered the letter *H*; and others had as mortal an
aversion to *S*. Others have had their fashionable
defect in their ears, and would make you repeat
all you said twice over. I know an ancient
friend of mine, whose table is every day sur-
rounded with flatterers, that makes use of this,
sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others
as an art, to make them repeat their commenda-
tions. Such affectations have been indeed in the
world in ancient times; but they fell into them
out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a
wry neck, which made it the fashion in his cou

arry their heads on one side when they came the presence. One who thought to outshine whole court, carried his head so over-comisantly, that this martial prince gave him so at a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the art upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffeeouses, and in his degrees of understanding sets p for a freethinker; though it can be proved ipon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words, "for ever and aye," and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refusal. The next to these, are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them; when, at the same time, go to their houses, and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and are as fond as an alderman. I do not know, but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellaw, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shews itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild, and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal en-

ADVICE TO LOVE

Poor Hal caught his death, standi
Expecting till midnight when Nan
But fatal his patience, as cruel th
And curs'd was the weather th
man's flame.
Whoe'er thou art that read'st the
Make love at home, and go to be

COPY OF A LETTER OF APPLIC
SHOEMAKER'S WIFE, TO A
HER DECEASED HUS

Madam,—My husband is dead,
thing at all; for Thomas Wild, c
will keep doing for me the same
and he can work a great deal be
poor man, at the last, as I have
because of his age and ailment
your ladyship's custom. From y
vant,

THE BISHOP AND THE

A German clown, at work i
his bishop pass by, attended b
a peer, he could not forbear la
loud, that the reverend gentle
son of it. The clown answered
I think of St. Peter and St. P
such an equipage."—"How i
shop.—"Do you ask how
"They were ill-advised to
throughout the world, when
of the Christian church, and
Christ, the king of kings; a
our bishop, go so well mou
train of Hectors, that thou r
of the realm, than a pastor
this his reverence replied,
dost not consider that I a
baron, as well as thy bisho
more than before; and th
reason of it, he answered
and the baron, which yo
hell, where will the bishe

ND, OR THE SOW'S REVENGE.

London liv'd a boor,
: dozen hogs, or more;
from care and strife,
s joke, and lov'd his wife.
ll women, fond of sway,
hene'er she had her way
ill think I deal in fiction)
et with contradiction:
n as the swine she fed,
ould be driv'n nor led;
Hodge, who knew her whim,
r row'd against the stream.
Nature's primal law,
re ever in the straw;
o genial fate decreed)
w and numerous breed.
r came, sedate and kind,
not far behind;
orth and prime he knew,
ike, would have his due.
e hour with anxious ken;
r warm at number ten;
igs he vowed the sweeter,
owed them time to litter.
with smile and bow polite,
e claim'd his custom'd right;
red, in accents mild,
darling wife and child:
ears, and turnips grew,
were old or new.
om custom took the hint,
vain a priest to stint;
rev'rence took his swig,
aside, and brought the pig.
cried the parson, "let us see
the church and me;
nd, 'twill never do;
an and sickly too.
't has been confess'd,
er claim the best."
it o'er and o'er;
ig, and all but swore.

"Such pig for me; why, man alive,
Ne'er from this moment hope to thrive;
Think you for this I preach and pray?
Hence! bring me better tythes, I say."
Hodge heard, and, tho' by nature warm,
Replied, "kind sir, I meant no harm;
Since what I proffer you refuse,
The stye is open, pick and chuse."
Pleas'd with the offer, in he goes—
His heart with exultation glows;
He rolls his eye, his lips he licks,
And scarce can tell on which to fix;
At length he cries, "Heaven save the king!
This rogue in black is just the thing!
Hence shall I gain a rich regale!"
Nor more, but seiz'd it by the tail.
Loud squeak'd the pig; the sow was near—
The piercing sound assail'd her ear;
Eager to save her darling young,
Fierce on the bending priest she sprung;
Full in the mire his reverence cast,
Then seiz'd his breech and held him fast
The parson roar'd, surpris'd to find
A foe so desperate close behind;
On Hodge, on Madge, he calls for aid,
But both were deaf to all he said.
The scene a numerous circle draws,
Who hail the sow with loud applause;
Pleas'd they beheld his rev'rence writhe,
And swore 'twas fairly tythe for tythe.
"Tythe!" cried the parson, "Tythe, d'ye say.
See here—one half is rent away!"
The case, 'tis true, was most forlorn;
His gown, his wig, his breech was torn;
And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,
The pig was lost amidst the scuffle.
"Give, give me which you please," he cried;
"Nay, pick and choose," still Hodge replied.
"Choose! honest friend; alas! but how?
Heaven shield me from your murdering sow.
When tythes invite, in spite of foes,
I dare take Satan by the nose!
Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture;
But who that dreadful stye would enter?

PROOFS OF INSANITY.

In a cause respecting a will, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an apothecary's wife) a lunatic; and, amongst many other things, it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, &c. into the streets, as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping *physic* into the street be any proof of insanity."—"True, my lord," replied the counsel; "but sweeping the *pots* away certainly was."

LORD THURLOW'S RELIGION.

Mr. Tierney once observed of Lord Thurlow, who was much given to swearing and parsimony, that he was a rigid disciplinarian in his religion, for that in his house it was *passion-week in the parlour, and lent in the kitchen, all the year round.*

FIREWORKS.

An eminent director of fireworks being in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph in the abbey on Mr. Purcell's monument—

"He is gone to that place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded."

"Lord, sir," said one of the ladies, "the same epitaph might serve for you, by altering a single word—

"He is gone to that place where only his own Fire-works can be exceeded."

SLOTH THE CAUSE OF ENNUI.

Of those who time so ill support,
The calculation's wrong;
Else, why is *life* accounted short,
While days appear so long?

By action 'tis we life enjoy;
In idleness we're dead;
The soul's a fire will self destroy,
If not with fuel fed. VOLTAIRE.

RIGID ECONOMY.

The steward of the Duke of Guise represented to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of many persons whose attendance was superfluous. The Duke, after reading it, said—"It is very true that I can do without all these people, but have you considered them if they can do *without me?*"

UNIVERSITIES.

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge proudly
In learning and science so greatly abound;
Since some carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few, who bring any [illegible]

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

On a lady's entering the assembly-room at York, Sterne asked her name: he was told it was a Mrs. Hobson; on which he said, "he had often heard of Hobson's choice, but he never knew before."

SKIN AND GRIEF.

Thy nags (the leanest things alive),
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

INCOME-TAX.

Horne Tooke is said to have given in [illegible] under the property-tax, as having an income of only sixty pounds a year. Being, in consequence, summoned before the commissioners, who found fault with his return, and desired him to explain how he could live in the style he did with so small an income; he replied, that he had *much more reason* to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had, with all their enquiry, there were three ways by which people contrived to live above their income, namely, by *b-gging, borrowing,* and *stealing*; and he left it to their sagacity, which of these he employed.

TO SOW UP A SAND-BAG, AT A CITY-FEAST.

t to say, one who will absorb like a bag
r *sawdust*, all the wine you can pour into
ways have in your party half-a-dozen
old topers, whose heads are liquor-proof.
n at equal distances round your table;
your huge barrel bellied Common Coun-
e seated, and have loaded their first
n your chosen marksmen are to begin
, and challenge those fellows alter-
bumpers of port and sherry. Let all
as salt as pickle, and all the meat-
ber made-dishes, as hot as pepper can
and, as your guests get thirsty and
, let them be plied alternately with
ester beer, brown stout, rough cyder,
ill keeping up the fire of port and
ur *Rifle Corps*. Before the cloth is
ach be induced to swallow a large
dy, just to settle his stomach and
The instant the table is cleared, at
h bumper-rounds of claret; give
ng time, if you do they will drink
d then, before the sixth bumper-
d, their maws will ferment, they
k pigs, and, unable to speak, or
tumble under the table, or stag-
en you will have time to enjoy
, and acquire *gout*, to relish a

GES IN HEAVEN.

reverend dean,
n can be given,
is a holy thing,
none in heaven?"

id he, "no women there."
p'd the jest;
e, but I'm afraid
l a priest."

REPUBLICANISM

After the death of Charles the First, t
of King's Bench was called the Court o
Bench, and some republicans were so cu
acknowledging monarchy any where, tha
peating the Lord's Prayer, instead of
"Thy kingdom come," they changed it to
Common-wealth come."

A PATIENT COMPANION.

A gentleman who once introduced his b
to Johnson, was very earnest to recommen
to the doctor's attention; which he did by sa
"Doctor, when we have sat together some t
you'll find my brother very entertaining.
"Sir," said Johnson, "*I can wait.*"

A FRIENDLY WISH.

Two Irishmen one day meeting, "I am very
Pat," said one, rubbing his head. "Then,"
plied the other, "I hope you may keep so—f
fear of being worse."

PARLIAMENTARY BULLS.

On account of the great number of suicides, a
member moved for leave to bring in a bill to make
it a capital offence.

When Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, brought
in his bill for restricting the liberty of the press, a
member moved as an addition, that all *anonymous*
works should have the name of the author printed
on the title-page.

PICTURE-ROOM.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-
room, several persons desired to see it at the same
time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all
go in, it will not hold you."

ON THE PHRASE "KILLING TIME."

There's scarce a point wherein mankind agree
So well as in their boast of killing me.
I boast of nothing, but, when I've a mind,
I think I can be even with mankind.

IE OATH OF DUNMOW.

chastity of mind, as well as body, an
as established, giving to the happy
f conjugal virtue a flitch of bacon.
omas Lefuller, of Coggeshall, Essex,
e priory of Dunmow, and required to
of the bacon. He was, according to
f the charter, sworn before the prior of
and the convent, and before a multitude
ours; when he received a gammon of
The oath of Dunmow was this—

all swear, by the custom of our confession,
u never made any nuptial transgression
ou were married to your wife,
sehold travels, or contentious strife:
erways at bed or boarde,
ded each other in deede or worde;
ince the parish-clerk said 'Amen,'
ed yourselves unmarried agen;
in a twelvemonth and a day,
ented not in thought any way;
, continued true and in desire
when you join'd hands in the holy quire.
to these conditions, without all fear,
f your own accord you will freely swear;
gammon of bacon you shall receive,
and bere it home with love and good leave;
For this is our custom in Dunmow, well known,
Tho' the sport be our's, the bacon's your own."

OBEDIENCE OF WIVES.

In the Unitarian prayer-book, used by the American states of New England, the word *obey* is left out of the matrimonial service. Saint Paul, however, says, "Let the wife be subject to her own husband in every thing."

CONFESSION OF TALLEYRAND, OF HIS EXPLOITS FROM THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN TO TWENTY-ONE.

five years, six husbands, from jea- ; blew out their brains; duels for ladies who were my mistresses. Ten wives, me, retired in despair to convents. married ladies, from doubt of my fi stancy, either broke their hearts, themselves in desperation. sons of *haut ton*; and, in their nu therefore include the hundreds of or of chambermaids, who, forsake consolation from an halter, or in I have, besides, during the same made twenty-four husbands happy forty maids solitary and miserable

deserted by Twelve un- delity or con- or poisoned All these were per- ber, I do not the bourgeoisie, by me, sought the river Seine. short period, fathers, and mothers!

CHINESE MAXIM.

The tongue of women is their sword, and they never suffer it to grow rusty.

ON MARRIAGE.

God was the first that marriage did ordain,
By making one, two; and two, one again."

SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

A young fellow, called handsome Tracy, was walking in the Park, with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them, but the girls grew tired of pursuit away, and the company them, all but Tracy. He followed her to Whi hall-gate, where he gave a porter a crown to them: the porter hunted them—he the porter The girls ran all round Westminster, and back the Haymarket, where the porter came up w them. He told the pretty one she must go w him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrive quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. insisted on knowing where she lived, which refused to tell him; and, after much dispu went to the house of one of her companions, Tracy with them. He there made her disc her family, a butter woman, in Craven-street engaged her to meet him next morning i Park; but before night he wrote her four letters, and, in the last, offered two h pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a- Signora la Madre. Griselda made a co

aker's wife, who told her that the
ertainly in love enough to marry her,
determine to be virtuous and refuse
"Aye," says she, "but if I should, and
him by it." However, the measures
et-council were decided for virtue;
he met Tracy next morning in the
as convoyed by her sister and brother-
stuck close to the letter of her repu-
last, as an instance of prodigious com-
told him, that if he would accept
r as a butter-woman's daughter could
e should be welcome. Away they
Craven-street; the mother borrowed
to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept
er drinking till twelve at night, when
mmittee waited on the faithful pair to
of May-fair. The doctor was in bed,
e would not get up to marry the king,
ad a brother, over the way, who per-
and who did. The mother borrowed
eets, and they consummated at her
e next day they went to their own
two or three days the scene grew
the husband, coming home one night,
I bear it no longer. "Bear! bear
by, to be teazed by all my acquaint-
rying a butter-woman's daughter.
d to go to France, and will leave
allowance."—"Leave me! why
you shall leave me? I will go
What! you love me then?"—"No
I love you or not, but you shan't
" And they are gone! If you
that proposes marrying and tra-
hey cannot do it in a more com-

'; OR, A SONG OF SIMILES.

e fair Narcissa cries,
Sir?—"Like your eyes—
—'tis like a key—
—'tis like a flea—
'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—
'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—
'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—
'Tis like a Doctor—like a whale"—
Why are my eyes, Sir, like a Sword?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.
"Ah! witness every pang I feel,
The deaths they give, the likeness tell.
A sword is like a chair you'll find,
Because, 'tis most an end behind.
'Tis like a key, for 't will undo one;
'Tis like a purge, for 't will run thro' one;
'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
'Tis often drawing human blood."
Why like a beggar?—"You shall hear;
'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r;
'Tis like the sun, because its gilt;
Besides, it travels in a *belt*.
'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
Because that state, whenever we
A push for our own int'rest make,
Does instantly our sides forsake."
The moon?—"Why, when all 's said and done,
A sword is very like the moon;
For if his Majesty (God bless him)
When County Sheriff comes t' address him,
Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
On him, before him kneeling low,
This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the glory to the Knight (night);
'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
For its not long in drawing out.
'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
But why a sword is like a whale
Is no such easy thing to tell;
"But since all swords are swords, d' ye see,
Why, let it then a backsword be,
Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
To raise up somewhat like a whale."

LEGACY TO A WIFE.

Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made ver
uneasy by Elizabeth, my wife, for many yea

ir marringe, by her turbulent behaviour; was not content with despising my admo-, but she contrived every method to make me py; she was so perverse in her nature, that uld not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be o be a plague to me; the strength of Samp- the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of stus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchful- of Hermogenes, could not have been sufficient abdue her; for no skill or force in the world uld make her good; and, as we have lived eral years separate, and apart from each other ht years, and she having perverted her son to ave and totally abandon me; therefore I give r one shilling only.

MUTUAL LONGING.

A pregnant lady, dining with a bishop, took a udden longing to an elegnut silver tureen, then on the table. When she returned, her indispo- sition alarmed her husband; at length she ex plained the cause of it, and even prevailed on him to go to the bishop, and acquaint him with it. The bishop was too gallant to refuse a lady in her situation any thing, and sent it. She was de- lighted; she thanked the good bishop for it. At length her accouchement took place, and she went abroad. The bishop then sent a polite letter, congratulating her on getting abroad; requested she would return the tureen, as he now, in his turn, began to long for it; but that, upon any future occasion, if she should again long for it, it was at her service upon such terms.

LILLY'S WIFE.

Lilly, the almanack-maker, in the history of his life, makes the following item of his wife:—"Feb. 16, 1654, my second wife died, for whose death I shed no tears. I had £500 with her, as her por- tion; but she, and her poor relations, spent me a [illegible] pounds. *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spi- [illegible] in principio, et nunc et*

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE. DRINKING SONG.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin, so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a malkworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my par
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and w
Ev'n as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured
Or have them lustily troul'd.
God save the lives of them and their
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

ON OF CONJUGAL INFIDELITY.

ing extraordinary entry appears in
ister of Bermondsey, in 1604:

August.

of a solemne vowe, made betwixt a
ife, the man having beene long ab-
which the woman beinge married to
looke her again as followeth.

The Man's Speech.

my beloved wife, I am right sorie
longe absented my sealfe from thee,
shouldest be occasioned to take an-
hy husband; therefore, I do nowe
nise, in the sight of God, and of this
ake thee againe as mine owne; and
forgive thee, but also dwell with
all other duties unto thee as I pro-
arringe.

The Woman's Speech.

beloved husband, I am right sorie
thy absence, taken another man to
d; but here, before God and this
renounce and forsake him, and do
p my sealfe onlie unto thee during
rform all duties which I first pro-
e in our marriage.

The Prayer.

od, we beseech thee to pardon our
ive us grace ever hereafter to live
feare, and to perform the holy
inge, one to another, accordinge as
in thy holie word; for thy dear
us. Amen.

ncludes thus—

of August, 1604, Ralphe Good-
parish of Barkinge, in Thames-
zabeth, his wife, weare agreed to
nd thereupon gave their hands one
king, either of them, a solemn vow
e presence of

William Stere, Parson,
Edward Coker, and
Richard Eire, Clerk.

This difficult case of conscience must be left to the casuists. The poor substitute-husband, somehow, does not appear in the business; his renunciation of the lady was to be expected, if he acquiesced in the transfer.

ON A COVETOUS OLD PARSON.

Cries Spintext in spleen, "This public donation,
Methinks, savours much of vain ostentation;
God bless me, five pounds, why the sum is immense,
And for pity, mere pity! 'tis shew and pretence;
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows
What my right hand is doing, my left never knows;
All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say;
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
That his parish ne'er sees, nor the poor ever feel 'em,
And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal 'em.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Menalcas comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and examining himself further, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he finds a coach, which taking for his own he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers

greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a and fancies himself at home. The master house at last comes in, Menalcas rises to him, and desires him to sit down; he muses, and then talks again. The gentle- of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas less so, but is every moment in hopes that his rtinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. t comes on, when Menalcas is hardly un- ived.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to ow; he has the box in one hand, and his glass the other, and being extremely dry, and un- illing to lose time, he swallows down both the ice, and at the same time throws his wine into ne tables. He writes a letter and flings the sand nto the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mis- takes the superscription; a nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as fol- lows: "I would have you, honest Jack, imme- diately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter." His farmer re- ceives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My Lord, I received your Grace's commands with an entire submission to——" If he is at an enter- tainment, you may see the pieces of bread con- tinually multiplying round his plate; it is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes of your saluting him; the truth of it is, *he makes* no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any else; he came once from his country-house, his own footmen undertook to rob him, and ceeded; they held a flambeau to his throat, bad him deliver his purse; he did so, and co home told his friends he had been robbed; desired to know the particulars, "Ask my vants," said Menalcas, "for they were with Bauyma

THE SUITOR.

Lucas, with ragged coat, attends
My lord's levee; and, as he bends,
The gaping wounds expose to view
All else beneath as rugged too.
But hark the peer: "My friends, to-day
By great affairs I'm call'd away;
Attend to-morrow at this hour,
Your suits shall claim my utmost pow'r."
The crowd, retiring, thanks exprest,
Save Lucas, who, behind the rest,
Desponding loiter'd, cries my lord,
"Why, Lucas, do you doubt my word?
No, sir, 'tis too well understood—
To-morrow!"—Here his garb he view
Alas! my lord! can I be mute?
To-morrow I shall have no suit."

A HARD MASTER.

A theatrical manager, one evening w band was playing an overture, went u horn players, and asked why they were ing. They said they had twenty be "Rest!" says he, "I'll have no *rest* in pany; I pay you for *playing* not for *rest*

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS.

On the City of London presenting Keppel with the freedom in a box of h and Lord Rodney in a gold box:—

Each admiral's defective part,
Satiric cits, you've told:
The wealthy Keppel wanted *box*
The gallant Rodney, *gold*.

THE COMPOSITION OF WINE.

Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of a Madeira wine, presented to him by an of the company's service, said, "he thought ce extracted from women's tongues, and earts; for after he had drunk enough of it, d talk for ever, and fight the devil."

BOX-LOBBY LOUNGERS.

hearing two worthless cowards challenge other in Drury-lane theatre, a gentleman t wrote the following stanzas:—

Drury's lobby, Tom and Dick
'ull'd each the other's nose;
, if Dick or Tom was right,
'ray who the devil knows?

am a gentleman!" cried Dick,
And so," quoth Tom, "am I!"
strove to hide his trembling heart,
ile each roar'd out—"You lie!"

said, "I'm cousin to Lord Cog."
swore, "he roll'd in riches;"
knit his black Patrician brows,
Tom pull'd up his breeches.

this palsied pair should meet,
ll'd by common sneers,
or if *both* were shot,
who the devil cares?

AFFECTATION.

the world is, I find by very strict ob-
ion virtue and vice, that if men ap-
worse than they really are, I should
rk than at present I am obliged to
r their reformation. They have ge-
n up a kind of inverted ambition,
en faults and imperfections of which
cent. The first of this order of men
dinarians, who are never in health;
of want of stomach or rest every day
d then devour all which comes be-
fore them. Lady Dainty is convinced, that i
necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of ord
and to preserve that character, she dines eve
day in her closet at twelve, that she may becor
her table at two, and be unable to eat in publi
About five years ago, I remember it was th
fashion to be short-sighted. A man would n
own an acquaintance until he had first examine
him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into th
playhouse, you might see tubes immediately le
velled at her from every quarter of the pit and
side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is
out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the
blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a
janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have
formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of
a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear
he should be thought to have an occasion for it,
or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple.
I have considered but could never find out the
bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a
Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a
bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion
to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable
cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that in this
warlike age, some think a cane the next honour
to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have
known run from one limb or member to another.
Before the Limpers came in, I remember a race
of Lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to
particular letters in our language; some never
uttered the letter *H*; and others had as mortal an
aversion to *S*. Others have had their fashionable
defect in their ears, and would make you repeat
all you said twice over. I know an ancient
friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this,
sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others
as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the
world in ancient times; but they fell into them
out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a
wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court

carry their heads on one side when they came to the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over-complaisantly, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a freethinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words, "for ever and aye," and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ache by her refusal. The next to these, are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them; when, at the same time, go to their houses, and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and are as fond as an alderman. I do not know, but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shews itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild, and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, *blackening* sign-posts, and the like immortal en-

ADVICE TO LOVE

Poor Hal caught his death, stand
Expecting till midnight when Na
But fatal his patience, as cruel t
And curs'd was the weather
man's flame.
Whoe'er thou art that read'st t
Make love at home, and go to

COPY OF A LETTER OF AP
SHOEMAKER'S WIFE, TO
HER DECEASED

Madam,—My husband is d
thing at all; for Thomas W
will keep doing for me the s
and he can work a great de
poor man, at the last, as I
because of his age and ai
your ladyship's custom.

vant,

THE BISHOP AND

A German clown, at w
his bishop pass by, atten
a peer, he could not forb
loud, that the reverend
son of it. The clown an
I think of St. Peter and
such an equipage."—"
shop.—" Do you ask
"They were ill-advis
throughout the world,
of the Christian churc
Christ, the king of ki
our bishop, go so wel
train of Hectors, that
of the realm, than a
this his reverence re
dost not consider th
baron, as well as th
more than before;
reason of it, he an
and the baron, wh
hell, where will th

), OR THE SOW'S REVENGE.

ndon liv'd a boor,
ozen hogs, or more;
na care and strife,
oke, and lov'd his wife.
women, fond of sway,
ne'er she had her way
(think I deal in fiction)
with contradiction:
is the swine she fed,
ld he driv'n nor led;
lodge, who knew her whim,
ow'd against the stream.
ature's primal law,
ever in the straw;
enial fate decreed)
and numerous breed.
ame, sednie and kind,
t far behind;
h and prime he knew,
. would have his due.
iour with anxious ken;
rarm at number ten;
s he vowed the sweeter,
red them time to litter.
lh smile and bow polite,
claim'd his custom'd right;
d, in accents mild,
irling wife and child:
irs, and turnips grew,
ere old or new.
n custom took the hint,
ain a priest to stint;
ev'rence took his swig,
side, and brought the pig.
ried the parson, "let us see
he church and me;
f, 'twill never do;
n and sickly too.
d 't has been confess'd,
ver claim the best."
'd it o'er and o'er;
wig, and all but swore.

"Such pig for me; why, man alive,
Ne'er from this moment hope to thrive;
Think you for this I preach and pray?
Hence! bring me better tythes, I say."
Hodge heard, and, tho' by nature warm,
Replied, "kind sir, I meant no harm;
Since what I proffer you refuse,
The stye is open, pick and chuse."
Pleas'd with the offer, in he goes—
His heart with exultation glows;
He rolls his eye, his lips he licks,
And scarce can tell on which to fix;
At length he cries, "Heaven save the king!
This rogue is black is just the thing!
Hence shall I gain a rich regale!"
Nor more, but seiz'd it by the tail.
Loud squeak'd the pig; the sow was near—
The piercing sound assail'd her ear;
Eager to save her darling young,
Fierce on the bending priest she sprung;
Full in the mire his reverence cast,
Then seiz'd his breech and held him fast
The parson roar'd, surpris'd to find
A foe so desperate close behind;
On Hodge, on Madge, he calls for aid,
But both were deaf to all he said.
The scene a numerous circle draws,
Who hail the sow with loud applause;
Pleas'd they beheld his rev'rence writhe,
And swore 'twas fairly tythe for tythe.
"Tythe!" cried the parson, "Tythe, d'ye say.
See here—one half is rent away!"
The case, 'tis true, was most forlorn;
His gown, his wig, his breech was torn;
And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,
The pig was lost amidst the scuffle.
"Give, give me which you please," he cried;
"Nay, pick and choose," still Hodge replied.
"Choose! honest friend; alas! but how?
Heaven shield me from your murdering sow.
When tythes invite, in spite of foes,
I dare take Satan by the nose!
Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture;
But who that dreadful stye would enter?

Yet, whilst there's hope the prize to win,
By Heav'n to leave it were a sin."
This said, he arms his breast with rage,
And half resolves the foe t' engage.
Spite of the parson's angry mood,
The fearless sow collected stood;
And seem'd to wait the proffer'd war,
With "touch them scoundrel, if you dare!"
His last resource the parson tries;
Hems, strokes his chin, and gravely cries—
"Ye swains, support your injur'd priest
Secure the pig, and share the feast."
Staunch to his friend was every swain;
Strange tho' it seem, the bribe was vain;
And Hodge, who saw them each refuse,
Exclaim'd in triumph, "Pick and choose!"
The parson's heart grew warm with ire;
Yet pride forbade him to retire.
What numbers can his spleen declare,
Denied, for once, his darling fare!
How shall he meet the dreadful frown
Of madam in the grogram gown;
Who, eager for her promis'd treat,
Already turns the useless spit?
"Wretch!" he exclaims, with voice profound,
Can no remorse thy conscience wound?
May all the woes th' ungodly dread,
Fall thick on thy devoted head!
May'st thou in every wish be cross'd;
May all thy hoarded wealth be lost!
May'st thou on weeds and offals dine,
Nor ale, nor pudding, e'er be thine!"
Hodge, who with laughter held his sides,
The parson's wrath in sport derides:
"No time in idle preaching lose;
The stye is open—pick and choose;"
Loud plaudits rose from every tongue;
Heaven's concave with the clamours rung
Impatient of the last huzza,
The tytheless parson sneak'd away.

COURT AND CITY FOOLS.

The last of the licenced fools belonging to the court was *Killigrew, jester to* Charles the Second. The lord-mayor of London had his fool hence the expression 'the lord-mayor's fool, likes every thing that is good.' At the begi of the last century, one of these city 'jumped into a custard,' for the entertainm the citizens!

A WIFE'S SORROW.

At the marriage of Louis the Sixteenth Antoinette, in 1770, a dreadful accident occ by which a thousand people lost their Among them was one Legros, a lady's dresser, of much fame. The wife of Legros to the field of the slain about three o'clock morning, when some one began telling h fate of her husband in as tender a manner sible. "'Tis very well," said she, "but feel in his pockets for the keys of the hou else I cannot get in;" and, so saying, th consolate widow went quietly home to her

CLERICAL LEARNING.

In 1443, Dr. Thomas Gascoigne was cho of Oxford. He seems to have deeply la profligacy with which ecclesiastical affairs then conducted; for he thus expresses hims "I knew a certain illiterate ideot, the so mad knight; who, for being the compan rather the fool, of the sons of a great fa the blood-royal, was made arch-deacon of before he was eighteen years old, and after two rich rectories and twelve prebe asked him, one day, what he thought of lo 'I despise it;' said he. 'I have better than you great doctors, and believe as any of you.'—'What do you believe?' 'I believe,' said he, 'that there are thr in one person. I believe all that God ha

REASON WHY WOMEN HAVE NO BI

Nature, regardful of the babbling ran
Planted no beard upon a woman's fa
Not Packwood's razors; though the v
Could shave a chin that never is at re

HOLY SHEPHERD.

: Glermont Tonnere, the proud
, when preaching in his cathe-
heard thus to commence his ser-
u christian mob, (canaille,) *to the*
At another time, when disturbed
of the inattentive, while he was
, he turned towards the assembly,
y, gentlemen, judging by the noise
ll the church, one would conclude
y, and not a prelate of rank, who
s this bishop, who, when seized
illness, sent for his confessor,
to him his fears of hell. This
lied, "You are very good, my
tously to terrify yourself; but
it twice before he damns a per-
birth."

QUETTE.—IMITATED FROM HORACE.

ır infamous labours, old Bet;
'd of fifty, and still a coquette!
ious soul, rather study to save,
w victories—think of your grave;
he girls with your Gothic flirta-

a cloud o'er their gay constel-

ort in the pale of fifteen;
ırs to yours count the season be-

ore decently rattles away,
allants, at the ball or the play;
ıer age her soft bosom has fir'd;
ke a kid or Bacchante inspir'd.
ing train, nor the plumy balloon,
woman whom lovers disown;
ord attun'd to thy tongue;
perfumes, nor cosmetics, wash

e wine, that enlivens the gay,
woman so wrinkled and grey.

THE SILENT HUSBAND

Madame Geoffrin had a husband, who was permitted to sit down at his own table to dinner, at the end of the table, upon condition that he never attempted to join in the conversation. A foreigner, who was assiduous in his visits to Madame Geoffrin, one day, not seeing him as usual at table, enquired after him:—"What have you done with the poor man whom I always used to see here, and who never spoke a word?"—"Oh, that was my husband; he is dead!"

THE PRIESTLY JONAH.

It blew a hard storm, and, in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd,
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

OTAHEITAN CONVERSION.

Among the savages of the South-Sea Islands, Jorgensen, in his Account of the State of Christianity in Otaheite, speaks of Otoo, king of Uliteeah, who came on board, and, putting on a most sanctified face, said, "Master Christ very good, very fine fellow, me love him like my own brother, give me one glass of brandy." His majesty's desires, however, increased glass after glass, till at length he became noisy, and swore he would recant all he had said, if they did not give him more brandy. He was refused; and then, breaking out into the most horrid imprecations, jumped overboard, swearing and swimming to the shore.

ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub;
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else, but only to hold drink.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING IN DEBT.

m Foote clearly demonstrated the advantages ot paying our debts. This, says he, however, upposes a person to be a man of fortune, erwise he would not gain credit. It is the art living without money. It saves the trouble and pense of keeping accounts; and it also makes ter people work, in order to give ourselves pose. It prevents the cares and embarrassments riches. It checks avarice, and encourages nerosity; as people are most commonly more beral of others' goods than of their own; while possesses that genuine spark of primitive Chris-ianity which would inculcate a constant commu-nion of all property. In short, it draws on us the inquiries and attentions of the world while we live, and makes us sincerely regretted when we die.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A country that drays fifty feet of water,
In which men live, as in the hold of nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, do but spring a lake;
That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live, as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey,
And, when their merchants are blown up and crack'd,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreck'd;
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes;
A land, that rides at anchor, and is moor'd;
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

Lloyd very neatly says of Henry the Fifth, that he had something of Cæsar in him, which Alexander the Great had not—that he would not be drunk; and something of Alexander the Great *that Cæsar had not—that he would not be flattered!*

ON TRANSUBSTANTIATION. BY A SE. POET.

If this we see be bread, how can it las
So constantly consum'd, yet always he
If this be God, then how can it appea
Bread to the eye, and seem bread to th
If bread, why is it worshipp'd by the
If God, can such a space a God compri
If bread, how is it, it confounds the wi
If God, how is it that we eat our Make
If bread, what good can such a morsel
If God, how is it we divide it so?
If bread, such saving virtue could it gi
If God, how can I see and touch it thu
If bread, how could it come from heav
If God, how can I look at it and live!

DIGNITY OF AN ELECTOR.

The title of elector is useful beyond it meaning. An Englishman travelling Germany, having presented himself at th a German city, was desired, in the usua to describe himself. "I am," said he, tor of Middlesex." The Germans, wh dignity of elector as next in rank to th and knew little or nothing of the En and rank, immediately opened their the guard turned out, and did him n nours!

A SWINDLING MUSICIAN

His *time* was short, his *touch* was n
Our gold he freely *fingered*,
Alert alike with hands and feet,
His *movements* have not linger'd

But where's the wonder of the ca
A moment's thought detects it,
His *practice* has been *thorough b*
A *chord* will be his exit.

Yet while we blame his hasty fi
Our censure may be rash,
A traveller is surely right
To change his *notes* for cash.

DE OF ANCESTRY.

of a great family is a creature
nversable. You read his ances-
n his air, in his eyebrow. He
ig but his nobility to give em-
oughts. Rank and precedency
t points which he is always dis-
nself. A gentleman of this turn
n one of King Charles's parlia-
ind the honour to be born at a
which a rough honest gentleman
rt.—I would fain know what
ans. Is there any one in this
t had the honour to be born as
The good sense which reigns in
tty well destroyed this starched
men who have seen the world,
very gentleman will be treated
equality. But there are many
r education among women, de-
erers, that lose all the respect
rwise be paid by them, by being
rocuring it.

has been so educated in punc-
rns himself by a ceremonial in
ccurrences of life. He measures
e degree of the person he con-
ve seen him in every inclination
a familiar nod to the low stoop
sign. I remember, five of us,
inted with one another, met to-
ng at his lodgings, when a wag
was saying, it would be worth
ow he would distinguish us at his
ccordingly he no sooner came
t casting his eye about, My lord
he, your most humble servant.
humble servant. Your servant,
Mr. Ducker, how do you do?
you there?

ars ago an aunt of my own, by
a Irouside, who would never
rself and is supposed to have
died a maid in the fourthscore year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greatest part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Irousides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the last century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer, but said their prayers twice a-day, and in all other respects were the best women in the world. If they saw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the saucy minx, when they found she was an honest tradesman's daughter. It is impossible to describe the pious indignation that would rise in them at the sight of a man who lived plentifully on an estate of his own getting. They were transported with zeal beyond measure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account only of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In short, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in possession of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or a piece of Mechlin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom she had refused in her youth, she declared to me with great warmth, that she preferred a man of quality in his shirt to the richest man upon the 'Change in a coach and six. She pretended that our family was nearly related, by the mother's side, to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a secret among ourselves. A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of

Sir Gilbert Ironside, who had a horse shot under him at Edgehill fight, I gave an unfortunate pish, and asked, what was all this to me? upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, she struck me out of her will, and left all she had to my sister Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that used to be asking questions about her great-grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironsides with a stone over her, acquainting the reader, that she died at the age of eighty years, a spinster, and that she was descended of the ancient family of the Ironsides—After which follows the genealogy, drawn up by her own hand.

THE TEST OF PATIENCE; OR, THE HOGS IN THE PARSON'S CELLAR.

A parson who had a remarkable foible,
In minding the bottle more than the bible;
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplex'd
In handling a tankard, than handling a text.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday he cried—
"Make patience, my dearly beloved, your guide;
And, in all your troubles, mischances, and crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses."

Now this parson had got a stout cask of strong beer;
A present, no doubt—but no matter from where;
Suffice it to say that he reckon'd it good,
And valu'd the liquor as much as his blood.

While he the church-service in haste mutter'd o'er,
The hogs found their way thro' his old cellar-door;
And by the sweet scent of the beer-barrel led,
Had knocked out the spigot or cock from its head.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
And the unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round,
Nor from their diversion or merriment ceas'd,
Till every hog there was a true drunken beast.

And now, the grave lecture and prayers at an en
He brings along with him a neighbouring frien
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
And taste his delightful October-brew'd beer.

The dinner was ready and all things laid snug
"Here, wife," says the parson, "go fetch
mug."
But a mug of what liquor he'd scarce time t
her,
When—"Lord, husband!" she cried, "
the hogs in the cellar.

"To be sure they've got in whilst we
pray'ers."
"To be sure you're a fool; so, get yo
stairs,
And bring what I bid you—Go, see w
matter,
For now I myself hear a grunting and

She went; and returning with sorrowfu
In suitable phrases related the case;
He rav'd like a madman; and, snatchi
First belabour'd his hogs, then his wif
room.

"Was ever poor mortal so pester'd a
With a base slut who keeps all my
stye;
How came you to have your d——
kitchen?
Is that a fit place to keep cattle, yo
"Lord, husband!" said she, "wh
keep here,
About a poor beggarly barrel of b
You should, in your troubles, r
crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in
"A plague upon Job," cried the
"That beer, I dare say, was ne
age;
But you are a poor stupid fool,
Why, Job never had such a cask

ONVIVIALITY.

ler was one evening presiding at
, when a friend said to him,
our constitution by sitting up at
er."—"Oh," replied Bannister,
w the nature of my constitution;
watch it, and keep it in repair
ep."

III. AND THE WHIGS.

s came into power, they turned
ven Lord Sandwich, the master
. The king met his lordship in
r. "How do you do?" cried
they have turned you off; it was
my honour, for it was as much
eep my own place."

LDEN HARVEST.

out to marry a fortune, being
he honey-moon would last, re-
l me of the *honey*-moon, it is
me."

ENT AT SIGHT.

money!" Robin cried
whom he quickly spied,
llar seiz'd the blade.
be that moment paid.
instant made reply
or Robin in the eye,)
wn mark in black and white,
and paid at *sight!*"

NS OF AN AUTHOR.

with long toil produced a
upon mankind with un-
withdraw the attention of
every other controversy
n contented to wait long
f his new praises. With
his own importance, he
ch in disguise, to learn
s readers. Prepared to feast upon admiration, composed to encou censures without emotion, and determined to suffer his quiet to be injured by a sensibil too exquisite of praise or blame, but to lau with equal contempt at vain objections and inj dicious commendations, he enters the places mingled conversation, sits down to his tea in a obscure corner, and while he appears to examin a file of antiquated journals, catches the conver sation of the whole room. He listens but hear no mention of his book, and therefore supposes that he has disappointed his curiosity by delay; and that as men of learning would naturally begin their conversation with such a wonderful novelty, they had digressed to other subjects be fore his arrival. The company disperses, and their places are supplied by others equally ignorant, or equally careless. The same expectation hurries him to another place, from which the same disappointment drives him soon away. His impatience then grows violent and tumultuous; he ranges over the town with restless curiosity, and hears in one quarter of a cricket-match, in another of a pickpocket; is told by some of an unexpected bankruptcy, by others of a turtle-feast; is sometimes provoked by importunate inquiries after the white bear, and sometimes with praises of the dancing-dog; he is afterwards entreated to give his judgment upon a wager about the height of the monument; invited to see a foot-race in the adjacent villages; desired to read a ludicrous advertisement; or consulted about the most effectual method of making inquiry after a favourite cat. The whole world is busied in affairs which he thinks below the notice of reasonable creatures, and which are nevertheless sufficient to withdraw all regard from his labours and his merits.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

A footman who had been found guilty of murdering his fellow-servant, was engaged in writing his confession, "I murd—" he stopped, and asked, "How do you spell murdered?"

DEATH BY ORDER

When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, when he wrote to this effect, "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

THE PATIENT'S FAREWELL.

My master! from your wine forbear,
Says Gwynn, with gestures odd;
And shun all commerce with the fair,
Or else you'll die, by G– d.

If death be in my fair one's smile,
And poison in my bin;
To live can ne'er be worth my while,
Adieu! good Dr. Gwynn.

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson owing a vintner some money, staid away from his house; the vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money, and also told him if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Jonson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine greatly; "This is not our business," said the vintner; "Mr. Jonson, answer me my four questions, or pay me my money, or go to gaol."—"Pray," said Ben, "propose them."—"Then," said the vintner, "tell me, First, What pleases God?—Secondly, What pleases the Devil?—Thirdly, What pleases the World?—And lastly, What best pleases me?"—"Well, then," replied Ben,

"God is best pleased when man forsakes his sin;
The Devil's best pleased when man delights therein;
The world's best pleas'd when you do draw good wine;
And you'll be pleased when I do pay for mine."

The vintner was satisfied, gave Ben a receipt *in full*, and a bottle of claret into the bargain.

ROYAL VIRTUES.

George III. was coming home one day San Fiorenzo, at Weymouth, when the tide met, and the people on shore were sive that the barge would be swamped. morning some officers waited on the king gratulate him on his escape, saying, "tha have been in great fear."—"Oh," rep king, "I thank you; but let what will b the family, there are no cowards among ever fools there may be."

LASTING BEAUTY.

Lord Aileshury and Lady Strafford p their beauty so long, that Horace Walpo them *Huckaback beauties*, that never wear

TYTHE BY INSTALMENTS.

A farmer once gave notice to the cler his parish, who took tithe in kind, tha going to draw a field of turnips on a cer The clergyman, accordingly, sent his t servant at the time appointed, when th drew ten turnips, and desired the servan one of them, saying, "he would not d more that day, but would let him know did."

A LADY OF FASHION,

She sometimes laughs, but never loud
She's handsome too, but somewhat prou
At court she bears away the belle
She dresses fine and figures well;
With decency she's gay and airy;
Who can this be but Lady Mary?

THE PENSIONER'S EQUIVOQUE.

A stranger visiting Greenwich-hospital pensioner in a yellow coat, which is the pun for disorderly behaviour. Surprised at th larity of the man's appearance, he ask what it meant? "O, sir," replied the "we who wear *yellow* coats are the musi is I who play the *first fiddle*."

CLUB OF AUTHORS.

n of this society is Dr. Nonentity.
. Most people think him a pro-
out, as he seldom speaks, I can-
n that particular; he generally
before the fire, sucks his pipe,
ks much, and is reckoned very
I am told he writes indexes to
makes essays on the origin of
cal inquiries upon any subject,
an answer to any book, upon
urs warning. You may distin-
he rest of the company by his
nd the blue handkerchief round

im, in merit and esteem, is Tim
l creature; he sometimes shines
rst magnitude among the choice
; he is reckoned equally excel-
a riddle, a lewd song, and a
bernacle. You will know him
inery, his powdered wig, dirty
silk-stockings.
ceeds Mr. Tibbs, a very useful
receipts for the bite of a mad
off an eastern tale to perfection;
ie business of an author as well
no bookseller alive can cheat
distinguish him by the peculiar
figure, and the coarseness of his
though it be coarse, (as he some-
mpany,) he has paid for it.
is the politician of the society;
hes for parliament, writes ad-
ow-subjects, and letters to noble
gives the history of every new
ensonable thoughts upon every

NEW PRISON.

a prison in ev'ry respect,
are the heavens in common;
sin, and the prisoners men,
rs are nothing but women.

LOSING A CHANCE.

Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanting to prosecute them, his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. "Well then," said the old man, "I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report; I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me."

VANITY

Lady Townshend told Horace Walpole that she should go to see the coronation of George III., as she had never seen one. "Why," said Walpole, "you walked at the last?"—"Yes, child," said she, "but I saw nothing of it, I only looked to see who looked at me."

THE UNLUCKY DRAMATIST.

A Scotchman presented a tragedy to Mr. Garrick, who, after some time, returned it, saying, "that he did not think tragedy was the gentleman's *forte*."—"Then, sir," said the other, taking a manuscript from his pocket, "here's a comedy, and let me tell ye, it's the first comedy that was ever wrote by any of my country." This, however, Mr. Garrick likewise returned, observing, "*When I said that tragedy was not your forte, I did not mean that comedy was.*"

WARBURTON AND QUIN.

Bishop Warburton was once haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative, when Quin said, "Pray, my lord, spare me; you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles I. might be justified."—"Aye," said Warburton, "by what law?" Quin replied, "*by all the laws he had left them.*" The bishop told Quin to remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; "*I would not advise your lordship,*" said Quin, "*to make use of that inference, for if I am not mistaken, the same was the case with the twelve apostles.*"

JOURNAL OF A CITIZEN.

MONDAY, *Eight o'clock.* I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go on ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. *Mem.* Too many plums, and no suet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind, S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, *Eight o'clock.* Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands, but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work *in the north.* Stranger in a black wig asked me *how stocks went.*

From twelve to one. Walked in th Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good

Three. Nap broke by the falling of dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in love and gre less.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. from Smyrna, that the Grand Vizier wa all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half the club before any body else came. of opinion that the Grand Vizier was not the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept waking till nine next morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine o'clock.* Staid with o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down t Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a me Sir Timothy. *Mem.* I did not go to t night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in upon Sir Timothy, who was with me before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head t and a tongue to my buckle. Drank purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined, and slept we

From four to six. Went to the co Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked seve Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dream drank small-beer with the Grand Vizie

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, wall fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

on. Returned home, and dried

dined with me. First course,
ond, ox-cheek, with a bottle
ier.
verslept myself.
ie club. Like to have fallen
id Vizier certainly dead.

S FOR A MINISTER.

ave the following genuine re-
catholicon:
ster, th' ingredients
itful of expedients,
the present minute,
thing else be in it!)
much perplex'd and harass'd,
e must be unembarrass'd;
for all occasions;
s, plots, invasions;
off each disaster;
e to brave his master;
treaty maker;
al of th' exchequer;
ng no real feeling;
es of both much dealing.
an must be a mixture
ophant, and trickster.

ING A MARCH.

, when on his death-bed, asked
day of the week it was; they
"Sure," said he, "it is Fri-
rd, indeed it is Thursday."—
see what a rogue this distem-
want to steal nothing but a

ONABLE ANSWER.

edlam having been ill used by
use he would not tell him why
ere, at last said, "Because
e of a blessing you never en-

DISSECTION OF A BEAU'S HEAD.

I was invited, me thought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors which were imperceptible to the naked eye; insomuch, that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribbands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of network, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked-dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a-sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side of the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and false-

hoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders, which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call Galimatias, and the English Nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, save only that the museuli amatorii, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in
new discoveries as we are
have not taken any notice
are to be met with in comm
skull, the face, and indeed
shape and figure of the hea
cover any difference from
the heads of other men.
the person to whom this
passed for a man above
during which time he eat
people, dressed well, tal
quently, and, on particula
ted himself tolerably at n
to which one of the com
tain knot of ladies took
cut off in the flower of
paring shovel, having be
nent citizen, as he was
to his wife.

THE ILLUSTRI

Old Bess, Countess of
worth House; and her
had been prophesied to
die as long as she was
she died in a hard frost
not work. She was m
Walpole, on his visit
have written the follo
Four times the nupt
And every time so
That when death s
He left the widow
Fond was the daun
Five stately mansi
With more than r
The prison of her
When *Hardwicke*'
Nor mass be more
When *Bolsover*'s
Like *Olcotes*, to
When *Chatsworth*
Let fame forget

TREBLE BIRTH.

he small fortune had a wife,
be the comfort of his life,
well they bore the joke together;
ring lived the pair one year,
matrimonial sky was clear,
is dark and dull and hazy weather.

ime when mistress, in the straw,
orld's support her screams pre-

'd with fair obstetric paw,
is pupil to our air;
bouring room the husband sat,
ng now, and now on that.

he sorrows of his wife,
that he could take the pain,
it such prayers were vain,
an offer of his life.

ied in solemn study,
r and sometimes muddy,
th comfortable news:
joy, I wish ye joy!
bed of a fine boy,
l in shoes!"

," cried the master,
no disaster!
ess well, I hope?"
as heart can well desire,
e young squire,
octor slop."

she could scour,
hors,
's an hour;
e.

ain,
and main;
whale,
his reach from Dover;
gs; 'tis not over—
a nightingale.

A fine young lady to the world is come,
Squalling away just as I left the room!
Sir, this is better than a good estate!"
"Humph," quoth the man, and scratch'd his

Now gravely looking up—now looking down
Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown,
"Good God," says he, "why was I not a co
Who never feels of bord'ning brats the shock;
Who, Turk like, struts 'mid his madams, pickin
Whilst to the hen belongs the care
To carry them to eat, or take the air,
Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?"

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
He found affairs not greatly mended
For in bounc'd Bet, her rump with rapture jig-
ging;
"Another daughter, Sir—a charming child."—
"Another!" cried the man, with wonder wild;
"Zounds! Betty, ask your mistress, if she's *pig-*
ging."

JUDGE JEFFERY'S SPEECH TO THE MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF BRISTOL.

I have brought a brush in my pocket to rub off your dirt; I tell you, I have brought a stout besom, with which I will sweep every man's door, both within and without, fur in good truth you want rubbing; the dirt of your ditch is in your nostrils. Where am I? in Bristol, a city in which it seems you claim the privilege of hanging, drawing, and quartering; a privilege you ought to enjoy at least once a month. I have a calendar of your city in my hands, and hope before I have done to hang one half of you at least.

SYMPATHETIC ANALOGIE.

Two cantabs were one day descending a stair-case, when the foremost chanced to stumble against a pail that had accidentally been left at the bottom, upon which his companion quaintly observed, that he had kicked the bucket, "Oh, no!" said he, "I only turned *pale*."

LONDON IN SUMMER.

This large city is now a huge oven, and the few who still walk the streets look baked. The streets are like the highways of the desert for silence and sand,—the stage-coaches (for no others are abroad) move in whirlwinds of dust,—and it is only when the sun goes down from the brazen sky, that you find London is still peopled.

The heat has grown intense, and it has certainly deadened the spirit of public amusements: all the gatherings of the wealthy into ball-rooms, and the other refuges of industrious idleness, are melting down—the theatres are stricken with loneliness—and all the superfluity of the London populace, great and little, is already flowing out upon the sea-shore, from Thanet to Torbay. This our "*laudatores temporis acti*" revile, as among the signs of a degenerate time. But what is the use of frying and boiling the human materials in cities, when it can live and be happy even on the withered downs and slimy shores of Margate. Our forefathers, with all their wisdom, were fools. Those opulent persons lingered through the year in their counting-houses, saw the summer only through the Sunday's dust at Islington, fed on the steams of mankind, concocted in a thousand wealthy and detestable lanes, till those venerable *stews* and *fricassees* of men were gathered to the grave. "*Vive la posterité.*" There is more enjoyment now scattered over the life of a London shop-keeper, than, fifty years ago, fell to the lot of his prince. I look upon this out-pouring of the multitude, this rush of the metropolitan *colluvies*;—this unctuous deluge rolling through the flood-gates Aldermanbury, Bucklersbury, and all the other snug and airless depositories and *hybernacles* of life in the city of cities; this scrambling, galloping, walking, tilburying, and steaming down to the sea-side, as among the first proofs, if not the very first, of the prosperity, good-humour, and good government of the nation. What if ancient men inflate their gout with oysters *fresh* from the bed, and city clerks make themselves *ridiculous in quadrilles*; what if the fashionables of Moorfields grow romantic to the roar [illegible] light kettle-drums on the pier at Margate [illegible] bryo tailors, arm in arm with the rising [illegible] haberdashery, discuss pantaloons and the [illegible] Waterloo on the Steyne? Who is the [illegible] all this? If the life of man is to be spen[illegible] nal stitching, let them be grasped by the [illegible] law, the unworthy minister of Heaven [illegible] stance, and summarily consigned to their [illegible] But if all statutes, from Deuteronomy [illegible] stone, are silent on the subject, let them [illegible] in their own way, flatter the inn-keepers [illegible] pebbles on the sea-shore, spend their hol[illegible] gains in raffling for razor-paste, pow[illegible] and pill-boxes;—and when the municipa[illegible] sounds hollow, when the races are over, [illegible] soul is saturated with sea-smells and Oly[illegible] let them return, and through the winter [illegible] of green fields." There is no jest in [illegible] What would become of London, cramme[illegible] million of heavy feeders, and those rein[illegible] irruptions from all the red, green, bla[illegible] and black population of the earth, wit[illegible] oleaginous, murky, yellow-feverish, ch[illegible] bus bloods, inflamed by made wine, dr[illegible] ter, and the absorption of three hundred[illegible] annual bullocks, and three millions [illegible] vaulted in under an impenetrable sky[illegible] and ashes, from a hundred thousand man[illegible] of all horrible and death-dealing steams[illegible] and evaporations, without those escape[illegible] for the multitude?

MODERN SAMPSON.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say
"Like Sampson, I my thousands s[illegible]
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you [illegible]
And with the self-same weapon to[illegible]

ON AN EXCELLENT MUSICIAN PLA[illegible] AWKWARD DANCERS.

How ill the motion with the music suits
Thus fiddled Orpheus, and thus danc'd

BALAAM'S ASS.

tterbury happened to say, upon a cer- discussion in the House of Lords, that rophesied last winter, this bill would ed in the present session, and he was d that he had proved a true prophet." gsby, who spoke after the bishop, de- use to remark, "that one of the Right had set himself forth as a prophet; part, he did not know what prophet ns to, unless to that furious prophet, ho was reproved by his own ass." p, in reply, exposed this rude attack, thus, "Since the noble lord hath dis- our manners such a similitude, I am ot to be compared to the prophet Ba- , my lords, I am at a loss to make out art of the parallel; I am sure that I reproved by nobody but his lordship."

GOOD EFFECT.

was sick, and past the doctors' skill, how to cure th' invet'rate ill. one prescrib'd; no, quoth the other, neither good nor harm, dear brother: only thing—'twas quick replied, death. But since we differ wide, hand choose by whom t'abide. t skill," cried Richard, "by the

leeding's like to do most good."

MAIDEN SPEECH.

on, in the reign of Charles the maiden speech in the House of ssion was this:—The Duke of ridiculed his silence; when, wine, he spoke as follows upon f the Lord Treasurer Danby. erstand but little of Latin, but lish, and not a little of the Eng- which I have learned the mis- uous as these, and the ill fate of them. I could bring many instances, and t very ancient; but, my lords, I shall go no fur back than the latter end of Queen Elizabe reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was down by Sir Walter Raleigh; Lord Bacon down Sir Walter Raleigh, and your lordshi know what became of Lord Bacon; the Duke Buckingham ran down Lord Bacon, and you lordships know what became of the Duke of Buck ingham; Sir Harry Vane ran down the Earl o Strafford, and your lordships know what became of Sir Harry Vane; Chancellor Hyde ran down Sir Harry Vane, and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor; Sir Thomas Osborne ran down Chancellor Hyde, and what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships can best tell; but let me see the man that dares run down the Earl of Danby, and we shall soon see what will become of him."

A CANINE M. P.

Lord North, once speaking in the house, was suddenly interrupted in the midst of the most important part of it, by a dog, who, having taken shelter and concealed himself under the table of the house, made his escape and ran directly across the floor, setting up, at the same time, a violent howl. It occasioned a burst of laughter, and might have disconcerted an ordinary man. Lord North, however, having waited till the roar which it produced had subsided, and preserving all his gravity, addressed the chair, "Sir," said he to the speaker, "I have been interrupted by a new member, but, as he has concluded his argument, I will now resume mine."

LORD ELDON'S FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

Horne Tooke was once heard to declare, that, were he to be tried again, he would plead guilty rather than endure hearing the then solicitor-general's (since the Lord Chancellor Eldon) long speeches, one of which lasted eleven hours! Such an effect had this oratorical prolixity upon *the nice ears of the* author of the Diversions of Purley.

IRISH SORROW.

A captain of grenadiers having some time ago died in the West-Indies, his remains were followed to the grave by an Irish servant, and buried with military honours. Upon the discharge of the last round, poor *Pat*, who had hitherto observed an awful and melancholy silence, loudly exclaimed, "Ah? Master, Jewel, that's the last shot your honour will ever hear!"

PITT'S MINISTRY.

On the assertion of Mr. Hawkins Browne, that Mr. Pitt found England of wood and left it of marble.

From wood to marble, Hawkins cried,
Great Pitt transform'd us, ere he died!
Indeed! exclaimed a country gaper;
Sure he must mean to *marble paper.*

IDIOTISM.

A country clergyman, by his dull monotonous discourse, set all the congregation asleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth listening. The parson, enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot."—"Aye," quoth the natural, "and if I had not been a poor idiot, I would have been asleep too."

NAUTICAL REASONING.

A sailor, being about to sail for India, a citizen asked him where his father died? "In shipwreck," was the answer. "And where did your grandfather die?"—"As he was fishing, a storm arose, and the bark foundering, all on board perished."—"And your great grandfather?"—"He also perished on board a ship which struck on a rock."—"Then," said the citizen, "if I were you I would never go to sea."—"And pray, Mr. Philosopher," inquired the seaman, "where did your father die?"—"In his bed."—"And your grandfather?"—"In his bed."—"And your great-grandfather?"—"He, and all my ancestors died quietly in their beds."—"Then, *if I were you, I would never* go to bed."

EQUIVOCATION. A TALE

An abbot rich (whose taste was
Alike in science and in food)
His bishop had resolv'd to treat;
The bishop came, the bishop eat
'Twas silence, 'till their stomach
And now at heretics they rail'd;
What heresy (the prelate said)
Is in that church where priests n
Do not we take the church for
But those divorce her for a wife
Like laymen keep her in their
And own the children of their s
Vile practices! the abbot cry'd
For pious use we're set aside!
Shall we take wives? marriage
Is but carnality profest.
Now as the bishop took his glas
He spy'd our Abbot's buxom la
Who cross'd the room, he mark'
That glow'd with love; his pul
Fye, father, fye, (the prelate cr
A maid so young! for shame, be
These indiscretions lend a hand
To lewd lay tongues, to give us
For your vows sake, this rule
Let all your maids be turn'd of

The priest replied, I have no
But your chaste precept well o
That lass full twenty-five has to
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast;
So both my maids have fifty pa

The prelate smil'd, but durst
For why? his lordship did the s

Let those who reprimand thei
First mend the faults they find

RICH AND POOR.

Sir Walter Raleigh says, that the
tween a rich man and a poor man
former eats *when he pleases*, and the
can get it.

THE EDINBURGH STEAM-BOAT.

k to London thou wouldst wish to go,
gentle reader, go not in a smack,
accommodation's but so-so,
f the winds not fair, she can but tack;
s sometimes does) it comes a blow,
ickness makes thee wish that thou wert
;
all things into view, I deem
d wisest plan's to go by *steam*.
as and a half the cabin fare;
n thy parting friends sigh out *farewell*,
granted. Seated on thy chair,
nds the breakfast or the dinner bell.
, boiled, and baked, I know not

'st fare better, save in a hotel;
oderate incomes it don't suit
waiters, and somewhat to *boot*.
ine-wheels with splash and splutter,
f hundred horses, churn the ocean;
uch churning makes no butter,)
veeps with vibratory motion,
a pleasure-boat or cutter;
ll her speed, I have a notion
alk the waters, in high gales,
fitted with good sails.
ons, dinner's on the table!
tering of the knives and forks,
f the ocean Babel;
ne is he that works,
as quick as he is able;
ion, the starting corks,
r furious ginger-beer,
f momentary fear!
ight, whose lot is cast,
und of corned beef,
ust help himself the last
o be very brief,
m the board be past
sated, gives relief;
ose thou position where
humble care.

Another scene suc[illegible]ls: a [illegible]n qualm
Comes o'er each bosom, [illegible]the rising s
Sea-sickness comes, for wh[illegible] is no ba
Not even Balm of Gilead, c[illegible]all
Our other ills—alike in storm an[illegible]alm,
It baffles human aid, and you may call
For aught that medicine has art and part in,
You'll find *'tis all my eye and Betty Martin*

Then beauty's head declines; her pensive eye
Looks sadly o'er the dark and heaving billow
And through her tresses, as the rude wind sigh,
She leans above the wave-like drooping willow
"And dull were he that heedless pass'd her by,
Nor handed her a chair, and brought a
pillow!

'Tis strange, a meal prevented from digesting,
Should make a woman look so interesting.

She seems so helpless, and so innocent,
Still as a lake beneath the summer even;
A bright and beautiful embodyment,
Of calm and peace, and all we dream of heaven;
A sight to shake an anchorite or saint,
'Gainst beauty's smiles successful who has striv'n?
A pretty woman, like a sight of wonder,
Makes men turn up their eyes like ducks in
thunder.

The bark is at Blackwall, and so adieu!
My song and subject cease together there.
Oh! wonder-working steam, what thou mayst do,
Where is the prophet spirit to declare?
By thee we make broad cloth—hatch chickens too,
We roam the seas—we yet may traverse air
Nay, do not laugh, if I should fondly dream,
We yet may manufacture verse by steam.

THE IRISH FOOTMAN'S HINT.

An Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said—Sir, if my master should say, "Paddy, what did the gentleman give you?" what would your honour have me to tell him?

ÆNEAS AND WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Jacob Tonson, Dryden's bookseller, was a Jacobite. When while the poet was a Jacobite. When den had nearly completed his translation of ll, it was the bookseller's wish, and seve- f Dryden's friends, that the book should be cated to King William: this, however, the strenuously refused. The bookseller, how- , who had as much veneration for William as den had for James, finding he could not have dedication he wished, contrived, on retouch- the plates, to have Æneas delineated with a oked nose, that he might resemble his favourite ince. This ingenious device of Tonson's occa- oned the following epigram to be inserted in the ext edition of Dryden's Virgil:—

Old Jacob, by deep judgment swav'd,
To please the wise beholders,
Has plac'd old Nassau's hook-nos'd head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
And t'other sent him packing.

DANCING-CARD EXTRAORDINARY.

As dancing is the poetry of motion—those who wish to sail through the mazes of harmony—or to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," will find an able guide in John Wilde, who was formed by nature for a dancing-master.—N.B. Those who have been taught to dance with a couple of left legs, had better apply in time, as he effectually cures all bad habits of the kind.

A STANDARD RULE.

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed, "That those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword."—"By a similar rule," answered the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."

TRAVELLING EXPENCES.

A foolish young fellow boasting in company of his travelling abroad, was asked by one present how he made his way. "By my wits," replied the other. "Indeed!" says he, "then you must have travelled *very cheaply*."

ON MR. DAY, WHO RAN AWAY FROM HIS LANDLORD.

Here DAY and Night conspir'd a sudden flight,
For DAY, they say, has run away by night.
DAY's past and *gone*. Why, landlord, where's your rent?
Did you not see that DAY was almost *spent*?
DAY pawn'd and sold, and put off what he might
Tho' it he ne'er so dark, DAY will be *light*.
You had one DAY a tenant; and would fain
Your eyes could see *that* DAY but once again.
No, landlord, no; now you may truly say,
(And to your cost too) you have lost the DAY.
DAY is departed in a mist, I fear;
For DAY is *broke*, and yet does *not appear*.
From time to time he promis'd still to pay;
You should have *rose* before the *break* of D
But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,
For DAY was cunning, and *broke* over-night.
DAY, like a candle, is gone out, but where
None knows, unless to t'other hemisphere.
Then to the tavern let us haste away—
Come, chear up—hang't—'tis but a *broken*
And he that trusted DAY for any sum
Will have his money, if that DAY *will* com
But how now, landlord! what's the matte
What! you can't sleep, you long so much
Have you a mind, sir, to arrest a DAY?
There's no such bailiff, now, as *Joshua*.
Cheer up then, man! what tho' you've l
Do you not know that pay-DAY yet wil
I will engage, do you but leave your s
My life for your's, DAY comes again fo
And for your rent— never torment you
You'll quickly see DAY *peeping* throu

THE LIGHT GUINEA.

ıan, travelling on a journey, having a which he could not pass, gave it to his . and desired him to pass it upon the ght he asked him if he had passed the es, sir," replied Teague, "but I be very sly; the people refused it at at dinner, so at a turnpike, where ce to pay, I whipped it in between , and the man put it into his pocket it."

NEW REGIMEN.

dinarian called in a physician for . The physician felt his pulse, Do you eat well?"—Yes," said Do you sleep well?"—"I do." the Esculapius, "I shall give away all that."

UINED HORSE-RACER.

ong, and ran so fast,
e ran out at last:
t; and then to pay,
ll—and ran away.

MENT ILL-RECEIVED.

ned in company with Dr. Johno make his court to him by ly at every thing he said. The ome time with philosophical impertinent ha, ha, ha! be- "Pray, sir," said the doctor, I hope I have not said any pprehend."

AT AN AUCTION.

g accidentally walked into ıraror asking, "Will no one gentlemen, bid more."— hearer, with a grave face, Thank you, sir—go on— Why I'll bid you—good

THE CHOICE

[illegible] BY CHEE

There lived in Y[illegible]
A man whose na[illegible]
He lov'd three si[illegible]
But which the be[illegible]
These sisters three, [illegible]
Shew'd Pimlico th[illegible]
For each [illegible]
And all were [illegible]
And all made [illegible]
And prais'd hin[illegible]
Young Pim, the [illegible] and the gay,
Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
Each drest herself divinely neat;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses, under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley;
But singly, surely buxom Bet
Was like new hay and mignionet;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy:
And as for Sal, she was a donna,
As fair as those of old Crotona,
Who to Apelles lent their faces
To make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim
Came elegantly smart and trim
When ev'ry smiling maiden, certain,
Cut off some cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy at once not fearing—caring,
To shew her saving ate the paring;
And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
Cut and then threw away the rind;

prudent Sarah, sure to please,
clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
lone, young Pimlico replied,
ly I now declare my bride:
Nan I can't my welfare put,
she has prov'd a dirty slut:
Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
uld give my fortune to the wind.
ly the happy medium chose,
d I with Sally will repose;
e's prudent, cleanly: and the man
ho fixes on a nuptial plan,
an never err, if he will choose
wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."

TITLED PRAYERS.

In a country parish, the wife of the lord of the
nanor came to church, after her lying-in, to return
anks. The parson, aiming to be complaisant,
nd thinking plain "woman" too familiar, in-
tead of saying, "O Lord, save this woman!"
said, "O Lord, save this lady!" The clerk, re-
solving not to be behind-hand with him in polite-
ness, answered, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust
in thee."

GRAMMATICAL ANCESTORS.

Mr. Pitt was once disputing for the energy and
beauty of the Latin language. In support of the
superiority which he affirmed it to have over the
English, he asserted, that two negatives made a
thing more positive than one affirmative possibly
could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father
and mother must have been two complete *negatives*
to make such a *positive* fellow as you are."

THE DISAPPOINTED CRITIC.

An orator having written a speech, which he
intended to deliver at a public meeting, gave it
to a friend to read, and desired his opinion of it.
The friend, after some time, told the author he had
read it over three times: the first time it appeared
very good, the second indifferent, and the third
quite insipid. "That will do," said the orator,
very coolly, "for I have only to repeat it once."

A LADY'S VALUABLES.

When the Duchess of Kingston wished to be re-
ceived at the court of Berlin, she got the Russian
minister there to mention her intentions to his
Prussian majesty; and to tell him, at the same
time, that her fortune was at Rome, her bank at
Venice, but that her heart was at Berlin. Imme-
diately on hearing this, the king sarcastically re-
plied, "I beg, sir, you will give my compli-
ments to her grace, and inform her that I am very
sorry we are only entrusted with the very worst
part of her property."

EPITAPH ON A TRAVELLER.

The evil that men do lives after them.
The good is oft interred with their bones.
SHAKSPEARE.

Here resteth the body of
T—— B——,
late of Manchester,
who died on a journey through Scotland,
May 3, 1798, aged 30.
This stone was placed here
by an Acquaintance,
who, after examining the *Debits* and *Credi*
of his cash account,
found a small balance in his favour.
His sickness was short, and being a stran
he was not troubled in his last momen
with the sight of weeping friends,
but died at an hospitable inn,
with the consent of all around him
He left no mourner here,
Save a favourite mare, which,
(if the account of an ostler may be cr
neither ate nor drank during his indis

READER!

little will be said to perpetuate his n
the fact is—he died poor;
the whole he left behind would not
sufficient to paint half his virt
His chief mourner was sold by pu
To pay the expenses of a
over-grown landlord and half-starve

t once contained
patterns, and library,
sisting of
s and a clean shirt:
samples of
lines and tassels,
, and whalebone;
rious collection of books;
manuscript poetry,
of his own muse)
ial Magazines,
The Whole Duty of Man,
and
mortality of the Soul.
g pocket lay
ote for five pounds,
shed love-letter;
ced an eager desire
dy marriage;
ly face was an index of an
unforgiving temper,
by the object of his affection,
had spared him,
had been unkind
o have improved an *ill-fa-*
ed stock.
y of his manners,
tibility of his heart,
arances the lie;
e fair sex was notorious
so tenderly attentive,
of a rude embrace
the 'tear of Sensibility'
from his eye.*
py when doing good;
bountifully extended
ate part of the sex,
ed to the utmost of his power;
aking, a friend to *all*;
none but *himself*.

TRAVELLER

ment on the uncertainty of
is life!

---

d only one.

Five days are not yet passed
glee the well-known
he little thoug
his farewell tribute to ever
But his last journey being
no riding double stages to
Nor *boxing*
to mak
who knows but
T
of the good and evil
and he
that it may be found to his
on the judgment day,
in the grand ledger of everlasting happiness.

PRIESTCRAFT OUTWITTED.

An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold. "Ah! my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul." The count threw upon the plate another piece; "Here is another soul delivered," said the priest. "Are you positive of it?" replied the count. "Yes, my lord," replied the priest, "I am certain they are now in heaven."—"Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now, seeing the souls are already got to heaven, there can be no danger of their returning to purgatory."

POETICAL LICENCE.

When Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,
Some smooth, soft flattery read, by Waller writ;
Waller, who erst to sing was not asham'd,
That heav'n in storms great Cromwell's soul had claim'd,
Turn'd to the bard, and, with a smile, said he,
"Your strains for Noll excel your strains for me."
The bard, his cheeks with conscious blushes red,
Thus to the king return'd, and bow'd his head;
"Poets, so heav'n and all the nine decreed,
In fiction better than in truth succeed."

THE SNORING MEMBER.

During a debate in the House of Commons, about *four* in the morning, a member was called to order for *snoring*, while a very eminent orator was addressing the house. When a division took place, the speaker, as usual, put the question.—"Those who are for the amendment say *aye*, and those who are of the contrary opinion say no." A gentleman who was near the snoring member, exclaimed from the gallery, "the *nose* had it."

LOVE FOR OUR ENEMIES.

A physician seeing Charles Bannister about to drink a glass of brandy, said, "Don't drink that filthy stuff; brandy is the worst enemy you have?" —"I know that," replied Charles, "but you know we are commanded by Scripture to love our enemies."

A SUCCESSOR TO CERBERUS.

Carolan, the Irish bard, being refused entrance to a nobleman's house by the porter, whose name was O'Flinn, wrote with chalk on the door—
"What pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn,
Such a surly old dog would let nobody in."

MACKCOULL, THE PICKPOCKET.

While Sir W. Parsons was one day sitting at Bow-street, he received the following curious epistle from a notorious pickpocket—

Gentlemen,—I beg leave to inform you that I am (with my wife) going to the theatre, Covent-garden. I take this step, in order to prevent any ill-founded malicious constructions. Trusting I am within the pale of safety, and that my conduct will ever insure me the protection of the magistracy, I remain, Gentlemen, with all due respect and attention, your most obedient very humble servant,
JOHN MACKCOULL.

Donaldson, the officer, therefore treated the apologist with proper attention, and Mackcoull retired with his wife, without attempting to *mill a wipe, queer a stiff, or draw a tatler.*

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF
SHEWING HOW HE WENT
THAN HE INTENDED, A
HOME SAFE AGAI

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke w
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to
Though wedded we have b
These twice ten tedious year
No holiday have seen

To-morrow is our wedding-d
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's chil
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you m
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admir
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth kno
And my good friend the cal
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, that's w
And, for that wine is dear
We will be furnish'd with o
Which is both bright and

John Gilpin kiss'd his lovin
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That though on pleasure she
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chai
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest
Should say that she was p

rs off the chaise was staid,
ey did all get in,
souls, and all agog
hrough thick and thin.

the whip, round went the wheels,
er folks so glad;
id rattle underneath
pside were mad.

at his horse's side
t the flowing mane
ot in haste to ride,
came down again

tree scarce reach'd had he,
ey to begin,
g round his head, he saw
tomers come in.

came, for loss of time,
it griev'd him sore,
pence, full well he knew,
ouble him much more.

before the customers
ted to their mind;
y, screaming, came down stairs,
ine is left behind!"

k!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
ern belt likewise,
bear my trusty sword
do exercise."

ess Gilpin, careful soul!
stone-bottles found,
liquor that she lov'd,
p it safe and sound.

e had a curling ear,
which the belt he drew,
a bottle on each side,
his balance true.

all, that he might be
d from top to toe,
d cloak, well brush'd and neat,
fully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road,
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to snort,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

"So—fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dream'd when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
'Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd!
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.

ill as fast as he drew near,
was wonderful to view,
in a trice the turnpike-men
eir gates wide open threw.

l now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
e bottles twain behind his back,
Were shatter'd at a blow.

own ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leather girdle brac'd
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house,"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tir'd;"
Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
the middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
'Till at his friend the Callender's
His horse at last stood still.

The callender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him—

"What news? what news? your (fello
Tell me, you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you're come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the callender,
In merry guise he spoke—

"I came because your horse wo
And if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be h
They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to fi
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single w
But to the house went in;

When straight he came wit
A wig that flow'd behin
A hat not much the worse
Each comely in its kind

He held them up, and in
Thus show'd his ready
"My head is twice as b
They therefore needs

"But let me scrape th
That hangs upon yo
And stop and eat, for
Be in a hungry cas

Said John, "It is m
And all the world
If wife should dine
And I should din

to his horse he said,
n haste to dine;
your pleasure you came here,
ll go back for mine."

ess speech, and bootless boast!
ch he paid full dear;
he spake a braying ass
most loud and clear!

is horse did snort as he
rd a lion roar;
ped off with all his might,
d done before.

t Gilpin, and away
lpin's hat and wig;
m sooner than at first,
? they were too big.

ess Gilpin, when she saw
band posting down,
untry far away,
'd out half a crown;

nto the youth she said
ve them to the Bell,
ll be your's when you bring back
and safe and well.

did ride, and soon did meet
ming back amain,
a trice he tried to stop
hing at his rein;

rforming what he meant
dly would have done,
d steed he frighted more,
de him faster run.

t Gilpin, and away
st-boy at his heels,
ey's horse right glad to miss
h'ring of the wheels.

pon the road,
lpin fly,
mp'ring in the rear,
hue ;

Stop thief! stop thief! man!
Not one of them wa
And all and each that hat way
Did join in the purs

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space:
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to Town,
Nor stopp'd till where he first
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

AFFAIR OF HONOUR ACCOMMODATED.

Weston the actor having borrowed, on note, five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money mentioned it in a public coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge. When in the field, the gentleman, being a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and the note was delivered, "But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us, therefore let us give each other a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other."—"With all my heart" said Weston; "come, I'll wound you first," so drawing his sword, he thrust it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the tears into his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a hankerchief, "Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you?" Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied, "where you can, sir."

(PAST CURE.)

Comus proclaims aloud his wife's a w——;
Alas! good Comus! what can we do more?
Were thou no cuckold we could make thee one,
But, being so, we cannot make thee none.

COMMITTAL.

A witness in the Court of King's Bench being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, was asked if he was not a *fortune-teller*. "I am not," answered the witness; "but if every one had his due, I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune." —"Well, fellow," says Mr. Garrow, "pray what is to be my fortune?"—"Why, sir," rejoined the witness, "I understand you made your *first speech* at the Old Bailey, and I think it is probable that you will make your *last speech* there." Lord Kenyon told the witness, angrily, "That he would commit him."—"I hope," answered he, "your lordship will not commit yourself."

A SLEEPING WATCHMAN.

Sound sleeps yon guardian of the night,
The hours uncall'd—youth's rest not sweeter.
"I thought he was a watch"—"You're right,—
He's a *stop-watch*, not *a repeater*."

THE CHRISTENING.

A countryman carrying his son to be baptized, the parson asked what was to be the name. "Peter, my own name, and please your reverence."—"Peter, that is a bad name; Peter denied his master."—"What then would your reverence advise?"—"Why not take my name, Joseph?"—"Joseph; ah! he denied his mistress."

ELECTION MANŒUVRE.

The non-resident freemen of Berwick-upon-Tweed living in London, being put on board two vessels in the Thames, a few days previous to the election of 1768, in order to be conveyed to Berwick by water, Mr. Taylor, one of the candidates in opposition, covenanted with the naval commander of this election cargo, for the sum of £400, to land the freemen in Norway. This was accordingly done, and in consequence Mr. Taylor and Lord Delaval secured their seats without any *further expense*.

THE MISER'S MANSION

See, sir, see, here's the grand a
This way is for his grace's coac
There lies the bridge, and here's
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonna
And mark how wide the hall is
The chimnies are so well desig
They never smoke in any wind
The gallery's contriv'd for wal
The windows, to retire and tal
The council-chamber for debat
And all the rest are rooms of s
Thanks, sir, cried I; 'tis very
But where d'ye sleep, or where
I find, by all you have been te
This is a *house*, but not a *dwelli*

KNAVERY ON ALL SID

A clergyman said to one of his poo
"You have lived like a knave, an
like a knave."—"Then," said the
"you will bury me like a knave."

A WELL-INFORMED WIT

A quaker was examined befor
excise, concerning certain duties;
missioners thinking themselves
treated by his *theeing* and *thouing*,
with a stern countenance, asked
sir, do you know what we sit
"Yea," replied Nathan, "I do
for a thousand, some for fifteen
others for seventeen hundred and
a-year."

THE TOPER'S LOGIC

Some say that hard drinking will h
And that temperance is to long life
But since we were fashion'd fro
learn,
And to *dust* are all hast'ning again
To prolong our existence, a taper
'Tis undoubtedly needful to "*moi*

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

FAIR BARGAIN.

nce advertising for a coachman,
r of applicants. One of them
and told him, if his character
ld take him on the terms which
upon. " But," said he, " my
am rather a particular man, it
inform you, that every evening,
of the stable is done, I shall
ne to my house for a quarter of
d family prayers. To this, I
have no objection."—" Why, as
ied the fellow, " I do not see
st it; but I hope you'll *consider*

A DIALOGUE.

—I hate you; that's flat.
—Lord bless me!—be quiet—
p your hands off—take that;—
ime here to a riot?

—how now? Do you scratch
I won't bear this usage—
thinking cross-patch—
of Miss I know who's age.

that Miss's age,
have fellows with me, Sir?
ne'er such a rage,
e skips of a flea, Sir.

, I hope no offence;—
om bear any meaning:
lady of sense,
ld scorn to be seen in.

would ruffle a saint;
ld learn to be civil.—
I will, I'll maintain't—
you're an impudent devil.

are satisfied?—*N.* No:
How can folks be so teasing.
much sweetness bestow,
nothing displeasing.

REASON FOR GETTING DRUNK.

Says my lord to his cook, " on of a punk,
How comes it I see you, th k?
Physicians, they say, once a
A man, for his health, to ge
" That is right," quoth the cook, " but
they don't say,
So for fear I should miss it, I'm dr
day."

NEGRO CANDOUR.

A negro in the island of St. Chri
cruel a master that he dreaded the
After exercising much tyranny amon
the planter died, and left his son their
estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved. " I suppose," says he, " he's a chip of the old block?"—" No, no," says the negro, " Massa be all block himself."

AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Ran away from his wife and helpless family, on Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged thirty-five; has a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a nose of high-burned brick-blue with a lofty bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honourable one) on his left cheek. He primes and loads (that is, takes snuff and tobacco); and is so loquacious that he tires every one in company but himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner and the saint, he carries a *pack of cards* in one pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other. He is a great liar, and can varnish falsehood with a great deal of art. Had on, when he went away, a three-cocked hat, which probably he has since changed to a round one, with a blue body-coat, rather on the fade. He was seen in Bennington on Saturday last, *disguised* in a *clean shirt*.

THE LOYAL PAIR.

" I'll list for a soldier," says Robin to Sue,
To avoid these eternal disputes!"—
" Aye, aye," cries the termagant, " do, Robin
" I'll raise, the mean while, fresh recruit

HUMOURS OF A CLUB.

Sir Geoffrey Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and ran it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices; for which he is in great esteem among us

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to shew him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at any thing that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing-Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something re
others; though, at the same time, I un
their behaviour, that I am considered
a man of a great deal of learning, bu
ledge of the world; insomuch, that
sometimes, in the height of his milt
calls me the philosopher: and Sir G
longer ago than last night, upon a di
day of the month it was then in Holl
his pipe out of his mouth, and cried,
the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at six of th
the evening; but I did not come last
half-an-hour after seven, by which
caped the battle of Naseby, which
usually begins at about three-quarte
I found also, that my good friend, t
had already spent three of his distich
waited an opportunity to hear a ser
of, that he might introduce the cou
"a stick" rhimes to "ecclesiastic."
trance into the room, they were na
petticoat and a cloak, by which I fo
Bencher had been diverting them wi
Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, bu
frey, to shew his good-will towards
a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred
I look upon it as a point of mora
obliged by those who endeavour to
and, therefore, in requital for his kin
set the conversation a-going, I took th
sion I could to put him upon telling
of old Gantlett, which he always doe
particular concern. He traced up hi
both sides for several generations, de
diet and manner of life, with his sev
and particularly that in which he
Gantlett was a game-cock, upon who
knight, in his youth, had won five hund
and lost two thousand. This natur
Major upon the account of Edgehill
ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentiv

the same he had heard
ty years, and upon all
nephew to mind what

the world a taste of
n, which we spun out
k, when my maid came
home.

OF YEARS.

owing receipt asserts,
of sixty to the appear-
se shaving (if a black
alse hair, one; powder,
al teeth, two; a clean
false eye-brows, one;
pared, and thin shoes,

BARRINGTON, THE
ING THE THEATRE
OTANY BAY.

wide-spread seas we

or beat of drum;
understood,
ir country's good;
our generous zeal,
as our country's weal;
that our emigration
the British nation.
ld our breasts inflame
theatric fame?
ir former days
exhibit plays?
observations made,
ie scenic trade.
rs is no stranger,
admirable *Ranger*.
not far to roam,
be quite at home:
l dispute my claim
exalted fame,

As oft on Gadshill we have ta nd,
When 'twas so dark you coul r hand,
Some true-bred Falstaff we m ta
Who, when well bolster'd, ol
part;
The scene to vary, we shall t
To treat you with a little pan
Here light and easy columb.....
And well-tried harlequins with
From durance vile our precious selve
We often had recourse to a flying-leap;
To a black face have sometimes owed
And Hounslow-Heath has prov'd the
crape.
But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to soa.
Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?
Too oft, alas! we forc'd the unwilling tear,
And petrified the heart with real fear!
Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
For some of us, I fear, have murder'd sleep!
His lady too, with grace will sleep and talk;
Our females have been us'd at night to walk.
Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
An actor may improve and mend his part.
"Give me a horse!" bawls Richard like a drone;
We'll find a man would help himself to one.
Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
To raise your smiles we'll do our very best;
And without dread of future turnkey Lockits.
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

EPITAPH ON A MARSHAL OF THE KING'S BENCH.

Some years since there was a Marshal of the King's Bench whose name was Thomas, that became extremely obnoxious to the prisoners; one of them, on some occasion or other, spread a report of his death, which gave rise to the following epitaph:—

Beneath this stone lies Marshal
Thomas.
He's gone: 'tis well;
We thank thee, Hell,
For taking such a rascal
from us.

AUCTIONEER ELOQUENCE.

An elegant *pleasure-yacht* being sold by auction, the auctioneer said, that it comprehended all the advantages of the most finished *country villa*, besides many which were peculiar to itself. It had all the accommodations of a house, and was free from the inconveniences of a bad neighbourhood, for its *scite* could be changed at pleasure; it had not only the richest, but also the most *various prospects*: and it was a villa free from *house-duty* and *window-lights*; it paid neither *church-tythe* nor *poor-rate*: it was free from *government* and *parochial taxes*, and it not only had a command of *wood* and *water*, but possessed the most *extensive fishery* of any house in England.

A PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER.

Though not very fond of seeing a pageant myself, yet I am generally pleased with being in the crowd which sees it: it is amusing to observe the effect which such a spectacle has upon the variety of faces; the pleasure it excites in some, the envy in others, and the wishes it raises in all. With this design, I lately went to see the entry of a foreign ambassador, resolved to make one in the mob, to shout as they shouted, to fix with earnestness upon the same frivolous objects, and participate for a while the pleasures and the wishes of the vulgar.

In this plight, as I was considering the eagerness that appeared in every face, how some bustled to get foremost, and others contented themselves with taking a transient peep when they could; how some praised the four black servants that were stuck behind one of the equipages, and some the ribbons that decorated the horses' necks in another; my attention was called off to an object more extraordinary than any I had yet seen: a poor cobler sat in his stall by the way-side, and continued to work while the crowd passed by, without testifying the smallest share of curiosity. I own his want of attention excited mine; and, as I stood in need of his assistance, I thought it best to employ phic cobler on this occasion. Perceiv siness, therefore, he desired me to en down, took my shoe in his lap, and mend it, with his usual indifference turnity.

"How, my friend," said I to him, continue to work, while all those fine passing by your door?"—"Very fine master," returned the cobler, "for tho them, to be sure; but what are all things to me? You don't know what a cobler, and so much the better fo Your bread is baked; you may go an the whole day, and eat a warm supper come home at night; but for me, if I hunting after all these fine folk, wha get by my journey but an appetite? help me, I have too much of that a ready, without stirring out for it. Yo who may eat four meals a-day, and a night, are but a bad example to such a —No, master, as God has called me world, in order to mend old shoes, I h siness with fine folk, and they no bu me." I here interrupted him wit "See this last, master," continues this hammer; this last and hammer a best friends I have in this world, n will be my friend, because I want a fr great folks you saw pass by just now hundred friends, because they have n for them; now, while I stick to my g here, I am very contented; but, whe little run after sights and fine things, hate my work, I grow sad, and have mend shoes any longer."

This discourse only served to raise m to know more of a man whom natur formed into a philosopher. I there sibly led him into a history of his "I have lived," said he, "a wand now five-and-fifty years, here to-day to-morrow; for it was my misfortu

ond of changing."—"You
r then, I presume?" inter-
boast much of travelling."
I have never left the parish
n but three times in my life,
er; but then there is not a
neighbourhood that I have
time or another. When I
take to my business in one
een misfortune, or a desire
lsewhere, has removed me,
e, away from my former cus-
more lucky cobler would
and make a handsome for-
of my making; there was
d, in the stall that I had left,
seven shillings, all in hard
uilted into the waistband of

ile at these migrations of a
, and continued to ask, If he
ed? "Ay, that I have, mas
for sixteen long years; and a
it, heaven knows. My wife
l, that the only way to thrive
save money; so, though our
three shillings a-week, all
ay her hands upon she used
e, though we were obliged to
k after for it.
years we used to quarrel
, and I always got the bet-
hard spirit, and still conti-
; so that I was at last tired
getting the better, and she
at pleasure, till I was almost
er conduct drove me at last
ehouse; here I used to sit,
ed home like myself, drank
eft, and run in score when
st me; till at last the land-
y with a long bill, when I
I putting it into my wife's
f it effectually broke her

heart. I searched the whole after she was
dead, for money; but she ha so effec-
tually, that, with all my pain ever find
a farthing."

ASSISTANCE.

Curio, whose hat a nimble k l,
Fat, clumsy, gouty,
Panting against a post, ...
And his sad story to a stranger ...
"Follow the thief," rep
"Ah, Sir!" said he, '
more."
"Alarm the neighbourhood with hue and
"Alas! I've roar'd as long as lungs could
roar."
"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all endeavour,
Sans voice to call, *sans* vigour to pursue:
And since your *hat*, of course, is gone for ever,
I'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—adieu!"

RIVAL DOCTORS.

When Drs. Cheyne and Winter were the two principal physicians at Bath, they adopted very opposite modes of practice; but the former gave some credence to his prescription of milk diet, by making it the principal article of his own sustenance. On this occasion Winter sent to him the following stanzas:—

Tell me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrates thou hast it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairne.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes and calves is food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor, one new prescription try,
A friend's advice forgive:
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die,
Thy patients then may live.

DR. CHEYNE'S ANSWER.

My system, Doctor, 's all my own,
No teacher I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive!
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

SCOTCH NOBILITY.

Quin being asked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people, replied: "If you mean the lower order of them, I shall be at a loss to answer you; for I had no farther acquaintance with them than by the smell. As for the nobility they are numerous; and, for the most part, proud and beggarly. I remember, when I crossed from the north of Ireland into their country, I came to a little wretched village, consisting of a dozen huts, in the style of the Hottentots; the principal of which was an inn, and kept by an earl. I was mounted on a shrivelled quadruped, for there was no certainty of calling it horse, mare, or gelding; much like a North Wales goat, but larger, and without horns. The whole village was up in an instant to salute me; supposing, from the elegance of my appearance, that I must be some person of a large fortune and great family. The earl ran, and took hold of my stirrup while I dismounted; then turning to his eldest son, who stood by us without breeches, said, my lord, do you take the gentleman's horse to the stable, and desire your sister, Lady Betty, to draw him a pint of two-penny; for I suppose so great a man will ha' the best liquor in the *whol hous*."—"I was obliged," continued Quin, "to *stay here a whole night*, and to make a supper of rotten potatoes and stinking eggs. Th was indeed very complaisant, and m of his own bed. I cannot say that was the best in the world; for ther but an old box to sit upon in the ro were neither sheets nor curtains to t Betty was kind enough to apologize ment, assuring me, many persons of had frequently slept in it; and th *blankets luked sae black*, it was *not q sin* they had been washed by the mother, and Lady Matilda Car Eleonora Sophia, one of her younge then wished me a good night, and count, her brother, would take part *grease my boots*."

ANACREONTIC.

Ah! wherefore did I daring ga
Upon the radiance of thy cha
And, vent'ring nearer to thy ra
How dar'd I clasp thee in my

That kiss will give my heart a
Which thy sweet pity will de
Then, Cynthia, take the kiss ag
Or let me take ten thousand

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE

As Queen Elizabeth was riding she was met by a beggar, who aske The Queen remarking to her chan the man followed her wherever she this line out of Ovid:

Pauper ubique jacet.

Which may be thus translated:

"In any place, in any bed,
The poor man rests his wea

On which the pauper instantly repl

In thalamis Regina tuis, hac no
Si foret hoc verum, Pauper ubiq

"Ah, beauteous Queen, if tha
This very night I'd rest with

ND PURGATORY.

eman was one day rallied by
using to give something to the
iest demanded for the deliver-
urgatory; when the priest
ew what an innumerable num-
ere to take him? he answer-
ow many devils there were in
many?" says the priest, his
ed by the novelty of the an-
millions, five hundred and
hundred and seventy-five
says the nobleman. "A
est, "pray what kind of a
Yourself," says the noble-
half a devil already, and
when you come there; for
all you deal with, and bring
your hands, that you may
go again."

'S THE POKER

Susan storm'
age perform'd,
swearing, sweating,
and fretting;
y and thieving!
t a world we live in!
he morning,
aster warning.
ap his doors,
l-for-nothing w——s,
r trade they drive,
annot thrive."
n grunt and groan,
me alone,
's heels in throngs,
lost the tongs;
er, and grate
untimely fate.
wages spent
e new ones went.

There'd been, she swore, som or witch in,
To rob and plunder all the k
One night she to her chamber
Where for a moment she'd no
Curse on the author of these w..
In her own bed she found the tu-
Hang Thomas for an idle joker!
And there, good lack! she found the poker
With salt-box, pepper-box, and kettle,
And all the culinary metal.
Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses,
For if young girls delight in kissing,
No wonder that the poker's missing.

THE LESS OF TWO EVILS.

The doctrine of purgatory was once disputed between the Bishop of Waterford and Father O'Leary; it is not likely the former was convinced by the arguments of the latter, who, however, closed it very neatly by telling the bishop—"Your lordship may go farther, and fare worse."

HOW TO SAVE ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he went the next day to the rich man's house, about the time that he was known to sit down to dinner, and told the servant that he must speak with his master immediately; for that he could save him a thousand pounds. "Sir," said the servant to his master, "here's a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." Out comes the master, "What's that you say, sir? That you can save me a thousand pounds?"—"Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner. I'll go and dine myself, and call again."—"Oh, pray, sir, come in, and take a dinner with me."—"Sir, I shall be troublesome."—"Not at all." The invitation was accepted; and, dinner being over, and the family retired—"Well, sir, said the man of the house, now to our

business. Pray, sir, let me know how I am to save this thousand pounds."—"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."—"I have."—"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds!"—"I do so."—"Why then, sir, let me have her, and I'll take her with *nine* thousand."

WRITTEN ON THE DOOR OF A CERTAIN HOUSE.

Gold rules within, and reigns without these doors,
Makes men take places, and poor maids turn w—s.
Her blooming virtue's sold, his trust's betray'd,
Debauch'd the member falls, alike the maid!
Each pleads excuse, tho' profit each does move—
His is the sov'reign's service, her's is love.
The world sees through the sham in which both join,
He votes for interest, as she yields for coin.

PATRONAGE.

The late Earl of Chesterfield was universally esteemed the Mæcenas of the age in which he lived. Dr. Johnson addressed the plan of his dictionary of the English language to him on that account; and his lordship endeavoured to be grateful by recommending that valuable work in two essays, which, among others, he published in a paper intituled the World, conducted by Mr. Moore and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to Lord Chesterfield, which happened by a mistake of the porter; and just before the work was finished, on Mr. Moore's expressing his surprise that Dr. Johnson did not intend to dedicate the book to his lordship, the lexicographer declared he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and therefore should not make him his patron. "Pardon me, sir," said Moore, "you are certainly obliged to his lordship for the two elegant papers he has written in favour of your performance."—"You quite mistake the thing," returned Johnson, "I confess no obligation. I feel my own dignity, sir; I have made a *Commodore* Anson's voyage round the whole world of the English language; and w coming into port, with a fair wind on shiny day, my Lord Chesterfield send little cock-boats to tow me in. I am v ble of the favour, Mr. Moore, and shoul to say an ill-natured thing of that noble I cannot help thinking he is a lord an and a wit among lords.

LETTER FROM AN IRISH GENTLEWO HER SON IN LONDON.

My dear child,

I thought it my duty incumbint upon you know that your only living siste Mac-Frame, has been violently ill of a f ness, and is dead; therefore we have s hopes of her gitting bitter. Your dea constantly prayed for a long and speedy

I am sorry to acquaint you, that your Patrick O'Conner, is also dead. His di casioned by ateing rid-hirrings stuffed tes, or parates stuffed wid rid hirring know which; and notwithstanding the attended him for three weeks, he died for want of hilp on the day of his dith, Sunday night last. The great bulk of comes to an only dead child in the famil

I have made a prisent of your sister's ring to Mr. O'Hara, the great small-bee for three guineas; and I have taken corner-house that is burnt down, on a lase.

I have sint you a Dublin Canary-bird have carefully put up in a rat-trap, food in a snuff-box, which will come charges, only paying the captain for the

Pray sind me the news of the prosade House of Commons nixt week; for we have given us leave to import all our England, which is great news indeed.

Write immediately, and don't stay fo Dirict for me nixt door to the Bible a in Copper Alley, Dublin, for there I but I shall remove to-morrow into my n

in a frank again; for the last
ree was charged thirteen-pince.
ient from
liful modther,
AMEV CARRNAVL MAC FRAME.
e this litter, to prevint it from
pen; therefore send word if
Your cousin-in-law, Thady
gone for a light-horseman among

E TO SCREEN A FOOL.

or, as tis said,
anvass, tape, and thread,
wadding, silk, and twist,
extensive list
r uncouth bills abound
in their garments found:)
other arts in trade,
ome fortune made;
'ew have ever done,
and to his son.

y young swagg'ring blade,
ry name o' the trade,
ions should be thrown
f to leave the town,
re he was not known.

st he made his way,
ch and liv'ries gay;
beaux his taste admire,
id rich attire;
so much adored
r-hilted sword;
short, 'twas vastly ne
eem'd a perfect treat;
gg'd to have a look,
rord in hand he took,
ove, it was an odd thing,
like a tailor's bodkin.
'd at his expression,
his mean profession;
he sneak'd away,
ter the same day.

There soon he found new
For (dining on some fine
They asked him which he
Some cabbage or some cu

What was design'd a co
He thought severe reflecti
His stomach turn'd, he co
So made an ungenteel
Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
And bade his coachman drive to Bath
There he suspected fresh abuse,
Because the dinner was roast goose;
And that he might no more be jeer'd,
For Exeter directly steer'd.

There with the beaux, he drank about,
Until he fear'd they'd find him out;
His glass not fill'd (as was his rule)
They said 'twas not a thimble full
The name of thimble was enough,
He paid his reckoning and went off.
Next day to Plymouth he remov'd,
Where he still unsuccesful proved
For tho' he filled his glass or cup,
He did not always drink it up;
The topers mark'd how he behav'd,
And said "a remnant should be sav'd."

The name of remnant gall'd him so,
He then resolv'd for York to go;
There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up;
"Well done," said Jack, a buck of York,
"You go through stitch, sir, with your work."

The name of stitch was such reproach,
He rang the bell, and call'd the coach;
But e'er he went, enquiry made
By what means they found out his trade.

You put the cap on, and it fits,
Replied one of the Yorkshire wits;
Our words, in common acceptation,
Could not find out your occupation;
'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
To find out both your trade and you;

Proud coxcombs and fantastic beaux,
In ev'ry place themselves expose:
They travel far, at great expense,
To shew their wealth and want of sense;
But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise will screen a fool.

CHARACTER OF A MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF A MAN.

The good qualities of such a man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm, but you never find him do any good. He is careful to have all the externals of sense and virtue, but you never perceive his *heart* concerned in any word, thought, or action. To him every body is his dear friend, with which he always begins all his letters, and ends them with "Your ever sincere and affectionate friend." He is usually seen with persons older than himself, but always richer. He is not prominent in his conversation, but merely puts in his "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to every thing said by the elevated or overbearing; which confirms him in their opinion as "a very sensible and discerning person," as well as a "mighty good kind of a man."—He is so familiarized to assent to every thing advanced, that I have known him approve opposite sentiments in the course of five minutes! The weather is a leading topic with "a mighty good kind of a man," and you may make him agree in one breath, that it is hot and cold, frost and thaw, and that the wind blows from every point of the compass! He is so civil and well-bred, as to keep you in the rain, rather than ascend a carriage before you; and the dinner would grow cold in your attempt to move him from the lower end of the table. Not a glass approaches his lips unless he has disturbed half the company to drink their health. He never omits his glass with the mistress of the house, nor forgets to notice little master and miss, which with mamma always makes him "a mighty good kind of a man," and also assures her, that he would make a very good husband. No man is ever half so happy, or *so general, in his* friendships—every one he names is a friend of his, and all his friends are "good kind of men." He pulls off his every third person he meets, though he kn even the name of one in twenty!—A yo born with this demonstrated propensity of ty goodness," has every chance of ad his fortune. Thus, if in orders, he will to pick up a tolerable living, or become a dunce of quality. If "a mighty good man" is a counsellor, he will draw from t nies a large supply of chamber cases and pleadings, or bills and answers, he being qualified for a *dray-horse* of the law. If mitted into the college as M. D. he will ha chance to be at the top of the professio whole success of the faculty depends upon men, or fanciful young ones, hypochond and ricketty children; to the generosit these nothing so much recommends a phy his being "a mighty good kind of a man. past dispute that a *good man*, and a man should possess in some degree the outline ed; yet, if he possesses no more, he will b but a vapid and valueless character. M perficial observers are deceived by *Fres* it has the glitter of a diamond, but the hardness discovers the counterfeit, and out to be of no intrinsic value! If the h heart are to be omitted in the character, as well seek for female beauty without a an eye, as expect a valuable man witho standing or sensibility. But besides this, happens that those "mighty good kind are wolves in sheep's clothing, and that t sible cunning of their outward deportme culated to entrap the unwary, and to pro nister designs.

MADAM, MY WIFE.

Ye lovers of quiet, and conjugal joys;
Dread foes to contention, jars, tumult, an
Oh! fly from my dwelling, fly quickly fr
Is't the plague? Ten times worse—'tis m
wife.

ision; what clack of a mill;
rent, that falls from yon hill;
ar? None of these, by my life,
ear is—from madam, my wife.

ry'd out; I am sure 'tis no

sound is! how shrill is the

ith speed, seize the murderer's

thing—but madam, my wife.

loose! the fierce winds now

lls, and disturbs all the skies;
es; 'tis the element's strife;
ug; no—'tis madam, my wife.

gods! that these tumults may

peed, to some island of peace;
—Hark! the noise of drum,
fe!
p my ears!—oh, 'tis madam,

ER DE COVERLY.

ociety is a gentleman of Wor-
ient descent, a baronet, his
: Coverly. His great grand-
of that famous country-dance
er him. All who know that
acquainted with the parts and
. He is a gentleman that is
behaviour, but his singulari-
s good sense, and are contra-
ers of the world, only as he
in the wrong. However, this
no enemies, for he does no-
or obstinacy; and his being
es and forms, makes him but
e capable to please and oblige
When he is in town, he lives
said, he keeps himself a bachelor, by reason he was c[illegible] love t[illegible] perverse beautiful widow of [illegible] county to him. Before this disappointm[illegible] ger was what you call a fine gentlema[illegible] d [illegible]oped with my Lord Rochester and S[illegible] [illegible]ege, fought a duel upon his first c[illegible] [illegible] and kicked Bully Dawson in a [illegible] [illegible]ouse, for calling him youngster. [illegible] ill-used by the above-menti[illegible] widow, [illegible] as very serious for a year and a half; and though his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said, Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch, that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies! but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind: but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a Justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act.

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Midas (we read) with wond'rous art of old,
Whate'er he touch'd, at once transform'd to gold:
This modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

THE SIX-FOOT SUCKLING.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy which turns pale,
And sickens even, if a friend prevail;
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And dams the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vices snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
A motly figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
Came simpering on.

* * * * * * *

Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth;
A *six-foot suckling*, mincing in its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of players, and of plays;
Much too of writings which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, tho' of little note;
For fate, in a strange humour, had
That what it wrote none but Itself
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd
Then with a self-complacent pitt
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggl'd
And with an awkward briskness-
Looking around, and perching ou
Triumphant seem'd; when that
dame,
Known but to few, or only know
Plain common sense appear'd, by
Appointed, with plain truth, to g
The pageant saw, and blasted wit
To its first state of nothing melte
Nor shall the muse, (for even thes
Of this vain nothing shall be mor
Nor shall the muse (should fate or
Fond, pleasing, thought, to live i
With such a trifler's name her pa
Known be the character, the thin
Let it, to disappoint each future
Live without sex, and die withou

THE BACHELOR'S REC

At 16 years incipient palpitati
ed towards the young ladies.

17. Much blushing and confus
addressed by a handsome woman.

18. Confidence in conversatio
is much increased

19. Becomes angry if treated

20. Betrays great consciousn
charms and manliness.

21. A looking-glass becomes
piece of furniture in his dressi
some instances finds its way into

22. Insufferable puppyism nov

23. Thinks no woman good
the marriage state with him.

24. Is caught unawares by t
pid.

25. The connection broken off
on his part.

nself with airs of much supe-
dresses to another lady, not
ortifying the first.
nd frantic on being refused.
st the fair sex in general, as
e and out of humour in all
atrimony.
s matrimony more under the
t than previously.
onsider personal beauty in a
nsable as formerly.
a high opinion of his attrac-
y has the hope that he may
n.
and violently in love with one
esespoir! another refusal.
w in every kind of dissipation.
st part of the female sex, and
ion for his spleen in the society
spositions.
remorse and mortification in
ink he is growing old, yet still
g of matrimonial ideas, but no
om young widow begins to per-
address her with mixed sensa-
nterest.
evails, which causes much cau
jilts him, being full as cautious
ery day more gloomy and averse
ervous symptoms now begin to
may become of him when he
; but still persuades himself he

48. Thinks living alone irk
49. Resolves to have a pr g woman as housekeeper and companio
50. A nervous affection a him, and fre quent attacks of the gout.
51. Much pleased with his new housekeeper as a nurse.
52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.
53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.
54. Is in great distress how to act.
55. Completely under her influence, and very miserable.
56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her, and attempts to gain her on his own terms.
57. She refuses to live any longer with him solo.
58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious to excess.
59. Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and promises to espouse her.
60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favour, and makes his exit in her arms.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A group of topers at a table sat,
With punch, that much regales the thirsty soul;
Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and, for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in,
And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host were drown'd.

Wanting to drink, one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then, taking care that none were lost,
He put in ev'ry mother's son again.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss;
Swearing, and in the attitude to strike.
"Lord!" quoth the man, with gravely lifted eyes
"Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I did not know but others might."

WHIMS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

vious to the year 1820, when Sir Richard
ps published that system of nature in which
monstrates that there exists no power in the
rial or known universe but *matter in motion*,
at matter in motion is *the only existing power*;
then illustrates the proximate causes of all
nomena on this principle: the soi-disant phi-
ophers taught to the world, and perhaps many
them actually believed in the following most
himsical doctrines:

1. That bodies *attract* one another, or are
ade to move towards one another by their own
nutual influence or pressure, which is the same
thing as to say that they acted where they are not,
and pushed each other from their opposite or
contrary sides!

2. That in other cases they took it into their
noddles to *repel* or repulse one another, or were
actuated alternately by sentiments of affection
and dislike!

3. That a stone moves towards the earth because
the earth attracts it or pushes it downwards from
the opposite side.

4. That the earth thus pushes the moon towards
itself on the moon's opposite side, and the sun all
the planets, though none of them permanently vary
their distances.

5. That the space between the planets is a
vacuum, though gas expands on every side.

6. That heat is a subtle fluid coming when
called for, and filling up the spaces between
atoms, when these are said to be heated.

7. That animal life is a principle of its own
kind, or a sort of rare fluid which gets into bodies.

8. That electric, galvanic, and magnetic phe-
nomena are each produced by fluids which whisk
up and down the world, and come at command,
on performing certain incantations.

9. That identical atoms of light travel twelve
millions of miles in a second, and have *fits* of easy
reflection and transmission.

10. That the moon in some way gets under the
waters of the ocean, and pushes them up, while the
waters somehow get behind the moon and push
down the moon.

All which may be called the philosophical com-
mandments of the last age, and absurd as they
may seem to every thinking mind, they are each
to this day cherished by dotards in philosophy,
and by superannuated establishments where knowl-
ledge never advances.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

Queen Mary having ordered her attorney-
general, Seymour, to draw up the charter for the
college in Virginia, which was to be given with
two thousand pounds in money, he opposed the
grant, saying, that the nation was engaged in an
expensive war, that the money was wanted for
better purposes, and he did not see the least ne-
sion for a college in Virginia. The counsel
represented to him, that its intention was to edu-
cate and qualify young men to be ministers of the
gospel, much wanted there; and hoped the
Attorney-General would consider that the people
of Virginia had souls to be saved as well as the
people of England. *Souls!* said he, *damn*
souls! make *tobacco!*

OLD AND YOUNG, IN CHAUCER'S S

Fair *Susan* did her wif-hede well mene
Algates assaulted sore by letchours twe
Now and I read aright that auntient so
Olde were the paramours, the dame fo
Had thilke same tale in other guise
Had they been yong, (pardie) and she
That, by St. *Kit*, had wrought much
Full marveillous, I wote, were swilk

THE CRITICAL QUESTIO

When Macklin gave lectures
Foote being one evening present
laughing very loud, just before the
Macklin, offended, called out r
"Sir, you seem to be very merr
you know what I am going to say
sir," said Foote; "pray do you

NOMINAL EPITAPH.

ker wrote a work on the English par-
h obtained for him the short and pithy

ere lie Walker's particles.

DORINDA.

parkling wit and eyes,
st too fierce a light,
s high, but quickly dies
the heart but hurts the sight.

ner, gentler joy,
his looks, and soft his pace;
a blackguard boy,
s link full in your face.

TODATING A VISITOR.

having been engaged on a visit
n early hour, to enjoy the plea-
he pond. Foote, ever ready to
rdered the fishing apparatus to
a chair to be placed at the
ccommodation of the learned
nrs did the Baron throw the
ergth Foote and his company
baron," said he, "do they
only had a nibble or two."
t!" says the son of Aristo-
'ou mean?" said his lord-
lied his host, "that there is
'or the water was only put

HE CATHOLICS.

gantly expresses himself
he Papists are all asses;
rn you please boiled,
kinned beat hashed,
-nsses! The pope (he
devil's posteriors, full
. and idolatries; he is
urches, the ravisher of
ps, the governor of

THE PARSON'S BRIDLE.

A youthful parson one day preach'd
Against the drunken, lewd, and idle;
His flock he earnestly beseech'd
On their desires to put a bridle.

The service o'er, his text forgot,
The parson revell'd with the squire;
Bumpers went round, oh woeful blot,
His rev'rence tumbled in the mire.

"Where's now your bridle?" quoth his host,
He hiccup'd out, "What do you think
I've thrown't away? no, 'tis not lost,
I only took it off to drink."

BOWELS OF AN ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Mr. Erskine, when a counsel in the Court of King's Bench, told Mr. Jekyll, "That he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief."—"I'll give you an infallible specific," replied the humourous barrister; "Get made attorney-general, my friend, and then you'll have no bowels at all!"

WHITFIELD AND THE DRUMMER.

George Whitfield was once, in the early part of his life, preaching in the open fields, when a drummer happened to be present, who was determined to interrupt his pious business, and rudely beat his drum in a violent manner, to drown the preacher's voice. Mr. Whitfield spoke very loud, but was not so powerful as the instrument; he therefore called out to the drummer in these words: "Friend, you and I serve the two greatest masters existing, but in different callings; you may beat up for volunteers for King George; I for the Lord Jesus Christ. In God's name, then, don't let us interrupt each other; the world is wide enough for us both, and we may get recruits in abundance." His speech had such an effect, that the drummer went away in great good humour, and left the preacher in full possession of the field.

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor
Yet we will wed—so say no more;
And should the bairns you mention come.
(As few that marry but have some)
No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,
And bread, as well as children, send.
So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw
In search of corn amongst the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks amongst her chirping brood;
With joy I've seen that self-same hen
That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me

A HOT BIRTH.

Mahommed says the slightest of sinners will be confined in hell nine hundred years, so very hot as to make the brain boil through the skull; but downright sinners for nine thousand years, in a a place where the heat is seven times more horrible.

NICE DISTINCTION.

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge Burnet, "to hang a poor fellow for stealing a horse."—"You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

EXTEMPORE ON A KEY, APPENDED TO THE BOSOM OF A VERY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY

How blest is thy lot, thou insensible key,
How gladly I'd change situations with thee!
For to thee, like the key of St. Peter, is given
To guard p'er the gateway—that leads into Heav'n!

THE TRAVELLING

Foote, being at Dover, in b
went into the kitchen of the inn
ner. The cook, understanding
to embark for France, was brag
part, she was never once out of
Foote instantly replied, "Wh
very extraordinary; as they tell
that you have been several time
—"They may say what they p
or below stairs," replied the c
never ten miles from Dover in n
now, that must be a fib," sai
have myself seen you at *Spit-hea*
by this time caught the joke, and
ran round the kitchen, which e
them a crown to drink his he
voyage.

UPS AND DOWN

Phœbus and Ned are like two b
Always, when one is up, the ot

POPULAR NUMER

In Wilkes's time No. 45 was
any other assemblage of numera
invent. One man swore that h
of beef-steaks; another that he
pots of porter; but they both
glorious purpose could be acco
Wilkes it was a lucky number
in upon him in forty-fives; fro
45 dozen of claret; from ano
candles, but all in forty-fives.

OLD MARGER

Dead drunk Old Marg'ry oft
But now she's laid beneath th
As door-nail dead—alas the d
Her nose was red, and moist
From morn to night, of care
She plied her glass and wet
Without a sigh her friend she
But much she griev'd to lea

ENTLEMAN. A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE.

Sunday, in the gloomy month of
ad been detained, in the course of
slight indisposition, from which
; but I was still feverish, and was
within doors all day, in an inn of
Derby. A wet Sunday in a coun-
r has had the luck to experience
judge of my situation. The rain
the casements; the bells tolled for
elancholy sound. I went to the
t of something to amuse the eye;
if I had been placed completely
of all amusement. The windows
looked out among tiled roofs and
ys, while those of my sitting-room
ull view of the stable-yard. I
more calculated to make a man
l than a stable-yard on a rainy day.
littered with straw that had been
y travellers and stable-boys. In
stagnant pool of water, surround-
muck; there were several half-
crowded together under a cart,
as a miserable crest-fallen cock,
all life and spirit; his drooping
were, into a single feather, along
trickled from his back; near the
dozing cow, chewing the cud, and
ly to be rained on, with wreaths of
om her reeking hide; a wall-eyed
e loneliness of the stable, was pok-
head out of a window, with the
it from the eaves; an unhappy cur,
g-house hard by, uttered something
then between a bark and a yelp;
hen-wench tramped backwards and
gh the yard in pattens, looking as
ather itself; every thing, in short,
and forlorn, excepting a crew of
ducks, assembled like boon com-
panions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors, that I know of at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving whip, the buckler for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade instead of fight with one another. As the room of the hostel in the good old fighting times would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers, and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass: they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high and dripping umbrel-

las. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing farther from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco-smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times: Good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the Lady's Magazine. I read all the common-place names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry, which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds, drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter-patter-patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that non-descript animal, ycleped boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way, and boy and dog, and hostler and [illegible] all slunk back to their holes; the street became silent, and the rain continued to [illegible] In fact, there was no hope of its clearing [illegible] barometer pointed to rainy weather; mischief tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing [illegible] and rubbing her paws over her ears; and [illegible] ferring to the almanack, I found a direful [illegible] tion stretching from the tap of the page to the tom, through the whole month, "Expect—rain—about—this—time."

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours [illegible] if they would never creep by. The very [illegible] of the clock became irksome. At length the [illegible] ness of the house was interrupted by the ring [illegible] a bell. Shortly after, I heard the voice of a [illegible] at the bar, "The stout gentleman in No. 13 [illegible] his breakfast. Tea, and bread and butter, [illegible] ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much [illegible] In such a situation as mine, every incident [illegible] importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind; and ample exercise [illegible] imagination. I am prone to paint pictures [illegible] self, and on this occasion I had some materials [illegible] work upon. Had the guest up-stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. [illegible] son, or merely as "the gentleman in No. [illegible] would have been a perfect blank in me; I [illegible] have thought nothing of it; but "the stout gentleman!" the very name had something in [illegible] picturesque. It at once gave the size; it [illegible] died the personage to my mind's eye; and [illegible] fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or as some term it, lusty [illegible] probability, therefore, he was advanced [illegible] some people expanding as they grow old. He [illegible] breakfasting rather late, and in his own room [illegible] must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, [illegible] above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a [illegible] round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The [illegible] gentleman was impatient for his breakfast [illegible] was evidently a man of importance; "well [illegible] in the world;" accustomed to be promptly [illegible]

[redacted]

...s appetite, and a little cross when ...haps," thought I, "he may be some ...ant; or who knows but he may, be ...rliament!"

...t was sent up, and there was a short ...ce; he was doubtless making the ... there was a violent ringing; and ... be answered, another ringing still. "Bless me! what a choleric old ... The waiter came down in a huff. ... rancid! the eggs were overdone; ... too salt; the stout gentleman was ... in his eating; one of those who eat ... I keep the waiter on the trot, and ... militant with the household. The ... a fume. I should observe that ... coquettish woman; a little of a ...thing of slammerkin, but very pret... a ninecompoop for a husband, as ... to have. She rated the servants ... negligence in sending up so bad ... said not a word against the stout ... which I clearly perceived, that he ... consequence, entitled to make a ... trouble at a country inn. Other ... bread and butter, were sent up. ... be more graciously received; at ... no further complaint. I had not ... about the travellers' room, when ... her ringing. Shortly afterwards, ... and an inquest about the house. ...man wanted the Times or Chroni...

I set him down, therefore, for a ..., from his being so absolute and ... had a chance, I suspected him of ... Hunt, I had heard, was a large ...nows," thought I, "but it is Hunt ...

...began to be awakened. I inquired ...who was this stout gentleman that ...this stir; but I could get no infor... seemed to know his name. The ...ling inns seldom trouble their ...ers or occupations of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on, answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry. Rain—rain—rain! pitiless ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking over-head. It was in the stout gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man, by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I had to go to work at this picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with, swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, tousle the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus after dinner. The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect. I was getting a fit of the fidgets. Dinner-time came. I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no, he had dinner served in his own room—

What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of this world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle, before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and, on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be! My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling *incog?* "Who knows!" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family, for ought I know, for they are all stout gentlemen." The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two, especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away, the travellers [illegible] drew round the fire, and told long stories, horses, about their adventures, their o breakings down. They discussed the c ferent merchants, and different inns; wags told several choice anecdotes of bermaids and landladies. All this p were quietly taking what they calle caps, that is to say, strong glasses of water and sugar, or some other mi kind, after which, they, one after anot boots and the chambermaid, and walk in old shoes cut down into marvelle fortable slippers. There was only o a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric a very large sandy head. He sat by l a glass of port-wine negus, and a spo and stirring, and meditating, and s nothing was left but the spoon. He g asleep, but upright in his chair, wi glass standing before him; and the c to fall asleep too, for the wick grew lo and cabbaged at the end, and dimn light that remained in the chamber. that now prevailed was contagious. the shapeless and almost spectral box parted travellers, long since buried i I only heard the ticking of the clo deep-drawn breathings of the sleepin the drippings of the rain, drop—drop the eaves of the house. The church- midnight. All at once the stout gen to walk over-head, pacing slowly ba forwards. There was something ext in all this, especially to one in my st These ghastly great-coats, these guttur and the creaking footsteps of this mys His steps grew fainter and fainter, died away. I could bear it no lo wound up to the desperation of a her "Be he who, or what he may," sai "I'll have a sight of him!" I seiz candle, and hurried up to No. 13 stood ajar. I hesitated,—I entered was deserted. There stood a large br

t a table, on which was an empty
a Times newspaper, and the room
lly of Stilton cheese. The mysteri-
had evidently but just retired. I
ely disappointed, to my room, which
ged to the front of the house. As I
corridor, I saw a large pair of boots,
xed tops, standing at the door of a
They doubtless belonged to the un-
t would not do to disturb so redoubt-
ge in his den. He might discharge
mething worse, at my head. I went
ore, and lay awake half the night in
rvous state, and even when I fell
still haunted in my dreams by the
ut gentleman and his wax-topped

er late the next morning, and was
ome stir or bustle in the house, which
at first comprehend; until getting
I found there was a mail-coach
he door. Suddenly there was a cry
'The gentleman has forgot his um-
'or the gentleman's umbrella in No.
rd an immediate scampering of a
along the passage, and a shrill reply
Here it is! here's the gentleman's

ious stranger was then on the point
This was the only chance I could
knowing him. I sprang out of bed,
the window, snatched aside the cur-
t caught a glimpse of the rear of a
g in at the coach-door. The skirts
at parted behind, and gave me a full
oad disk of a pair of drab breeches.
ed.—"All right!" was the word,—
rled off,—and that was all I ever
at gentleman!

ASON NEVER PROSPERS.

never prosper; what's the reason?
prospers, none dare call it treason.

IRISH READING.

An American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, an Irishman was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes stedfastly upon the sign. On an enquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

HOME TRUTHS.

Relations take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations, it mostly happens, that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

SATIRE.

Strong and sharp as our wit may be, it is not so strong as the memory of fools, nor so keen as their resentment; he that has not strength of mind to forgive, is by no means so weak as to forget; and it is much more easy to do a cruel thing, than to say a severe one.

INTOLERANCE.

There are only two things in which the professors of all religions have agreed; to persecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

THE THRIVING TRADESMAN.

When a couple of broom-men had chatted one day
On a number of things in a sociable way,
A new subject they started; says Jack, "My friend, Joe,
I have long been most plaguedly puzzled to know
How you manage to sell your brooms cheaper than mine,
As I steal the materials."—"I like your design,
But improvement, you know, is the soul of each trade,
So the brooms which I *sell*, I steal ready made."

GREENWICH FAIR.

glorious sun now rises gay,
mise of a brilliant day;
ve your toils and cares for one day,
enwich hoy! 'tis Whitsun-Monday.
Now the throng begins to pour
rough the Minories to the Tower;
om Spitalfields in crowds they come,
rom Shoreditch, and from Hackney some.
ark! each driver from his coach,
s the motley groups approach,
Hails 'em with tremendous bawl,
"Room for barbers! Shavers all!"
And the noisy boatman roars,
"Sculler? Sculler? Oars, sir? oars?"

The 'prentice, pantaloon'd so neat,
Hands his fair one to her seat,
Then beside her gently sits,
Courting,—cracking nuts by fits;
While around, with cheerful faces,
Lads and lasses take their places;
And the boatman doffs his coat,
Calling out to—"Trim the boat."

Now adown fair Thames they glide,
Bandying jokes from side to side;
Ship-bells jingling—shouting sailors,
"Barbers all! or, tailors! tailors!
Here's a pair!—how smart they look!
Coachy John, and Betty Cook!

Cuckold's awful Point they pass,
Each gay lad salutes his lass,
Head uncover'd, bending low,
Gives to borns the accustomed bow.

Hark! the French-horn's cheerful note,
Heard from yonder gilded boat,
"What a handsome, well-dress'd crew,
Holland trowsers—jackets blue;
And their ladies at each side,
Chanting as they sweetly glide,
While England's banner o'er them waves,
"Britons never will be slaves!"

"What a charming group of sailors!"
"Ma'am you're wrong."—"What! are they
tailors?"

Bustle, bustle; noise and bustle;
Now among the boats they rustle:
The narrow keel now cuts the strand,
Each joyous soul prepares to land,
'Midst shouting, swearing, wrangling, laughter,
Some in mud, and some in water;
While the cropp'd lass, and jemmy spark,
Onward push for Greenwich Park.

Hark! the merry bells are ringing,
Happy mortals!—cheerful singing—
Dancing—eating—drinking—smoking—
Wrangling some—and others joking!
Bless me! what a mingled din!
"Shew 'em up; pray walk in!
Just now going to begin!"

Lo, the Park, and many a stall,
With toys and ribbons, 'gainst its wall;
And Pidcock with his beasts so rare O,
And strolling actors, with Pizarro,
Shewing the histrionic art,
From its primeval stage,—a cart!

Now the Park's small entrance view.
Ah! what struggling to get through;
"Bless me, sir! don't squeeze me so!"
"Ma'am, your heel is on my toe!"
One general push, now—"Yo—oh—hay!
Huzza! we're in the Park, my boy!"
Mercy on us! what a do:
"I've lost a cloak!" "and I a shoe!"
"Stop thief, pray stop that running fell
He's scampering off with my umbrella."
See the rumpled lasses stand,
Lending each a helping hand,
Smoothing back dishevell'd tresses,
Pinning up their tatter'd dresses.
The anxious school-boy takes his st
Brandish'd truncheon in his hand,
Aiming, by one skilful fling,
To drive the orange o'er the ring.

ircle near yon tree
and lasses see,
el passing round,
ample bound,
kerchief—and mark
hat jemmy spark.
e the nimble fawn,
spring o'er the lawn,
pursuing hard,
sweet reward,
itive does bring,
joyous ring;
lads and titt'ring misses,
earn'd prize of kisses.
known hill appears,
they trip in pairs;
line, link'd hand in hand,
signal stand;
ff they nimbly go!
in steady row,
stop!—across the slope,
s have drawn a rope."
d away they go!
vale below!
ng fair one tries
rms from vulgar eyes;
ick, or blue, or white,
expos'd to sight,
in neat made shoe,
ered garter too!
houts now rend the skies,
ymph essays to rise;
, with tender care,
his trembling fair
isast'rous scene
ng o'er the green.
yon spreading tree,
fiddler see,
ul to harmony."
sailor go,
hen on toe;
—then advancing,
tly hornpipe dancing.

Hail! all hail! to one-tree hill!
Here we'll sit and gaze our fill;
Ships and boats, and herds, and flocks,
Blackwall Yard, and London Docks;
A palace, too, beneath our feet,
The sailors' well-earn'd last retreat,
And Deptford Yard, and meads and bow'rs,
And fam'd Augusta's distant tow'rs.

If Greenwich Park such joys can give
At Whitsuntide, there let me live.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

A citizen, whose industrious habits had advanced him to a country-house, while walking one day in his garden, caught the gardener asleep under a tree. He scolded him soundly for his laziness, and ended by telling him, that such a sluggard was not worthy to enjoy the light of the sun. "It was for that reason exactly," said the gardener, "that I crept into the shade."

A QUICK RETORT.

A black footman was one day accosted by a fellow,—"Well, Blackee, when did you see the devil last?" Upon which Blackee, turning suddenly round, gave him a severe blow, which staggered him, and with it this appropriate and laconic answer, "When I saw him last he send you dat—how you like it."

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

A French epigrammatist gives the following account of Beaumarchais' Comedy of the *Marriage of Figaro*. "In this imprudent play every actor is a vice: Bartholo is *avarice*; Almavira, *seduction*; his Tender Rib, *adultery*; Double-main, *theft*; Marcelline, *a fury*; Basile, *calumny*; Fanchette, *innocence* on its way to *seduction*; Cherubin, *libertinism*; Suzen, *craft*: as for the Figaro, the droll, he so perfectly resembles his patron, that the likeness makes one start; in short, that all the vices might be seen together, the pit in full chorus called for the author."

TAKING THE WALL.

An ill-bred man, who always took the wall, one day said to a gentleman, "I do not give the wall to every puppy;" when the latter replied, "But I do."

CRACKING A PUN.

Two bucks, who were sitting over a pint of wine, made up for the deficiency of port by the liveliness of their wit. After many jokes had passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it to his friend, "If this nut could speak, what would it say?"—"Why," rejoined the other, "it would say, give me none of your jaw."

WALTZING.

What! the girl I adore by another embraced?
What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste?
What! touch'd in the twirl by another man's knee?
What! panting, recline on another than me?
Sir, she's yours; from her lip you have brush'd the ripe dew;
What you've touch'd you may take.—Pretty Waltzer, adieu.

THE FAT GROCER OF MALDEN.

Edward Bright was a grocer of Maldon, in Essex, and became heir, in regular succession, to mountains of flesh, for his ancestors were remarkably fat. At the age of twelve years and a half, he weighed 144 pounds. Before he attained the age of twenty he weighed twenty-four stone; and increased about two stone in each year, so that at the time of his death his weight amounted to forty-four stone, or 616 pounds. He died at the age of thirty, November, 1750. This man, it appears, took a great deal of exercise, and even walked nimbly; his appetite always good. Towards the close of his life, he drank nothing but small-beer, at the rate of a gallon a day. After his death, seven men of twenty-one years of age were inclosed in his waistcoat, in consequence of a wager, "without breaking a stitch, or straining a button."

LAW.

How many good laws have our Parli
And how many of breaking them
jest?
Let us then have one more—that
obey'd;
And, happily, this may be broke

LITERARY FELONY

When Sir John Hayward publishe
Reign of Henry IV., in the year 159
zabeth was highly incensed at it, a
Bacon, (afterwards Lord Bacon, one
cil) whether there was any treason
it? Mr. Bacon answered, "No, mad
son, I cannot deliver opinion that thes
very much felony." The queen app
gladly asked, "how and wherein?"
answered, "Because he had stolen
sentences and conceits out of Cornel

THE DEAD AND THE LIVI

To the bedridden rector the curate d
The state of his health to inquire o
And found him departed—the widow
"Bewailing the loss of her comfo
"In this valley of tears," the kind e
"From some the Lord takes, and
giving;
It is your duty now, madam, to mours
But 'tis mine to be off and look afte

CLERICAL THEFT.

A clergyman at Cambridge preac
which one of his auditors commend
said a gentleman to whom it was m
was a good sermon, but he stole it."
told to the preacher, he resented it,
the gentleman to retract what he h
am not," replied the aggressor, "
tract my words, but in this instance
you had stolen the sermon; I find I
for on returning home, and referrin
whence I thought it taken, I found i

AHONE AND SILVIA PRATT.

ouple alone
a coffee-room sat,
n, Mr. Thaddy Mahone,
f the plump Mrs. Pratt.

ointedly gay,
ceived with a smile;
ft things he could say,
ed her silver the while

the fond shepherd began,
ou be cruel to me?
nd thirsty young man
me gunpowder-tea.
r trouble your mind;
I look upon you;
rour answer be kind,
tatoe will do."

all, sir, indeed,"
, and gave him a leer,
lo-day's paper to read?
se, sir, to take your tea here?"

y tea here? that I will
ead papers nor books;
am, the tea-pot to fill,
the tea with your looks.

! I've emptied the pot,"
stout Monaghan youth;
y, your tea is so hot,
the top of my tooth.

ur good time you employ;
r a jug of your cream?
warm, my dear joy,
are singed by the steam.

ou're an angel in face,
n your fingers so fair!
a dragon to place
wedding-ring there.

now my lies are untrue?
t those sweet eyes of your own,
ne that loves you,
Mr. Thaddy Mahone.

"Come join your estate to my own,
And then what a change we shall see!
When you are the flesh of my bone,
What a beautiful charmer I'll be!

"I have fields in my farm at Kilmore,"—
Again Mrs. Pratt gave a leer,
And all that he manfully swore,
She drank with a feminine ear.

But scarce did the widow begin
To answer her lover so gay;
When, alas! a bum bailiff came in,
And took Mr. Thaddy away.

CHOICE OF EVILS.

A gentleman who was asked whether singing or public speaking entertained him most, replied, "Of the two evils I certainly prefer the former; a song has an end, but a speech has none."

KNIGHTHOOD.

When Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him, that probably the King would knight him. The admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord S. "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it."—"Then let the King knight her," answered the rough seaman.

PUNNING ON NAMES.

A Miss Hudson being addressed by a naval officer, whom she repulsed, it was observed, in her presence, that he was not the only warrior who had been foiled in endeavouring to enter Hudson's Bay.

On Mrs. Trout being delivered of a son, who was christened Jonas, a wag said—

Three days and nights, asserts the sacred tale,
Jonas lay hid in belly of a whale;
A greater wonder now by far's come out—
Jonas, from nine months lodging in a Trout!

Mr. Bearcroft told his friend, Mr. Vansittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the sittart, and call you Van for the future."—"With all *my heart*;" said he, "by the same rule, I shall drop croft, and call you Bear."

TO A POPPISH CLERGYMAN.

Be thou, dear parson, plainly dress'd,
All priestly frippery I detest;
No curls should deck thy tortur'd hair,
To make the congregation stare;
Nor diamond ring, nor perfumes strong,
Nor 'kerchief wav'd to thee belong

In cassock plain, and sable gown,
Thou'lt be admir'd by all the town;
'Twill ne'er shame thee as a divine,
To make the sober vestments thine;
Nor me, as an impartial friend,
The decent garb to recommend.

THE WRONG LEG.

Dr. Thomas, (Bishop of Salisbury) forgot the day he was to be married, and was surprised at his servants bringing him a new dress. A gnat stinging him in the leg, the doctor stooped and scratched the leg of a gentleman who stood next to him.

AMOURS OF HENRY VIII.

Three Kates, two Nans, and one sweet Jane, I wedded,
One Dutch, one Spanish, and four English wives;
From two I got divorced, two I beheaded,
One died in childbed, and one me survives.

Henry once sent an offer of his hand to the Princess of Parma, who returned for answer, that she was greatly obliged to the king for his compliment; and that if she had two heads, one of them should have been at his service; but, as she had only one, she could not spare it.

VALUABLE GIFT.

A scene-shifter to a provincial company having sustained some severe losses, was advised by the manager to solicit a subscription. A few days afterwards the latter asking how the business proceeded, was shewn the list of donations, which, after inspecting it, he returned, "Why, sir," said *the scene-shifter, somewhat surprised, "will you not give me any thing?"—"Zounds, man," replied the other, "did not I give you the hint."*

TO SIR JOHN HILL, M. D.

Thou essence of dock, of valerian and s
At once the disgrace and the pest of th
The worst that I wish thee for all thy d
Is to take thy own physic, and read
rhymes. THE

Answer to the Junto.

Their wish in form must be revers'd
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For he who takes his physic first,
Will never read his rhymes.

The doctor sent to one of the papers t
ing answer:—

Ye desperate Junto, ye great or ye smal
Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil a
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets
Your impertinent curses shall never pre
I'll take neither sage, dock, valerian or
Do you take the physic, and I'll take th

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH OATHS

A highlander's oath was formerly p
and may still be, by holding up the ri
A highlander, at the Carlisle assizes, had
ly sworn to a fact of consequence, in th
mode; but his indifference being noticed
posite party, he was required to confirm
mony by taking the oath of his country to
"Na, na," said the mountaineer, in his
dialect, "dinna ye ken that thair is mu
between blawing on a buik and damning
saul?"

MILITARY PRIZE POEM.

On the death of General Wolfe, a pre
offered for the best written epitaph on t
officer. A number of poets, of all desc
started as candidates, and among the rest w
sent to the editor of the Public Ledger,
the following was one of the stanzas:—

"He march'd without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold grenadiers;
And what was more remarkable—nay, ve
cular,
He climb'd up rocks that were perpendic

COCKNEYISMS.

pronunciation of the following
que property of the Cockneys,
id to give their precedents or
ritance.
ious; and *curosity*, for curiosity.
it; and yet they say *stupendious*,
hich shews, that though brevity
of wit, it is not always of pro-

necessuated, for necessitated.
impossible.
t least.
eople, for a *concourse*.
ttacked.
y, for chaise and post-chaise.
n; *schoold*, for school.
bachelor.
r obstreperous.
nify; or, to argue.
, for Covent-garden.
Kensington.
imbley, for chimney.
prodigious.
odigy.
r.
ucepan; *saace*, for sauce; *saacer*,
, for saucy.
ghter.
contiguous.
nstead of, for *fear of*.
ubious.
musician; *opticianer*, for op-

lloried.
rowd
queeze.
b), to make angry.
om.
mon.
rmin. Also *surgeont*, for surgeon.
paralytic.

Postes and *postesses*, for posts. So also *ghostes* and *ghostesses*.
Sitiation, for situation.
Portingal, for Portugal.
Somewheres, for somewhere; *nowheres*, for nowhere; a favourite plural.
Mislest, for molest.
Scholard, for scholar.
Regiment, for regimen.
Margent, for margin.
Contrary, for contrary.
Blasphemious and *blasphēmous*, for blasphēmous.
Howsomdever and *whatsomdever*, for however and whatever.
Successfully, for successively; "He did not pay my bill, though I called upon him several days successfully."
Respectively, for respectfully.
Mayoraltry, for mayoralty.
Commonality, for commonalty.
Properietor, for proprietor.
Nonplush'd, for nonplus'd.
Colloguing, for colleaguing.
Drownded, for drowned.
An-*otomy*, a skeleton.
Paragraft, for a paragraph.
Stagnated, for stagger'd.
Ruinated, for ruined.
Solentary, for solitary.
Eminent danger, for imminent danger.
Intosticated, for intoxicated.
Perwent, for prevent.
Preused, for perused.
Refuge, for refuse.
Radidges, for radishes; also *rubbidge*, for rubbish; *furbidge*, for furbish.
Taters, for potatoes: thus abbreviated, cockneys perhaps do not consider them as *pot*-atos, until they are put into the pot!
Loveyer, for lover.
Humoursome, for humourous.
Pottecary, for apothecary.
Sot, for sat; "he *sot* himself down;" set, for sit; "pray, *set* down."

Flagrant, for fragrant, as, "this moss-rose is very flagrant."

Fetch a walk, *fotch'd* a walk, *cotch'd* cold.

Know'd, for knew and known; also *seed*, for saw and seen; *grow'd*, *throw'd*, *draw'd*, for grown, thrown, drawn.

Mought, for might.

Fit, for fought; a Five's-court abbreviation of the preterite *fought*.

A-dry, *a*-hungry, *a*-cold, &c.

This here; *that there*; *if so be as how—and so*.

Refustal, for refusal.

Rayly, for really.

Wind, for wine.

Scithers, for scissors.

Postponded, for postponed.

Kwine, for coin.

Inigo Jones, the architect, has been often complimented as *Indigo* Jones.

Rizz, for risen.

Lunnun, for London.

Moral, for model; "The child is the very moral of his father," who may not have much morality to spare.

Hisn, *hern*, for his or hers.

Ourn, *yourn*, for our's, your's.

Nolus bolus, for nolens volens. They also call part of the funeral service, "*De profundis*," (the 130th Psalm,) by the style and title of "*Deborah Fundish*." An ignorant imprisoned cockney pickpocket once called a "*habeas corpus*," "*a hap'orth of copperas*," which is the language of Newgate.

Weal, for veal.

Winegar, for vinegar.

Vicked, for wicked.

Vig, for wig.

Widowhood, neighbourhood, and livelihood, are called widow-*wood*, neighbour-*wood*, lively-*wood*.

Howdacious, for audacious.

Underminded, for undermined.

Mullygrubs, a neat symphonous expression for megrims.

Ninnyhoop, (a corruption of the ...tin *non ...nos.*) a fool, an idiot.

Obstacle, for obelisk.

The letter *h* is taken great liberties ... genuine cockney, as in the follow...

"They saw a flower in the *edge*; an... get at it, trod just at the *hedge* of the ... have their *air* cut by a fashionable ... have bought a most beautiful *at*, wh... becoming *ed-dress*, and they shall we... time they go *hout* to dinner.

A City servant once began a letter ... the alderman, with *Horned* Sir, in... noured Sir.

"Is there none here but you?" a... used by Dean Swift to his clerk, ... who, turning over the leaves of his ... dryly replied, "Sure, you are here...

THE IRISHMAN'S RECKON...

"Who lives there, honest fellow? ...
velling stranger,
As on thro' the county of Antrim ...
And who fancied that houses sho...
danger,
"Lives there," answered Teague ...
that is dead."
"When did he die?" cried the ...
gaily;
Teague paus'd, scratch'd his cax...
and so sleek,
Then replied, "By my conscienc...
why really,
If he'd lived till to-day, he'd bee...
week!"

DOUBLE CONFESSION...

A pamphlet called "The Snake ... being reported to be written by ... nobleman, (probably in joke,) ... abused in it sent him a challenge, ... protested his innocence; but the ... being satisfied without having it u... the nobleman took a pen, and beg... to scratify, that the buk, called t... "Oh, my lord," said the person, ... satisfied now you are not the auth...

TUAL MISTAKE.

chant, who had more money in
s ragged appearance denoted,
e passage in a Liverpool stage-
ite, of the first order, who was a
was evidently annoyed by the
and having missed his handker-
with having picked his pocket,
e him taken before a magistrate,
. Before they arrived there,
uisite found his handkerchief,
sited in his hat. He made a
id of an apology upon the occa-
ped him short with this remark,
easy, my honey; there's no
other about the matter. You
f; and I took you for a gen-
are both mistaken; that's all

IVE REASONS FOR DRINKING.

a friend—or being dry—
ould be by and bye—
reason why.

Y RECOLLECTIONS.

Mayor of London, in the year
as a waiter, and his manner
his original station. When he
be examined in the House, one
wittily observed—"If you ring
will come of course." One
lderman's Club, he was at the
Mr. Alderman Pugh, a dealer in
remely good-natured man, was
aking his pipe. "Ring the bell,
Mr. Kennet, in his coarse way.
f, Bar," replied the alderman,
twice as much used to it as I

LOVE.

inspire a woman with love of
the brim with love of herself;
ever will be yours.

LOGIC.

Cries logical Bobby to Ned, will you dare
A bet, which has most legs, a mare, or *no mare*.
A mare, to be sure, replied Ned, with a grin,
And fifty I'll lay, for I'm certain to win.
Quoth Bob, you have lost, sure as you are alive,
A mare has but four legs, and *no mare* has five.

TEDIOUS BREAKFAST.

When Buonaparte was preparing to invade Spain, Talleyrand remonstrated against it as fraught with difficulties. "No, no," said Napoleon, "the war with Spain will be only a breakfast for me."—"I fear," replied the minister, "that your Majesty may be long at table."

ROUGH ROADS.

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.

GREENWICH AND DULWICH.

A celebrated living poet, occasionally a little absent of mind, was invited by a friend, whom he met in the street, to dine with him at a country lodging he had taken for the summer months. The address was "near the *Green Man* at *Dulwich*," which, not to put his inviter to the trouble of pencilling down, our bard promised faithfully to remember. But when Sunday came, he made his way to *Greenwich*, and began inquiring for the sign of the *Dull Man!* No such sign was to be found; and, after losing an hour, a person guessed that though there was no *Dull Man* at *Greenwich*, there was a *Green Man* at *Dulwich*, which the gentleman might possibly mean.

MOURNING SUITS.

Parsons and lawyers, both you'll find
By mourning suits are known;
Those for the sins of all mankind,
The other for their own.

ODE TO MY PIPE.

Pipe! whether plain in fashion of Frey-herr,
Or gaudy glittering in the taste of Boor,
Deep-darkened Meer-schaum or Ecume-demer,
Or snowy clay of Gowda, light and pure.
Let different people different pipes prefer,
Delft, horn, or catgut, long, short, older, newer,
Puff, every brother, as it likes him best,
De gustibus non disputandum est.

Pipe! when I stuff into thee my cannaster,
With flower of camomile and leaf of rose,
And the calm rising fume comes fast and faster,
Curling with balmy circles near my nose
And all the while my dexter hand is master
Of the full cup from Meux's vat that flows.
Heavens! all my brain a soft oblivion wraps
Of wafered letters and of single taps.

I've no objections to a good segar,
A true Havannah, smooth and moist, and brown;
But then the smoke's too near the eye by far,
And out of doors 'tis in a twinkling flown;
And somehow it sets all my teeth ajar,
When to an inch or so we've smoked him down;
And if your leaf have got a straw within it,
You know 'tis like a cinder in a minute.

I have no doubt a long excursive hooker
Suits well some lordly lounger of Bengal,
Who never writes or looks into a book, or
Does any thing with earnestness at all;
He sits, and his tobacco's in the nook, or
Tended by some black heathen in the hall,
Lays up his legs, and thinks he does great things
If once in the half-hour a puff he brings.

I rather follow in my smoking trim
The example of Scots cotters and their wives,
Who, while the evening air is warm and dim,
In July sit beside their garden hives;
And, gazing all the while with wrinkles grim
To see how the concern of honey thrives,
Empty before they've done a four-ounce bag
Of sailors' twist, or, what's less common—shag.

MENDING A PEN.

When Mr. Penn, a young gen
known for his eccentricities, walked
park-corner to Hammersmith, for a
hundred guineas, with the Hon. Bo
several gentlemen who had witnesse
spoke of it to the Duchess of Gordo
it was a pity that a man with so ma
lities as *this Penn* had, should be inc
ing these unaccountable pranks. "
her grace; "but why don't you ad
ter? He seems to be a *pen* that eve
but nobody *mends*."

FEMALE VIRTUE.

Did ladies now (as we are tol
Our great grandmother did of
Wake to a sense of blasted fa
The fig-tree spoil to hide thei
So numerous are these modern
A forest scarce could find the

SWIFT ON STOCK JOBBE

He who sells that of which he is n
is said, proverbially, to sell the *bear*
the bear runs in the woods; and it b
for stock-jobbers to make contra
ferring stock at a future time; thoug
not possessed of the stock to be tra
were called sellers of bear-skins,
Another interpretation arises from
character for *trampling under-foot*,
with their department of business,
down the stocks.

ON A PHYSICIAN.

Here Doctor Fisher lies inter
Who filled the half of the chur

HONESTY.

A gentleman once asserted that he
lieve that there was a truly honest
whole world; Sir, said a bye-stande
impossible that any one man should k
world; but it is very possible that
—*may know himself.*

'EUR THEATRICALS.

ow, at Mrs. Flourish's,—chairs
wded; the ceremonies of tea and
ied, and the eyes and ears of the
anded for the promised display.
Diggory," said the young gen-
namma, " make your best bow
my love, and let Doctor Tadpole
The Newcastle Apothecary!" I
Diggory to say summat happli-
suppose, Madam," replied the
se the young gentleman recites
The Old Hen and the Cock!"—
:tor, he shall larn that next, after
mlet,' and 'Mounseer Tonson,'
e at you all!' and 'Young Nor-
'owler,' and 'All the World's a
—" Hold, hold, my dear madam!
igh for the next nine months al-
ou'd multiply the ten parts of
and let us have all of them!"—
gory, my man, I'll ring the bell,
fles, and you shall give us that
howsomever; and we'll have
ds." The Doctor interfered no
pany adjusted themselves in pro-
at in rueful expectation of the

remise, that Master Flourish's
tolerably tenacious as to the
ojects, was rather variable as to
iling them; thus making a kind
-reading, which sometimes mar-
ect of his tragedy. At length,
blacking his face, clearing his
ling up his trowsers, he thus

iber an apothecary,
edy shop a tortoise hung,
stuff'd;—
this Esculapian line
'castle-upon-Tyne,
ms Bolus!

My poverty, but not my will consents,
When taken—To be well shaken.
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Calling aloud—What, ho! Apothecary!"

During this very extraordinary exhibition, the good old lady winked, nodded, and prompted, but all to no purpose. The fact was, Master Diggory's speeches were literally at his fingers' ends, as, being accustomed to work them into his head, by scratching himself with a particular finger, the same manœuvre was always to be performed at the recital, and the application of a wrong digit invariably introduced a wrong passage. " Why, Diggory, my love!" at length exclaimed his perturbed mamma,—" you were sadly out, my dear! Now do try again, chuck, and let the company hear Gimlet's sillyliquus about Toby." Master Flourish, junior, accordingly again hah'd and hemmed; and, after the usual evolutions, thus broke out:—

" Toby, or not Toby,—that there s the question?
Whether—my name is Norval
On the Grampian hills,—My father feeds his
Pigs,—no, sheep,—his flocks—flocks of
Pigeons, that flesh is heir to.
To die, to sleep, a horse! a horse!—
My kingdom for a horse!
Aye, there's the rub! for, for, for,—
Heaven soon granted what my sire denied, yon
moon!"

Here young Hopeful concluded; most of the company expressed themselves perfectly satisfied, and even Doctor Tadpole was convinced that, in some cases, a single dose is one too many

HALF-WAY AND BACK.

An old gentleman, who had been accustomed to walk round St. James's Park every day, was once met by a clergyman in the Mall, who asked him if he still continued to take his usual walk, " No, sir," replied the old man, " I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the Park; but I will tell you what I do instead, I go half round and back again."

THE BERKSHIRE PUBLICAN.

Friend Isaac, 'tis strange you, that live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the vicar;
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must be the sign of good liquor.

The Answer.

Indeed, master poet, your reason's but poor;
For the vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within.

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.

The following paper contains regulations for the household-servants of an English baronet, about the year 1566.

1. That no seruant bee absent from praier, at morning or euening, without a lawfull excuse, to bee alleged within one day after vppon paine to forfeit for eury tyme 2d.

2. That none sweare any othe vppon pain for eury one 1d.

3. That no man leau any doore open that he findeth shut, without theare be cause, vppon paine for eury tyme 1d.

4. That none of the men be in bed, from our Lady-day to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed after 10 of the clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on paine of 2d.

5. That no man's bed be vnmade, nor fire or candle-box vncleane after 8 of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.

6. That no man teach any of the children any unhonest speeche, or othe, on pain of 4d

7. That no man waite at table without a trencher in his hand, except it be vppon some good cause, on paine of 1d.

8. That no man appointed to waite at my table be absent that meale without reasonable cause, on *paine of 1d.*

9. If anie man break a glasse hee sh
the price thereof out of his wages: an
not known who breake it, the butler sh
it, on paine of 12d.

10. The table must be couered bal
before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or
paine of 2d.

11. That meate be readie at 11, or
dinner, and 6, or before, at supper, on p

12. That none be absent without lea
cause, the whole day, or anie part of i
of 4d.

13. That no man strike his fellow,
losse of seruice; nor reuile or threat
noke one another to strike, on paine o

14. That no man come to the kitc
reasonable cause on paine of 1d. an
likewise to forfeit 1d.

15. That none toy with the maids,
4d.

16. That no man weare foul shirt
nor broken hose or shooes, or dublett
tons, on paine of 1d.

17. That when any stranger goeth
chamber be dressed vp againe within
after, on paine of 1d.

18. That the hall bee made cleane
eighth in the winter and seuen in the
paine of him that shall doe it 1d.

19. That the court-gate bee shut
and not opened during dinner and su
out just cause, on paine the porter
euery tyme 1d.

20. That all stayrs in the house, and
that need shall require, bee made cle
day after dinner, on pain of forfeitu
one whom it shall belong vnto 3d.

All which summes shall be duly
quarter-day out of their wages, and
the poore, or other goodly use.

OUT OF DEBT.

You say you nothing owe, and so I sa
He only owes who something has—to

E OF A COACH.
stage, not particularly cele-
ity, inquired of the gentleman
, what the coach was called;
tter replied, "I think, sir, it
tor, for I observe all the other

BRIGHTON BELLE,
Gentleman at Nottingham.
your midland town,
English fair possesses;
no spot can own,
r happy Sussex blesses.

nest of stocking-looms
me a trip to Brighton;
ing place illumes
an love or eye delight in.

re can keep his heart,
ravell'd from Jerusalem,
love's potent dart,
ge exceed Methusalem.

fforts to retreat,
rself by meditation;
each step you meet,
r's a constellation.

e lass in prime of youth,
', I loe her better;"
ad Scotch; but since 'tis truth,
allad to the letter.

n I'm set on flame,
heart this very minute,
lick, you'd find her name
d pretty deeply, in it.

n to rival Venus,
eye of love and light full,
quiz—I think between us,)
mble is delightful.

her charms in rhyme,
f her in verse but proses;
a waste of time,
hue or sweets of roses.

But this I know, that, say or sing,
The sight of her to me's a sweater,
Yet, curse me, 'tis an easier thing,
To see this damsel than forget her!

And were I not so over nice,
(Or not such brass, as you say rather,)
I could methinks give some advice,
Would prove of service to her father.

For, sure, were all men of my mind,
His girl might prove a mighty saving;
Five minutes gaze on her they'd find
A cure for all their warm-bath craving.

And he might charge the usual tip,
For where's the man would grudge to pay it?
He sure must be a frigid rip,
And dead to beauty, though I say it.

But soft! too fast my projects rise,
And after all I should but fool him,
For when thus warm'd at Kitty's eyes
All his cold-baths could never cool 'em.

OXY-GIN AND HYDRO-GIN.

While a ventriloquist was describing the nature of gas, a *blue-stocking* lady clamorously inquired of a gentleman near her, what he meant by *oxy-gin* and *hydro-gin*, or what was the difference? "Very little, Madam," said he; "by *oxy-gin*, we mean *pure gin*, and by *hydro-gin gin and water*."

THE BASHFUL MAN,
Written by Himself, in a Letter to a Friend.

I labour under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society in which I am most ambitious to appear;—but I shall give you a short sketch of my present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer, of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have *made him* happy, viz a learned education. I was

sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a-year, joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at *Friendly-Hall*, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons from a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions." Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice!* As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in *me* is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that desc ber, I believe, is very small. politeness, by degrees, dissipat and I was astonished to see how ing could enable him to suppress to appear with perfect ease aft accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladys miliar chat of the young ladies, to throw off my reserve and she length I ventured to join in e even to start fresh subjects. T richly furnished with books, in e conceived Sir Thomas to be a m and ventured to give my opinio several editions of the Greek c the Baronet's ideas exactly co own. To this subject I was led edition of Xenophon in sixteen (as I had never before heard greatly excited my curiosity, a examine what it could be. Sir T I was about, and (as I supposed me trouble, rose to take down made me more eager to prevent laying my hand on the first volu forcibly; but lo! instead of which, by leather and gilding, h look like sixteen volumes, came and unluckily pitched upon a stand on the table under it. Thomas assure me there was no ink streaming from an inlaid tabl carpet, and scarce knowing what to stop its progress with my ca chief. In the height of this co informed that dinner was served joy then understood that the be had so alarmed my fears, was on dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall an ments to the dining-room, I had my scattered senses, and was de seat betwixt Lady Friendly and h

able. Since the fall of the wooden Xe-
y face had been continually burning
-brand; and I was just beginning to
self, and to feel comfortably cool,
looked-for accident rekindled all my
ushes. Having set my plate of soup
edge of the table, in bowing to Miss
politely complimented the pattern of
. I tumbled the whole scalding con-
pkins to wipe the surface of my
lack silk breeches were not stout
me from the painful effects of this
ation, and for some minutes my legs
ed stewed in a boiling cauldron;
how Sir Thomas had disguised his
trod upon his toes, I firmly bore
ce, and sat with my lower extre-
, amidst the stifled giggling of
servants.

te the several blunders which I
irst course, or the distress occa-
ing desired to carve a fowl, or
ishes that stood near me, spilling
knocking down a saltcellar;
en to the second course, where
overwhelmed me.
f rich sweet pudding on my
Louisa Friendly begged to
yon that stood near me. In
owing what I did, I whipped
mouth, hot as a burning coal;
conceal my agony; my eyes
their sockets. At last, in
esolation, I was obliged to
orment on my plate. Sir
all compassionated my mis-
ised a different application.
, another water, but all
best for drawing out the
erry was brought me from
snatched up with eager-
I I tell the sequel? Whe-
ent mistook, or purposely
designed, to drive me mad, he gave me the stro
brandy, with which I filled my mouth alr
flayed and blistered. Totally unused to e
kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, thr
and palate as raw as beef, what could I do?
could not swallow; and clapping my hands u
my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through
nose and fingers like a fountain over all
dishes,—and I was crushed by bursts of laugh
from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas rep
mand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide h
daughters; for the measure of my shame an
their diversion was not yet complete. To reliev
me from the intolerable state of perspiratio
which this accident had caused, without consider
ing what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-
fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the
consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered
all my features with streaks of ink in every direc-
tion. The Baronet himself could not support
this shock, but joined his lady in the general
laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair,
rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony
of confusion and disgrace which the most poig-
nant sense of guilt could not have excited.

ON A GIANT ANGLING.

His angle-rod, made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

ECLIPSE DEFERRED.

Dean Swift one day observed a great rabble
assembled before his deanery door, and upon in-
quiring the cause, was told it was to see an eclipse.
He immediately sent to the beadle, and gave him
instructions what to do. Away ran the crier for
his bell, and after ringing it some time in the
crowd, bawled out, "Oh yes, oh yes, all manner
of persons concerned, are desired to take notice,
that it is the Dean of St. Patrick's will and plea-
sure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to-
morrow. So God save the King and his reverence
the Dean."

THE HUMOUROUS REFUSAL; OR, SUNDRY NOVEL OBJECTIONS AGAINST GOING TO SEA.

Of a vein most facetious and quaint was Dick Swill,
But the joys of the bottle his thoughts aye did fill;
One day to his sire, who made a great fuss
In begging to sea he would go, Dick spoke thus:
"Dear father, no further insist on this matter—
Ods heart! the trite subject is worn to a tatter;
But yet, ere *in toto* we wisely dismiss it,
Just hear me expound my refusal explicit:—
Your son well-advised from such dangers would keep—
He's a vast deal too deep, sir, to tempt the vast deep;
Nor into the hazard of drowning e'er pops he,
Unless in epitome, drowning—by dropsy
The ocean, oh shun! would I say to my soul,
Or be thy *main* sport but a brimming punch-bowl.
Then, sir, living at sea would be scarcely to *me* life,
Who like to see life, though I like not a *sea* life.
Obeying, I quickly most wretched should be,
And besides being *sea-sick*, quite *sick of the sea.*
What *vessels* care I for, save vessels of wine?
What *anchors*, save anchors of brandy divine?
Say, how can I *harbour* a thought about *Port*,
Save that which creates the gay Bacchanal's sport?
Besides, who could ever regard as a treat
That compound of leather and brine, their salt meat?
'Twere not fair to expect with such fare life to drag on;
No—give me a flagon—I'll ne'er think a flag on.
Then, hang it! that word of such ominous scope,
Rope's-end—which suggests the sad end by a rope.
But should some grand booty (like Colchis' rich *fleece*)
Reward my sea perils, thro' Fate's kind caprice,
Would there not *then*, you ask me, be argu
some for't?
Ah no;—I should be but *fleec'd* out of my
fort.
That man must possess, sir, a mind that n
minds,
Who at the ship's stern can endure the s
winds;
Ah! think what a toil, in one's life's latter
To be *ploughing* the main 'midst the *furro*
age!
I prefer a deep glass to the glassy deep, *far.*
And now *pitch* to oblivion all thoughts 'b
far.
Thus, as for the *sea*, my dear father now k
all
The motives which urge me to *wave* the prep

A BANDY JOKE.

A company of itinerant actors once attem
to gratify the inhabitants of a country tow
their united efforts; one of our best tragedie
selected for the night's amusement. In the f
act of the tragedy, the Duke, sitting in judg
ordered the culprit into court, in these word
"Bring the vile offender *straight* before
The messenger, who was a wag, stepped for
and exclaimed in the superlative, "It's i
sible, your grace, to bring him *straight* h
you, for he is one of the bandyest legged fe
you ever saw in all your life;" which occa
such a universal roar, that a considerable
elapsed before the comical tragedy could be
ceeded with.

ON A POSTILION.

Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise.

BED.

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to
reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; w
make up our minds every night to leave it
but we make up our bodies every morning b
it late.

BILLY TAYLOR.

vas a brisk young feller,
h, and full of glee,
he did diskiver
ir and free.

ity brisk young fellers,
as in rich array,
they seized Billy Taylor,
as, and sent to sea.

she followed arter,
ame of Richard Car,
were all bedaubed
sty pitch and tar.

t came on the very next morning;
among the rest;
e did blow her jacket,
red her lily-white breast.

lain kim for to know it,
vind has blown you to me?
kim for to seek my true-love,
ressed and sent to sea.

to seek your true-love
ship is gone away,
d him in London streets, ma'am,
h his lady gay.

rly in the morning,
the break of day:
false Billy Taylor,
his lady gay.

lled for swords and pistils,
y vas at her command,
oting Billy Taylor,
y in his hand.

lain he kim for to know it,
ich applauded her for what she
one,
ier first lieutenant,
nt Thunder bomb.

DEVIL OUTWITTED.

f the Romish church, 1580, black
he following story—There was a lively holy monke, which was continually tempted and troubled with a deuill, euen tyll his olde days; and when, in the eude, hee began to waxe weery of it, hee then did pray the deuill, very friendly, that hee woulde let him alone in quiet; whereupon the deuill did answere him, that so farre as he woulde promise to doe, and sweare to keepe secrete a thing that hee woulde commande him, then he woulde leaue off to trouble him any more. The monke did promyse him, and tooke thereupon a deepe othe. Then sayde the deuill; "If thou wilt that I shall trouble thee no more, then thou must not pray any more to that image;" and it was an image of our ladie, holding her childe in armes. But the monke was more craftie than the deuill; for he went and confessed him of it, the next daye, to the abbot, and the abbot did dispence with him for his othe, upon condition that hee should continue his praying to the image.

ON A PARISH PARSON.

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
For, egad, had he lived, he'd have buried us all.

VIOLATION OF THE SABBATH.

In the time of Marlow, the celebrated patriot, fanaticism ran so high, that an order was issued by the Privy Council that no *beer* should be brewed on a Saturday. This very singular order being the subject of conversation, King James the Second asked Marlow, during the period he was composing his celebrated "Jew of Malta," what his opinion was of the subject, "May it please your Majesty," replied Marlow, "you may depend upon it, the reason why they will not suffer any *beer* to be brewed upon a Saturday, is, for fear it should *work* on a Sunday.

DEFINITION OF THE WORD NEWS.

The word explains itself, without the Muse,
And the four letters speak from whence comes *news*,
From north, east, west, south, the solution's made,
Each quarter gives accounts of war and trade.

REASONS FOR HANGING A WEAVER

A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hang'd. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcade that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the alcade said, "How, then, can I fulfil justice?" A labourer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place, one is enough; *hang the other.*"

BOTHERATION.

Copy of an Order sent by a Farmer's Wife, to a Tradesman in Town, for a Scarlet Cardinal.

Sir,—If you please to send me a scarlet cardinal, let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman; they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven shillings, I should not be willing to give more than twelve; but if you have any as long either duffel or cloth, if it comes cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings: I beg you, sir, to be so good as not to fail sending me this cardinal on Wednesday without fail, let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do, fail not on Wednesday, and by so doing you will oblige, Your humble servant, M. W.

P.S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's the waterman, who comes to the Beehive, at Queenhithe; pray don't send me a duffel one, but cloth; I have altered my mind, I should not like it duffel, but cloth; let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth, for I don't like duffel; it must not be more than twelve shillings at most, one of the cheapest you have and full yard long; send two, both of a length, and both large ones full yard long; both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price, fail then not on Wednesday, and full yard long.

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.—A T

When honest men confess'd their s
And paid the church genteely—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying g
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candle
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tippled like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a di
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arri
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon—

Whose supper pot was set to boil,
On faggots briskly crackling;
The friars enter'd, with a smile,
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd, and bless'd the dame
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that even on Lent
Scarce knew the taste of water, sa
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "That were sorry
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I fear
You'd go to bed but crusty."

ught a flask of rich
east Silenus,
the sight of which
like two hyænas.

host and spouse
pardon-gauger,
tales right marvellous,
or a wager—

like balloons convey'd
itic martyrs;
warm, where holy maid
her garters.

rers gaped, I guess
ee inch asunder,
of weariness,
t of wonder.

duets, the Freres
g in matches,
sentimental airs,
glees and catches.

ld have danced outright,
and tame bear,
not drunk Good night,
em to their chamber.

gh, the host's was nigh —
e suspicion,
ld make a raree-show
he partition?—

essors would come
s out-reaching,
as hum-drum
r own preaching?

riars of orders gray,
knelt, and wriggling,
ould have gone to pray,
elves to giggling!

will have its meed:
hat information
ners, in a trice,
ith consternation.

The farmer on a hone prepares,
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the Freres,
The fat one and the lean one,

To-morrow, by the break of day,
He orders too, salt-petre,
And pickling tubs; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no mun-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Gave pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his larders!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They how'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

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A blacksmith of a village murdered a man, and was condemned to be hang'd. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcade that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith, to shoe horses, mend wheels, &c. But the alcade said, "How, then, can I fulfil justice?" A labourer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place, one is enough; *hang the other.*"

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to their chamber.

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is hum-drum
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Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Gave pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his larders!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of Saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That bronden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
Ass-ass-ass-assination!

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Popp'd out from every casement;
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Of twenty men rode
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To cut fantastic

Crying help, holla
The pot is on to
I am a pretty pig,
They shall not b

Nor was this ravin
In truth, he was
Until they brought
And that wrong

Just as the horsem
Crying, Murder
Jacquez was coun
With a good gla

Who beckon'd to t
A row; but was
Squeez'd Jacquez'
Said you're a di

Explaining lost bu
Here ended all
So God save Queen
And long live K

The gens-d'armes
Into horse fits a
And, as if they ha
Their horses mi

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o perhaps,
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'KSMITH.

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BACCHANALIAN ODE

Inscribed to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

While worldly men through stupid years
Without emotion jog,
Devoid of passions, hopes, and fears,
As senseless as a log—
I much prefer my nights to spend,
A happy ranting dog,
And see dull care his front unbend
Before the smile of Hogg.

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And set its clouds agog.
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The glowing wheels to cog;
To make the heart where sorrows bleed
Leap lightly like a frog;
Gay verdure o'er the crag to shower,
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Wit's potent magic has the power,
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Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—
Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made all this hurly-burly?

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Soon at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'armes house
Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, Rascal, hold thy whineyard.

'Twas Boniface, as mad's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery;—
"And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh?"

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying help, hollo, the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me;
I am a pretty pig, but no!
They shall not barbacue me.

Nor was this raving fit a sham;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horseman halted near,
Crying, Murderer, stop, ahoy, oh
Jacquez was comforting the frere
With a good glass of noyeau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick
A row; but waxing mellow,
Squeez'd Jacquez' hand, and with
Said you're a damn'd good fello

Explaining lost but little breath;
Here ended all the matter;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henry Quatre!

The gens-d'armes at the story bre
Into horse fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the j
Their horses neigh'd thereafte

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t stands at heaven's gate;
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res in different mines, found it
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PROCLAMATION FOR HOLDING A FAIR AMONG THE SCOTCH.

O yes! and that's e'e time; O yes! and that's twa times; O yes! and that's third and last time. All manner of person or persons whosoever, let 'em draw near, and I shall let 'em ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholm, for the space of aught days, wherein gin, any hustrin, custrin, land-lopper, dubs-kouper, or gang-the-gate-swinger, shall breed any hurdam, durdam, rabblement, babblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle throne, with a nail of twa-a-penny until he down on his hobshanks, and up with his muckle doup, and pray to ha'en nine times God bless the king, and thrice the muckle laird of Relton, paying a grout to me Jemmy Ferguson, bailey of the aforesaid manor. So you've heard my proclamation, and I'll gang hame to my dinner.

NUDA PAPILLA.

In Paradise, ere baneful sin began,
Naked were seen the woman and the man,
But when blest innocence remained no more,
Sin brought forth shame and cast a covering o'er;
Their *virtuous times primæval worth* express
By throwing off the incumbrances of dress;
Our beauteous belles, with elegance and ease,
And in a *state of nature*, strive to please.
Hail, heav'nly charmers! justly you're ador'd
Now *shame* is fled, and *innocence* restor'd.

DRESSING AND SHAVING.

Two sailors went into a cook's shop, and called for dinner. The landlady set before them a piece of boiled pork, which had not been properly singed, many long hairs adhering to it. "Jack," said one to his companion, "I cannot stomach this pork; why, the hairs are half as thick and as long as a cable."—"You may eat away, gentlemen," said the landlady; "I can assure you it is good meat, for I *dressed* it myself."—"Did you *so? mistress,*" said the other sailor; "I wish *you had also shaved it yourself.*"

BAD TIMES.

A Yorkshireman meeting with a f
London, the following conversation too
between them:—"Sad times," says th
shireman, "how dun you come on here
nun?"—"Very bad," replied (he oth
honest man has no chance to live, now-a-
"Ah! (says the Yorkshireman) but we m
bit in our country."

ON A WOMAN WHO WAS SINGING BA FOR MONEY TO BURY HER HUSB

For her husband deceas'd, Sally ch
sweet lay,
Why, faith, it is singular sorrow;
But (I doubt) since she sings for a dead
day,
She'll cry for a live one to morrow.

UNLUCKY OMISSION.

The company of Stationers, in the
Charles I., took it into their heads to
people to commit adultery; for in the fi
then printed, at the King's Printing-offic
friar's, now the Times' Office, instead of
run of the seventh commandment, a great
of copies were issued with this reading
shalt commit adultery." Archbishop La
ever, had them up to the Star Chamber, a
them severely for the oversight. Wh
reading world availed themselves of th
given in the early copies, history doth
The Spectator, however, archly remark
he fears many young profligates of both
possessed of this spurious edition, and ob
commandment very strictly."

DRYDEN'S IRRITABILITY.

Dryden, in his play of the "Conquest
nada," makes Almanzor say to Boabdel
of Grenada—
"Obey'd as sovereign by thy subjects be
But know, that *I* alone am king of m
This mode of expression incurred the c

rities, which Dryden's temper could not ea-
ear; and it was retorted upon him by Colo-
eylyn, the nephew of Dr. Heylyn, the cos-
pher. Not long after the publication of his
the doctor had the little misfortune to lose
upon a large common, which created an
t laugh against him, as a minute geogra-
Dryden, falling into the colonel's company
ee-house, rallied him upon the circum-
ich had happened to his uncle, and asked
was that he lost himself? "Sir," said
, "I cannot answer you exactly; but I
at it was somewhere in the kingdom of
yden took his hat, and walked off.

MATRIMONIAL WHIMS.

have a man that's tall,
's little is worse than all;
ave a man that's fair,
s black I cannot bear;
n is a constant pest,
vould my room infest;
se, they say, is proud,
e is always loud;
ich I'm sure won't have me,
poor I fear would starve me
s smells of tar,
ay, is at the bar;
will not take,
my heart would break;
s, tempers, ages,
vant heart engages;
retched is my fate,
r the marriage state.

R'S POLEMICS.

n reformer, thus addresses the
, little, little pope, you are
; walk very softly, it is slip-
your legs, and then people
il is this? The little ass of
ass knows it is an ass; a
e; but these little asses of
they are asses."

ENGLIS

An Englishman a
lord-mareschal, to p
deric the Great. Hi
not such an easy matt
blemen had been ref
Englishman, "it is no
but, as I have already
glad to make up the ha

W

Soon after the death
Counsellor Seare bought
Seare appeared in it a
Lord-Chancellor (Hard
Seare, (or rather the wig,
have you any thing to mov
The sight of a wig has
fect. A man returned from
field's sermons, and said, "
be there: the place, indeed,
he had not been able to get
him; but then," he said, "I

ON CAPTAIN THOM

As the earth the earth do
So under this stone lies an

JAPANESE PUNCT

A Japanese, who had be
Russia, in the suite of the amb
in a fit of despondency, mad
cut his throat with a razor. A p
geon instantly prepared to staunc
a Japanese guard interposed, a
would be unprecedented to tak
until the governor's orders had be
was in vain to tell them, that the m
the interim: he was left to bleed
of some of the Banjos, who declared
have been quite irregular for the R
to save the life of a Japanese; and
cordingly turned over to the faculty
with according to the laws and institu
pan.

PRIDE OF PARENTAGE.

A cornet of hussars, who was not the most polished in his manners, having joined his regiment, was asked by his colonel what his father was? He replied a farmer."—"Pity your father did not make you follow his trade." Upon which the cornet asked, "Pray, sir, what is your father?"—"A gentleman, sir."—"Pity he did not make you one," replied the cornet.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

The beaux are jogging on the pictured floor,
The belles responsive trip with lightsome heels;
While I, deserted, the cold pangs deplore,
Or breathe the wrath which slighted beauty feels.

When first I entered glad, with glad mamma,
The girls were ranged and clustered round us then;
Few beaux were there, those few with scorn I saw,
Unknowing dandies that could come at ten.

My buoyant heart beat high with promised pleasure,
My dancing garland, moved with airy grace;
Quick beat my active toe to Gow's gay measure,
And undissembled triumph wreathed my face.

Fancy prospective took a proud survey
Of all the coming glories of the night;
Even where I stood my legs began to play—
So racers paw the turf e'er jockeys smite.

And "who shall be my partner first?" I said,
As my thoughts glided o'er the coming beaux;
"Not Tom, nor Ned, nor Jack,"—I tossed my head,
Nice grew my taste, and high my scorn arose.

"If Dicky asks me, I shall spit and sprain;
When Sam approaches, headachs I will mention;
I'll freeze the colonel's heart with cold disdain;"
Thus cruelly ran on my glib invention.

While yet my fancy revelled in her dreams,
The sets are forming, and the fiddles scraping;
Gow's wakening chord a stirring prelude screams,
The beaux are quizzing, and the misses gaping.

Beau after beau approaches, bows, an
Quick to the dangler's arm springs
selle;
Pair after pair augments the sparkling
And full upon my ear "THE TRIUM

I flirt my fan in time with the mad fid
My eye pursues the dancers' motion
Cross hands! Balancez! down and
middle!
To join the revel how my heart is d

One miss sits down all glowing from t
Another rises, and another yet;
Beaux upon belles, and belles on bea
The tune unending, ever full the se

At last a pause there comes—to Gow
The hurrying lackey hands the culiv
The misses sip the ices where they sta
And gather vigour to renew the spo

I round the room dispense a wistful g
Wish Ned, or Dick, or Tom, wou
honour;
I hear Sam whisper to Miss B. "Do
And launch a withering scowl of en

Sir Billy capers up to Lady Di;
In vain I cough as gay Sir Billy pa
The Major asks my sister—faint, I sig
"Well, after this—the men are

In vain! in vain! again the dancers s
With lazy eye I watch the busy sce
Far on the pillowed sofa sad and sing
Languid the attitude—but sharp the

"La! ma'am, how hot!"—"Your qu
I see;"
"What a long dance!"—"And as
to town!"
Such casual whispers are addressed to
But not one hint to lead the next s

The third, the fourth, the fifth, the six
And now the seventh—and yet I
once!
When supper comes, must I descend
Does Fate deny me my last prayer—

orts me to the room for munching,
's breast she crams, and wing of

lly, and hard nuts am crunching,
ns of trifle down my gullet.

me to a glass of sherry;
the salver of champaigne;
! are tossing brimmers merry,
r comfort my disdain.

len! and ye tasteless creatures!
! how I scorn you all!—
with pale cheese-pairing fea-

bring, red-faced boobies tall.
of the bean and the attorney!
ool-boys for a whisker shav-

glance of fury burn ye!
nd fools!——but hah!—I'm

STAMMERING.

mmered a great deal, being
sing several bets which he
ould have replied in time,
usand pounds to a hun-
stood by said *done*; but
ering happening to seize
the word *done* before his

On this Colonel Thorn-
ng jog, observed, "If
plain speaking man, you
this time.

MISTAKES.

s once made by Mrs.
eatre, in the part of
ine Marriage:" when
tty, who had locked
, and walked away
. "She has locked
oor in her pocket."
dleberg, had pre-
by substituting for

the original dialogue,
coming along the gal
but the mistake by M
tentional, and unpreme
irresistible, and the aud
with three rounds of ap

THE ADVANTA

Some say topers should n
That a drunken man's a s
For if 'tis true that he al
He's twice his neighbour's
But an argument soonest a
When you take the pleasur
And if our lives by this stan
He's twice his neighbour's p
Then all get drunk if you w
To shun pleasure that courts y
Drink away, you'll be nobly
bour,
Why 'twill make you as ha
Suppose, while you're racking
You've not cash enough to pay
Why what's to do? get drunk yo
'Twill make ten and sixpence
Then if to do good you receive s
How charming to think that, fo
Of conferring two you'll have th
And can any man shew me a sweet
Then all
Since friendship's so rare and so b
To the fire of life that so kindly ad
With wine make your clay so moi
Instead of one friend why you'll me
ple:
Then when you come with the drink
How sweet of two wives to hear the
But that would be covetous out of sea
For one wife at a time is enough in al
Then all get
Thus, were the world drunk, 'twould d
pleasure,
The drunken miser would double his tr

A city feast would have double the covers,
And ladies would double the list of their lovers:
With two sparks would Miss be to Scotland eloping, [a toping.
Parsons find two tithe-pigs, could we catch them
The drunkard two bowls, as he's drinking and roaring, [encoring.
And, if you were all drunk, you'd my song be
Then all get drunk, &c.

BOTTOM TO THE LAST.

A jester being on his death-bed, one of his companions begged when he got to the other world, he would put in a good word for him; "I may perhaps forget," said he; "tie a string about my finger."

IRISH SKETCH OF THE LAW.

Law! law! law! is like a fine woman's temper, *a very difficult study.* Law is like a book of surgery, a great many terrible cases in it. Law is like fire and water; very good servants, but very bad when they get the upper hand of us. It is like a homely genteel woman, very well to follow; it is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. And again, it is like bad weather, most people choose to keep out of it. In law there are four parts:—the quidlibet, the quodlibate, the quid-pro-quo, and the sinaquanon. Imprimis, the quidlibet, or who began first? Because, in all actions of assault, the law is clear, that *probis jukes* is *absolutis maris, fine jokis*; which being elegantly and classically rendered into English, is, that whosoever he be that gave the first blow, it is absolutely ill, and without a joke. Secondly, the quodlibet, or the damages; but that the law has nothing to do with, only to state them; for whatever damages ensue, they are all the client's perquisites, according to that ancient Norman motto; if he is cast, or castandum, he is "Semper idem ruinandum." Thirdly, quid-pro-quo, feeing counsel, giving words for money, or having money for words, according to *that ancient Norman* motto, "Sicurat lex." We *live to perplex. Fourthly, the* sinaquanon; or, without something, what would any thing for? Without a large *wig*, what would become *lines* of the law?

THE WIFE'S DELIGHT.

Composed by her Husband.

The following old Scottish song is from a collection of poems, written and collected by Andrew Sympson, school-master, at Stirling, 1690.

Some men they do delight in hounds
And some in hawks take pleasure
Some do rejoice in war and wounds,
And thereby gain great treasure.

Some men do love on sea to sail,
And some rejoice in riding.
But all their judgments do them fail
Oh! no such joy as chiding.

When in the morn I ope my eyes
To entertain the day,
Before my husband e'en can rise,
I chide him—then I pray.

When I at table take my place,
Whatever be the meat,
I first do chide—and then say grace
If so disposed to eat.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
I ever do complain,
Too raw, too roast, too young, too old
Faults I will find or feign.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,
It never shall be said,
But I'll find fault with meat or dish
With master or with maid.

But when I go to bed at night,
I heartily do weep,
That I must part with my delight—
I cannot scold and sleep.

However this doth mitigate,
And much abate my sorrow,
That tho' to-night it be too late,
I'll early scold to-morrow.

UNLUCKY HINTS.

Burnet was very remarkable for his absence of mind; in the days of the orough, he obtained an interview with s even asked to dine, but cautioned s guard and not commit himself. great company was Prince Eugene, dignified clergyman present, asked and having heard he had been at asked him how long it was since he Burnet, fluttered, answered with e could not recollect the year, but me that the Countess of Soissons on suspicion of practicing a con- f poisoning people. This lady he *mother* of Prince Eugene, and s being fixed upon each other, ceived his mistake, stammered, retired in the utmost confusion. casion, the Bishop dining one uchess of Marlborough, the con- on the ingratitude of the Go- Duke, who had just lost his ly compared him to Belisarius; ed what was the occasion of madam, (says Burnet) poor king brimstone of a wife."

D HEALTH.

tleman was once asked by a and apothecary he made use is time of life. "Sire," re- my physician has always pothecary an ass."

E PLAY-BILL.

ientation of the dramatic Dumb," and the "Blind musical advertisement ap-

re to announce to the paration, and intended istmas (if it be possible e splendid profusion of scenery, machinery, dresses, and decoratio following entertainment:

"An entirely new grand serio-comic-pa mic-operatic-tragical Drama, called, '*The* or '*Deaf, Dumb, and Blind.*'

"In Act 1st. A scene of the interior of St. tholomew's Hospital, including various su operations, and a dance by invalids on crut with a *pas seul* by the matron.

In Act 2d. A procession of physicians, surge and apothecaries, on a cattle-day, productive sequently of much comic confusion.

In Act 3d. A sea-fight by condemned malef tors, a proper number of whom will be killed the stage, by particular desire of several perso of distinction. Scene, An Indian Coast: savag spectators by the patients of the Small-pox Hos pital.

"In Act 4th. A new and unrivalled compo sition, called '*The Whooping Cough*;' (the united efforts of our best musicians,) to be sung by Mr. Incledon. The execution of this bravura will completely immortalize the fame of the singer.

"In Act 5th. A grand shock of electricity—an metic by the three Miss Stentors; an amputation; a chorus of hysterical and hypocondriac persons, male and female; to conclude with an apoplectic fit, which carries off all the characters.

"After which will be presented a Farce, called '*The Maniac and the Cripple.*'"

THE FARCE OF PHYSIC.

When Dr.——, some years since, went to prac- tise at Bath, a gentleman asked Dr. Delacour, what could bring a practitioner from the metro- polis to open a shop in the country. "The reason," replied he, "is obvious enough, sir; when a doctor breaks down on the *London turf*, he retires to *cover at Bath for a guinea and a shilling*."—"Why, my dear doctor, this makes physic a *mere farce*."—"True," rejoined he, "a *direct farce*, for it is generally the last act before the curtain drops."

THE BAKER'S FUNERAL.

The death of Mr. Holland of Drury-lane theatre, who was the son of a baker at Chiswick, had a very great effect upon the spirits of Foote, who had a very warm friendship for him; being a legatee, as well as appointed by the will of the deceased one of the bearers, he attended the corpse to the family vault at Chiswick, and there very sincerely paid a plentiful tribute of tears to his memory. On his return to town, by way of alleviating his grief, he called in at the Bedford-coffee-house; when Harry Woodward coming up to him, asked him if he had not been paying the last compliment to his friend Holland? "Yes, poor fellow," says Foote, almost weeping at the same time, "I have just seen him shoved into the family oven."

THE DECANTER.

O thou, that high thy head dost bear,
With round smooth neck, and single ear,
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow streams of noblest eloquence;
'Tis thou that first the bard divine,
Sacred to *Phœbus*, and the nine,
That mirth and soft delight can'st move,
Sacred to *Venus*, and to love:
Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirsty I;
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

Confined in a certain street, the north-end of the city, up three pair of stairs backwards, by the cruelty of a most unnatural mother, and the indolence of a father, who doth not want for sense, but spirit to wear the breeches, a young girl, turned of one-and-twenty, not very tall, but thought to be too much so by her mother, who still keeps her in flat-heeled shoes. The young lady cannot boast of as much beauty as her mamma, but she has the advantage of her in an easy temper, and would be *quiet if she* would let her. She would be much *obliged to any gentleman who* could take pity on her sufferings, and relieve her by marria the distresses, bolts, and bars, she labou N. B. She is quite easy as to fortune, an as well contented with a partner of 1, annum, as with a larger sum.

VULGAR NATURES.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it, like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with vulgar natures,
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

FIGHTING AND PAINTING.

When Hayman was painting the pict British heroes for the Rotunda at Vau Marquis of Granby paid him a visit a in St. Martin's-lane, and told him he c request of his friend Tyers, the proprieto hall Gardens, to sit for his portrai Frank," said the Marquis, "before I s insist on having a set-to with you." not understanding him, and appearing prised at the oddity of the declaration quis exclaimed: "I have been told yo of the best boxers of the school of Brou I am not altogether deficient in the pu but, since I have been in Germany, I little out of practice, therefore I will trial of strength and skill." Hayman age and gout as insuperable obstacles. position the marquis replied that the little difference between them; to the exercise was a specific remedy, and a few rounds would cause a glow that animation to the canvass. At length and after the exertion of much skill a on both sides, Hayman gave the marq on the stomach, when they both fell mendous noise, which brought up th Mrs. Hayman, who found them rollin other on the carpet, like two bears.

II. AND GARRICK.

Second went to see Garrick
ird, the only part of the play
interested the king, was the
ndon; and when Garrick was
party from the theatre, anxious
inion of his own performance,
ie received from the sovereign
upon the Lord-Mayor. "I
ayor," said the king, "capital
Lord-Mayor dat, Mr. Garrick,
capital Lord-Mayor."

COQUETRY.

d what was the difference be-
nd a woman of gallantry, an-
that there is between a sharp-

EAUTIFUL MAID.

angel all confess:
agree her;
levil is prov'd by this,
all men that see her.
hen our hearts we find
o all we can,
and hell are both combin'd
or mortal man.

THE GOSPEL.

an inland county once con-
with the following words:—
'riday is my tythe-day, and
tythes on that day, which are
warded with a good dinner;
t, may depend, that on Satur-
n a lawyer's letter."

E'S FELONY.

in a Court of Assize.
and felonies smart,
ion for stealing a heart?
smile and cry, "Laws I defy

s can be summon'd to try you!
altry defence will secure ye:
Graces will just make a jury.

HOW TO EXAMINE A WITNESS.

Barrister. Call John Tomkins.

Witness. Here—*(is sworn).*

B. Look this way—What's your name?

W. John Tomkins.

B. John Tomkins, eh! And pray, John Tomkins, what do you know about this affair?

W. As I was going along Cheapside—

B. Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tomkins. When was you going along Cheapside?

W. On Monday, the 26th of June.

B. Oh, oh! Monday, the 26th of June—And pray, now, how came you to know that it was Monday, the 26th of June?

W. I remember it very well.

B. You have a good memory, John Tomkins—here is the middle of November, and you pretend to remember your walking along Cheapside in the end of June.

W. Yes, sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

B. And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

W. I was then going to fetch a midwife.

B. Stop there, if you please. Gentlemen of the jury, please to attend to this—So, John Tomkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this way, sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

W. I wanted to fetch her to a neighbour's wife, who was ill a-bed.

B. A neighbour's wife! What, then, you have no wife of your own?

W. No, sir.

B. Recollect yourself, you say you have no wife of your own?

W. No, sir; I never had a wife.

B. None of your quibbles, friend; I did not ask you if you ever had a wife; I ask you if you have now a wife? and you say no.

W. Yes, sir; and I say truth.

B. Yes, sir! and no, sir! and you say truth

shall soon find that out. And was there no-
dy to fetch a midwife but you?
W. No; my neighbour lay ill himself—
B. What! did he want a midwife too? (*a loud laugh*).
W. He lay ill of a fever; and so I went to
erve him.
B. No doubt, you are a very serviceable fel-
low in your way. But pray, now, after you had
fetched the midwife, where did you go?
W. I went to call upon a friend—
B. Hold, what time in the day was this?
W. About seven o'clock in the evening.
B. It was quite day-light, was it not?
W. Yes, sir; it was a fine summer evening.
B. What! is it always day-light in a summer evening?
W. I believe so—(*smiling*).
B. No laughing, sir, if you please; this is too serious a matter for levity. What did you do when you went to call upon a friend?
W. He asked me to take a walk; and when we were walking, we heard a great noise—
B. And where was this?
W. In the street.
B. Pray attend, sir.—I don't ask you whether it was in the street—I ask you what street?
W. I don't know the name of the street, but it turned down from—
B. Now, sir, upon your oath—do you say you don't know the name of the street?
W. No, I don't.
B. Did you never hear it?
W. I may have heard it, but I can't say I remember it?
B. Do you always forget what you have heard?
W. I don't know that I ever heard it; but I may have heard it, and forgot it.
B. Well, sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.
W. I don't know, sir; I would tell it if I knew it.
B. Oh! to be sure you would; you are re-*communicative.* Well, you heard a
W. Yes; we went to the house where it came from.
B. So! it came from a house; and pray what kind of a house?
W. The Cock and Bottle, a public-house?
B. The Cock and Bottle! why I never heard of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle?
W. I can't tell, that is the sign.
B. Well, and what passed then?
W. We went in to see what was the matter and the prisoner there—
B. Where?
W. Him at the bar, there; I know him very well.
B. You know him? how came you to know him?
W. We worked journey-work together once, and I remember him very well.
B. So! your memory returns: you can tell the name of the street, but you know the name of the public-house, and you know the prisoner at the bar. You are a very pretty fellow! and what was the prisoner doing?
W. When I saw him, he was—
B. When you saw him! did I ask you what he was doing when you did not see him?
W. I understood he had been fighting.
B. Give us none of your understanding, but what you saw.
W. He was drinking some Hollands and water.
B. Are you sure it was Hollands and water?
W. Yes; he asked me to drink with him. I just put it to my lips.
B. No doubt you did, and I dare say you take it soon from them. But now, you are upon oath—look at the jury—upon your oath, will you aver that it was Hollands and water?
W. Yes, it was.
B. What; was it not plain gin?
W. No; the landlord said it was Hollands.
B. Oh! now we shall come to the landlord said! Do you believe the landlord of the Cock and Bottle said

w him enough.
ligion are you of?
estant.
ve in a future state?

passed after you drank the
?
e had been a fight, and a man
, "Oh! Robert, I hope you
" and he shook his head.—
ad; and what did you under-

id you understand by his shak-

Can't you tell what a man
es his head?
ing.
! I don't ask you what he said
?
ay?
my words, fellow; but come
—Did you see the dead man?
in the next room.
e he to be dead?
en a fight, as I said before—
you to repeat what you said

een a fight between him and

is lordship don't hear you—
voice?
een a fight between him and

Pray, sir, when did this fight

exactly; it might be an hour
as quite dead.
ght, if the fight had been a
was not what I asked you.
?
wer before we came in.
?
nd

B. Well—and it was over—and you saw nothing?

W. No.

B. Gem'men of the jury, you'll please to attend to this; he positively swears he saw nothing of the fight. Pray, sir, how was it that you saw nothing of the fight?

W. Because it was over before I entered the house, as I said before.

B. No repetitions, friend.—Was there any fighting after you entered?

W. No, all was quiet.

B. Quiet! you just now said, you heard a noise—you and your precious friend.

W. Yes, we heard a noise—

B. Speak up, can't you? and don't hesitate so.

W. The noise was from the people crying and lamenting—

B. Don't look to me—look to the jury—well, crying and lamenting—

W. Crying and lamenting that it happened; and all blaming the dead man.

B. Blaming the dead man! why, I should have thought him the most quiet of the whole—*(another laugh.)*—But what did they blame him for?

W. Because he struck the prisoner several times without any cause.

B. Did you see him strike the prisoner?

W No; but I was told that—

B. We don't ask you what you was told—What did you see?

W. I saw no more than I have told you.

B. Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard?

W I only wanted to give the reason why the company blamed the deceased.

B. Oh! we have nothing to do with your reasons or theirs either.

W. No, sir, I don't say you have.

B. Now, sir, remember you are upon oath—you set out with fetching a midwife; I presume you now went for an undertaker?

W. No, I did not.

B. No! that is surprising; such a friendly man as you! I wonder the prisoner did not employ you

W. No, I went away soon after.

B. And what induced you to go away?

W. It became late; and I could do no good.

B. I dare say you could not—And so you come here to do good, don't you?

W. I hope I have done no harm—I have spoken like an honest man—I don't know any thing more of the matter.

B. Nay, I shan't trouble you farther—*(witness retires, but is called again).* Pray, sir, what did the prisoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

W. A pint tumbler.

B. A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

W. I don't know—it was a glass that holds a pint.

B. Are you sure it holds a pint?

W. I believe so.

B. Ay, when it is full, I suppose.—You may go your ways, John Tomkins.—A pretty hopeful fellow that. *(Aside).*

ON THE STATUE OF GEORGE II. ON THE TOP OF THE SPIRE OF BLOOMSBURY CHURCH.

When Harry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch,
His subjects all styl'd him the head of the church;
But George's good subjects, the Bloomsbury people,
Instead of the church made him head of the steeple.

FRUITS OF WEDLOCK.

He that hath a handsome wife, by other men is thought happy; 'tis a pleasure to look upon her, and be in her company; but the husband is cloyed with her. We are never contented with what we have.

A man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sits upon them. He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks.

Selden's Table Talk.

AVARICE.

Ten thousand pounds Avarus had before,
His father died, and left him twenty more.
Till then, a roll and egg he could allow,
But eggs grow dear, a roll must dine him now.

MUSICAL POLITICS.

Dr. Wise, the musician, being requested to subscribe his name to a petition against an expected prorogation of Parliament in the reign of Charles II., answered, "No, gentlemen, it is not my business to meddle with state-affairs; *but I'll set a tune to it*, if you please."

PENNANT'S TOUR THROUGH CHESTER.

Pennant had a singular antipathy to a wig, which, however, he could suppress till supper yielded to wine, but when this was the case, went the wig next him into the fire. Dining at Chester with an officer who wore a wig, Pennant became half-seas over; another fellow company, however, had placed himself between Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it among burning coals. It was in flames in a moment as well as the officer, who ran to his sword. Down stairs ran Pennant, and the officer after him through all the streets of Chester; but Pennant from his superior knowledge of topography escaped. This was whimsically enough alluded to in *Pennant's tour through Chester.*

PIETY AND PLEASURE.

Charles the Second had on the warming pan of his mistresses beds this inscription: "Serve God and live for ever."

ON FOOTE'S DEATH.

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd,
Death *took* him *off*, who *took off* all the world.

PATIENCE AND INTELLECT.

When Horne Tooke was called before the commissioners to give an account of the particulars of his income, having answered a question that was asked, one of the *wise men* said peevishly, that he did not understand his answer. "Then," said Tooke, "as you have not *half the understanding* of another man, you ought at least to have double the *patience.*"

ANCESTRY.

...mas Overbury says, "that the man who
...y thing to boast of but his illustrious an-
...like a potatoe—the only good belong-
...is under ground."

TRIP TO PARIS.

...onsists, in a neat Calais job,
...myself, Mr. Connor and Bob.
...er how sheepish Bob look'd at Kil-
...[a Dandy;
...e's quite alter'd—they've made him
...know, whisker'd, great-coated, and

...lass, exceedingly small in the waist;
...ort of creatures, unknown yet to

...immoveably stuck in shirt-collars,
...our music-stools soon must be
...[round them!
...he creatures may wish to look
...Dandy" describes what I mean,
...best of the genus I've seen:
...ung man, fond of learning,

...aris to study French dishes,
...k, how quick!—he already

...tés, and—what d'ye call that,
...oes?—oh! *maitre d'hotel*—
...dly, he knows them as well
...e all his life he had eat,
...Bobby has never touch'd
...[cooks,
...mes of French dishes and
...itles of authors and books.
...Bob's journal,
...e is this Paris! but stay—
...you, I'll just sketch a

...some comrades I've got,
...s, who know what is

After dreaming some hours of the land of
...aigne,
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and ni...
Where for hail they have *bon mots*, and cla...
...rain,
And the skaiters in winter show off on c...
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant ta...
And the geese are all born with a liver compla...
I rise—put on neckcloth—stiff, tight, as can b...
For a lad who *goes into the world*, Dick, like n...
Should have his neck tied up, you know, there...
no doubt of it—
Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of it*.
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots tha...
"hold up
The mirror to nature"—so bright you could sup...
Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that
draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *dejeuner à la fourchette*;
There, Dick, what a breakfast!—oh, not like
your ghost [toast;
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and
But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves
about, [out
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles
One's *pate* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,
Of one's kidnies—imagine, Dick—done with
champagne!
Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or,
[mayhap,
Chambertin, which you know's the pet tipple of
Nap.
And which Dad, by the by, that legitimate stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so partic'lar.—
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and
then, Dick, 's
The coffee's ne'er-failing and glori...

(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't,
I'd swallow even W—tk—ns', for sake of the end
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips,
Just as if buttled-velvet tipp'd over one's lips!
This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd!
Till a man's us'd to paying, there's something so queer in't,
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in't,
We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick, the phyzzes,
The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date anno domini 1;
A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul!
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our Pr——e, who nor reason nor fun dreads,
Inflicts without ev'n a court-martial on hundreds.
Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
(Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by the by);
And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.
There goes a French dandy—ah, Dick, unlike some ones
We've seen about White's—the Mounseers are but rum ones;
Such hats!—fit for monkies—I'd back Mrs. Draper
To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:
And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em!
They'd club for old B—m—l, from Calais, to dress
The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-lopping nation,
To leave there behind them a snug little place
For the head to drop into, on decapitation;
In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and *fetseurs*,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
What with captains in new jockey-boo breeches,
Old dustmen with swinging great ap
And shoe-blacks reclining by statues
There never was seen such a fac
Sprats!

WATER-GRUEL AND ROAST-BE

Phillips and Smith, the sheriffs of 1807-8, were men of very different and habits. Phillips lived on veg drank water, and Smith eat turtle a the best vintages, while in persons the fect contrasts. Phillips was rosy, fa right. Smith was cadaverous, lean, a As they passed through the street, t hear the following ejaculations from th as Smith went forward, "there goes w —"what a poor looking dog."—"He potatoes and cabbage."—"Ha! ha! gruel and he become one another!" advanced, "Here comes roast-beef," neral cry, "My God! what a cost water-gruel fellow looked as though eat and sp——d up again; but rec ever."—"Ha! ha! ha! God bless h —no water-gruel for me."

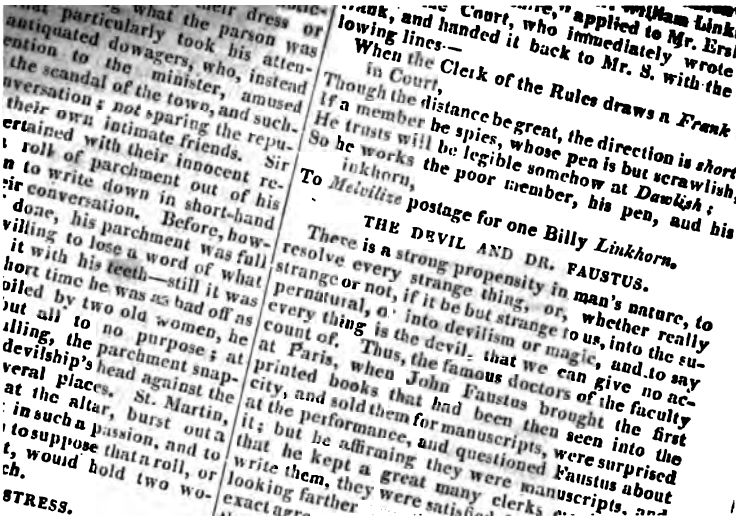
THE PROGRESS OF MATRIM

In the blithe days of honey-moon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I lov'd her late, I lov'd her soon,
And called her dearest kitten.
But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross like other wives,
Oh! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I think she has nine lives!

A MATCH FOR THE DEVI

"Two gossipping women," says the "are a match for the devil," as th story will, in some degree, explain the saying—

Old Nick, or, as he is vulgarly Devil, sometimes, it is said, amuses



...their dress or ...what the parson was ...particularly took his atten... ...antiquated dowagers, who, instead ...ention to the minister, amused ...the scandal of the town, and such... ...nversation; *not* sparing the repu... ...their own intimate friends. Sir ...ertained with their innocent re... ...a roll of parchment out of his ...n to write down in short-hand ...eir conversation. Before, how... ...done, his parchment was full ...villing to lose a word of what ...it with his teeth—still it was ...hort time he was as bad off as ...oiled by two old women, he ...but all to no purpose; at ...illing, the parchment snap... ...devilship's head against the ...veral places. St. Martin, ...at the altar, burst out a ...in such a passion, and to ...to suppose that a roll, or ...t, would hold two wo... ...ch.

...STRESS.

...Court, ..." ...William Linkhorn, ...rank, and handed it back to Mr. S. with the following lines.—

When the Clerk of the Rules draws a *Frank* up in Court,
Though the distance be great, the direction is *short*;
If a member be spies, whose pen is but scrawlish,
He trusts will be legible somehow at *Dawlish*;
So he works the poor member, his pen, and his inkhorn,
To *Melville* postage for one Billy *Linkhorn*.

THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.

There is a strong propensity in man's nature, to resolve every strange thing, or, whether really strange or not, if it be but strange to us, into the supernatural, or into devilism or magic, and to say every thing is the devil: that we can give no account of. Thus, the famous doctors of the faculty at Paris, when John Faustus brought the first printed books that had been then seen into the city, and sold them for manuscripts, were surprised at the performance, and questioned Faustus about it; but he affirming they were manuscripts, and that he kept a great many clerks [illegible] write them, they were satisfied [illegible] looking farther [illegible] exact agre[illegible]

ventor of printing; and having printed the psalters, sold them at Paris, as manuscripts; because, as such, they yielded a better price. The learned doctors, not being able to understand how the work was performed, concluded it was all the devil, and that the man was a wizard; accordingly they took him up for a magician and a conjuror, and one that worked by the black art; that is to say, by the help of the devil; they threatened to hang him for a wizard, and commenced a process against him in their criminal courts, which made such a noise in the world, as raised the fame of poor John Faustus to a frightful height, till at last he was obliged, for fear of the gallows, to discover the whole secret to them.

THE HERALD.

I do remember a strange man—a Herald,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted,
In party-coloured coat, like a fool's jacket,
Or morris-dancer's dress. Musty his looks,
Like to a skin of ancient shrivelled parchment,
Or an old pair of leather-brogues twice turned.
And round the dusky room he did inhabit,
Whose wainscoat seem'd as old as Noah's ark,
Were divers shapes of ugly ill-form'd monsters,
Hung up in scutcheons, like an old church aisle;
A blue-boar rampant, and a griffin gules,
A gaping tiger, and a cat-a-mountain,
What nature never form'd, nor madman thought;
"Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire,"
—And right before him lay a dusty pile
Of ancient legers, books of evidence,
Torn parish-registers, probates, and testaments,
From whence, with cunning art and sly contrivance,
He fairly culled divers pedigrees,
(Which make, full oft, the son beget the father,
And give to maiden ladies fruitful issues);
And next, by dint of transmutation strange,
Did coin his musty vellum into gold.—
Anon, comes in a gaudy city youth,
Whose father, for oppression and vile conning,
Lies roaring now in limbo-lake the while;
And after some few words of my
Most gravely uttered by the smo
He takes in lieu of gold the vell
With arms emblazon'd and Lord
And struts away a well-born ge
Observing this, I to myself did
An' if a man did need a coat of
Here lives a caitiff that would

A NEW WORLD

The following scientific intel
in an American newspaper:—

"Light developes light,"

St. Louis, (Missouri Territory,
April 10, A. D. 1

"To all the World.—I de
be hollow, and habitable with
number of concentric spheres, on
and that their poles are open
degrees. I pledge my life in sup
and am ready to explore the con
will support and aid me in the u

John Clev
Of Ohio, late Capt

I ask one hundred brave
equipped, to start from Siberia,
rein-deer and sledges, on the ice
I engage we find a warm count
stocked with thrifty vegetables a
men, on reaching about sixty-nin
of latitude 82. We will return
spring.—J. C. S.

THE MELANCHOLY OF

The characteristic pensiveness
notorious, it is to be wondered
writers, who have expressly treat
should have mentioned it.

They may be reduced to tw
subordinate ones, viz.

The sedentary habits of the t
peculiar in his diet.

First, his *sedentary habits*.—In
famous narrative of the frenzy of

ed as to the occasion of
eplies that it was " by
learned doctor seeming
r which he had never
pears not to have been
ins with some warmth,
ut a noble art! that he
ty at it; and that the
not to know that there
ween the brain and the

his sitting for fourteen
h the critic probably
was writing his " re-
what the tailor, in the
art, submits to daily
hout the year, shall we
ffected, and in a manner
indissoluble sympathy
less noble parts of the
nt? The unnatural and
ting must also greatly
nuch that I have some-
ailors at their boards to
sitting cross-legged to
own felicity. The legs
rise, or decussated, was
posture of malediction.
it at this day, are noted

To which purpose is a
n Burton, in his chapter
use of melancholy."—
eaten (he says) I find
ns, disallowed; but ex-
ieth troublesome dreams,
rs to the brain. Galen,
of all herbs condemns
lib. 2, cap. 1, *animæ*
heaviness to the soul."
ing a testimony from an
theory of his own to
isly contributed to the
is well known, that this
last-named vegetable has, from the earliest period which we can discover, constituted almost the sole food of this extraordinary race of people.

HOT AND COLD.

To his poor cell a satyr led
A traveller, with cold half dead,
And with great kindness treated:
A fire-nose high he made him straight,
Show'd him his elbow-chair of state,
And near the chimney seated.

His tingling hands the stranger blows,
At which the satyr wond'ring rose,
And bluntly asked the reason.
Sir, quoth the man, I mean no harm,
I only do't my hands to *warm*,
In this cold frosty season.

The satyr gave him from the pot
A mess of porridge piping hot;
The man blow'd o'er his gruel.
What's that for, friend? The satyr cry'd,
To *cool* my broth, his guest reply'd,
And truth, sir, is a jewel.

How, quoth the host, then is it so,
And can you contradictions blow?
Turn out, and leave my cottage.
This honest mansion ne'er shall hold
Such rascals as blow *hot* and *cold*,
The de'l must find you pottage.

THE EXCISEMAN IN H——L.

An exciseman, born and bred in London, whose name was John Grant, chanced to fall in love with a young lady from Newcastle, whom he shortly married. The only condition was, that the newly-married couple should pass the honey-moon in Newcastle, at the house of the bride's father, which was readily acceded to. Accordingly, the couple set out on their journey, and were well received by their friends; who, in the true spirit of hospitality, contrived to intoxicate the bridegroom. Overpowered by the fumes of the wine, Johnny fell into a profound sleep, in this state his new

friends, to complete the jest, let him down into a coal-pit. In a few hours Johnny awoke, and was immediately surrounded by the miners; one of a peculiarly rough appearance stepped forward to the trembling bridegroom, and asked him, in a gruff voice, "Who, and what are you? and how did you come hither?" Johnny, astonished at the infernal crew, concluded immediately that he was in hell, and very submissively taking off his hat replied, "how I came here I know not, but I suppose I died."—"Who, and what are you," repeated the miner. "When on earth," replied the bridegroom, "I was Johnny Grant, the excise-man, a righteous man, and a psalm-singer; but now I am in hell, I am any thing your devilship pleases."

TO A PERSON VERY FOND OF SINGING.

O! prithee cease thy ear-annoying strain,
And rid, at least, thy friends of persecution:
Such notes were stolen from hell 'tis very plain:
Repent, and make the devil restitution.

HOW v. MUCH.

In 1824 an action was brought to recover a debt of 14*l.* 5*s.* The counsel, Mr. Sergeant Pell, first took the names of the parties *How* and *Much* in their individual form, and after driving unfortunate "*How*" through all the changes and vicissitudes which it ever experienced, had "yet," as he himself observed, "a difficult task to perform," for "*Much*" remained behind. He assured the Jury, that slight as the case was, and brief as should be the proof, yet if they gave their verdict for the plaintiff, they would be for ever remembered as on that day having *done* "*much*" at all events. He then went on to speak of the names collectively, and rang the changes upon "how much," to no end. Mrs. *How* proved that she had gone to Mr. *Much* for the amount of the bill; that he told her to go to Mr. *Parry*, with whom he said he left the money, and when she refused to do so, he told her either to go to *Parry* or to go to hell. Counsel—I suppose you declined to go to either?—*Indeed I did.*

A QUERY, ADDRESSED TO A LADY

Why is a Gardener the most extraordinary the world?

Because no man has more business upo and he always chooses good *grounds* for w does. He commands his *thyme*, he is maste *mint*, and fingers *penny-royal*; he raise every year, and it is a bad year indeed th not bring him a *plum*. He meets wit *boughs* than a minister of state; he make *beds* than the French king, and has in the *painted ladies* and genuine *roses* and *lilies* t to be found at a country-wake; he makes his business more than his diversion, as man gentlemen do; but makes it an advan health and fortune, which few others do; boast of more *ropes* than any rake in the k His wife, notwithstanding, has enough *love*, and *heart's ease*, and never wishes fo Distempers fatal to others never hurt h walks the better for the *gravel*, and thriv in a *consumption*. He can boast of more *hearts* than your ladyship, and more *laur* the duke of Marlborough; but his greates and the world's greatest envy, is, that he c *yew* when he pleases.

INTENDED FOR DRYDEN.

This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust be
Was Dryden once. The rest, who does no

DR. GOODENOUGH.

On being told that the Bishop of Carlis Goodenough) was appointed to preach be House of Peers—

"'Tis *well enough* that *Goodenough*
Before the Lords should preach;
For *sure enough* they're *bad enough*
He undertakes to teach."

When the above prelate was made Bi certain dignitary, whom the public had re to get the appointment, being asked by s how he came not to be the new Bishop, h because I was not *Good-enough!*

THE PIC-NIC PARTY.

length the day, "the great, the important day with the fate" of three hack steeds, and their goodly personages, burst through my bed curtains. I had coaxed myself to sleep during night, with the *Possibility that it was possible* that it might rain, seeing that all sublunary things are subject to change—that the sun had now been baked for upwards of six weeks; but I was disappointed. Phœbus was in a hotter than ever, and the little girls were twisting my head with the most heart-rending screams. Nevertheless, I was a philosopher, and would stand by my promise with magnanimity. I broke my fast with a glass of camomile tea, which gave me vigour to dispose of a bowl of curds and cream, and to tilt at the most acknowledged jokes of the party.

Breakfast was scarcely over, when we were called to the window by a strange outlandish sort of assembling the gambols of sweeps on May-day, the more musical clink of marrow-bones and cleavers. I had scarcely time to exclaim "the deuce is that?" when I beheld three strange animals approaching the house, at the instigation of which I should, without doubt, have taken for crocodiles, had I not been assured by the Captain that they were very excellent hacks. All our souls and bodies were in instant commotion. The ladies donned their bonnets and shawls and their parasols; while the gentlemen attended to the stowing of the cargo. "Hampers, baskets, and bundles," passed to and fro with a rapidity that was truly fearful, and threatened to flatten some of the handsomest noses of the party. I am well assured that I was considered a helpless sort of a person; for, in truth, I was more occupied in getting out of the way than contributing my exertions for the general effect, likewise, that my skill in the ribands was but lightly esteemed; for when I had taken a shower-bath with us, the proposition was absolutely considered as a joke.

At last there was a general cry for passengers. The captain mounted the dicky of the best equipage, and was soon accommodated with five of the lightest insides. His friend, the cornet, made ready with equal alacrity; and, to my dismay, I was informed that I, even I, was to be the charioteer of the third. At the same time (I confess it was with gratitude), I received a confidential communication that it would not be incumbent on me to show any uncommon degree of *Olympic spirit*, as I had been appointed *conducteur* to the married ladies and the crockery-ware. And what to drive them? O ye Gods! my blood curdled at the sight. I could have picked a better horse out of the maws of the ravens. Such a ewe-necked, ram-boned, rat-tailed, broken-kneed, mallendered, sallendered, spavined, and string-halted skeleton, never entered the precincts of a dog-kennel. The owner, however, assured me, upon the honour of a gentleman, that it could see very tolerably with one eye, and had the best wind of any horse in the country.

I had applied four or five thwacks with the whip, and had begun to expect that my quadruped would shortly agree to follow his companions, who were now almost out of sight, when the operation was suspended by a shout in the distance, and the appearance of a corpulent gentleman in leather breeches and boots, with a bundle at his back.—"Oh, here's Mr. D.!" cried the ladies all at once. "I knew he would come," said one. "How kind!" cried another. "How he runs!" exclaimed a third—and I must in justice declare, that, for a gentleman whose legs diverged like a pair of compasses, and who lacked some of the wind for which my horse was so celebrated, he wagged along with very praiseworthy rapidity—"How d'ye do, Mr. D.?" cried all at once—Mr. D. wiped his red face and powdered head, and panted sorely—"Servant, Ladies—pooff—oh dear! pooff—how hot it is—only just got your note—pooff—came off at a moment's warning—pooff—ran like a lamplighter—Dear me, dear me—brought my share of the pic-nic though—round of beef—fat as I am—

all melted, I'm afraid, and—beg pardon, young gentleman—permit me to put it between your legs."

Ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this? The reeking bundle was placed under my nose, and Mr. D. ascended the after part of the car. The shafts rose, and the belly-band tightened, and I was very near leaping from my situation, under the idea that Mr. D. and the horse intended playing at see-saw, or rather that the latter was to be hoisted over my head, and seated in the laps of the ladies. The event, however, not occurring, I resumed the application of the whip, and had the satisfaction of seeing my animal set up his back and grind away beyond my hopes.

Oh, how I wish my limits would permit me to dilate upon the dust and the heat; the stoppages and the walkings up-hill; the jokes of Mr. D. and the applauses of the ladies. For be it known that Mr. D. was something of a wit, and very much of a royster, and altogether a very desirable companion—when there was room for him. One thing I must not omit to state, which is, that no person whatsoever should judge of a horse by appearances, or mistrust his abilities before he has given them a fair trial. We overtook the car which preceded us, and, had it not been for the screams of the married ladies, and the clattering of the dishes, I verily and truly believe we could have beaten them—Mr. D. thought so too, for which I honour him. We now arrived within sight of our destination, and I found my spirits not a little exhilirated at the prospect of being once more upon my legs. Perhaps this happy state of mind may have been in some measure owing to the consciousness of having proved myself a worthy candidate for gymnastic honours; but it was more likely to arise from a sweet smile of my dark-eyed maid, who beckoned me to approach her ear, and assured me that, since I was evidently the most accomplished knight, she had determined to place herself under my protection for the rest of the expedition. With such a prospect, I leaped to the ground as lightly as if *my joints had* not once been shaken out of their sockets. The dust flew as if it had proceeded [from] the jolt of a gigantic pepper-box; but I heed[ed] not—I gave but one sneeze, and helped the l[adies] out. The captain took care of the hacks, [which] without dispute, must have been nearly relat[ed] the horses of the sun, or they must, many miles [ago] have sunk beneath his beams); the corner s[tone] the unloading of the baggage; and I did my [duty] to play the agreeable to thirteen petticoats. [While] Mr. D. was dusting himself amongst the h[ay] cups; and another young gentleman, whom I [have] not mentioned, was too much enthralled [by] individual enchantress to be worth the not[ice] the rest. It would be an uncourtly brea[ch] confidence were I to relate all the gentle [things] that were said to me. Let it suffice, that [I] interest to procure, by general assent, a lot[ion] numission from the labours of the day, and rec[eive] the fairest arm in the world, with strict injun[ction] to make myself as happy as I could.—"And [now] said my dark-eyed maid, "are you still sorr[y] you came with us?"—"Say no more of [it]," replied, "I would come every day of my [life] I lived to the age of Methuselah."

Of course, eating and drinking (plebeian [as] were the first amusements which occurred [to] earthly minds of such of our gentles as d[id] happen to be favourites with the ladies—[I] *very especial ones*—I mean—in short, the [one] knows, I mean a delicate allusion to myself. [We] stood upon the summit of a hill, reconno[itring] the valley for an appropriate scene of ca[rnage]. Huge cliffs on the opposite side extended [their] delicious shadows over the green bosom [of a] wood, and the blue streamlet looked cool [as] springs of Lapland. "Delightful," cr[ied] Mr. D. who had just risen from the grass [with a] pair of green buckskins, "let us carry down [our] provisions without more ado. The two [drivers] shall bring the two hampers, the clergyman [with] the basket, and I my own beef." With [this] flourished the saturated bundle, and pushed [off] at the declivity.—Alas, and alas! the hill [was] steep and the grass was slippery! Poor Mr. D.

d his bundle at the same instant—The
ty set up a shout, and down he rolled—
w a man turn over at such a rate in my
am quite convinced that he would have
he best roller at Greenwich fair. The
spired with a noble emulation, and con-
race most magnanimously. Bets ran
the odds varied from two to one on the
e to four on the beef. The wager, how-
ot doomed to be decided; for Mr. D. in
is arms round about for some kind
op his career, unhappily seized upon
itor, and they both plunged into the
er; which the captain pronounced to
eat. At first there was some alarm for
nences of this surprising feat; but on
nerging, like a river god, from the bed
m, and waving his hat, which had gone
ter him, our breasts beat more freely,
oaths commenced the removal of the
ething cautioned in their motions by
example which had just been exhibited.
de the best of his way to a farm-house—
a churning the water in his boots at the
a hundred yards.

ed our head-quarters in a small green
ch was nearly insulated by the brook, a
weeping birch and feathering ash trem-
ur heads, and beneath our feet smiled
t cowslips that ever welcomed the hap-
ceges of happiness. I never before saw
o like what he ought to be, or woman
angel. While the gentlemen who did
to be favourites with the ladies, (mean-
ld before, all but myself and the luck-
), were emancipating whole hecatombs
-door population, with certain quarrel-
les of champagne, which had been
to break each other's heads almost from
ncement of the journey, I made myself
preading cloaks and coats for our more
mpanions to recline upon. Never was
daintily adorned. I sat upon the same
cloak with the dark eyes, and could have spouted extemporaneous poetry till

"Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers
Had hid their diminish'd heads, and look'd aghast."

I was getting from pensive to sad, and from sad to sorrow, with a rapidity which would very soon have affected the fountains of mine eyes, when I was aroused by a peal of light laughter, to which the sonorous "ho, ho, ho!" of Mr. D. beat time like the drum in a band of music. He made his appearance in a smock-frock, worsted stockings, and hob-nails, and challenged to roll down again with any gentleman or lady of the party, and give them half-way. The gauntlet not being taken up, (though I am not sure but I saw a pair of little black eyes very much inclined to sparkle with defiance), he wheeled round, and made a dead point at a magnificent venison-pasty, which rose up from the midst of the subordinate building, like the tower of Babel. Turret after turret disappeared, the turkeys were mutilated, the pies evaporated, and the champagne banged like a battery upon the scene of slaughter. "Another slice," quoth Mr. D. "with a little of the jelly, and some of the under-crust—thank'ee ladies, your health—ho, ho, ho! what a roll it was! I'll be bound I made the turf as smooth as a bowling-green, and flattened every stone in my course. Happy to take a glass with you, sir—I mean the gentleman in the blue cravat.—So—so—that beats arquebusade and opodeldoc too—cured all my bruises in a crack—I never drank any other embrocation than champagne.—Another slice, please, with a little more of the jelly, *sicut antea*, as the doctors say. Hark'ee," continued he, flinging his arm round my neck, and whispering while he was yet masticating two square inches of venison, which made some of the party believe he was devouring my ear, "how do you think I got this doublet and hose? I knew my leathers would only be fit for spindles after this sousing, and so I made a swap with the farmer—ho, ho, ho! I'll sell you my smock at half-price."

It was now time to harness the hacks, and while his operation was in performance, I could plainly distinguish the slayers of men discoursing in terms very derogatory to my skill as a whip. This I instantly set down for envy, for I had almost beaten them with the worst horse and the heaviest load (to say nothing of Mr. D. as supercargo), and I was quite certain, now that the pies were eaten, and the above gentleman exchanged for my beauty, I could win the race home with ease. I started, as before, the last of the three, husbanding the powers of my crocodile with laudable jockeyship. The night became very dark, and we were only aware of our relative distances by the rattle of our wheels, and the merciless cracking of our whips. My opponents were evidently gaining ground upon me, and my passengers were beginning to grow clamorous under the idea that we should lag too far behind, and so be robbed and murdered. I believe I have hinted, in various places, that I am endowed with a certain portion of that greatest of all earthly goods called philosophy; and it was this which enabled me to calculate the chances in my favour, with a precision that rendered me deaf to the remonstrances of persons who were less gifted. In the first place, it was granted on all sides that we were going down hill; and, in the next, it was not to be denied that every one of our quadrupeds, from the testimony of his knees, was woefully addicted to stumbling. Now I had always considered it as an axiom, that a horse was more apt to stumble down hill than up hill, and that an over-driven one had no sort of conscience whatever. Consequently it was incumbent on me to use all proper circumspection, seeing that I had six ladies, and all the dishes to answer for, besides a seventh person, whom etiquette forbids me to mention. The caution which I had adopted was equally necessary for my competitors; and since they were cursed with too much courage to follow it, the chances were about fifty to one, that one of them would measure his length on the ground. The other must of course pull up to assist his comrade, and in this dilemma I had settled it with my high mettled skeleton, that we should pull wish them good-night. I believe it was mid-way that my calculations were verified first heard a crash, then a general scream the word of command to halt, and afterwards jolly "ho, ho, ho!" of Mr. D. which gave satisfactory intelligence that my enemies had to a downfall, and that none of the party perienced bodily injury. Now was the my triumph; but I must say I bore it like I was beginning an admonitory harangue told you how it would be," when the sight distress actually deprived me of the speech. The noble steed still lay pa the ground, while the captain cut the pieces for his liberation;—the two snapped off like sticks of barley-sug whole machinery appeared to have shook little short of a paralysis. "F get home?" cried the distressed fe cannot sleep under the hedge."—" ladies," replied Mr. D., "it is one comfortable ditches I was ever pl went right in upon my head, no manner of damage, except a tug which hung in a bramble, and a few took advantage of the absence of t

My heart melted within me, and the opposition carrier, that if he w vanquished champion and the poo D., I would endeavour to persu accommodate the five forlorn da posal was thankfully agreed to. the wreck were removed to t miserable hack turned into the sented itself, and I finished the journey with eleven ladies, and dent.

IMPERIUM IN IM

When Beelzebub first to make He the woman attack'd, and man;
This Moses asserts, and from That woman rules man, and

HALOGUES, WITH ECHO, WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1816.

Dialogue I.

ανθρωπων στομασιν λαλον εικονα, πομπαιον κυν
αιχμην.

ngue of every country?	Echo.	Try.
oscam erotica?		Εχω τυχα.
questionero?		Ετιν εχω.
des choses passées?		*Essaye.*
m, vitiis cui tot bona parta:		Buonaparte.
drove with shame from Acre.....		A cur!
France would make of Turkey—.....		Her key.
Madras, Bombay, Bengal?		All.
Egypt, when most needed?		He did.
thrives but by escaping?		Scapin.
es, qu'en dit Denon?		Non.
h which he now fights Britons?		High tones.
uit aliquis?		All a quiz!
hic jactator hiatu?		"I hate you."
'il le vent, ce grand homme!		A grand hum!
lagusque horrere putatur!		*Peut-être.*
mad, if his forces he march here?		As a March hare.
ose forces wasted over?.....		To Dover.
they be, ere led to London?		Undone.
h by laud the Corsican?		He can.
I chance to meet our navy?		*Væ!*
και θαλασσ' εφυ;		A few.
tris fugere actus ab oris.....		A bore is.
he'll ne'er again turn flyer.		Liar!
d quell his high pretences?		*Paret enses.*
rera, pour calmer cet inquiet?		Εγχεα.
ubis, improbe, Gallis.		Gallows.
Ben gli sta" gridera.		Agreed—Hurra

Dialogue II.

——Quæ nec reticere loquenti,
Nec prior ipsa loqui potuit.

laid, come echo me.	Echo.	*Eccomi!*
its the heart of Gaul:		Of gall.
r ancient shape;		Ape!
lood and riot eager.....		*Tigre!*
ons are now the votaries;		Ass.

And whose before, so wolvish grown and ravenous:	Echo.
Wretches, as changeful as the changing ocean!	*O chiens!*
Au roi, qui les aimoit, ils ont frappé le cou—	Παλλαντ.
Ma sotto i re erano sempre allegri	All agree.
Τις δε τοσην αυτοις ενεπνευσ' Ὑβριν δρασκιαν;	Cayenne.
Aliquid mali molitur in nos consili:	Sally!
Cumque illo miles Batavus conjurat amicè	Rot 'em, I say.
Where would his Brest fleet in our empire land?	Ireland.
Αλλοθι δ' ὁ γ' ηπειλ' ποβαλειν διην κῆρ.	*En Ecosse.*
Quisnam illum à Scotis menet exitus, auspice Moirâ?	Mayo.
Spem forsan nullam, Moira ibi jam dace, habet!	Deuce a bit!
Εις Αγγλικην δ ηκειν εσως νοεῖ τοδι.	To die.
How best shall we 'scape this invasion's alarm?	All arm.
Then, Englishmen, rush to the field. 'tis your duty:	Amen.
Be no longer the dupes of an Amiens truce.	*Ruse!*
(Ην δολος, ω φιλοι· συ δ' εκ φρενος ηλυθες αυτος;	Otto's.)
Furem ego confundam, qui te rapere audet, agelle:	To a jelly.
Angliaque externos facilè opprimet ipsa latrones:	At her own exp
And dost thou wish the throne restored by Moreau?	*Oro.*
Then from his height falls dread Napoleon;	Apollyon!
(Scilicet hunc Anglus vocat, hunc Hebræus Abaddon!	A bad one.)
And then the world, now sacred, will laugh at him;	*Affatim.*
Il reste donc à souhaiter, que la France lui désobeit.	So be it!

THE CHESTER SHEWMAN AND MUNGO.

A puppet shewman, having engaged a black (native of Africa) who was a performer on the instrument called the jumba, made from an Indian nut-shell, also danced to his own music, and sung (in tolerable English) his own songs, his simplicity and pleasantry drew his employer great audiences, and poor Mungo believed his master was possessed of some supernatural agency, by nightly beholding with astonishment his wonderful feats of deception and legerdemain. On the 5th of November, 1771, the showman, or doctor, was exhibiting in a large lodge-room at Chester. After various feats that tended to elevate and surprise, by cutting off locks, heads, swallowing knives and forks, eating fire, disgorging ribbons and needles, tricks of cups and balls, cards, &c. to the astonishment of Blackey, and admiration of *the company*, a most shocking occurrence happened. *In a cellar under the lodge* room, which was an out-building, several barrels of were deposited for exportation to in boys in the street, throwing about fir serpents, squibs, &c. one or more of the the cellar, and unfortunately communi powder, some of which had been spilt crevices of the barrels, and occasione explosion, in the critical scene where is in the act of running away with Pa wife Joan." The majority of the spec killed, including the shewman; several lacerated and wounded, were driven distance. Poor Mungo was found in bouring field, scorched and stunned by sion, but not dangerously hurt. On hi taking it for granted the affecting acci have happened as part of the performa claimed, "Oh dam my massa, he send a hurry! My master dam clever fellow, like dis trick; me give him warning!

IVATE PUBLICITY.

ton having died suddenly, the
er told his readers he was author
cal tracts which he had *privately*
lic.

EDINBURGH LOUNGER.

ing about half-past nine,
coffee I con-sumed *pour quatre*,
ls enriched with marmalade fine,
ls of butter dished in water,
platefuls of superb cold chine
mended to make thin folks fatter);
my ballast stow'd on board,
kill a day's time like a lord.

l to pass the whole forenoon,
bet though my life were on it;
n jotting of a tune,
ymes to G——s for a sonnet;
oaxs' shop with Miss Balloon,
r ipsa dixit on a bonnet;
ay mouth with ices, tarts, and

and soda, at Montgomery's.

street I once or twice paraded,
on these same eternal faces;
beaux and bearded belles, those

ks, surtouts, pelisses, laces;
clerks, astride on hackneys jaded,
capering with notorial graces;
siasts who indulge vain whimsies,
pass in Bond-street or St. James's.

and pedestrian vanish
rring in his lonely shop,
d gregarious, and more clannish,
ters' for a mutton-chop;
for once my cares to banish,
Cerberus of thought a sop,
Sam's, and Dick's, and Tom's

nnd to Billy Young's we went.

I am not nice. I care not what I dine on,
A sheep's-head, or beef-steak, is all I wish;
Old Homer! how he loved the [illegible]
It is the glass that glorifies the dish.
The thing that I have always set my mind on
(A small foundation laid of fowl, flesh, fish)
Is out of bottle, pitcher, or punch-bowl
To suck reviving solace to my soul.

Life's a dull dusty desert, waste and drear,
With now and then an oasis between,
Where palm-trees rise, and fountains gushing clear
Burst 'neath the shelter of that leafy screen;
Haste not your parting steps, when such appear,
Repose, ye weary travellers, on the green,
Horace and Milton, Dante, Burns, and Schiller,
Dined at a tavern—when they had "the siller."

And ne'er did poet, epical or tragical,
At Florence, London, Weimar, Rome, Mayhole,
See time's dark-lanthern glow with hues more magical
Than I have witnessed in the Coffin-hole.
Praise of antiquity a ham and fudge I call,
Ne'er past the present let my wishes roll;
A fig for all comparing, croaking grumblers.
Hear me, dear dimpling Billy, bring the tumblers.

Let blank verse hero, or Spenserian rhymer,
Treat Donna Musa with chateau-margout,
Chateau-la-filte, Johannisberg, Hocheimer,
In tall outlandish glasses green and blue,
Thanks to my stars, myself, a doggerel chimer,
Have nothing with such costly tastes to do;
My muse is always kindest when I court her
O'er whisky-punch, gin-twist, strong beer, and porter.

And O, my pipe, though in these Dandy days
Few love thee, fewer still their love confess,
Ne'er let me blush to celebrate thy praise,
Divine invention of the age of Bess!
I for a moment interrupt my lays
The tiny tube with loving lips to press,
I'll then come back with a reviving zest,
And give thee three more stanzas of my best.

A DOUBTFUL CAUSE.

At York assizes, a barrister met a tinker, and jocosely clapping his hand on the fellow's shoulder, asked him what news from hell? "A great deal," replied the tinker; "a wall has just fallen down."—"Well," returned the counsellor, "it is to be built up again, I suppose."—"I don't know," says the other; "there is a great dispute about it between the pope and the devil."—"And how," cried the long-robed gentleman, "do you think the matter will go?"—"I don't know," answered the tinker; "the pope has the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers."

HAND AND FOOT.

An Irish officer having hurt his foot, applied for cure to the late Mr. Kelly, the surgeon. Kelly and he having quarrelled, he quitted him before the cure was completed, and put himself under the management of another surgeon. Notwithstanding this, Kelly brought him a bill of thirty pounds, which the hero objecting to, the cause was tried in Westminster Hall, where the counsel employed for the defendant beginning an harangue which the captain thought irrelevant to the cause, the captain interrupted him with—"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, I will state the real fact in one minute. The real case was this; I hurt my foot, and applied to Mr. Kelly to cure it, but during five weeks curing, it grew worse every day, and as I at last found he wanted to *make a hand of my foot*, I left him, and took it to another surgeon."

EPITAPH ON A TAYLOR.

Here lies poor *Snip*, who when he first began,
Bade fair to be *the ninth part of a man*;
In earth he lies, remov'd from all abuse,
Who, while alive, oft prov'd himself a *goose*;
But, as a goose to live must surely eat,
He dealt in *cabbage*—a most glorious treat.
To cut and *clip*, and *stitch*, he knew full well,
His work was done, and now he's gone to hell.

ODE ON THE SUN.

A young gentleman, at the universi
bridge, known to have *a pretty knack*
verses, was one day seized with the
bendi, and determined to write an ode
The weather was uncommonly sultry,
his imagination peculiarly glowing, he
ode as follows—

"The sun's perpendicular heat,
"Had illumined the depth of the

This done, he scratched his head
thought, but in vain. The beams o
sometimes inspire with genius, and
with sleep. With our poet they had
effect, for in a few seconds he sunk fa
less in his chair. A fellow-collegian,
pened at this inauspicious moment t
room, saw his situation, and seeing the
of the new-born ode lying on the ta
him, he took the pen and wickedly
the stanza as follows

"The sun's perpendicular heat,
Had illumined the depth of the
And the fishes beginning to sweat,
Cried, d—n it, how hot we shall

THE THREE CROSSES.

Dean Swift, in his journeys on foot,
tomed to stop for refreshment or rest
little ale-houses by the road-side. On
between Dunchurch and Daventry,
guished by the sign of the *three crosses*
ence to the three intersecting ways
the site of the house. At this, the dean
his breakfast; but the landlady, bein
with accommodating her more constant
some waggoners, and staying to settle
tion which unexpectedly arose, kept hi
quite inattentive to his repeated exc
He took from his pocket a diamond,
on every pane of glass in the room:—

To the Landlord.

There hang three crosses at thy do
Hang up thy wife, and she'll mak

'S OF MODERN YOUNG MEN.
alking, swearing, drinking,
shooting, never thinking;
r nonsense all day long,
half an opera-song;
baubles, rings, and jewels;
erses, fighting duels.
vords in conversation,
; all the nation.
their own pretty faces,
essed of all the graces;
gh no bigger than a rat,
nder each girl's hat.

GENTLE GIANTESS.

acket, of Oxford, says a modern
est female I ever had the pleasure
ere may be her parallel upon the
I never saw it. I take her to be
d from the maid's aunt of Brain-
Master Ford such uneasiness. She
oulders; and, as she stoopeth in her
w offences to answer for in her
as any of Eve's daughters—her
l enough to bear the blame of all
hat have been committed since
eth her waist—or what she is
as such—nearly up to her shoul-
th which, that huge dorsal ex-
inous declivity, emergeth. Re-
e preventeth the idle boys, who
in shoals, whenever she cometh
ting up and riding. But her
y commands a reverence. She
: Americans would express it,
Her person is a burthen to her-
to the ground which bears her.
e, she hath a pinguitude withal,
depth of winter to her the most
Her distress in the warmer sol-
During the months of July and
ly renteth a cool cellar, where
hereinto she descendeth when
e dates from a hot Thursday—some twenty-five years ago. Her apartment in summer, is pervious to the four winds. Two doors, in north and south direction, and two windows, fronting the rising and the setting sun, never closed, from every cardinal point, catch the contributory breezes. She loves to enjoy what she calls a quadruple draught. That must be a shrewd zephyr, that can escape her. I owe a painful face-ach, which oppresses me at this moment, to a cold caught sitting by her, one day in last July, at this receipt of coolness. Her fan in ordinary resembleth a banner spread, which she keepeth continually on the alert to detect the least breeze. She possesseth an active and gadding mind, totally incommensurate with her person. No one delighteth more than herself in country exercises and pastimes. I have passed many an agreeable holiday with her in her favourite park at Woodstock. She performs her part in these delightful ambulatory excursions by the aid of a portable garden-chair. She setteth out with you at a fair foot gallop, which she keepeth up till you are both well breathed, and then she reposeth for a few seconds. Then she is up again, for a hundred paces or so, and again resteth—her movements, on these sprightly occasions, being something between walking and flying. Her great weight seemeth to propel her forward, ostrich-fashion. In this kind of relieved marching, I have traversed with her many scores of acres on those well-wooded and well-watered domains. Her delight at Oxford is in the public walks and gardens, where, when the weather is not too oppressive, she passeth much of her valuable time. There is a bench at Maudlin, or rather, situated between the frontiers of that and ******'s college—some litigation latterly, about repairs, has vested the property of it finally in ******'s—where at the hour of noon she is ordinarily to be found sitting—so she calls it by courtesy—but in fact, pressing and breaking it down with her enormous settlement; as both those Foundations, who, however, are good-natured enough to wink *at it, have found*, I believe, to their cost. Here

she taketh the fresh air, principally at vacation times, when the walks are freest from interruption of the younger fry of students. Here she passeth her idle hours, not idly, but generally accompanied with a book—blest if she can but intercept some resident Fellow (as usually there are some of that brood left behind at these periods); or stray Master of Arts (to most of whom she is better known than their dinner bell); with whom she may confer upon any curious topic of literature. I have seen these shy gownsmen, who truly set but a very slight value upon female conversation, cast a hawk's eye upon her from the length of Maudlin grove, and warily glide off into another walk—true monks as they are, and ungently neglecting the delicacies of her polished converse, for their own perverse and uncommunicating solitariness! Within doors her principal diversion is music, vocal and instrumental, in both which she is no mean professor. Her voice is wonderfully fine; but till I got used to it, I confess it staggered me. It is for all the world like that of a piping bullfinch, while from her size and stature you would expect notes to drown the deep organ. The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility, or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through the composition; so that her time, to a common air or ballad, keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis. The effect, as I said before, when you are used to it, is as agreeable as it is altogether new and surprising. The spacious apartment of her outward frame lodgeth a soul in all respects disproportionate. Of more than mortal make, she evinceth withal a trembling sensibility, a yielding infirmity of purpose, a quick susceptibility to reproach, and all the train of diffident and blushing virtues, which for their habitation usually seek out a feeble frame, an attenuated and meagre constitution. With more than man's bulk, her humours and occupations are eminently feminine. She sighs—*being six foot high. She languisheth*—being two feet wide. She worketh slender up delicate muslin—her fingers bein moulding a Colossus. She sippeth of her glass daintily—her capacity tun of Heidelburg. She goeth m those feet of hers—whose solidity the black ox's pressure. Softest, thy sex, adieu! by what parting salute thee—last and best of the Ogress, fed with milk instead of blo or least handsome among Oxford's tures—Oxford, who, in its deadest tion, can never properly be said having thee to fill it.

ON AN UNDERTAKER.

Here lies Bob Master.—Faith! 'tw
To take away our honest Robin's
Yet surely Robin was full well pre
Robin was always looking out fo

STANDARD MERIT.

Fletcher, bishop of Nismis, was tallow-chandler. A proud duke on ed to mortify the prelate, by saying that he smelt of tallow; to which plied, "My lord, I am the son of a true, and if your lordship had been would have remained a tallow-ch days of your life."

OLD ANAGRAMS.

Arresting very well with this agre
It is a *stinger* worse than wasps o
The very word includes the prison
Arresting briefly claps them up in
To all good verses *prisons* are gre
And many poets they keep fast, i
Again, this very word portends so
For he that's in a prison is *in rope*
Makes woeful purchase of calamit
And finds in it no profit, or no pr
Filth, cold, and hunger, dwell
door,
And thus a prison always doth sig

SIAN ENGLISH.

at the French spoken in his

ol at Stratford at the Bow."
ve probably some such school
id for teaching a peculiar dia-
language; and the abundant
rymen into the French metro-
has brought this dialect into
often sees emblazoned in large
-window, meant probably as
likely, one would think, to
g to English travellers—
"Y SPIKE the English."
nslated) merely declares that
e is *spoken* in the house. A lady
eiving this inscription over a
import being explained to her,
, having with some difficulty
f the *Damoiselles* it was that
ng the English, she attempted
er about a hat which she was
many vain attempts on both
ench woman at last, observing
o small, brought out this accu-

ie, he is too little big."
Honoré, a hair-dresser has the
ng invitation:
ff hares in English fashion."
aubourg Poissonnière dwells a
izy, who tells the world, by
oard, that she is a
and wash embroideries, lace,
gs, also household'-furniture's
s, napkins, and Calender's all
will also charge herself of the
rks that is to be done to all
he body, and will be exactly
lesire."

A WAGGONER.
—dead and gone,
a fall from a waggon.

CAUSE OF GOUT.

Alderman Barber one morning, while he was in bed, was visited by a friend, who being told he was ill of the gout, walked into his chamber without any ceremony. The visitor sat down, and entered into conversation; but observed the curtains to be close drawn, and the alderman to be more reserved than usual, and looking under the bed, spied a woman's shoe. "Well, Mr. Alderman," said he, "I hope you are not dangerously ill." "I am miserably tormented in my feet," replied the alderman. "I do not wonder at that," said the other, "when you wear such narrow-toed shoes."

THE LAW-SUIT.

An Irishman loaded with faggots, cried loudly as he passed along, "Make way! make way!" that people might beware in time, as is usual. A coxcomb, who thought it beneath him to take the fellow's counsel, pushed by him, and had his coat considerably torn. He flew in a violent passion, and had the man taken before a magistrate, pleading for payment of the damage. The Irishman was interrogated, but he merely opened his mouth without speaking. "Are you dumb? my friend," said the magistrate. "No," interrupted the plaintiff, "mere malice, because he cannot defend himself; he appears dumb now, but when we met this morning, he bawled, 'Make way! make way!' like a very devil; you might have heard him a mile."—"And why, then," said the magistrate, "did you not *make way*."

THE SWEEP.

An Irish gentleman being confined to his bed by a severe fit of the gout, some sweeps were employed to clean the chimnies of the house next to him, and one of the boys by mistake came down into the gentleman's apartment. The boy, confused at his mistake, seeing the gentleman in bed, said, "Sir, my master will come for you presently." "Will he, by G—d!" said the gentleman, leaping out of bed; "I beg to be excused staying here any longer then," and immediately ran down stairs.

DRY HUMOUR, OR THE FAST-DAY.

'Twas on a day, but not the last,
When orders for a gen'ral fast
Were from the cockpit given;
That men no more in sin might plunge,
But wipe all out by sorrow's sponge,
And make their odds all even.

When soaking Sam, who ev'ry day,
To sot's hole went, to souse his clay,
There found the doors all barr'd;
For Sam the front and postern try'd,
But all in vain for entrance ply'd,
A case he thought quite hard!

And hard and harder while he knock'd,
Silence within his batt'ring mock'd,
'Till Sally op'd the sash;
And cry'd, "Pray cease your rat tat tat,
This day we are resolv'd, that's flat,
To fast, and take no cash."

"Why then," says Sam, in sulky strain,
"Fast on. I'll rap no more in vain,
Upset me if I do;
But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
Who not content to fast yourselves,
Must make your doors fast too!"

DIFFICULTY OF ONE IRISHMAN KNOWING ANOTHER.

An Irishman having one night endeavoured to display his abilities at a public eloquent society, his oration was severely criticised and animadverted upon by several orators in the opposition, and especially by one of his countrymen. When the society broke up, he thus addressed himself to a gentleman of his acquaintance, "did not you observe what a silly argument that Scotch fellow made against me."—"Why, it was your own dear countryman," said the gentleman, "how came you not to perceive it?"—"No, surely," replied Pat; "Why then, my dear, I will tell you the reason; you know that if there be two *people in* a company that have eat garlick, they *cannot smell it upon each other.*"

A QUARRELSOME RHYME.

One morning, Otway happened to c
Dryden, (who lived opposite to him i
lane), at breakfast-time; but was told
servant, his master was gone to breakfast
Earl of Pembroke. "Very well," said
"tell your master, I will call to-morrow
next morning he called, according to his
"Well, is your master at home now?" a
the servant. "No, sir, he is gone to
with the Duke of Buckingham-shire," sai
vant. Otway, whether actuated by env
or disappointment, then took up a piece
which lay on the table, and wrote over
as he went out,

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a
The next morning Dryden recognised
writing, and told the servant to go to M
and desire his company to breakfast with
the mean time he wrote, with the same
chalk, underneath Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a
"This was written by Otway, oppos
This, however, offended Otway, who
he might keep his wit and his breakfast t

THE DRUNKARD.

Ned Soaker lay stretch'd on the bed of gr
By brandy burnt up, gasping deeply for
A friend, with much fervor, advised him
On his awful approach to Eternity's brin
Cries Ned, "for such matters I duly hav
And am well for a *world of pure spirits* pr

A YOUNG WIFE WELL MATCHED.

A gentleman of Hampshire had, by hi
the year 1736, ordered, that after his de
body should be thrown into the sea, be
Needles, which was accordingly compli
On making enquiry into his motives for
gular disposal of his remains, it was di
that he made it for the purpose of disap
young wife, who had frequently assured
way of consolation, that she would *dance*
grave.

OF A BRICKLAYER.
irs are required at your house,
; he comes, probably attend-
eceive your directions, occu-
The next morning he sends a
urer; the workman begins to
rer returns for materials, and
s and *one* hod of mortar, em-
. The job being finished,
Paddy?" enquires the man of
re it is a *score* of bricks and
" replies the assistant brick-
me, the foreman makes en-
of bricks, and *four* hods of
e man; the foreman makes a
clerk, *three* score bricks and
the clerk enters in his mas-
dred bricks and *eight* hods of
looking over his accounts,
e hundred and fifty bricks and
r; and thus the bill is ren-

ckwit,
Dr. to Thomas Singleton.
laying brick step in cellar;
l; plaistering copper; stop-
epairing ceiling; self. man,
day and a half; one hundred
icks; twelve hods of mortar;
ish carted away, 5*l.* 19s. 10d.

AND THE STABLE-KEEPERS.
Peter was undone,
e of Number One.
ohnson would have written)
the remembrance;—Peter!
oft my fancy smitten,
had never a completer
and clerks,
icits our remarks.
, a prig,
ffice Martinet,
recisians who look big
ore their time they get
To an appointment, and abuse those elves
Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head betimes,
And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,
You know the hour, for the three-quarter chimes
Invariably struck as he went by.
From morning fines he always saved his gammon
Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mammon.

For Peter had a special eye
To Number One;—his charity
At home beginning, ne'er extends,
But where it started had its end too;
And as to lending cash to friends.
Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,
While no one's bargains went so far,
And though in dress a deadly quiz,
No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd
To move by clock-work, ever keen
To live upon the saving plan,
Had soon the honour to be deem'd
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
Call'd in the city—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,
Prim to a turtle-feast invited,
And as the reader knows the prig well,
I need not say he went, delighted!
For great men, when they let you slice their meat
May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,
Which was too early to come back;
So, after much debate,
Peter resolved to hire a hack,
The more inclined to this because he knew
In London Wall, at Number Two,
An economic stable-keeper,
From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
A perfect Johnny Gilpin figure,
But the good bargain he had made
Compensating for sneer and snigger,

He trotted on—arrived—sat down,
Devour'd enough for six or seven,
His horse remounted, and reach'd town
As he had fix'd, exactly at eleven.
But whether habit led him, or the Fates,
To give a preference to Number One
(As he had always done)
Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
Certain it is he gave that bell a drag,
Instead of Number Two,
Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed and no one came
To bring the bill, or payment claim
He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,
Forgotten quite, or never book'd—
An error which the honesty of Prim
Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.
After six weeks, however, comes a pair
Of groom-like looking men,
Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;
One for the six weeks *hire* of a bay mare,
And one for six weeks *keep* of ditto;
Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind.—What, Peter make a blunder!
There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,
Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified
Prim, that he suffer'd an attack
Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,
Who daily swore to cure him—till he died!
When, as no will was found,
His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store
Went to a man to whom some months before,
He had refused to lend a pound.

THE MUNIFICENT SAINT.

A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died; "What a good saint is our Ignatius!" exclaimed the consolable widow, "he bestows on us more benefits than we ask for!"

DANGER OF SCEPTICISM.

Mallet, the poet, was so fond of being a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness occasions. His wife, it is said, was a convert to his doctrines, and even the stared at their master's bold arguments, being poisoned by their influence. One however, was determined to practise wha was so solicitous to propagate, and ro master's house being pursued, and br justice, Mallet attended, and taxed him with ingratitude and dishonesty. "Sir," fellow, "I have often heard you talk of possibility of a future state; that, after there was neither reward for virtue, nor ment for vice, and this tempted me to ro robbery."—"Well! but, you rascal," Mallet, "had you no fear of the gall "Master," said the culprit, looking st him, "what is it to you, if I had a mind ture that? You had removed my greatest why should I fear the less?"

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

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CIVIC CONUNDRUM.

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THE TART REPLY.

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CRITIC IN BLACK, AND THE LISPING LADY.

A Mail-coach Adventure.

The night was dark and stormy, nor except from the occasional glimpse of a lamp as we passed through Islington, could I form any idea of the physiognomy of my three companions; nor was it until the constant use of a snuff-box, that set the whole coach sneezing, that I discovered the person opposite me to be a Frenchman; and although we were four in the inside, as loving and as compact, aye, as potted beef, it was at least two hours before one word was spoken. In another corner of the coach was a lady with a pug-dog, which she hugged with all possible care and attention; and opposite her was a cynical old gentleman in black, who might have passed either for a poor parson, a rich attorney, a bishop, or a Welch judge, and seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach; this seemed to give great uneasiness to the Frenchman, who, by a variety of sighs, shrugs, hints, and peeps at the old gentleman, tried to break the ice which had hitherto frozen up all conversation. However, he made an attempt at a thaw of words; perhaps it would be requisite to tell you what he meant before I tell you what he said; he meant to say that the coach he was in had started first from town, but had suffered another to pass it, which he had thus expressed—Mister Sare, dat coach wich was fairst bye and bye is now behind very-but observing he was not attended to, he addressed himself particularly to the old gentleman in black, sitting opposite to him, who seemed to have taken an oath of solemn silence the moment he entered the coach—and all he could get in reply was a frown, an occasional nod, or a grunt, ugh; Ah, ah, monsieur, vat is dat ugh? Je ne comprend pas, monsieur; I don't understand dat ugh. Parlez vous Francois, monsieur, comment vous portez vous, monsieur. How you do, sair? Ugh, ugh! Are you not well, sair? c'est bien drole—c'est bien comical; ah, that gentleman shall not speak to me.—Are you not well, sair? I am

DRY HUMOUR, OR THE FAST-DAY.

'Twas on a day, but not the last,
When orders for a gen'ral fast
Were from the cockpit given;
That men no more in sin might plunge,
But wipe all out by sorrow's sponge,
And make their odds all even.

When soaking Sam, who ev'ry day,
To sot's hole went, to souse his clay,
There found the doors all barr'd;
For Sam the front and postern try'd,
But all in vain for entrance ply'd,
A case he thought quite hard!

And hard and harder while he knock'd,
Silence within his batt'ring mock'd,
'Till Sally op'd the sash;
And cry'd, "Pray cease your rat tat tat,
This day we are resolv'd, that's flat,
To fast, and take no cash."

"Why then," says Sam, in sulky strain,
"Fast on. I'll rap no more in vain,
Upset me if I do;
But you're a pack of curst queer elves,
Who not content to fast yourselves,
Must make your doors fast too?"

DIFFICULTY OF ONE IRISHMAN KNOWING ANOTHER.

An Irishman having one night endeavoured to display his abilities at a public eloquent society, his oration was severely criticised and animadverted upon by several orators in the opposition, and especially by one of his countrymen. When the society broke up, he thus addressed himself to a gentleman of his acquaintance, "did not you observe what a silly argument that Scotch fellow made against me."—"Why, it was your own dear countryman," said the gentleman, "how came you not to perceive it?"—"No, surely," replied Pat; "Why then, my dear, I will tell you the reason; you know that if there be two people in a company that have eat garlick, they cannot smell it upon each other."

A QUARRELSOME RHYME.

One morning, Otway happened to
Dryden, (who lived opposite to him
lane), at breakfast-time; but was to
servant, his master was gone to breakfa
Earl of Pembroke. "Very well," s
"tell your master, I will call to-morr
next morning he called, according to h
"Well, is your master at home now?"
the servant. "No, sir, he is gone to
with the Duke of Buckingham-shire," s
vant. Otway, whether actuated by co
or disappointment, then took up a piec
which lay on the table, and wrote ove
as he went out,

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a

The next morning Dryden recognise
writing, and told the servant to go to
and desire his company to breakfast wi
the mean time he wrote, with the same
chalk, underneath Otway's line of

"Here lives Dryden, a poet and a

"This was written by Otway, opp
This, however, offended Otway, wh
he might keep his wit and his breakfast

THE DRUNKARD.

Ned Soaker lay stretch'd on the bed of
By brandy burnt up, gasping deeply fo
A friend, with much fervor, advised hi
On his awful approach to Eternity's br
Cries Ned, "for such matters I duly ha
And am well for a *world of pure spirits*

A YOUNG WIFE WELL MATCH

A gentleman of Hampshire had, by
the year 1736, ordered, that after his
body should be thrown into the sea
Needles, which was accordingly done
On making enquiry into his motives
gular disposal of his remains, it was
that he made it for the purpose of disa
young wife, who had frequently assure
way of consolation, that she would de
grave.

IONS OF A BRICKLAYER.
repairs are required at your house,
ayer; he comes, probably attend-
to receive your directions, occu-
es. The next morning he sends a
labourer; the workman begins to
abourer returns for materials, and
ricks and *one* hod of mortar, em-
day. The job being finished,
d, Paddy?" enquires the man of
"Sure it is a *score* of bricks and
tar," replies the assistant brick-
d home, the foreman makes en-
ore of bricks, and *four* hods of
rs the man; the foreman makes a
r the clerk, *three* score bricks and
tar; the clerk enters in his mas-
hundred bricks and *eight* hods of
ster, looking over his accounts,
o *one hundred and fifty bricks* and
ortar; and thus the bill is ren-

n Lackwit,
Dr. to Thomas Singleton.
id relaying brick step in cellar;
wall; plaistering copper; stop-
; repairing ceiling; self, man,
one day and a half; one hundred
g bricks; twelve hods of mortar;
rubbish carted away, 5*l.* 19s. 10d.

IK AND THE STABLE-KEEPERS.
iow Peter was undone,
; care of Number One.
io Johnson would have written)
e in the remembrance;—Peter!
has oft my fancy smitten,
lank had never a completer
housand clerks,
v elicits our remarks.
alist, a prig,
an office Martinet,
ll precisians who look big
before their time they get
To an appointment, and abuse those elves
Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head betimes,
And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,
You know the hour, for the three-quarter chimes
Invariably struck as he went by.
From morning fines he always saved his gammon
Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mammon.

For Peter had a special eye
To Number One;—his charity
At home beginning, ne'er extends,
But where it started had its end too;
And as to lending cash to friends.
Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,
While no one's bargains went so far,
And though in dress a deadly quiz,
No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd
To move by clock-work, ever keen
To live upon the saving plan,
Had soon the honour to be deem'd
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
Call'd in the city—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,
Prim to a turtle-feast invited,
And as the reader knows the prig well,
I need not say he went, delighted!
For great men, when they let you slice their meat
May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,
Which was too early to come back;
So, after much debate,
Peter resolved to hire a hack,
The more inclined to this because he knew
In London Wall, at Number Two,
An economic stable-keeper,
From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
A perfect Johnny Gilpin figure,
But the good bargain he had made
Compensating for sneer and snigger,

He trotted on—arrived—sat down,
Devour'd enough for six or seven,
His horse remounted, and reach'd town
As he had fix'd, exactly at eleven.
But whether habit led him, or the Fates,
To give a preference to Number One
(As he had always done)
Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
Certain it is he gave that bell a drag,
Instead of Number Two,
Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed and no one came
To bring the bill, or payment claim
He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,
Forgotten quite, or never book'd—
An error which the honesty of Prim
Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.
After six weeks, however, comes a pair
Of groom-like looking men,
Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;
One for the six weeks *hire* of a bay mare,
And one for six weeks *keep* of ditto;
Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

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There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,
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Prim, that he suffer'd an attack
Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,
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When, as no will was found,
His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store
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A devout lady offered up a prayer to St. Ignatius for the conversion of her husband; a few days after, the man died; "What a good saint is *our Ignatius!*" exclaimed the consolable widow, "*he bestows on us more* benefits than we ask *for!*"

DANGER OF SCEPTICISM.

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y of de dog—and whenever it is de day of
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resent, mais, I must confess last night I did
k for sixpence too much of your ponch—Ugh.
vever the Frenchman having heard that perse-
nce always answered, he was now determined
try its effect, by putting a direct question to
a, and trusting to his politeness for an answer—
dites moi, tell me, sare, are you not well?" at
st the old gentleman was provoked to a reply,
nd said, though not in the civilest tone in the
world, "I am remarkably well, I was very well
when I left town; I am very well now, and if I
should happen to be taken ill, sir, I'll let you
know." Finding all attempts at conversation
were ineffectual with him, he determined to try
his persuasion with the softer sex: he then turned
round to the lady with the pug-dog; and here he
was rather more fortunate in his application—
being one of those who are called agreeable com-
panions in a stage-coach, who would rather talk
nonsense than not talk at all. When he said,
"madam, shall I have de pleasure to talk to you,
because dat gentleman shall not speak to me?"—
"Oh, yes, monsieur," with a lisp, "with the
greatest pleasure in life, what shall we talk about?"
—"Oh! madame, it is not for me to chuse—vat
you please, theatrique, politique, Belle Lettre—
Letters; talking of letters, pray what do you
think of the letter S, madame?"—"The letter S,
sir!"—"Madame, I don't understand you."—"I
mean, sir, with respect to the pronunciation, oh!
—"Pronunciation, oh! madame, I cannot pro-
nounce it at all; it is de diable himself; it is true
we have it in our language, merely pro forma at
the end of our words; but there he lay wriggling
and twisting about like a French horn upon piano-
forte. Oh! the letter S, is le diable himself."—
"O! sir, I think it is the sweetest sounding
letter in the whole alphabet; you must know,
I always cultivate the sound of the S, for I
to Mr. Simmer, the soap-boiler, in
, Selina, my soul,

you have the sweetest lisp;' so I've retained my
lisp, though I have lost him poor soul. You must
know, sir, so fond am I of the letter S, I have
taught my daughter Selina to cultivate it in the
same way; and I never take a servant into my
house if she has not got an S in her name. I
got a servant called Sukey, and another called
Sophy, a cat called Frisk, and a dog called S
lensko; so I told my daughter Selina, to re
a little lesson after me—that was to tell Suk
bring the scissars off the sofa, to cut Smole
tail."

THE MEDDLER.

"Will and Hal, love their bottle." Wel
tle why not?
Drink as much as they can, 'twill not ma
"*Phil*'s purse has flu'd deep for Illicit
Well, Prattle, the damage is Philly's, n
"*Surface* reveis all night, and sleeps o
day."
Well, Prattle, *his* pranks will not tar
grey.
"*Charles*, ruin'd by gambling, bega
sist."
Well, Prattle, subscribe or withdra
Be less busy, good Prattle, with oth
Keep an eye to concerns of your own
You're in risk of arrest, Prattle,
cern;
None will lend you a doit, and y
to earn.
Your wife's ever drunk, Prattle,
Miss Prattle, your daughter's wi
too.
I could preach thus a week, did
But, Prattle, your scrapes are n

SWEARING BY P

Cardinal Dubois used frequ
after any thing he wanted, t
One of his clerks told him,
better hire a man to swear f
will gain so much time."

DEATH BY DEGREES.

n who attended Fontenelle, once
aking coffee. "My good sir," said
ndant of Galen, "I am astonished
llowing the juice of that pernicious
is a slow poison!"—"I should
be *slow*," said Fontenelle, "for I
with great perseverance for more
rs."

'APH, NEAR SHEFFIELD.

Thomas Hughes,
oved from over the way.

ALLANT MOURNING.

ds do not often pay hyperbolical
but one of their admired writers,
lady's black eyes, says, "They
ing for the murders she had com-

NT MICHAEL'S CHAIR.

ly, rung the bells,
St. Michael's tower,
Penlake, and Rebecca his wife,
Michael's door.

e was a cheerful man,
frank and free.
d life, with Rebecca his wife,
e shrew was she.

e a scolding would take,
avail'd no longer:
Penlake, his crabstick would take,
that he was the stronger.

e had often wish'd
Michael's chair
be the mistress then,
ce sat there.

Richard Penlake fell sick,
that he would have died;
e made a vow for his life,
y his bed-side.

"Now hear my prayer, St. Michael! and spare
My husband's life," quoth she;
"And to thine altar we will go,
Six marks to give to thee."

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
For woundidly sick was he;
"Save me, St. Michael, and we will go
Six marks to give to thee."

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
Teazed him by night and by day;
"O mine own dear! for you I fear
If we the vow delay."

Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,
The bells of St Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake, and Rebecca his wife,
Arriv'd at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer:
She left him to pray, and stole away,
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round, and round, and round;
'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top,
And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers, for rocking
The tower!" Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode, with a long stride.

"A blessing on St. Michael's chair!"
She said as she sat down;
Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,
And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
That his good wife was dead:
"Now shall we toll, for her good soul,
The great church-bell?" they said.

"Toll at her burying," quoth Richard Penlake,
"Toll at her burying," quoth he
"But don't disturb the ringers now,
In compliment to me."

TIMELY FEAR.

Foote once went to spend his Christmas at a friend's, when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. A lady seeing him with his boot on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in? and pressed him to stay. "No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me *have a leg to stand on*."—"Why, sure," says the lady, "we do not drink so hard."—"No," says the wit, "but there is so *little* wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right leg*."

THE PIG.

An Irishman seeing his neighbour driving an unruly pig, asked what he was going to do with it? "Faith!" replied Paddy, "I am taking it home to help the children to eat their potatoes."

THE FEMALE MICROCOSM.

To a Lady, who said, Man is a little World.

The world *is* small *men* are, you say;
And why not *women* too, I pray?
All species they as well comprise,
That trace earth, waters, or the skies.

The *lamb* their childhood well explains;
They're skittish *fillies* in their teens;
Often the name of *cats* prevails,
Creatures that play much with their tails.

Yet are believ'd from seas to spring,
When the dis-embling *Syrens* sing;
Some are call'd *tho nbucks*—for their years;
Some *crocodiles*—when they're in tears.

But they are *parrots* when they talk;
They're *peacocks* proud whene'er they walk;
Yet *turtles*, meeting face to face;
They're rails, who at tea-tables sway,
They're bats, who chase their twilight prey;
And other things in proper place.

The Lady's Answer.

A *little world*, I say again,
Meets in the motley creature man
His single species all explains,
Earth, ocean, or the air contains.

The *ape* much in his youth appears;
The *goat*, the *swine*, or *wolf* in years;
Often, the name of *curs* prevails,
For fawning at their patrons tails.

Yet thought some ocean monster who
We see a state *leviathan*;
Some are call'd *codsheads*—wanting
Some *sharks*—where gaming reigns.

But *blackbirds*, when in pulpits cradle
They're horned *owls*, when *hu*-hands
And *jays*, at court, who spark it;
They're *gulls*, whom corporations gl
Canary birds at 'Change are seen,
And *capons*—in Haymarket.

PICTURE DABBLING.

P——, a picture-dealer, met S—— in t
one day, and the following conversation
S. You look deplorably sad, what is th
with you?
P. Oh! I am the unluckiest dog alive
almost ruined; I have lost fifty pou
morning.
S. How, how, man; I never knew y
much to lose?
P. Oh! it is always my luck, always
nate; a heavy loss, a dead loss!
S. (Sympathetically.) But how happ
P. Why, last week I bought a volume
at a sale for forty shillings; and as the
the way of Lord G——'s collections;
them to him. He appointed to call this
I went; his Lord hip was engaged,
down in the anti-room. I had resolved
good five pounds profit on, and beg
over the prints, that I might see where
their value. It struck me that they loo
than before, and I determined to ask
for them! Well, sir, I waited and

d I said to myself, by G——, I
time so long for nothing, for any
dom; I'll ask fifteen pounds!!
e passed, and I got so mad, that
f I'd ask thirty, and I had made
is when I was called in. His
desperate good humour, and be-
that when he inquired the price,
nce *fifty pounds!!!*
your greed you lost your pur-

t; he gave me a check for the
nent, without haggling; I might
e got a hundred; but I am always

IDDLER'S DUEL.
nd probably a most bloody duel,
ted in the musical world, by the
friendly *second fiddle*, fortunately
ncert pitch for the *harmonic* pur-
r-keyed Cramer, it seems, called
o Giornowichi, for an *orchestra*
er. It happening that neither of
g a *bow to draw* the next day, he-
o *draw a trigger* against the first
her's life. The *instruments* were
happily, the *time* was not duly
hem only began his *dead march* to
ree *flats*, while the other had run
o the termination of the *passage*,
st movement, where he remained
w! From this error in counting,
al of twenty-four *bars rest* took
he *two-part* friend happily threw
bile of his own composing; this
cipal *performers* into *unison* with
amicable rondeau, which, after a
ed the performance by a very

AIR OF EAR-RINGS.
an the music nursed
Phœbus' temple beckoned;
fair one sing the first,
at sight the second.

Not mine that tuneful height to gain,
And yet, to stem disaster,
Methought I might, by care and pain,
Some few ductios master.

Kate, fair preceptress, taught me well,
By dint of toil, to hollow
A second to Mozart's "Crudel,"
And Mayer's "Vecchierello."

Push'd on by her assiduous aid,
In strains not much like Banti,
Through "Con un Aria" next I strayed,
Composed by Fioravanti.

Thus taught my tuneful part to bear,
To Kate, assiduous girl,
In courtesy I sent a pair
Of ear-rings deck'd with pearl.

My Mercury to Kate's abode
On agile pinions flew,
And fleetly by the self-same road
Brought back this billet-doux:—

"A boon like this, dear sir, appears
The best you can bestow;
'Tis fit you decorate my ears—
You've *bored* them long ago.

NICKNAMES.

Lord Howe was called, by his sailors, *Black Dick*, from his dark complexion.

Old Vestris, the celebrated dancer, christened himself the *Dieu de Danse!*

Queen Anne was called, by Walpole, *Goody* Anne, *the wet-nurse of the church.*

The great Duke of Marlborough got the nickname of *Silly*, from a habitude of expression he had. If a question was asked, he would reply, "Oh silly!" Then will you do so and so?—"Oh silly! silly!" was the eternal reply.

Lord-chancellor Northington, remarkable for his profligate and brutal manner, procured himself the nickname of *Surly Bob.*

Lord Sandwich got the name of Jemmy Twitcher.

Judge Jeffreys had a book dedicated to him, as *Earl of Flint*.

The late Lord Temple obtained the nickname of *Squire Gawkey*.

Dr. Halifax, when at the University, was known by the nickname of *Louse*, from his courting the company of the *heads* of houses.

Sir Fletcher Norton, eleven years Speaker of the House of Commons, got the epithet of *Sir Bullface Doublefee?*

When Julius Cæsar entered Rome in triumph, his own soldiers said, "Romans, take care of your wives and daughters.—*Bald-pate* is come again."

Socrates was nicknamed *Flat nose*.

Frederick the First got the name of *Barbarossa*, from the colour of his beard.

CHANGING NAMES.

Thomas Knight, Esq. whose paternal name was Brodnax, which, very early in life, he changed for that of May, afterwards, by a statute of 9th Geo. II. took the name of Knight, which occasioned a facetious member of the House to get up, and propose "*a general bill*, to enable *that gentleman to take what name he pleased.*"

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

I devise to end my days—in a tavern drinking,
May some Christian hold fur me—the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry—when they see me sinking,
God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way of thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's internals,
'Tis wings reddened with nectar—that fly up to supernals,
Bottles crack'd in taverns—have much the sweeter kernels;
Than the sups allowed to us—in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he cast in:
I happen to be one of those—who never
By a single little boy—I should be surgeon'd
Writing so: I'd just as lief—be buried, and grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a
I, when I make verses—do get the
Of the very best of wine—that comes
It maketh sermons to abound—for edifica
Just as liquor floweth good—floweth
lay so;
But I must moreover eat—or I could not
Nought it availeth inwardly—should I
day so;
But with God's grace after meat—I
Neither is there given to me—
tion,
Unless when I have eat and drank—yea,
Then, in my upper story—hath Bacchus
nation,
And Phœbus rusheth into me, and hegg

AMERICAN ODDITIES.

Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their Tra
the Source of the Missouri, among other
Indians, fell in with that of the Sioux,
chiefs made a speech, but whose name
literally translated from their own dialect,
Mahtoree, that is, *white crane*; Carkapa
is, *crow's-head*; Lenasawa, *ill
Neswanja, that is, *big-ox*; Sanasasa,
There were other eminent men among the
equally eminent names; as, *Big Horse,
Horse, Little Thief, Hospitality, Blowblood,
man, Little Raven, Little Fox, Big White,
Thief*. These eccentricities are only equal
the names of the American rivers and
as *Big Muddy River, Little Muddy River,
Shallow River, Good Woman River,
Woman Creek, Grindstone Creek, Cupboard
Biscuit Creek, Blowing-fly Creek.*

N OUTWITTED.

with some surgeons who beg
ned malefactors, to go to the
the carcase with the criminal
once did so, and was admitted
en on the morning wherein
eon communicated his busi-
iscourse with a little fellow
shillings, and insisted upon
Another fellow said, "Look
at little dry fellow, who has
his life, and is now half dead
swer your purpose. I have
l freely, my veins are full, I
risonment; you see my crest
, and after Jack Catch has
ir, you'll find me as sound as
of the markets. Come, for
your man." Says the Sur-
a guinea." The witty rogue
as soon as he had it in his fist,
e *hang'd in chains.*"

DRIGAL,
from Quevedo.
ia, heavenly maid!
m thus display'd?
ing swains unfold,
so cold,
arling of the fair,
n to nestle there:—
nd'rer to thy arms,
conceal thy charms;—
be inspires,
e fierce desires;—
the Graces rove,
in has banish'd Love.

) WISHES.

ipon asking a criminal about
customary bequest, and re-
" Long life to your honor,"
nent drew the bolt which
ate man into eternity.

LEFT-HANDED.

A prisoner in the bar at the Mayor's Court, in being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his right-hand. The man immediately held up his left-hand; "hold up your right-hand," said the clerk. —"Plase your honour," still keeping his left hand up, "plase your honour I am left-handed."

SHADES OF LIFE.

This is the very best world we live in—
To spend, to lend or to give in;
But it is the worst world that ever was known—
To beg, or to borrow, or get one's own.

IRISH PETITION.

To the Honourable Commissioners of the Excise:
The humble Petition of Patrick O'Connor, Blarney O'Bryan, and Carney Macquire, to be appointed Inspectors and Overlookers (vulgarly called Exciseмen) for the Port of Cork, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

And whereas we your aforesaid Petitioners will, both by night and day, and all night and all day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send and fetch and carry, and we will see all, seize all, and more than all, and every thing and nothing at all, of all such goods and commodities as may be, can be, and cannot be, liable to pay duty.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners will, at all times, and no time, and time past, be present and absent, and be backwards and forwards, and behind and before, and be no where, and every where, and here and there, and no where at all.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners will come and inform, and give information and notice, duly and truly, wisely and honestly, according to the matter as we know and don't know, and we will not rob or cheat the king any more than is now lawfully practised.

And we your aforesaid Petitioners, all of us, are protestants and gentlemen of reputation, and we love the *king*, and we value him, and we will

fight for him and against him, and we will run for him and from him, to serve him or any of his family and acquaintance, as far and as much farther as lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live.

Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us both together.

Patrick O'Connor.
Blarney O'Brian.
Carney Macquire.

ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Of old, the debtor that insolvent died,
Ægypt the rites of sepulture denied;
A different trade enlightened Christians drive,
And charitably bury him alive.

POLITE ROBBERS.

A gang of robbers broke into the house of a gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other articles. A few days afterwards, the following notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser:—

"*A Card.*—Mr. R. of Stanhope-street, presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. *In their haste* they took away the tankard; they are heartily welcome to that; to the table-spoons, and to the light guineas which were in an old red morocco pocket-book, they are also *heartily welcome*; but in the said pocket-book there were several loose papers, which, consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him; he, therefore, hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch, which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is, with *due respect, theirs, &c.* W. R."

A packet was a few nights a
into the area of his house, co
and papers, with this apolog

"Sir,—You are quite a *gen*
we be's not use to, and it
works, or we would never
papers. They be all marchi
the red book. Your ale wa
the tankard and spoons were
soup in Duke's place, two h
The old family watch-cases
time, made into a *brown gravy*
new christened, and on their
If they had not been *transport*
had 'em agen, for you are q
you know as they have been c
new name, they would no lon
family; and soe, sir, we ha
say, but that we be much obl
shall be glad to sarve and wi
by day, and are yours, till de

THE PAINTI

In ev'ry town and village r
A marvellous wight is alwa
Whose works, in signs and
Make both himself and othe
Within the reach of mortal
Beyond that space, like oth
His works unseen, unheard
Remain untrumpeted by Fa

For each vain dauber mo
A Dryden, Addison, or Po
To celebrate his art and sk
Although these brethren of
Were loud and lavish in ap
Of sev'ral, with as little ca
Whilst many such, for want
Or gold, their lives obscure
Nor when they die shall ma
Be placed above their hum
No monument, no epitaph,
To make fools stare, and w

ture, now alive all,
of such a rival;
him depriv'd of breath,
if may suffer death."
eir works to live,
tal stroke shall give;
'reft of praise,
wns admiring gaze,
hang by a pole;
ever shall be whole.
nder they behold
te in burnished gold;
placed as a sign,
rs deign'd to shine;
fixed *star*,
ded from afar.—
sometimes he deigns
he world contains;
ic, head prolific,
figures hieroglyphic
, of fish, and fowl
jug, glass, and bowl;
to nature's store,
strikes out more
strange than she can orag on,
uch as fiery dragon;
e and dismal hue,
, the lion blue;
by him so doom'd,
led flames consum'd;
g her heart's blood,
l infant brood;
el here descends,
-black fiend attends;
man, 'bove the surges
the sea emerges;
it more than demi-
athers I could name ye;
o vast his genius,
ever heterogeneous,
combined together,
e of a feather;
resumptuous hand
heav'n's high command,

For nothing with or without breath,
In heav'n above or earth beneath,
Or in the waters under earth,
Is like that to which his brush gives birth;
But all so like 'twould pose a witch
Well to determine which is which,
Had not that happy art been found
Which "gives a form to empty sound,"
And makes the hand talk to the eye;
The traveller else, as passing by,
Might for a cow mistake the steed
But that ev'n "he who runs may read,"
In capitals, "THE WHITE HORSE INN,"
And in less characters, "*wine, beer, and gin.*"
When England Charles for Noll did barter,
Made one protector—t'other a martyr;
When roundheads ruled our cavaliers,
The arts and sciences in tears
Mourn'd their protector's hapless fate,
Gentle, generous, good, and great;
It happen'd in these times fanatic,
Such artist with his host ran a tick,
Five pounds or so—a desperate score!
(It might be less, or might be more,)
Of their discourse the constant theme
Whene'er they met; at last this scheme,
Poor Brush, quite harass'd, did impart,
To pay each other *art* for *art*
Quoth he, they differ but in name,
The principle of both's the same,
On *drawing* both depend, 'tis clear—
I *pictures draw*, and you *draw beer*.
Then since they are so near a-kin,
To quarrel would be shame and sin."
The host, who could not mend the matter,
Thought something still than nothing better;
In short, without much farther jargon,
They both agreed, and struck a bargain;
The host, in want of a new sign,
Gives him the subject, or design;
Not dictated by wicked wit,
But taken out of holy writ;
Nathless, resolved to make a show,
He would have Pharaoh's overthrow.

Home went the painter, overjoy'd,
To find himself again employ'd,
Got his materials and tools,
And laid the board all over *gules*,
But how to place the figures there
Required more skill than fell to's share!
He beat his head, and rubb'd his brow,
But rubb'd in vain, *as I do now.*
Tir'd of the task, he soon gave o'er,
Said that should do—he said, nay swore.
Next day returning to his host,
He of his piece began to boast:—
"I'm sure it must be to your liking,
It is so very bold and striking."
"Well, say no more,—let's see,—dispatch,—
Zounds:—what is this!—a mere red splatch!"
"Red splatch d'ye call't?—'tis the Red Sea."
"The devil it is!—well, that may be;
Then where are Pharaoh and his host?"—
"Drown'd in the sea, you know they're lost."
"True—the Egyptians went to the bottom,
But the Israelites, where have you got 'em
And Moses too, who was their guide?"
"Oh! they're all safe on t'other side."
The host, who hitherto had stickled,
Finding at last his fancy tickled,
His visage now began t' uncloud,
And now he laugh'd both long and loud.
When he recover'd from his fit,
Quoth he, "Friend Brush, I love thy wit,
And like thy joke, yet much I doubt
Some dunces may not find it out;
Therefore "pro bono publico,"
In order that all men may know,
In letters fair write under, (bids he)
"This is Pharaoh in the Red Sea."

CURRAN'S SOUL OF WIT.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he *answered,* "That is rather surprising, as I have *been practising all night.*"

CH

An Indian of t
ple of South Am
"You will certa
mony, when you
to christen him;
the water was on
ever, a doubt ar
"By this water
"As sure as there
swered the father.
be baptised, they
they shall not mis
cuse me; I am s
ble, but I shall c

T

The celebrated
have written o
lines:—

Here
The L
But if
Have

VIL

The tailor, a pal
in the church cho
nius, has frequent
where they "ma
certs. He is, in
Master Simon; a
the making, or r
of the hall, whic
had been cut out
of the Flying Isla
of their custome
in fact, might rise
the village, was h
and keep holidays
his substance, real
net, which literall
and estate. He h
his regular work,

unmade and unmended, while he is
aking garlands of party-coloured
on of flowers, for the decoration of

aster Simon's counsellors is the
ort, and rather fat man, with a
at eyes, that diverge like those of
the village wise man; very sen-
of profound remarks on shallow
Simon often quotes his sayings,
as rather an extraordinary man,
him occasionally in desperate
d horses. Indeed, he seems to
elmed by the apothecary's phi-
exactly one observation deep,
uitable maxims, such as may be
ottos of tobacco-boxes. I had
ilosophy in my very first con-
in the course of which he ob-
solemnity and emphasis, that
ound of wisdom and folly;"
ow, who had hold of my arm,
it, and whispered in my ear,
ewd remark!"

AGES OF WOMEN.

than tender,
delay the bliss,
sander
t a kiss.

change in trading!
me more cheap
the maiden
p.

r becoming,
e her swain,
rn him
o gain.

'ry over,
ld fain have bought
over
'd for nought.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

Than Burns perhaps no man more severely inflicted the castigation of reproof. The following anecdote will illustrate this fact. The conversation one night at the King's Arms Inn, Dumfries, turning on the death of a townsman, whose funeral was to take place on the following day, "By the bye," said one of the company, addressing himself to Burns, "I wish you would lend me your black coat for the occasion, my own being rather out of repair."—"Having myself to attend the same funeral," answered Burns, "I am sorry that I cannot lend you my *sables*, but I can recommend a most excellent substitute; *throw your character over your shoulders*—that will be the *blackest* coat you ever wore in your life-time!"

PUNNING EPITAPH.

The following epitaph, engraven on a tombstone in the Houff, a large burying-ground in the town of Dundee, affords a striking example of the taste for playing on words, which prevailed towards the end of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the following century.

On Mr. Alex. Speid.

Time flies with speed, with speed *Speid's* fled,
To the dark regions of the dead;
With speed consumption's sorrows flew,
And stopt *Speid's* speed for *Speid* it slew.
Miss *Speid* beheld, with frantic woe,
Poor *Speid* with speed turn pale as snow,
And beat her breast, and tore her hair,
For *Speid*, poor *Speid*, was all her care.
Let's learn of *Speid* with speed to fly,
From sin, since we like Speid must die.

HORACE WALPOLE AND HIS TIMES.

The eccentric Horace Walpole says, that in his times the modes of christianity were exhausted, and could not furnish novelty enough to fix attention. Zinzendorffe plied his Moravians with nudities, yet made few enthusiasts. Whitfield and the methodists made more money than disturbances: his largest crop of proselytes lay among servant-maids; and his warmest devotees went to Bedlam without

going to war. Bower, whom some thought they had detected as a jesuit, and who at most was but detected as an impostor, had laid open the practices of the catholics, and detailed the establishments of the jesuits in the very heart of London, without occasioning either alarm or murmur against those fathers. Yet, uninflammable as the times were, they carried a great mixture of superstition. Masquerades had been abolished because there had been an earthquake at Lisbon; and when the last jubilee masquerade was exhibited at Ranelagh, the ale-houses and roads to Chelsea were crowded with drunken people, who assembled to denounce the judgements of God on persons of fashion, whose greatest sin was dressing themselves ridiculously. A more inconvenient reformation, and not a more sensible one, was set on foot by societies of tradesmen, who denounced to the magistrates all bakers that baked or sold bread on Sundays. Alum, and the variety of spurious ingredients with which bread, and indeed all wares were adulterated all the week round, gave not half so much offence as the vent of the chief necessary of life on the seventh day. Some of the elders too of our own church, seeing what harvests were brought into the tabernacles of Whitfield and Wesley, by familiarising God's word to the vulgar, and by elevating vulgar language, had the discretion to apply the same call to their own lost sheep, and tinkled back their old women by sounding the brass of the methodists. One Ashton, a quaint and fashionable preacher of the orthodox, talked to the people in a phrase compounded of cant and politics; he reproved them for not coming to church, where "God keeps a day but sees little company;" and informed them that "our ancestors loved powder and ball, and so did our generals; but the latter loved them for their hair and hands."

ROYAL LEARNING.

The present King of Persia made many inquiries of Sir Harford Jones respecting America, saying, "What sort of a place is it? How do you *get at it? Is it under ground*, or how?"

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY, AND C AFFECTION.

A messenger, in breathless haste,
With hair erected on his head,
In Cornaro's chamber prest,
And rush'd up to the sleeper's bed
The sleeper lay in sweet repose,
The wasted strength of life restorin
Lulled by the music of his nose,
Which mortals vulgarly call snorin
The stranger shook him pretty rough
And tweaked his nose, and pulled
At last Cornaro, rather gruffly,
Asked what the devil brought him
The messenger, in great distress,
At length in broken accents said,
"O! sir! they've sent me here expr
To tell you that your wife is dead
"Indeed!" the widowed man replie
Turning upon his other side,
And pulling o'er his eyes his cap,
In hopes of finishing his nap—
"To-morrow, when I wake, you'll
How long and loud my grief shall be

CHISWICK.

Dr. Blunderton, the rector of Chi time the Earl of Burlington built his there, had been made to believe th was entirely formed of cheese. The d lated this report so often, that he, by persuaded himself of its truth. The tained a foundation, which was this. somehow or other, discovered that th *Chiswick* was *Cheese-wick*; and, there suade the world that he was an antiqu sulted with the best architects in Italy but had not satisfied himself about t materials. Brick was vulgar, and might have a brick-house. Freestone sively dear. At length, upon consu lian abbate, who had an uncle in the Lodi, where the Parmesan cheese i Italian had the address, for the benefi

greatest factor in the province, to
rl to case his house with the parings
cheese. The oddity of the idea
and some thousands of the oldest
rmesan cheeses were selected for
d shipped from Venice for Eng-
was cased with this curious en-
ment brought from Italy, and the
ger's bill amounted to an enor-
exceeded the bills of all the
t together. A fine summer saw
d; but, from the damps, dews,
nter, the cheese façades became
dour, attracted all the rats in
added to the company they
rom the Thames, so much un-
ged the easing of the house,
athematized, and the crusta-
as changed to what it now is.

AND PRIDE.

ith my love and my pride?
counsel, if friendship has
[ply'd,
blood," surly Richard re-
nette in the arms of your

STORY.

a justice of peace had
the subject of ghosts.
defender of their reality
ptical. The bishop one
e justice told him, that
on the subject, he had
hich convinced him of
I rejoice at your con-
r; "give me the cir-
with all the particu-
ou say."—"Yes, my
by bed,—about the
by an uncommon
ming up stairs."
noise, I drew my
And saw a faint

glimmering light enter my chamber."—"
blue colour, was it not?"—"Of a *pale blue!*-
light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern fi
who appeared as an old man of seventy yea
age, arrayed in a long light-coloured rug go
bound round with a leathern girdle; his be
thick and grisly, his hair scant and straight,
face of a dark sable hue, on his head a large
cap, and in his hand a long staff. Terror seiz
my whole frame—I trembled till the bed shoo
shook, and cold drops hung on every limb; th
figure, with a slow and solemn step, stalked neare
and nearer."—"Did you not speak to it? There
was money hid, and murder committed, without
doubt."—"My lord, I did speak to it. I adjured
it, by all that was holy, to tell me *whence* and *why*
it thus appeared?"—"And in Heaven's name,
what was the reply?"—"It was accompanied,
my lord, by three strokes of his staff upon the
door, so loud that they made the room ring again;
when, holding up his lantern, and then waving it
close to my eyes, he told me he was the *watch-*
man! and came to give me notice that my street-
door was wide open, and unless I arose and shut
it, I might chance to be robbed before morning."

THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.

There once was a Painter in Catholic days,
Like Job who eschewed all evil;
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze,
With applause and amazement, but chiefly his
praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were angels compared to the devils he drew,
Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell,
Such burning hot eyes, such a d—*mnable* hue,
You could even smell brimstone, their breath was
so blue,
He painted his devils so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church-door;
She stood on the dragon, embracing her son,
Many devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The old dragon's imps, as they fled through the air,
At seeing it, pass'd on the wing,
For he had a likeness so just to a hair, [there,
That they came, as Apollyon himself had been
To pay their respects to their king

Every child on beholding it shiver'd with dread,
And scream'd, as he turned away quick;
Not an old woman saw it, but raising her head,
Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles,
and said,
"God help me from ugly old Nick!"

What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled, as sleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

"You rascally dauber," old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again!
Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
Or see if I threaten in vain!"

Now the Painter was bold and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance,
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light;
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'Twas fresh to his eye, to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man, he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of the nose is red hot, [scales,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with
And that—the identical curl of his tail,
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and retouches again with delight;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind!
He touches again, and again feeds his sight,
He looks around for applause, and he sees with
The original standing behind. [affright,

"Fool! idiot!" old Beelzebub
spoke,
And stamp'd on the scaffold in
The Painter grew pale, for he knew
'Twas a terrible height, and it
broke;
And the Devil could wish it so

"Help! help me, O Mary," he cr
As the scaffold sunk under his fe
From the canvass the Virgin extend
She caught the good Painter, she
harm,
There were thousands who saw it

The old dragon fled when the wond
And curs'd his own fruitless exile
While the Painter call'd after, his
Shook his pallet and brush, in triumph
"Now I'll paint thee more ugly

TANDEM DRIVING.

At length Bill Puncheon sees his
At length Bill Puncheon means
At length he soars to manage whip
At length he's "all the kick," from
At length he drives upon Newmark
At length he drives, until he drives

ETYMOLOGICAL PUNNI

Swift, in his Art of Punning, gi
logical rule, when a man hunts
every letter and syllable of a wor
ample, I am asked, "What is the
spend an evening with?" I answer
for there is, *po—pot—pota—potat*
the reverse, *tot a top*.

Achilles, continues he, being a he
unquiet nature, never gave himself
either to peace or in war; and, the
Earl of Warwick was called a kil
other terrible man a kill-devil, so th
called a kill-case, or destroyer a
length, by corruption, Achilles.

Andromache, the wife of Hector,
Her father was a Scotch gentlema

ubsisting in that ancient kingdom; oreigner in Troy, to which city he is countrymen, in the defence of ctys Cretensis learnedly observes, love with his daughter, and the was Andrew Mackay. The young d by the same name, only a little Grecian accent.

e, in his Diversions of Purley, in- erivation of King Pepin from the *sper!* as thus—osper, eper, oper; n, nipkin, pipkin, pepin—king— And, in another work, we find the ickled cucumber from King Jere- *gratia*, King Jeremiah—Jeremiah king; jerkin, girkin, pickled cu- , the name of Mr. Fox, as derived lay; as thus—Rainy-day, rain a h, rain hard, reynard, fox!

TICAL DEFICIENCY.

once lost his sight by an accident, placed under some skilful oculist, angely recovered it; he was in- gradually, and was able at length and firmly at distant objects, saw on the horizon, boats in the dis- orses, dogs, flies, and even fleas; stonishment of the faculty, he was the largest type. As reading was of his recovery, away went the ulists, and doctors, and apotheca- lancetting, lotioning, rubbing, the eyes as hard as they possibly termination of a fortnight, they ll their skill, and nearly killed Gentlemen," said the sufferer, your exertions, I assure you I nough. I have sufficiently reco- my eyes to satisfy myself; I see cows five fields distant. I see —indow frame—I am satisfied." of the professors, "but your yet denied to you—you can- not yet read even large type, and it is that which convinces us there is something yet to do."—"That there is, sir," answered the patient, "a great deal to do, to make me read any type, for I never could read at all."

WOMAN'S RESOLUTION.

O! cry'd Arsenia, long in wedlock blest,
Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
"Should death divide thee from thy doating wife,
What comfort could be found in widow'd life?
How the thought shakes me!—heav'n my Strephon save,
Or give the lost Arsenia half his grave."
Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approv'd;
"And should not wives like this," said he, "be lov'd?
Take the soft sorrower at her word; and try
How deeply-rooted woman's vows can lie."
'Twas said, and done—the tender Strephon dy'd;
Arsenia two long months—t' out-live him try'd;
But in the third—alas!—became a bride.

VICE VERSA

A Frenchman once asked what difference there was between M. de Rothschild, the loan broker, and Herod? "It is," he was told, "that Herod was the King of the Jews, and Rothschild the Jew of the Kings."

BARRISTERS.

A gentleman when attending York Assizes, wrote to a friend as follows:—"I spend most of my time in the Nisi-prius Court. Besides that the trials are of a less painful nature than those at the crown end, the bar have certainly there the widest scope for the display of talent. I visited it for the first time on Tuesday, in company with my worthy friend Timothy. We set off early in order to secure a good place. The streets through which we passed were all alive, and the castle was evidently the centre of general attraction. The bearers of *blue* bags (for *green* is now discarded,) were particularly nimble.

"There, with like haste, by several ways they run,
Some to undo—and some to be undone."

My friend was in danger of laughing outright, when his eye caught a first glimpse of the galaxy of wigs, which "make so many foolish faces wise, and so many wise faces foolish."—"Odds bobbins," said he, "but they are a rum looking set." And sure enough they are. I never look upon them, without being reminded of the Ugly Club at Oxford, mentioned by the Spectator. Some frowned from under *deep* wigs. These Timothy took to be the Chamber Counsel, of whose unfathomable legal knowledge he had often heard. Others mounted *fierce* wigs, and *pert* wigs. These, he doubted not, were the formidable lawyers he had read of, who terrify poor witnesses so in cross-examination. A few sported sly wigs; and a great many were encumbered with wigs that bore no character at all. All these he set down as the briefless. There were new moon phizzes and full moon phizzes; sleepy eyes and sleepless eyes; staring eyes and squinting eyes; sharp noses and snub noses; hook noses and long noses; twisted noses and twittering noses; in short, features differing as much from each other as possible, but all agreeing in that true legal characteristic—Oddity!

"What formidable gloom their faces wear!
How wide their front!—how deep and black the rear!
How do their threatening heads each other throng!"

Their employments, also, as Timothy remarked, were some of them equally comical. Those who were not concerned in the cases before the Court, were killing their time, and perhaps smothering their chagrin, by reading a newspaper, or French novel; or sketching caricatures; or cracking jokes; or perpetrating puns. One graceless wag was moulding paper pellets with his finger and thumb, and discharging them at his second neighbour, over the shoulder of the first. Another was scrutinizing a bevy of beauties, who occupied *one of the most conspicuous* portions of the Court, as conveniently as if they had been p
for the express purpose of being se
and a fourth were conversing with e
signs and nods, across the table. It
fully pleasant sight, and can only be p
an equal number of grave divines pla
the slipper in their canoniends, in th
public assembly, if such a thing shoul

VAT YOU PLEASE.

Some years ago, when civil faction
Rag'd like a fury thro' the fields of
And children in the general distractio
Were taught to curse as soon as they c

When common sense in common folk
And murder shew'd a love of natio
And France, determin'd not to have a
Decapitated all the higher class.
To put folks more on an equality;
When coronets were not worth half-a-
And liberty in bonnet-rouge, might
For Mother Red-cap, up at Camdee-
Full many a Frenchman then took
Bidding soup-maigre an abrupt fa
And hither came pell-mell,
Sans cash, sans clothes, almost sans e

Two Messieurs, who about this time
Half-starv'd, but toujours gai;
(No weasels e'er were thinner)
Trudg'd up to town from Dover,
Their slender store exhausted on th
Extremely puzzled how to get a d
'Twas morn, and from each ruddy ch
The dun smoke-wreaths were slow
Each house-maid, cherry-cheek'd, he
Before the door was gaily twirling

From morn till noon, from noon till
Our Frenchman wander'd on their
Great was their need, but surely did
Stomach and pocket in the same co
At length, by mutual consent they pa
And different ways on the same errar

on a day most dear
when general use
roasting of the sav'ry goose!
one Frenchman, at a tavern near,
cheld the glorious cheer;
he sniff'd the luscious gale in,
kitchen windows was exhaling,
to work his busy brain,
long'd, and long'd and sniff'd again.
ie mother of invention,
've heard many mention,)
moment saw his plan completed,
Frenchman at a table seated.

er at his elbow stands—
favour me with your commands?
nd boil'd, sir, choose you those or

e very good, sare! — VAT YOU

e word,
smokes the wish'd for bird!
ing did he waste,
pell-mell upon it;
merry-thought he pick'd in haste,
ie merry thought that won it!
se, and after pie comes cheese;—
Cheshire, sir?"—"AH, VAT YOU

renchman having ta'en his fill,
when—"sir, your little bill!"
't'e BILL! vell, Mr. Bill, good

William!"—"No, sir, stay;
, sir—you've this bill to pay."

, MA FOI!
ing, sare—PARDONNEZ MOI!
if you call your goose, your cheese,
eat—I tell you, VAT YOU PLEASE."

master, each explained the case,
sing, t'other with grimace;

But Bonniface, who dearly lov'd a jest,
(Although sometimes he dearly paid for it,)
And finding nothing could be done—you know,
(For when a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be rather funny!)
Of a bad bargain made the best,
Acknowledg'd much was to be said for it;
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
And Briton-like forgave a fallen foe,
Laugh'd heartily, and let him go!

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
Away he trotted in a merry mood;
When, turning round the corner of a street,
Who but his countryman chanc'd he to meet,
To him, with many a shrug and many a grin,
He told how he had taken Jean Bull in!
Fir'd with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his congee, and seeks this shop of shops.
Ent'ring, he seats himself, just at his ease,
"What will you take, sir?"—"VAT YOU PLEASE."
The waiter look'd as pale as Paris plaster,
And, up stairs running, thus address'd his master—
"These d—d Monseers, come over sure in pairs;
"Sir, there's another "VAT YOU PLEASE!" down stairs!"
This made the landlord rather crusty,
Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty;
Once to be *done*, his anger didn't touch,
But when a second time they tried the treason,
It made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason;
You would be *crusty*, were you *done* so much!
There is a kind of instrument
Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!
'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip;
'Twould strike you presently- a stout horsewhip!
This instrument our MAITRE D'HOTE
Most carefully conceal'd beneath his coat,
And, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
Address'd him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his thread-bare
Determin'd whilst the iron's hot to strike it, [knees,
Put with his lesson answers—"VAT YOU PLEASE!"
But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip!
"Sare! sare! ah, misericorde! parbleu!
Got d—m, monsieur, vat make you use me so?
Vat call you dis?"—"Lord, don't you know?
That's what I please," says Bonny "how d'ye
like it?—
Your friend, although I paid dear for his funning,
Deserv'd the goose he gain'd, sir, for his cunning;
But you, monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
Are goose enough—and only wanted basting!"

ADULTERY.

A Shandean Fragment.

"It is a shame—it is a disgrace to our laws—to our manners—to our religion," exclaimed Yorick, with more than his usual elevation of tone. My father waked him from his reverie, and expected, from the earnestness of Yorick, an elaborate disquisition on the laws, manners, or religion. He drew, with great complacency of look, and much inquisitiveness of aspect, his chair towards that of Yorick, who pointed with his finger to several paragraphs in the paper, which he had been reading, dated from Doctors' Commons. My father surveyed them with calmness, or rather indifference. My father had been long married, and the subject of adultery was one of those few speculations which had never agitated his pericranium, or produced one eloquent speech, or one pointed observation. My father, besides the inconvenience of the hip-gout, was never, as my mother used to relate, a very fond lover. He had never written sonnets to praise her charms, or elogics to deplore her cruelty. My father had only written—his name to the marriage articles. These valuable MSS. he had all the morning been employed in perusing, or dandling on his knee before the fire-side. On Yorick's exclamation, my father, in hopes of some fresh subject, put *them hastily into his* pocket. "The many examples," repeated Yorick, smiling time at the non-chalance of my fat now placed his left leg on the to grate, a posture which betrayed a fissure in his lower vestment, "are the religion we profess."—"In you Yorick," said Dr. Slop, sitting u chair, and in a very professional marriage is not one of the communions, the immorality of the breach of the tinued Dr. Slop, with somewhat less before "is not so great, as with has more of a civil nature."—"The plied Yorick, "in our church, a altar, and, in the sight of God an eternal fidelity to each other, and conceive the adulterer of either side claim"—"To a separate maintenanc my father very quickly, who had f resumed the perusal of his marri "And the children, you know, Mr. Y tinued my father very scientificall dear little things, and they are incl guilt of either sinner?" asked my whilst a big tear stood in his eye, an heaved with convulsive pity. Mrs. bewitching looks came across my imagination. Her age, which had n probability of being a mother, and which had created certain doubts an sions in the bosom of an old bach wound in his groin, all rushed at th upon his reservoir of ideas, and the voice was so elegiac, and the mode o question so very energetic, that my f tive fancy was immediately on tiptoe the right side of his nose with great r stifling a smile, he approached my chair, and looking at him with great —"My dear brother, has then *the la* man done us the honour?"—"The lad my uncle with great surprise. My his inference, and resumed his chair in perfect composure.

[illegible] SPEECH,
[illegible] to all Occasions.

unprecedented, unsubstituted, unable speaking, I rise, sir, in confusion caught your eye, sir, to exhibit diffidence, my humble ideas subject now before the house. sir, to *hold to affirm*, and I am rd, that I by no means *meet the* the Bill. I will not, however, go *bother commit myself*, by taking without the most perfect consider- I set now upon my legs, I certainly *the question*; nor am I at all *him half way*, because, on the business, I was determined to *scout* for if, sir, the well-being of civil the establishment of order and be grand object of our investi- hesitate to pronounce—Sir! I pronounce, that I *want words* to nation at the general tenour of ably *agitated* by the honourable ft hand. But, sir, the idea does when my learned friend professed *disciples* with so much method, he weakness by undertaking to *non stable*, and to perform the les himself. No, sir, I am again , sir, I am by no means *distin-* that if gentlemen, under the lances, do not act with vigour nst the introduction of French erious constitution, produced by our ancestors, may fall to the , fall to the ground, by the im- innovation. But on this head, liberate; and I trust the gentle- I have the honour to act, and decided majority of this ho- for whose worth, integrity, lity, ingenuity, perseverance, have the most dignified respect, and in whom also I place the most perfect confidence; I say, sir, I trust they will preserve the privileges of this assembly from the lawless banditti of *acquitted felons*, who, not having been *killed off*, insult us daily by their negative successes; and circulate their seditious principles, to the danger of every respectable man in the community, who may, by possessing property, become an object of their diabolical depredations. Not, however, to trespass any longer upon the patience of the house, I shall conclude by observing, with the great Latin poet of antiquity,

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere:
Carpe diem.

LAUGHING PROHIBITED.

To prove pleasure but pain, some have hit on a project,
We're duller the merrier we grow,
Exactly the same unaccountable logic,
That talks of cold fire and warm snow
For me born by nature,
For humour and satire,
I sing, and I roar, and I quaff;
Each muscle I twist it,
I cannot resist it,
A finger held up makes me laugh;
For since pleasure's joy's parent, and joy begets mirth,
Should the subtilest casuist, or sophist upon earth,
Contradict me, I'd call him an ass and a calf,
And boldly insist once for all;
That the only criterion of pleasure's to laugh,
And sing toll de roll loll de loll.
Vainly bountiful Nature shall fill up life's measure,
If we're not to enjoyment awake;
Churls that cautiously filtrate and analyze pleasure
Deserve not that little they take.
For me who am jiggish,
And funny, and giggish,
Such joys are too formal by half:
I roar, and I revel,
Drive care to the devil,
And hold both my sides while I laugh.
For since pleasure, &c

hose pleasures we're angling and squar-
ing and cutting by rules;
me—dear me, I beg pardon for swearing,
t follow such fashions are fools.
They may say what they list on't,
But of life, I insist on't,
leasure's the prop and the staff,
That sets every muscle,
In a comical bustle,
ickles one into a laugh.
For since pleasure, &c.

THE MERIT OF BLOOD.

en Sheriff Phillips told Sir John Silvester,
ecorder of London, that his court in the Old
y smelt of blood.—"I'm glad of it," replied
k Jack, in his stern way, "for it will thereby
away the rogues and thieves."

IN HENDON CHURCH-YARD.

T. Crosfield,
Died November 8th, 1808.
Beneath this stone Tom Crosfield lies,
Who cares not now who laughs or cries;
He laughed when sober, and when mellow,
Was a harum-scarum harmless fellow;
He gave to none design'd offence,
So *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

REPUBLIC OF BABINE.

There was, at the court of Sigismund Augustus, a gentleman of the family of Psamka, who, in concert with Peter Cassovius, bailiff of Lublin, formed a society which the Polish writers call "The Republic of Babine;" and which the Germans denominate "The Society of Fools." This society had its king, its chancellor, its counsellors, its archbishops, bishops, judges, and other officers. When any of the members did or said any thing at their meetings, which was unbecoming or ill-timed, they immediately gave him a place, of which he was required to perform the duties, till *another* was appointed in his stead; to engross the conversation, he was appointed orator of the republic; if he spake impertinently, occasion was taken from his subject to appoint him a suitable employment; if, for instance, he talked about dogs, he was made master of the buck-hounds; if he boasted of his courage, he was made a knight, or perhaps a field-marshal; and if he expressed a bigotted zeal for any speculative opinion in religion, he was made an inquisitor. The offenders being thus distinguished for their follies, and not their wisdom, gave occasion to the Germans to call the republic "The Society of Fools." The King of Poland, one day, asked Psamka, if they had chosen a king of their republic? To which he replied, "God forbid that we should think of electing a king while your majesty lives; your majesty would always be King of Babine, as well as Poland." The king inquired farther, to what extent their republic reached? "Over the whole world," says Psamka; "for we are told, by David, that all men are liars." This society soon increased so much, that there was scarce any person of note who was not honoured with some post in it, and its chiefs were also in high favour with the king.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

In London I never know what to be at,
Enraptured with this, and transported with that;
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.
But the country, Lord bless us, sets all man right,
So calm and composing from morning till night,
Oh! it settles the stomach when nothing is on it
But an ass on a common, a goose on a green.
In London how easy we visit and meet,
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet our treat;
Our mornings, a round of good-humour'd chat,
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night.
In the country how pleasant our visits to pay,
Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake.

h the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
no thought in our heads but a ditch or a bog.
ndon, if folks ill together be put,
may be roasted, a quiz may be cut,—
country, your friends would feel angry and
ore,
old maid a quiz, or a parson a bore.

untry, you're nail'd like a pale in your
k,
ck of a neighbour cramm'd into the ark:
re sick, or in fits fumble down,
death ere the doctor can reach you
town.

at how love in a cottage is sweet,
earts in one link of soft sympathy
g of that, for, alas! I'm a swain
nd I own it) more links to my chain.

our magpies may chatter on trees,
nonsense in groves if they please;
uch more to my mind than a tree,
—Oh! a fine grove of chimneys

're screw'd to your chairs fast

g at sixpenny whist,
ose, it's as true as it's strange,
ay—the good folks have no

iping, your time to enj
en bullfinches

Yet it's charming to hear, just from boarding-school come,
A boyden tune up an old family strum;
She'll play "God save the King," with an excellent tone,
With the sweet variation of "Old Bobbing Joan."

But what though your appetite's in a weak state?
A pound at a time they will put on your plate,
It's true as to *health* you've no cause to complain,
For they'll drink it, God bless'em, again and again.

Then in town let me live, and in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I;
If I must have a villa in London to dwell,
Oh! give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

THE IRISH EATING-HOUSE.

This is to acquaint the whole world, and all my good friends in Kilkenny into the bargain, that I, Bryan Mullorony, late of Bread-street, and formerly of Pudding-lane, do intend to open an Eating-house in Swallow-street. And whereas it is well-known that the belly is a monster, that has no ears, and, therefore, it is mere waste of windpipe to be talking to it; and if the guts once begin to grumble, if you should even swallow the whole riot-act, it wont settle them half so soon as a clumsy piece of boiled beef, or a slice of pudding, he has, therefore, for all appetites and for all
well that a large
are anx

found covered with *legs* of mutton, *shouldering* ch other, with some bones to be picked at cond-hand very cheap. He also intends to esta- ish a cut-finger club for the use of shoe-blacks, ewsmen, sightmen, &c. and one of the rules of his club will be, that if any one should happen by choice or chance to swallow another fellow's finger, or the joint of a finger, he is to pay one- penny. Those that intend to stow in three din- ners at once, are to pay by the pound, twelve pound to the dozen, butter weight. And whereas there are some pale thin-looking fellows, with crane-necks, that would demolish a shoulder of mutton at one sitting, they are to pay according to the damages they have committed; and as the Irish are very fond of working at the *wet-dock*, he has laid in a large quantity of small-beer, of so fine a quality that it will wrestle even with some of your porter, though it should get into a passion, and foam as much as it pleases; but his dear countrymen must know, that he will not keep a flonting account with any one of them, nor take a duplicate in pay for any one of them, even though it should be backed by his *honour*. As to Scotchmen, who wish to cheat their guts, and to amuse their teeth, he has prepared for them that dish so well known north of the Tweed, namely, a *haggis*, with black-pudding as tough as Indian-rubber; and, as an empty sack can't stand, he is resolved that the substantial only shall appear on his tables. None of your French slops, with a little piece of beef, and an ocean of soup, like a small island in a lake; no syrup of cinders, no jelly of pipe stopples, or quaking puddings, that will tremble at the sight of a knife or a spoon. And as it sometimes happens that those who frequent Eating-houses often mistake their pocket for their mouth, and, as it is a pity that the belly should be defrauded of its due, he requests all such to take notice of this hint, and to be careful that they do not commit such mis- takes. He has also fitted up a room for the use *of ladies*, but he wishes that it may be publicly *known, that no woman is to be admitted in half-*

mourning, or those that have business sides of the street, as he does not wish to meandering of that kind in his house. wish to eat against time, to pay one head, provided they don't bolt, and in eighteen-pence. A bill of fare, Welsh pedigree, will be written out with a clean table-cloth once a quart use of those that like to dine genteely, genteel accommodation; but no and heels in the morning. The will be always welcome.

N.B. Fine roast pork, that would every day at one o'clock.

IN LAMBETH CHURCH-Y

On William Wilson, a trouble

Here lies the body of W
Who never more will trouble yo

THE CAMBRIDGE SCH

In the days that are past, on the b
Whose waters but softly were
With ivy o'ergrown, an old man
That was built on the skirts of
wood,
Where the yew tree and cyp
The villagers shook as they pas
When resting at eve from the
And the trav'ller full many a
If his ears once admitted the
Of the tale that was told b

They said that the house on t
By a saucer-ey'd ghost wa
Which fill'd ev'ry heart with
By assuming strange shape
night,
Shapes monstrous and fo
And truly they said, for th
That this ghost was the
For no sooner the bell of
Than this frolicsome imp
To caper like ten them

n all forms the most strange and
in was ever so daring,
shrieks, and most horrible cries,
and bones, and his sweet little

nce grew beyond bearing.

o'time, as the master's sad heart
nd anguish was swelling,
scholar, with science replete,
lore as an egg is of meat,
Cambridge a dwelling.

vers'd in all mystical arts,
vas he throughout college,
fult many an unquiet ghost,
King Pharoah, and his mighty host,
hro' his powerful knowledge.

o learned, the master he went,
he bent with submission,
of the ghost, and the horrible

his household from sleeping

is humble petition.

scholar, in wisdom so wise,
chievous ghost lay in fetters,
torments for ever to dwell,
pit of the nethermost hell,
the sleep of his betters.

ers'd in all mystical lore,
r his prayer should be granted,
horse to be saddled with speed,
the back of his cream-colour'd

he house that was haunted.

use at the fall of the night,
forest 'gan shiver,
croak'd, and blue burnt the

riek'd, and pale with affright,
e aspens did quiver.

Bring some turnips and milk, the scholar he cried,
In a voice like the echoing thunder;
They brought him some turnips, and suet beside,
Some milk and a spoon, and his motions they ey'd,
Quite lost in conjecture and wonder.

He took up the turnips—he par'd off the skin,
Put them into a pot that was boiling,
Spread a table and cloth, and made ready to sup,
Then call'd for a fork, and the turnips fish'd up
In a hurry, for they were a spoiling.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
The hail at the casement 'gan clatter;
The scholar ne'er heeded the tempest without,
But raising his eyes, and turning about,
Ask'd the maid for a small wooden-platter.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
The storm came on thicker and faster,
The blue lightnings flash'd and with terrific din,
The rain at each crevice and cranny crept in,
Tearing up by the root lath and plaster.

He mash'd up the turnips with butter and milk,
The mess would have ravish'd a glutton,
When, lo! his sharp bones scarcely cover'd his skin,
The ghost from the nook o'er the window peep'd in,
In the form of a boil'd scrag of mutton.

"Oh, ho!" cried the ghost, "what art doing below,
The scholar look'd up in a twinkling,
Since the times are too hard to afford any meat,
To make my poor turnips more pleasant to eat,
A few grains of pepper I'm sprinkling.

Then he caught up a fork, and the mutton he seized,
And sous'd it at once in the platter,
Threw o'er it some salt, and a spoonful of fat,
And before the poor ghost could tell what he was at,
He was gone like a mouse down the throat of a cat,
And that is the whole of the matter.

WATCHMAKER'S EPITAPH,

In a Tomb in Berkeley church-yard, Gloucestershire.

Here lyeth Thomas Peirce, whom no man taught,
Yet he in iron, brasse, and silver wrought.
Fine jacks and clocks, and watches (with art)
made
And mended too, when others work did fade.
Of Berkeley five tymes maior this artist was,
And yet this major, this artist was but grasse:
When his owne watch was downe on the last day,
He that made watches had not made a key
To wind it up, but uselesse it must lie
Until he rise again no more to die.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At Number One dwelt Captain Drew,
George Benson dwelt at Number Two;
(The street we'll not now mention)
The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
The former, being lamed in war,
Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
None deeper in the mystery
Of culinary knowledge;
From turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
Apt student, taking his degrees
In Mrs. Rundell's college.

Benson to dine invited Tom;
Proud of an invitation from
A host who "spread" so nicely,
Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,
"Extremely happy—come on Friday next, at six precisely."

Blewit, with expectation fraught,
Drove up at six, each savoury thought
Ideal turbot reach in:
But, ere he reach'd the winning post,
He saw a Haunch of Ven'son roast
Down in the next-door kitchen.

"Hey! *Zounds!* what's this? a haunch at [Drew's!
To pass were downright treason;
To cut Ned Benson's not quite stomach;
But the provocative—a haunch!
Zounds! it's the first this season!

"Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no mo
Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,
"John, I'm in such a hurry!
Do tell your master that my aunt
Is paralytic, quite aslant,
I must be off for Surrey."

Now Tom at next door makes a dig—
"Is Captain Drew at home?"—"W
"Drew, how d'ye do?"—"Wh
"Yes, I—you've ask'd me, many a
To drop in, in a quiet way,
So now I'm come to do it."

"I'm very glad you have," said D
"I've nothing but an Irish stew—
Quoth Tom (aside) "No mat
'Twon't do—my stomach's up to
'Twill lie by, till the lucid fat
Comes quiv'ring on the plat

"You see your dinner, Tom."
"No, but I don't though," Tom
"I smok'd below,"—"Oh! true, it is
A haunch"—"Oh! true, it is
My neighbour has some friends
"Your neighbour! who?

"His chimney smoked; the
I let him have my kitchen ra
While his was newly po
The Ven'son you observed b
Went home just half an hou
I guess it's now demoli

"Tom, why that look of
Come, help yourself to sal
Don't sit with hands an
But dine, for once, off Ir
And read the 'Dog and
When next you ope

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

JONAH'S SOLILOQUY.

...usc is this? here's neither coal nor
...andle;
...nothing but guts of fishes handle
...table are both here within,
...y ne'er dawn'd, where sun did never
...he
...f this on earth man never saw,
...an within a monster's maw!
...ier mountains, which are high and
...!
...der waters hundred fathoms deep!
Noah in his house of tree,
a window he the light did see;
...ove the highest waves, a wonder,
...t are all the waters under!
...k might go and also come;
...in such a straighten'd room
...outh; head and feet together
...ease as would a thousand smother.

...extracted from the poems of the
...Boyd, a man of undoubted piety,
...ccentricity. He left his fortune
...*pts* to the University of Glasgow;
...f his bequest, judging from the
...ven, must have been invaluable!

...N DR. JOHNSON.

Soame Jenyngs.

...inson; reader, have a care,
...ye rouse a sleeping bear;
...ten'roos, and humane
...nceited, rude, and vain;
...earing to dispute,
...istian, yet a brute;
...his wisdom and his folly,
mirth, and melancholy,
...retailers of his wit,
...wrote, and talk'd, and spit.

...OMFORTERS.

...with a description of per-
...signated by the title of

croakers; mortals endowed with optic
happily formed in their views of the a
others, that they can contemplate nothing
long perspective of a fellow-creature's
one uninterrupted scene of gloom,—
"Shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upo

If you consult a person of this class on the
of your affairs, there are no hopes which h
not deem unfounded, no expectations that a
too sanguine, no projects that are not futil
visionary. Young persons, in particular, he
have a most kind and special care of guar
against that buoyancy of spirits so natural at
time of life. In addition to the "hair-bre
'scapes" to which all are liable, and on which
will not fail to expatiate most emphatically,
will discover, in the peculiar character of ea
individual with whom he converses, somethi
calculated to augment his distrust and enhance
dangers. Though most lavish, even to intrusiv
ness, of his opinions, he is far from prodigal
advice. In fact, you would vainly seek it o
him; his *forte* is dissuasion. Whatever steps yo
propose to pursue, ask his sentiments upon the
subject, and all that you are likely to learn is,
that "here Scylla foams, and there Charybdis
yawns." He will leave no objection to any of
your plans unstated; and availing himself of the
noted maxim of antiquity, that the gods have
placed all human good on the right hand and on
the left, he will never leave his argument till he
has, to the best of his ability, succeeded in con-
vincing you, that, let the measures you intend to
adopt be what they may, your object will prove
equally unattainable. If he have sufficient influ-
ence over the person he addresses, he will, per-
haps, be thus enabled to beget in him all the
indolence of indecision, and all the torment of
suspense. But, though the croaker may succeed
in establishing the impropriety of every plan
suggested by another, he will be careful not to
commit himself, or assist you by proposing any
substitute. It is in dissuasion, as I have before

AT ST. BENNET'S, PAUL'S WHARF, LONDON.

Here lies one More, and no More than he;
One More and *no More*; how can that be?
Why *one More* and *no More* may well lie here alone,
But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than one.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hir'd lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next—and the next;
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week, till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him:
He sent for a doctor, and cry'd, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise.—"A slow fever," he said;
Prescrib'd sudorifics, and going to bed;
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "s
bugs!
I've enough of them there, without pay
drugs."

Will kick'd out the doctor; but, when ill
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always
So, calling his host, he said, "sir, do yo
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months
"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Wil
grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took
But from the first night—and to say it I'm
I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I
cold."

Quoth the landlord—"Till now I ne'er
dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a ho
boot:
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sl
And your bed is immediately—over my ov
"The oven!!!" says Will.—Says the host,
this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of f
Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!"
Will, in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a
baking!"

Will paid for his room—Cried the host
sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away
year."
"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no qu
Will said;
"I see one may die where another *makes* l

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

The assemblies this year have gained a gr
cession of beauty. Several brilliant stars
arisen from the east and from the north, to b
en the firmament of fashion; among the new
have discovered *another planet*, which rival
Venus in lustre, and I claim equal honour

r my discovery. I shall take some
unity to describe this planet, and the
rillites which revolve around it.
t assembly the company began to
how about eight, but the most fa-
layed their appearance until about
ring the number of the muses, and
best possible hour for beginning to
nces.
Honeycomb, whose memory I hold
sideration, even with his half cen-
ience, would have been puzzled to
humours of a lady by her prevailing
he "rival queens" of fashion, Mrs.
adame Bouchard, appeared to have
ir wonderful inventions in the dif-
tion, variation, and combination of
es. The philosopher who maintain-
was white, and that, of course, there
colour as white, might have given
his theory on this occasion, by the
r forsaken white muslin. I was,
pleased to see that red maintains
ist all other colours, because red
Mr. Jefferson's *****, Tom
my slippers."
ing smellfungi of this world, who
ong books, cobwebs, and spiders,
agance of the age; for my part,
ith the magic of the scene, and
ped through the mazes of the
and glowing, and dazzling, I,
ese, thanked them heartily for
with which they loaded them-
e entertainment of bystanders,
that I was a bachelor.

---

as well as on several other
ocent pleasantry is indulged
ense. The allusion made
t small-clothes with which
nce of good taste, used to
days and other public oc-

The gentlemen were considerably num
and being, as usual, equipt in their appro
black uniforms, constituted a sable regi
which contributed not a little to the bri
gaiety of the ball-room. I must confess I am
debted for this remark to our friend, the cock
Mr. 'Sbidlikensflash, or '*Sbidlikens*, as he is ca
for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite verbos
—stands in high favour—with himself—and, li
Caleb Quotem, is "up to every thing." I
member when a comfortable plump-looking cit
zen led into the room a fair damsel, who looke
for all the world like the personification of
rainbow, 'Sbidlikens observed, that it reminded
him of a fable, which he had read somewhere, of
the marriage of an honest painstaking snail—who
had once walked six feet in an hour, for a wager,
to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the
elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion.
On being called upon to tell where he had come
across this story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to
answer.

It would but be repeating an old story to say,
that the ladies of New York dance well; and
well may they, since they learn it scientifically,
and begin their lessons before they have quitted
their swaddling-clothes. The immortal Duport
has usurped despotic sway over all the female
heads and heels in this city; hornbooks, primers,
and pianos, are neglected to attend to his positions,
and poor Chilton, with his pots and kettles and
chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy
than the whole collective force of the North-river
Society. 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing
mania will inevitably continue as long as a danc-
ing-master will charge the fashionable price of
five-and-twenty dollars a quarter, and all the other
accomplishments are so vulgar as to be attainable
at "half the money;"—but I put no faith in
'Sbidlikens' candour in this particular. Among
his infinitude of endowments he is but a poor pro-
ficient in dancing; and though he often flounders
through a cotillion, yet he never cut a pigeon-wing
in his life.

In my mind there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts—The public shall know all about it. As I never dance cotillions, holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about without appertaining to any body. After much investigation and difficulty, I, at length, traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject; and, by the most accurate computation I have determined, that a Frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o-lantern heroes, in taking a figure, which neither Euclid nor Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his foot—his better part—into a lady's cobweb muslin robe; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way, like a top, unravelled his step, without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! he then sprung up, like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man "of woman born," who was not a Frenchman, or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming *nymph*, who has brought a fresh supply of roses *from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty;* where lilies too much predominate well to every sweet face under heav hope her roses may survive the fro tions of winter, and lose nothing b with the loveliest offerings of the s kens, to whom I made similar re me that they were very just, and pressed; and that the lady in que digious fine piece of flesh and blo I find it in my heart to baste the their own roast-beef—they can m between a fine woman and a fin

I would praise the sylph-like another young lady acquitted be but that she excels in far mor plishments. Who praises the even though it is most beautiful

The company retired at the the supper-room, where the with their usual splendour friend, 'Sbidlikens, with the a cockney, had carefully sto cheese and crackers, that he again to venture his limbs in fair ones who throng the s precaution was unnecessary tered the room with surpris No gowns were torn—no bled—nor was there any of either managers or peac

SCOTCH NAT

Dialogue between an Am

American.—Thou se hair!
Say, is it as thy locks
Art thou descended f
Whose ancestor was
Mac Whisky.—I am
A.—But, fallen fro
An exile from thy h
Thou travel'st, like
Though—

[illegible]
[illegible] our bard hath said,
e, I know not which)
[illegible]e, and rich
Scot?
He had the itch,
l[illegible]l: which I
ne and reason why
ill, or stay at home,
oo, and fidge and roam.
ised, though poor and cold,
tone,
d for gold.
ue that Scotchmen eat
hyh, and treat
h bracken broth?
t I have tasted both.
n a frugal way,
inties every-day.
m'd us, you regale
d whey turn'd stale,
rather merry;
ash with yeast, if very.
emp and flax, 'tis said;
n shave for bread?
are lords and knights, keep

idays, sometimes custard,
e's long race is run,
ntlemen at least:
, who roams abroad,
ise upon the road?
rit he beats, I ween,
Andrew's gentle dean.
Scot?
m his brother.
a Scot?
was the other:
were breethren three.
was bottle-nos'd like thee.
, who wrote plays by dozens,

[illegible] second cousins.
never saw Tam-Tallan.

M.—No, but he stole his thoughts fra' Allan.
A.—And Newton was an Englishman.
M.—What! ken ye no' *Mac* Newton's clan?
Beside, all Scotland kens 'tis true,
Black taught him more—
A.—Than both e'er knew.
Did your bespaniel'd land give birth
To any other men of worth?
M.—The noblest men that glory knows
Were true-born Scots, all history shews
In proof, I need but name Buchanan,
But th' Mantuan bard was born in Annan.
And, as it was in ancient days,
Still Scotland's soil brings crops of praise.
My nephew, Chantrey, hath no peer
In sculpture: as an engineer,
Watt hath no rival, no, not any;
In time past, present, or to come,
What architect approaches Rennie?
Who built St. Peter's church at Rome.
A.—Land of the never-wearied boo!
Sweet Scotland, weel I sniff thee noo.
Bless'd clime of purity i' the mire!
What hack of southern breed can tire
A Scotchman's tongue, or Scotch Review,
When Sawney gars old thoughts look new;
And in thy learned praise exhale
Boil'd kail-runts chopp'd, the fresh and stale?
In gude Scotch songs, Scotch tracts, Scotch news,
Scoth plays, Scotch novels, Scotch reviews,
What do thy mickle-cheekit fellows,
Thy prudent, booing sages tell us?
That bracken grows i' th' North Countree,
That Scotch streams run into the sea,
That Scotch worth all worth presupposes,
But not that Scotchmen wipe their noses.
A.—And was not Walter born in Scotland,
Though landless, Scott in England got land?
And who like Byron soars and sings?
Ev'n Jeffrey takes his ears for wings;
For him the poet, with a feather
So thrash'd, that Jeffrey knows not whether
The goosequil, which abused him so,
Were stolen from Raphael's wing, or no?

And while he lauds the "big man's verse,
Swears it out-Ossians Homer's erse
But who, of all thy sons, hath told
That true Scotch itch is rubb'd with gold?
That there were once in Scotland mair
Thistles than vines? and that there are
Twa dishclouts, little worse for wear,
Three stockings, twa three pair o' breeks,
Mair feet than shoon, mair jews than leeks,
Just twenty lords in twenty slaves,
And thirty saints in fifteen knaves,
And sixteen fools in that famed land
Where brass i' th' face is bread i' th' hand,
And were, save siller, nought will pass
For genius, learning, wit, but brass?
M.—The greatest heroes known to fame,
Are Scotchmen—Wellington and Grahame?
The greatest bard is Cunninghame.
The king of critics and of men;
We've Jeffrey, in himself a host.
A.—Jeffrey, the seer, whose prophecies
We read by th' rule o' contraries;
Impartial Jeffrey, fum'd for giving
Scotch praise to all Scotch scribblers living;
M.—We have.
A.—And for what noble ends?
M.—We yearly meet, all Scots and friends.
A.—To praise skim-whang o'er cheese of Stilton?
M. To light our pipes wi' drowsy Milton.
Proud of our land of godlike men,
And if of her, still more of them.—
Smith, Spenser, Tasso, Arkwright, Pen,
Seth, Deuteronomy, and Shem,
Sir! Cæsar told the Earl o' Mar
He learn'd of Bruce the art of war.
There was one Mars, too, a brave fellow,
And he had hair of a reddish yellow.
Sir, Venus was a Highland dowdie;
England invented beef fra' crowdie;
Mean envy of Scotch bracken-wine
Gave France the hint to plant her vine.
A.—Where is the tomb o' th' famed Scotch bard
Called Homer?

M.—In Dumfries chu
His widow lives at Inverne
Where his son, Iliad, marri
A.—There was one Dante,
M.—Of Leith—he had the
And fear'd na' ghosts; but
Scar'd out o' life by J——
A.—Is England like a barr
Compar'd with Scotland?
M.—A mere bog.
A.—What are the English l
M.—The hog,
The rat, the spaniel, and the
Wallowing through life in s
Still each dull son excels his
We sell *boos*, but to get the
Then kick all beggars, and
Tae English pra
And toil, and p
Slaves, without brains, that
We also boo, but *not for no*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE

SIDE.

A partner in a banking-hou
enough to the abode of a fac
nose his worship's kitchen wh
order of the day, was very
watering-place on the coast o
the country, he determined
sports; and, for the first time
day's shooting. "When we
the cit, "we must do as they
vulgar sportsman, such as a co
rustic nobleman, sets off on fo
shooting pony, in pursuit of
Crœsus disdains such simplicity
banker, with a merchant for h
into his phaeton, took the po
rowed in the carriage, and ord
livery to follow him. The do
been used to such a fashionable
soon began to shew symptoms
even of an inclination to dese
tained, however, in part by c

hey had very nearly reached the
; when, by a violent and unani-
y all jumped out, and ran home,
o was persuaded to follow by the
. But even *he* might as well have
est; for hardly had they hunted
, when the obstinate brute stopped
to the great surprise and chagrin
rtsmen. They hallooed him on;
o him; but nothing could make
was provoking, they said, they
g so restive in their lives. So,
rom a domestic, they belaboured
arlo, who darted into the covey,
t the birds. Before the banker
om the alarm occasioned by the
wings, take up his gun and cock
s were out of sight. These were
day; nor could he sufficiently
chaviour of the dog. "If he had
aid the banker, "I should have
ck of the *brood*, and killed one
His companion made no doubt
ve killed the rest. On his return-
ge, the *man of money* determined
t some sparrows on a dung-hill.
; and before he could open them
he dead sparrows, a pig, which
the straw, and which he had shot
e running out, and laid itself at
ing most horribly in the agonies
out came the farmer's men with
orks; and out came the farmer's
him by the coat; and out came
lf, and seized him by the collar.
elf thus beset, the banker offered
omposition; but when he found
om than three guineas was de-
nurred, and said, that a pig of
urchased for less money in
ion, however, observing
plentiful in Leadenhall-
try, the money was pro-
and the farmer's men, and
d to their respective *ken-*
nels. It is the quality of a great mind not to be easily discouraged. The banker therefore reloaded his piece; and ere he had proceeded far, hearing a rustling in the hedge, he let fly at a venture. The report of the gun was immediately followed by cries of—"Good-lack! I am shot! as Got shall have me, I'm shot!" It was a Jew, who had been making a sacrifice, which was not that of the Paschal lamb, and who, at the close of it, while employed in plucking up grass, "and shrubs of broader leaf and more commodious," received a large portion of the charge in that part where, according to Butler,

"——A kick hurts honour more,
Than deepest wounds received before."

As the banker had never seen a magpie in the city that did not speak, he supposed that the whole species was naturally loquacious, and made no doubt but he had killed one of those talkative birds. "I have shot a magpie," said he to his companion, and off he ran to pick up his game; when, in the passage of the hedge, he was met face to face by the furious Israelite. Seeing him in the nakedness of a *sans culotte*, and bleeding from flank to flank, the banker started back in speechless horror. The "circumcised dog" pursued and took him by the throat, swearing, by the God of Moses that he would have blood for blood. The dreadful threat he enforced by the most sanguinary arguments *à posteriori*, and probably would have realized it, if the banker's friends had not offered him "egregious ransom." At the first mention of money, the bleeding member of the half tribe of Manassah relaxed his gripe, examined the paper that was tendered to him by the banker, and retired well satisfied, when he found that it was a check upon Messrs.——— and ———

PRIOR'S EPITAPH.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

M

DIRECTIONS TO LADIES ON THE SUBJECT OF DRESS.

If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown, or frock, is most advisable—because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. John Frost, nose-painter general of the colour of Castile soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds and make a lady look interesting—(i. e. *grizzly.*) Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks—flesh-coloured are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionably coloured mud that can be found; the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone colour, thrown over one shoulder, like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B.—If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat turned topsy-turvy, over the shoulders, would do just as well. This is called being dressed *a-la-drabble.*

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown—a yellowish, whitish, smokish, dirty-coloured shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the "Cinderella dress."

The recipe for a full-dress is as follows:—Take of spider-net, crape, satin, gymp, cat-gut, gauze, whale-bone, lace, bobbin, ribands, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these add as many spangles, beads, and gew-gaws, as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka Sound. Let Mrs. Toole, or Madame [illegible] patch all these articles together, one upon [illegible] dash them plentifully over with stars, [illegible] tinsel, and they will altogether form [illegible] which, hung upon a ladies back, and supplying the place of beauty, youth, [illegible] and of reminding the spectator of that [illegible] region of finery, called *Rag Fair.*

IRISH LEARNING.

The rector of Fintone, when examining [illegible] rishioners in the church, came up to a [illegible] asked her how many commandments [illegible] She answered, seven. The rector [illegible] there were ten, and inquired which [illegible] This was too hard for her, and while [illegible] stammering about it, one John Patterson [illegible] behind her, whispered to her, "Thou [illegible] no other gods but me."—"Do you [illegible] quoth she, "what Johnny Patterson, a [illegible] here says to me? he says, I shall have [illegible] gods but him; Deel in hell take such [illegible]

LEO X. AND HIS BUFFOON.

Querno, a kind of poetical buffoon [illegible] favour with Leo X. had been crowned [illegible] by the gay young men of fashion at the [illegible] Rome. The Pope, fond of his buffoon [illegible] sent him choice dishes from his own [illegible] expected always some distich in return [illegible] like other bon-vivants, was tortured by [illegible] and at one of its most powerful moments [illegible] obliged to write, in gratitude for a [illegible] sent the following:

"Archipoeta facit versus pro mille [illegible]
To which the good-humoured Leo nobly [illegible]

"Et pro mille aliis archipoeta bibit [illegible]
Then Querno, resolving to show himself [illegible] to his sufferings, wrote,

"Porrige, quod facint mihi carmina [illegible]
Falernum."

But the Pope as smartly replied,

"Hoc vinum enervat debilitatque [illegible]

course may be thus translated:
llions of poets, the arch-poet
ses,
is of bumpers, bepimpled his
s;
l of Falernian, t'enliven my

se in your *feet*, what in *mea-*
ou gain.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

a member of the famous as-
t Westminster, who were ap-
lel religion, he used to delight
with curious quibbles. In
, these venerable sages were
oyed in determining the dis-
salem and Jericho; and one
prove that it could be but a
rved, that "*fish* was carried
he other." On which Selden
was *salt* fish." This remark
nation again into an uncer-

LAGE POLITICIAN.

d the inn, we heard some one
volubility, and distinguished
, "taxes,"—"poor's rates,"
distress." It proved to be a
ow, who had penned the land-
er of the porch, with his hands
nal, listening with an air of
uiescence.
to have a curious effect on
squeezed my arm, and alter-
ered wide of the porch, as
ad any idea of entering. This
nced me to notice the orator
He was meagre, but active
long, pale, bilious face; a
shaven as to bloody his shirt
e, and a hat sharpened up at the sides, into a most pragmatical shape. He had a newspaper in his hand, and seemed to be commenting on its contents, to the thorough conviction of mine host.

At sight of Master Simon the landlord was evidently a little flurried, and began to rub his hands, edge away from his corner, and make several profound publican bows; while the orator took no other notice of my companion than to talk rather louder than before, and with, as I thought, something of an air of defiance. Master Simon, however, as I have before said, sheered off from the porch, and passed on, pressing my arm within his, and whispering as we got by, in a tone of awe and horror, "That's a radical! he reads Cobbett!"

I endeavoured to get a more particular account of him from my companion, but he seemed unwilling even to talk about him, answering only in general terms, that he was "a cursed busy-fellow, that had a confounded trick of talking, and was apt to bother one about the national debt, and such nonsense; from which I suspected that Master Simon had been rendered wary of him by some accidental encounter on the field of argument; for these radicals are continually roving about in quest of wordy warfare, and never so happy as when they can tilt a gentleman logician out of his saddle.

On subsequent inquiry my suspicions have been confirmed. I find the radical has but recently found his way into the village, where he threatens to commit fearful devastations with his doctrines. He has already made two or three complete converts, or new lights; has shaken the faith of several others; and has grievously puzzled the brains of many of the oldest villagers, who had never thought about politics, or scarce any thing else, during their whole lives.

He is lean and meagre from the constant restlessness of mind and body; worrying about with newspapers and pamphlets in his pockets, which he is ready to pull out on all occasions. He has shocked several of the staunchest villagers by talk-

ing lightly of the squire and his family; and hinting that it would be better the park should be cut up and made into small farms and kitchen-gardens, or feed good mutton instead of worthless deer.

He is a great thorn in the side of the squire, who is sadly afraid that he will introduce politics into the village, and turn it into an unhappy, thinking community. He is a still greater grievance to Master Simon, who has hitherto been able to sway the political opinions of the place, without much cost of learning or logic; but has been very much puzzled of late to weed out the doubts and heresies already sown by this champion of reform. Indeed, the latter has taken complete command at the tap-room of the tavern, not so much because he has convinced, as because he has out-talked all the old-established oracles. The apothecary, with all his philosophy, was as naught before him. He has convinced and converted the landlord at least a dozen times; who, however, is liable to be convinced and converted the other way by the next person with whom he talks. It is true the radical has a violent antagonist in the landlady, who is vehemently loyal, and thoroughly devoted to the king, Master Simon, and the squire. She now and then comes out on the reformer with all the fierceness of a cat-o'-mountain, and does not spare her own soft-headed husband, for listening to what she terms such "low-lived politics." What makes the good woman the more violent, is the perfect coolness with which the radical listens to her attacks, drawing his face up into a provoking, supercilious smile; and when she has talked herself out of breath, asking her for a taste of her home-

also, that he never knows when he
He has half a dozen old maxims, whic
vances on all occasions, and though his a
may overturn them never so often, yet
brings them anew to the field. He
robber in Ariosto, who, though his hea
cut off half a hundred times, yet whi
his shoulders again in a twinkling, a
as sound a man as ever to the charge.

Whatever does not square with Ja
and obvious creed, he sets down
politics;" for, notwithstanding th
cannot be persuaded that the Frenc
laying plots to ruin the nation, and
the Bank of England. The radica
overwhelm him one day by a long
newspaper; but Jack neither rea
in newspapers. In reply he gave
stanzas which he has by heart fro
and indeed only author, old Tusse
calls his Golden Rules:

Leave princes' affairs undescan
And tend to such doings as sta
Fear God, and offend not the
And keep thyself out of the

When Tibbets had pronounce
emphasis, he pulled out a
purse, took out a handful of g
his score at the bar with gre
turned his money, piece by p
his purse into his pocket, whi
and then, giving his cudgel
the floor, and bidding the rad
sir!" with the tone of a ma
has completely done for his
with lion-like gravity out of
three of Jack's admirers w
afraid to take the

FAMILY EPITAPH,

At Nettl-bed, in Oxfordshire.

re lies father and mother, and sister and I;
We all died within the short space of one year:
ney are all buried at Wimble, except I,
And I be buried here.

THE YOUTH OF PROMISE.

s old Cockloft was determined his son should
oth a scholar and a gentleman, he took great
s with his education, which was completed at
university, where he became exceedingly
et in quizzing his teachers and playing bil-
k. No student made better squibs and
ers to blow up the chemical professor—no
talked more ludicrous caricatures on the
of the college—and none were more adroit
ring pigs and climbing lightning rods. He
er learned all the letters of the Greek al-
; could demonstrate that water never "of
accord" rose above the level of its source,
air was certainly the principle of life,
d been entertained with the humane ex-
t of a cat worried to death in an air-
ial earthquake; and nearly blew his
bara, and her cat, out of the window
unting powder. He likewise boasts
ly of being thoroughly acquainted with
sition of Lacedemonian black broth;
ade a pot of it, which had well-nigh
e whole family, and actually threw the
into convulsions. But, above all, he
elf upon his logic, has the old college
of the cat with three tails at his fin-
and often hampers his father with his
the great delight of the old gentle-
nsiders the major, minor, and con-
most equal in argument to the pulley,
d the lever, in mechanics.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

es of matrimonial life,
reverence an experienc'd wife;
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part;
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the sma
For since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to be
Christ saw a wedding once, 'tis thought, in all his days
And saw but one, whence some infer, whose conscience is too n
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too n
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
"Increase and multiply" was Heav'n's co
mand,
And that's a text I clearly understand;
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
Or else the wisest of mankind's belied.
I've had myself full many a merry fit,
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet;
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve me turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle, too, has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity:
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I for a few slight spots am not so nice.
Heav'n calls us different ways: on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those,
Not every man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may I can't deny;
But by your leaves, divines, so am not I

Full many a saint since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid in spite of man;
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
For me I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night;
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich, and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest without much loss I could resign;
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.
Presents flow'd in apase, with showers of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old;
If I but smil'd a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
For never was it given to mortal man
To lie so boldly as we women can;
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
"Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so amorous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
"If poor (you say,) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns posse
Now gaily mad, now sourly splen
Freakish when well, and fretful w
If fair, then chaste she cannot lon
By pressing youth attack'd on ev
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover
Or else her wit some fool-gallant
Or else she dances with becoming
Or shape excuses the defects of fa
There swims no goose so gray, bu
She finds some honest gander for h
"Horses (thou say'st) and asse
And ring suspected vessels ere the
But wives, a random choice, they
They dream in courtship, but in w
Then, nor till then, the veil's rem
And all the woman glares in open
"You tell me, to preserve y
grace,
Your eyes must always languish o
Your tongue with constant flatter
And tag each sentence with "My
If by strange chance a modest blu
Be sure my fine complexion must
My garments always must be new
And feasts still kept upon my wed
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and
And endless treats and endless vis
To a long train of kindred, friend
All this thou say'st, and all thou s
"On Jenkins, too, you cast a s
What! can your 'prentice raise yo
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his fo
And like the burnish'd gold his cu
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and
I'd scorn your 'prentice should you
"Why are thy chests all loc
design?
Are not thy worldly goods and tre
Sir, I'm no fool, nor shall you, by
Have goods and body to yourself
One you shall quit in spite of both
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks,

[redacted]

m'd say, " Go where you will,
yills not the tales they tell ;
ame of a married life ;
virtuous faithful wife."
you have enough what need you

er others fare ?
y I give and take delight,
nt will be left at night.
rational desire
t a neighbour's fire.
r too you think in rich array,
g be modest that are gay.
t singe her tabby skin,
s and sits content within ;
eek will from her corner run,
l, and wanton in the sun ;
round face, and frisks abroad
nd to be caterwau'd."
nds, I wrought to my desires
ancient venerable sires.
ou say and thus you do ;
ut Jenkins swore 'twas true.
ld bite as well as whine,
n'd whene'er the guilt was mine.
vith wenching and amours,
legs scarce dragg'd them out of

mbles that I took by night
hat damsels they bedight ;
ht me many hours of mirth ;
given us from our birth.
oman the peculiar grace
, and cully human race.
set, and this prudent course,
heedling, stratagem and force
nd would be in the right ;
e made a restless night.
d's arm was o'er my side,
lar with your spouse ?" I cried,
upon this need ;
me a nicety indeed ;
his certain maxim hold,
our sex is to be sold.

With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure ;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces curses oft I mixt,
Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table ;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
" Billy, my dear ! how sheepishly you look !
Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek ;
Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek.
Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
Well should you practice who so well can teach.
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest ! will instruct you how.
Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife.
One of us two must rule, and one obey ;
And since in man right reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
The wives of all my family have rul'd
Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
Fye ! 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;
What ! would you have me to yourself alone ?
Why, take me, love ! take all and every part !
Here's your revenge, you love it at your heart.
Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.
But see ! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame !
What means my dear ?—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus with my three first lords I pass'd my life,
A very woman and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl ;

Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love;
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is ev'n to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid.—As how? you'll say.
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But so I dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe;
He died when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood;
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack my heart he could have woo,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in woman reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap
A glutted market makes provision cheap
In pure good will I took this jovial
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew
Better than e'er our parish-priest could
To her I told whatever could befal;
Had but my husband lean'd against a
Or done a thing that might have cost
She—and my niece—and one more
Had known it all; what most he would
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befel in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was not
From house to house we rambled up
This clerk, myself, and my good neigh
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tale
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade
The stations duly and the vigils kept,
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever sl
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my be
The cause was this, I wore it every da
'Twas when fresh May her car
yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my
We straight struck hands, the bargain
I still have shifts against a time of ner
The mouse that always trusts to one
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since
And durst be sworn he had bewitched

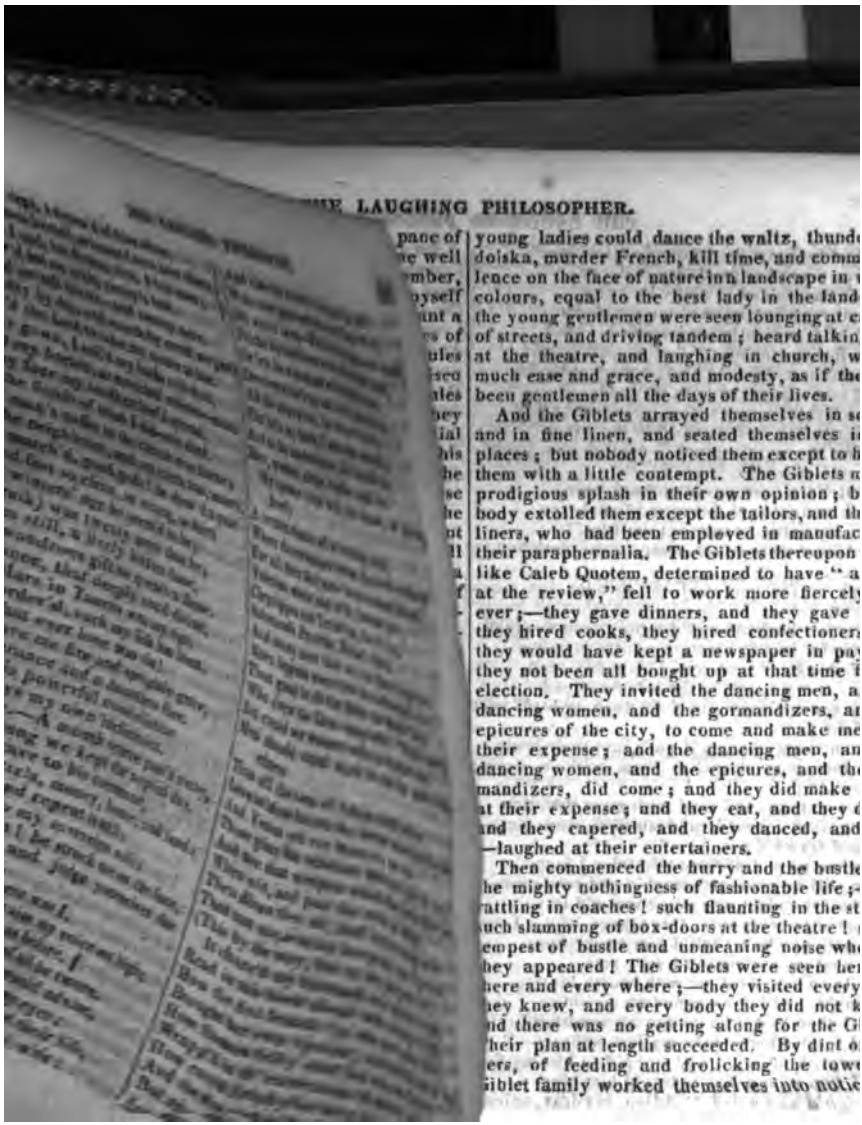
[redacted]

sam'd of him alone,
, as learned men have shown,
dreams, sirs. I had none;
rafty crony's lore,
s lie—and twenty more.
and month by month we past;
to take my spouse at last.
oil'd my locks with dust,
s, as wretched widows—must.
handkerchief I spread,
f tears I did—not shed.
hn to the church was borne;
ours, and my clerk too, mourn,
good gods! he show'd a pair
clean, so strong, so fair!
age he seem'd to be;
twenty more than he;
a lively buxom dame,
as gift to quench a flame.
nat deeply could divine,
Taurus was my sign.
, such my life has been,
er love was sin!
e fire and sprightly grace,
e and a dauntless face.
owerful constellation
ny own inclination.
—A month scarce pass'd away,
ig we kept the nuptial day.
ive to his command,
tels, money, house, and land:
nd repent it still:
to my sovereign will:
'n! he struck me on the face,
, and judge yourselves the

lioness was I,
to raise my voice on high;
s I was before,
spite of all he swore.
t, sagely would advise,
et before my eyes;
n matrons led their life,
and Dejanire's wife:

And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say—Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
And so do numbers more, I'd boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound;
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art.
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's Loves,
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and Saints' Lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man;
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have—their pen,
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow,
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)
It chanc'd my husband on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with strange delight,
How the first female (as the scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse, and all his race to woe;
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire;
How curs'd Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid;
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame.
And husband-bull, oh, monstrous! fye for shame!

h luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
d warm the swelling veins to feats of love;
r 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail;
line lets no lover unrewarded go,
s all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
Is ev'n to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid.—As how? you'll say.
Not with my body in a filthy way;
But so I dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe;
He died when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood;
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack my heart he could have woo,
Still the smart was shooting in the bone.



E LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

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young ladies could dance the waltz, thunde
doiska, murder French, kill time, and comm
lence on the face of nature in a landscape in
colours, equal to the best lady in the land
the young gentlemen were seen lounging at c
of streets, and driving tandem; heard talkin
at the theatre, and laughing in church, w
much ease and grace, and modesty, as if the
been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in s
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they would have kept a newspaper in pa
they not been all bought up at that time
election. They invited the dancing men, a
dancing women, and the gormandizers, a
epicures of the city, to come and make me
their expense; and the dancing men, an
dancing women, and the epicures, and th
mandizers, did come; and they did make
at their expense; and they eat, and they
and they capered, and they danced, and
—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustl
he mighty nothingness of fashionable life;-
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heir plan at length succeeded. By dint o
ers, of feeding and frolicking the town
iblet family worked themselves into notic

He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
How many jordens on the sage she threw,
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head,
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he said.
He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
"Where grows this plant," replied the friend,
"oh! where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear;
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted it shall be."
Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love,
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought;
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain,
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
"Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth, (I cried)
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—"
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face,
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"

But after many a hearty struggle past
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, "My mistress and my
Do what you list the term of all your li
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesom
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command
With all the government of house and l
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his
As for the volume that revil'd the dame
'Twas torn to fragments and condemn'd
Now Heav'n on all my husband's go
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below
That rest they wish'd for grant thee
grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'

THE WORLD.

What is the world? a term that men h
To signify,—not one in ten knows wha
A term with which no more preci-ion
To point out herds of men, than herds
In common use, no more it means we
Than many fools in one opinion join'd

WIFE'S AFFECTION.

O cruel Death, why wert thou so unki
To take my husband, and leave me be
Thou shouldst have taken both of us,
Which would have been more grati
survivor.

LIVING IN STYLE.

In no instance have I seen grasping
more whimsically exhibited than in th
my old acquaintance Timothy Giblet.
old Giblet when I was a boy, and he w
surly curmudgeon I ever knew. He w
scarecrow to the small-fry of the day, a
the hatred of all these unlucky little
never could we assemble about his do
ing to play, and make a little hubbub
sallied from his nest like a spider, fu
formidable horsewhip, and dispersed
crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I

sent in to my father for a pane of
ntally broken, which came well
sound flogging; and I remember,
the next night I revenged myself
a-dozen. Giblet was as arrant a
r crawled; and the only rules of
e cared a button for were the rules
and addition; which he practised
sfully than he did any of the rules
rality. He used to declare they
den rules: and he took special
r's arithmetic in the hands of his
they had read ten pages in the
er-book. The practice of these
was at length crowned with the
s; and after a life of incessant
larvation, and after enduring all
lings, and pence miseries of a
e satisfaction of seeing himself
d of dying just as he had deter-
the remainder of his days in con-
great wealth and accumulating

inherited his money; but they
ition, and every other memorial
his grave. Fired with a noble
they instantly emerged from the
hich themselves and their accom-
itherto been buried; and they
whizzed, and they cracked about
st of squibs and devils in a fire-

started, the Giblets were deter-
ng should stop them in their ca-
had run their full course and
y tip-top of style. Every tailor,
, every coachmaker, every milli-
ua-maker, every paper-hanger,
ber, and every dancing-master in
nlisted in their service; and the
nost courteously answered their
work to build up the fame of the
had done that of many an as-
fore them. In a little time the
young ladies could dance the waltz, thunder Lodoiska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water-colours, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets, and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theatre, and laughing in church, with as much ease and grace, and modesty, as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places; but nobody noticed them except to honour them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except the tailors, and the milliners, who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever;—they gave dinners, and they gave balls; they hired cooks, they hired confectioners, and they would have kept a newspaper in pay, had they not been all bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense; and the dancing men, and the dancing women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers, did come; and they did make merry at their expense; and they eat, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they —laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life;—such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box-doors at the theatre! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise wherever they appeared! The Giblets were seen here and there and every where;—they visited every body they knew, and every body they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblet family worked themselves into notice, a

enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being for ever pestered by visitors, who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed, and smothered, and par-boiled at nightly balls, and evening tea-parties; they were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed; they turned their noses up in the wind at every thing that was not genteel; and their superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in the style.

THE BACKBITER.

No, Varus hates a thing that's base,—
I own, indeed, he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

Upon a black board, besprinkled with white tears, and hung up in a public-house, in England, is the following inscription:—"This monument is erected to the memory of *Trust*, who was some time ago cruelly put to death by *Credit*; a fellow who is prowling about the country plotting the ruin of all publicans."

MRS. DOBBS AT HOME.

"*The common chat of gossips when they meet.*"
DRYDEN.

He who knows Hackney, needs must know
That spot enchanting—Prospect-Row,
So called, because a view it shows
Of Shoreditch Road, and when there blows
No dust, the folks may one and all get
A peep—almost to Norton Falgate.
Here Mrs. Dobbs, at Number Three,
Invited all her friends to tea.
The Row had never heard before
Such double knocks at any door;
And heads were popp'd from every casement,
Counting the comers with amazement.

Some magnified them to eleven,
While others swore there were but seven;
A point that's keenly mooted still,
But certain 'tis that Mrs. Gill
Told Mrs. Grub she reckoned ten:—
Fat Mrs. Hobbs came second—then
Came Mesdames Jinkins, Dump, and Spr
Tapps, Jacks, Briggs, Hoggins, Cr
Wiggins.

Dizen'd in all her best array,
Our melting hostess said her say,
As the souchong repast proceeded,
And curtsying and bobbing press'd
By turns each gormandizing guest,
To stuff as heartily as she did.
Dear Mrs. Hoggins, what!—your cup
Turn'd in your saucer, bottom up!—
Dear me, how soon you've had your fill,
Let me persuade you—one more sup,
'Twill do you good, indeed it will;—
Psha now, you're only making game,
Or else you *tea*'d afore you came.

Stop Mrs. Jenkins, let me stir it,
Before I pour out any more.—
No, ma'am, that's just as I prefer it.—
O then I'll make it as before.

Lauk! Mrs. Dump, that toast seems dry,
Do take and eat this middle bit;
The butter's fresh you may rely,
And a fine price I paid for it.—
No doubt, ma'm—what a shame it is,
And Cambridge too again has *risen*!
You don't deal now with Mrs. Keats!
No, she's a bad one—ma'am she cheats.
Hush! Mrs. Crump's her aunt—Good luck
How lucky she has just turn'd her back.

Don't spare the toast, ma'am, don't say
I've got another round below;
I give folks plenty when I ax e'm,
For cut and come again's my maxim.
Nor should I deem it a misfort'n,
If you demolish'd the whole quart'n;
Though bread is now a shameful price,—
Why did they 'bolish the assize!

, Mrs. Dobbs,
it, Mrs. Hobbs?
ter-tub runs o'er,
ch a bore!
at we hang out—
ry no doubt.

o only look,
ever be mistook;
it can't be worse,
es and a hearse;
rch and burying-place,
pon your face;—
ipate your doubts,
mlucky grouts;—
st—the pot has stood,
rong and good.

gin's in the garden;
—but begging pardon,
zing dingy—
awl, ma'am, 's really *Injy?*
;—well, give me clothes
od ma'am, not like those.
fry, Mrs. Jacks,
ings 'pon our backs.

s dear,—perhaps
still with William Tapps.—
who's got to pay,
ve their one-horse chay;
or rumps.—At most
or boil'd and roast,
from Leadenhall
ins and all.
rous dear all round;
g a groat a pound.

the moments flew,
o say adieu;
ed to waddle back
of Cognac,
rs Dobbs a law,
was cold or raw.
, lanterns, clogs,
y the party jogs;
And silent solitude again
O'er Prospect-Row resumed its reign,
Just as the watchman crawl'd in sight,
To cry—"Past ten—a cloudy night."

ROYAL TASTE.

The person of one of the mistresses of the second George, Madam Kilmansegge (afterwards Countess of Darlington)—is thus described by Horace Walpole; "Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the Duchess of Kendal—(another of the royal mistresses)—was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling, beneath two lofty arched eyebrows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays,—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a seraglio!—One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We came for all your goods."—"Yes, damn ye!" answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too."

THE END OF THE WORLD.

One day, the rocks from top to toe shall quiver,
The mountains melt and all in sunder shiver;
The heav'ns shall rent for fear; the lowly fields,
Puft up, shall swell to huge and mighty hills.
Rivers shall dry; or, if in any flood
Rest any liquor, it shall all be blood.
The sea shall all be fire, and on the shore
The thirsty whales with horrid noise shall roar;
The sun no more of light shall grant his boon,
But make it midnight when it should be noon;
With rusty mask the heavens shall hide their face,
The stars shall fall, and all away shall pass:
Disorder, dread, horror, and death shall come,
Noise, storms, and darkness, shall usurp the room.

And then the CHIEF CHIEF-JUSTICE, venging wrath
(Which he already often threaten'd hath),
Shall make a *bon-fire* of this mighty hall,
As once he made it a vast ocean all.

SWIFT UPON BURNET.

In the Lansdown library, there is a copy of "Burnet's History of his Own Times," filled with remarks on the margin in the hand-writing of Swift. Burnet, it is well known, was no favourite with the Dean. We select a few specimens:—

Preface, p. 3. Burnet. "Indeed, the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, have sharpened my spirits perhaps too much against them; so I warn my readers to take all that I say on those heads with some grains of allowance."—Swift. "I will take his *warning*."

P. 28. Burnet. "The Earl of Argyle was a more solemn sort of man, grave and sober, and free of all scandalous vices."—Swift. "As a man is free of a corporation, he means."

P. 49. Burnet. "I will not enter farther into the military part; for I remember an advice of Marshal Schomberg, never to meddle in military matters. His observation was, 'Some affected to relate those affairs in all the terms of war, in which they committed great errors, that exposed them to the scorn of all commanders, who must despise relations that pretend to exactness, when there were blunders in every part of them.'"—Swift. "Very foolish advice, for soldiers cannot write."

P. 5. Burnet. "Upon the King's death, the Scots proclaimed his son King, and sent over Sir George Wincan, *that married my great aunt*, to treat with him while he was in the Isle of Jersey."—Swift. "Was *that* the reason why he was sent?"

P. 63. Burnet. (Speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil wars.) "The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices."—Swift. "*And the preaching* beyond the capacity of the crowd. I believe the church has as much as the minister."

P. 163. Burnet. (Speaking of Per
"It was esteemed the *beautifulest* poem that ever was writ, at least in
—Swift. "A mistake! for it is in L

P. 169. Burnet. "Patrick was great preacher, ** but a little too se those who differed from him.—* He h wards more moderate."—Swift. " turned a rank whig."

P. 263. Burnet. "And yet, (King Charles II.) never treated her with the *decencies* of a mistress."—Sw what *decencies* are those?"

P. 327. Burnet. "It seems the no great account of their prisoners, leased 25,000 Dutch for 50,000 crow "What! ten shillings a-piece! By for a Dutchman.

P. 483. Burnet. "I laid open of the church of Rome in Queen which were not then known; and though *very truly*, the danger of fallin power of that religion."—Swift. "

P. 525. Burnet. "Home was the credit of *one* evidence. App true, were made to the Duke of Y his life; but he was not born under *planet*."—Swift. "Silly fop."

P. 586. Burnet. "Baillie suf hardships and fines, for being supp the Rye-house plot; yet during this composed, and even so cheerful, that looked like the revival of the spirit Greeks and Romans."—Swift. " he was *our cousin*."

Vol. II. p. 669. Burnet. (Spe progress of his own life.) "The sense I did soon nauseate."—Swift. with the wine of some elections."

P. 727. Burnet. "I came now 1688, which proved memorable, and extraordinary and *unheard of* revolu

[redacted]

-of! Sure all Europe *heard* of it."
urnet. "When I heard of the ac-
James's flight, I was affected with
verse of fortune in a great Prince,
ink fit to express."—Swift, "Or
lieve."
urnet. "It was proposed that the
retended Prince might be inquired
as ordered to gather together all the
roofs that were formerly mentioned;
did not amount to a full and legal
ey seemed to be such violent pre-
at when they were all laid together,
e convincing than plain and down-
, for that was liable to the suspicion
, whereas the others seemed to carry
convincing characters of truth and
-Swift. "Well said, Bishop."

PRINTING.—A SONG.

; and science were both sunk in night,
d freedom were banish'd outright,
of Printing soon brought all to

he praises of Printing,
the noble art's praise.

profess this great heaven-taught art,
rty, virtue, and knowledge at heart,
hese verses, and now bear a part,
To carol, &c.

nposer a *galley* must have,
from that a composer's a slave,
as often dug tyranny's grave.
Then carol, &c.

e needs, all mankind does the same,
rates his matter, he is not to blame,
ation he lays a strong claim.
Then carol, &c.

imposes, 'tis not to do wrong,
e follows the *chase* all day long,
him a good *slice* does belong.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' friendly to *quoins*, yet *Frisket* cannot he loves,
Expert in his *great* and *long primer* he proves,
And with skill and address all his *furniture* moves.
Then carol, &c.

Tho' no antiquary, he deals much in coins,
And freedom with loyalty closely combines,
And to aid the republic of letters he joins.
Then carol, &c.

Extremes he avoids, and in medium invites,
Tho' no blockhead; he often in *footsoy* delights,
And handles his *sheeting-stick* tho' he ne'er fights.
Then carol, &c.

But the art to complete, the stout pressmen must come, [*drum*,
And make use of their *balls*, their *frisket*, and
And to strike the impression the *platten* pull home.
Then carol, &c.

But, as the old proverb declares very clear,
We're the farthest from God when the church we are near,
So in all printing *chapels* do devils appear.
Then carol, &c.

On the press, truth, religion, and learning depend,
Whilst that remains free, slav'ry ne'er gains its end,
Then my *bodkin* in him who is not Printing's friend,
And carol the praises of Printing,
And sing in that noble art's praise.

THE JUDGE BURIED IN HIS OWN CELLAR.

One of the judges in King Charles II.'s reign, being in the long vacation, at his country-house, in Holsworth, Suffolk, happened to fall into a deep fit of the hypochondria, insomuch that he fancied himself to be dead; and was so very obstinate under the influence of his whimsical distemper, that he would not be persuaded to stir hand or foot, or receive any sustenance, but by force, till he had brought his body into a very low condition. In this stubborn frenzy he lay upon his back, stretched out at his full length, like a corpse, and motionless; neither his physician nor

his family knowing what to do with him. A famous High German doctor coming into the town, attended with fools and rope-dancers, to pick the country people's pockets of a little money, hearing of so eminent a person under this unaccountable indisposition, took an occasion, the first time that he mounted his public theatre, to mention this matter to his country chubs, telling them their country physicians were all fools, and that the judge was only troubled with the multigrubs; and that if his lady would send for him he would undertake to bring him to his speech, set him upon his legs, make him walk, talk, eat, drink, or do any thing in four and twenty hours time, or else he would desire nothing for his trouble. This large promise of the mountebank was soon communicated to the judge's lady, who sent immediately for the Dutch tooth-drawer, to consult him about the matter; who told her positively he could soon cure him if she would promise a hundred guineas reward, provided he had leave, without interruption, to do as he should see fit. Both parties being agreed, the doctor sent his man for a joiner and a coffin. When every thing was in order, the doctor and the lady entered the room where the body lay. No sooner had the doctor cast an eye upon his sullen patient, than he cried out to the lady, "Lord, madam, what makes you send for a physician to a dead man; for shame, keep him not above ground any longer. Upon my word, madam, he has been dead so long that if you do not bury him quickly, the scent of his corpse will breed a plague."—"I have had a coffin in the house for some time, (replied the lady,) but was loth to have him buried too soon."—"By all means, (said the doctor,) let it be brought in, and order him to be nailed up immediately."—"Pray, doctor, (said the lady,) do you stay a little in the room, for fear the rats should disfigure the corpse, and I will step and order some of my servants to bring in the coffin presently." The patient heard all this, but was still too much amused to break silence; the lady came accordingly, and the servants with the coffin, who set it down by the bedside, and having wrapt their ma blankets, laid him into the coffin, and pretended to nail him up. The the great bell of the church to be might think they were bearing him instead of which, they carried hi wine-cellar, where they set a perso till a good supper was prepared; the doctor ordered his lady and disguise themselves in winding-she ghosts or spirits, the doctor mak party. When they were thus equip led the van of these hobgoblins, the cellar, where they altered their into a merry, extravagant chat, affairs of the upper world, rattl and the glasses, extolling their death, and drinking to the rememb friends they had left behind. In a per was laid, and they fell to with as they were thus merrily eating "What's the matter, (says the doc melancholy ghost, that he does not coffin? He has been amongst us and has not yet given us any of surely he is sadly tired of his jour other world, for he has a long prithee wake him, and ask him t One of the most frightful of the sp taper in his hand, now opened coffin, and bawled in his ears, " Huggle-Duggle, deputy-governor regions, desires your company t him." Upon which he raised his h of the coffin, and beholding so figures feeding heartily, "Pray, dead men eat?"—"Aye, and drink doctor,) or how should they live?"— the judge,) if eating be the custom try, I will make my resurrection, with you." They now conducted at the table. "Truly, (said he,) to find that dead men live so merr may we live so merrily, (said the d

money than a man in the
00*l.* a-year; for, in short,
id that for nothing."
er they drank a cheerful
f their particular friends
t last the patient (being
s long fasting) grew very
turned him again into his
here he soon fell into a
hich time they carried him
and put him again into his
rith his lady till the next
t, when waking, he began
agely surprised, which the
" Prithee, my dear, what's
—" Lord, love, (said he,)
are we?"—" In our own
in our own chamber, in
re do you think we should
he judge,) I have had one
ible dreams that ever was
time he was recovered of
untebank had his reward,
the bench for several years

LA-TABLE.

nences, all starch'd and all

r, their corns, or sit mum;
ambric, of ribands, of lace,
d—and will name you the

r colds, and they hem and

servants to pass their time

he doating mamma;
baby will laugh and say

r of wit and of soul—
than the draughts of the

Soon unloosens the tongue, and enlivens the mind,
And enlightens their eyes to the faults of mankind.

In harmless chit-chat an acquaintance they roast,
And serve up a friend, as they serve up a toast;
Some gentle *faux pas*, or some female mistake,
Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relished as cake;
A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust,
It would stick in the throat, so they butter it first
With a little affected good-nature, and cry
"Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I."
Our young ladies nibble a good name in play,
As for pastime they nibble a biscuit away
While with shrugs and surmises the toothless old dame,
As she mumbles a crust, she will mumble a name.

The wives of our cits of inferior degree
Will soak up repute in a little bohea;
The potion is vulgar, and vulgar the slang
With which on their neighbours' defects they harangue;
But the scandal improves, a refinement in wrong!
As our matrons are richer, and rise to souchong.
With hyson—a beverage that's still more refined,
Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind;
And by nods, inuendoes, and hints, and what not,
Reputations and tea send together to pot.
While madam, in cambrics and laces array'd,
With her plate and her liveries in splendid parade,
Will drink in imperial a friend at a sup,
Or in gunpowder blow them by dozens all up.
Ah me! how I groan, when with full swelling sail
Wafted stately along by the favouring gale,
A China ship proudly arrives in our bay,
Displaying her streamers and blazing away.
Oh! more fell to our port is the cargo she bears
Than grenadoes, torpedoes, or warlike affairs;
Each chest is a bombshell thrown into our town,
To shatter repute and bring character down.
If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,
Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,
Let me fall, I implore, in the slang-whanger's claws,
Where the evil is open, and subject to law;

Not nibbled, and mumbled, and put to the rack
By the sly underminings of tea-party clack;
Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,
But spare me! O spare me, a tea-table toasting!

A CONFERENCE

Between George Duke of Buckingham and Father Fitzgerald.

Priest. May it please your grace, I come from his Majesty, who sent me on purpose to wait on you.

Duke. I am exceedingly beholden to his Majesty for all his favours. I thought I had long ago been out of his remembrance; pray, sir, take a chair. And what may your errand be!

P. His majesty being informed of your grace's illness, and as it becomes a prince who has a true regard for his subjects, compassionating the dangerous circumstances you are in at present, commanded me to use my best endeavours to reclaim your grace from that heretical communion 'tis now your unhappinesss to embrace, and reconcile you to the catholic church, out of which there is no salvation.

D. I perceive, sir, you're a priest; Sam, bring up a bottle of wine, and clean glasses.—Do you smoke, sir?

P. An't please your grace, I did not come to drink, but ——

D. Well, well, a glass now and then won't spoil conversation. But do you say, sir, there's no salvation to be had out of the pale of the catholic church?

P. Well then I submit; his majesty's (drinks off his glass) health, and your grace's commands must never be disputed.

D. But all this while, father, you take no (playing with the cork) notice of my fine gelding here. Do but observe his exquisite shape: what fine turned neck is there? His eyes, how lively and full? His pace, how majestic and noble? I'll lay a hundred guineas there's nothing in Newmarket can compare with him.

P. An't please your grace, I see

D. Why don't you see me play wi stroke him under the belly clap his l manage him as I please?

P. Either your grace is merrily else your illness has had a very u upon your grace's imagination. Upon I see nothing but a cork in your hand

D. How, my horse dwindled in piece of cork? Come, father, this is v done of you, to turn the finest geldin whose sire was a true Arab, and had nealogy to show than the best gentlem of Scotland can pretend to, into a co

P. Not to flatter then this melancho your grace, which may but serve to rivet it the more in you, I must fairly tell your grace, that 'tis a c thing but a cork.

D. 'Tis hard that a person of word won't be taken in such a matt have not the least prospect of gettin by imposing upon you. But, father, make good your assertion? I say still you tell me 'tis a cork; how shall t be made up between us?

P. Very easily; for instance, I (taking the cork from the duke) it h and that tells me 'tis cork. I next sight, and that affirms the same; the by my taste, and still 'tis cork.

D. Hark you, father, before yo step farther; thou art plaguily mista thinkest to make the Trinity a stepp transubstantiation.

P. Be it so then; and since yo mentioned transubstantiation, we'll e merits of that controversy. I need your grace, that no article of our ha so expressly laid down in scripture what can be plainer than *hoc est corp*

D. I see, father, I must refresh y with this piece of cork, which I pro once more to be a horse: just now y

l by the senses, in those matters that pro-
long to their tribunal; but now you dis-
jurisdiction of the court, which is not
done.
y lord duke, you must humble your
reconcile yourself to this holy mystery,
en the angels themselves don't compre-

ell, father, since we have fallen, I don't
, upon the chapter of miracles, I will
to entertain you with one that happened
winter in Northumberland, and comes
d from so many hands, both catholic and
t, that he must be a rank infidel indeed,
s dispute the credibility of it. But as I
of the most treacherous memories in the
won't pretend to relate it to you myself,
f my servants shall do it——Here, (to
s gentlemen coming into the room,) go
John come to me immediately.
our grace may save yourself that trouble,
ease, for I am as well satisfied as if I had

ay, you are no priest for my money if
e to hear a miracle, and what is more, a
miracle. (Long John enters,) Come
must oblige this worthy gentleman here,
me upon no less errand than the salva-
our master's soul, with the relation of
as miracle that happened last winter in
berland.
Your grace has always a right to com-
Why then, sir, you are to understand,
in two miles of my Lord Widrington's
the above-mentioned county, there was a
lage which wholly belongs to his Lord-
the same token most of the inhabitants,
sistance, I suppose, to their landlord, are
lics.
well, proceed.
ent woman of this village was acci-
g at her door, about three in the
n my lord's priest happened to
immediately ran after him,

and told him, dear father, you must needs think of going to his lordship to-night, the ways are slippery and full of sloughs, the days are short, and you'll certainly be benighted before you can have got half the way thither; I tremble to think what would become of you, should you lose the road, or fall into a ditch; therefore, let me persuade you to accept of a sorry supper and lodging at my house; I am sure my lord will not be offended with you, and to-morrow you'll have the whole day before you.

D. And what reply made the priest to this?

J. After a little humming and hawing upon the matter, he considered it would be his wisest way to take up his quarters that night at the old woman's, so he followed her to her house; she led him into a pretty snug warm parlour, made him a fire nose high, then going into the yard, slew a barn-door fowl with her own hands, clapt it on the spit, and when it was ready, neatly dished up with egg-sauce, and who so cheerful as she and the priest over their supper?

D. 'Twas well done.

J. Resolving to give so worthy a guest the best entertainment her house afforded, after supper she presented him with a dish of nuts of her own gathering, and then thwacked his guts with apples and ale, and was very liberal of her nutmeg and sugar. Thus they passed away the hours merrily: at last bed-time approached, our good old landlady showed the father the chamber he was to lie in, wished him a happy night and departed; but being a curious woman, as most of the sex are possessed with the spirit of curiosity, she peeped through the key-hole, to see how the priest managed matters by himself.

P. Honest friend, you may drop your miracle here, if you please, I'll hear no more on't.

D. Father, your zeal has got the heels of your discretion. Upon my word here's no trap laid for a jest, but what her majesty and maids of honour may hear.

J. To her infinite surprise and admiration, she saw *him* jump stark naked as ever he was born,

not into the sheets, though they smelt most deliciously of lavendar and roses, but into the blankets. Down stairs she hurries, full of grief and confusion, which would not let her wink all night; and Lord, cries she, what a wicked age is this we live in, how cold, and uncharitable, when a person of such merit and learning, who has resided too so long in the family, has not a shirt to put on his back? I could never have thought my Lord so niggardly. These afflicting thoughts, wholly occasioned by her zeal for religion, and the professors of it, made that impression upon her, that she did not enjoy a minute's repose that night. Early she gets up the next morning, and measured out six ells of the finest flaxen linen she had, which was of her own spinning. Presently down comes the father into her parlour; she enquires of him how he past the night, and was ravished with joy to hear he had slept so well. After this, comes in a thundring toast, with a full tankard of humming stale beer. The priest and she soon ended it between them, and now she had courage enough to tell him what she had observed the night before. Father, says she, I beg your pardon for being so impudent as to peep through your key-hole last night; and truly I was grieved to the heart to see that a gentleman of your education and great parts should be without a shirt. Come, never blush for the matter, I know it is so; but here are six ells of my best linen, which will make you two very good shirts, and I humbly desire you to accept of them.

D. Why, father, here is the quintessence of true christianity for you.

J. Well, daughter, replies he, I accept of your present in good part (for priests and lawyers are seldom guilty of refunding) not that I shall have any occasion of making use of it myself, for you must understand, I belong to an order which obliges us to wear woollen next our skin, but it may serve to make towels for the altar, and the like; and therefore I will take it with me. They began to do after he was gone, she a doing till sun-setting. Our landla gining that a miracle was entail father's blessing, very innocently w the small remainder of linen she had her great astonishment, and that of continued in this posture till the sun got such a prodigious quantity of means, that next week she was a her lease, and is now the topping parish.

D. What think you now, fa John's story?

J. This miracle in a moment r four northern counties; every vill rung of it; nay, it crossed the Tw the ears of the unbelieving Scot wherever he came, was worshipped like a little Divinity, and the wo nified by all as a true pattern of piety, and charity, since heaven pains to reward her in so extraordi

P. Honest friend, let me desir concise as you can, for in plain tr of your story already.

J. At the lower end of this vill above-mentioned miraculous see lived another old woman, a catholic who, hoping to gain as much by h her neighbour had done before her, sharply for the father as a York does for a purse-proud litigious c to her mighty satisfaction, she see door; immediately she trots after of the depth of the ways, and the g ran of being lost, desires him to c safety, and not expose himself to which he might so reasonably ex badness of the ways and the d nights. With these plausible i wheedles the priest into her house

[redacted]

the right course to gain her point,
[illegible] ever while you live, father,
[illegible] belly, if you intend to make

[illegible]
table-cloth was taken away, our
ss, who was resolved to out-do
entertainment in her provisions,
s in a double bottle of Methegp-
per, and begins prosperity to the
She tells the father, that a ju-
ely told her, that a cardinal was
ne, who was to make his public
leapside, in cloth of beaten silver
was he, and that he was to con-
tion, and then, father (says she)
y times. The honest priest was
his gut and pipe, that he neither
ld to approve her discourse. In
drank and prattled, until the
a way into their pericraniums
see one another. The priest,
his head any longer, desired to
room where he was to lie that
man, with much ado, gets him
to his bed, wishes him a thou-
nd so leaves him with a trusty
d-side, that if he waked in the
something to refresh his con-
ounce.
hn.
the priest had rigged himself
nto the parlour, our ancient
a nice breakfast, out of the
ns, which, being highly sea-
effectually shoeing-horn for
ud now, with tears in her
ne story as her neighbour
e horrid ingratitude of the
and devout a man as he
o prevent which, for the
within her small capacity,

P. You'll never have done. Pursuit.

J. The priest, not being conjuror enough to dive into the bottom of her heart, to know whether she was guided by any mercenary principle, or whether her intentions were real, heartily thanked her for the noble present she had made him; and folded it up under his great-coat; bid her kneel down, and laying his sacerdotal fist upon her head, he gave her a blessing, and prayed, that whatever this good woman began to do after he was gone, she might continue a doing till unsetting.

D. And what fell out upon this?

J. The father was no sooner got over the threshold, but our matron, who had laid all her tackle in readiness, was going to measure the remainder of her linen; but then considering, upon second thoughts, what a large morning's draught she had taken with the priest, and being a wise prudent woman into the bargain, she thought it would be convenient to make a little water before she fell to work. She did so, and continued in mingent circumstances from the morning till night, evacuating so plentiful a stream that she in a manner occasioned a second deluge. In short, all the low lands in Northumberland suffered by it; twenty-four mills, upon strict examination, were found to be overwhelmed by this sudden inundation, besides cottages and hay-ricks numberless. This old woman, conscious of her own deceit and hypocrisy, has not dared to show her head among her neighbours since this fatal accident. All true catholics rejoice at the just dispensation of heaven's favours, and so my story concludes.

D. Come, John, there's something to make you amends for the pains you have taken. (John bows and quits the room.) Well, father, what's your opinion now of this miracle?

P. Out of respect to your [illegible]
to sit out [illegible]

say to the matter is, that it was contrived on purpose to make us poor suffering catholics ridiculous to the people.

After a few compliments his grace and Fitzgerald parted.

RECREATION ON THE VERB TO TWINT.

When a twister a twisting, will twist him a twist,
With the twisting his twist, he three twines doth entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist,
Untwisting the twine that entwisteth between,
He twists with his twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined, in twain.
The twain, that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were entwisted, he now doth entwine;
'Twixt the twain, intertwisting a twine more between,
The twirling his twister makes a twist of the twine.

THE BIRMINGHAM MAN IN AMERICA.

Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather, as the most learned English would call it, *Brummagem*, so famous for its manufactories of gimblets, pen-knives, and pepper-boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham; sometimes had the honour to hand his master's daughter into a tim-whiskey, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates, if you would take his word for it, in boxing, beer-drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera-singers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a catch-club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors; he was, of course, a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a spouting-club; had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drugg[illegible] the part of Major Sturgeon with [illegible] plause; he was consequently a pi[illegible] and fully authorised to turn up [illegible] American performances. He had [illegible] of annual dinners, given to the [illegible] turers of Birmingham, where he [illegible] fortune to get a taste of turtle and [illegible] smack of champaign and burgundy [illegible] heard a vast deal of the roast beef [illegible] land;—he was therefore epicurean [illegible] every dish and every glass of wi[illegible] America; though, at the same time [illegible] racious an animal as ever crossed [illegible] Straddle had been splashed half a d[illegible] the carriages of nobility, and had e[illegible] lative felicity of being kicked out o[illegible] footman of a noble duke; he co[illegible] talk of nobility, and despise the upl[illegible] of America. In short, Straddle wa[illegible] dapper, bustling, florid, round, [illegible] "*gemmen*," who bounce as half-hea[illegible] maker; undertake to give the true *bon-ton*.

He swaggered about parlours [illegible] rooms with the same unceremonious[illegible] used to display in the taverns at Bir[illegible] accosted a lady as he would a bar-[illegible] was pronounced a certain proof th[illegible] used to better company in Birming[illegible] came the great man of all the ta[illegible] New-York and Haerlem; and n[illegible] chance of being accommodated unt[illegible] his horses were perfectly satisfied. [illegible] landlords and waiters with the b[illegible] world, and accosted them with tru[illegible] familiarity. He staggered from th[illegible] to the play, entered the box like a[illegible] staid long enough to be bored to [illegible] bore all those who had the misforta[illegible] him. From thence he dashed off t[illegible] enough to flounder through a cotilli[illegible] dozen gowns, commit a number o[illegible] dations, and make the whole comp[illegible]

ion in coming amongst them.
thought him a prodigious
g bucks cultivated his ac-
most persevering assiduity.
e sometimes complimented
icle, or a ride on one of his
es were delighted with the
fashionable gentleman, and
nt at his learned distinctions
ors and those of cast-steel;
ound dissertations on buttons
rich merchants courted his
he was an Englishman, and
n with great deference be-
m beyond seas. I cannot
nt your salt-water is a mar-
r of men's wits, and I intend
me of my acquaintance in a

his brilliant career for only
rosperous journey over the
as checked by some of those
the way of aspiring youth
uns;—a race of people who,
r observes, "are hated by
signments slackened, whis-
ion floated in the dark, and
the tailors and shoe-makers,
inst Straddle. In vain were
s; in vain did he prove to
had given them no money,
more custom, and as many
ng man in the city. They
the signal of danger being
r persecutors pounced upon
aw there was but one way
to do the thing genteelly, to
o, and dashed into the limits
he fifteenth gentleman I have
n to the—*ne plus ultra*—the

EMISIA.
alks by fits
s. fathers. wits;

Heads Malbrouchs, Eagle, and Rocks,
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such stateliness and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and sticks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face,
All white and black beside;
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk,

THE PYRAMID OF DRINK.

The operation of drink, in its various degrees, may be represented by a pyramid thus;

Tipsy

Very fresh, Very tipsy

Fresh. Drunk.

Lively. Very Drunk.

Comfortable. Stupidly Drunk.

Sober. Dead Drunk.

Sobriety.—The sober moments which immediately succeed to dinner are the most miserable in existence. The langour, the sense of utter inefficacy, mental and bodily, are dreadful. After a few glasses you ascend the first step of the pyramid, and become comfortable. In this state y

are not much disposed to talk. There is a tranquil luxury in your feelings, and a reverie comes on, which, if you drink no more, is likely to terminate in sleep. A philosopher seldom passes this point except in company.

Drink on, and you step up to *lively*. Now you begin to talk, and your remarks are smart and pertinent. You have the reasoning power in high perfection, but aided withal by a happy fertility of illustration. This may be considered as a mental aurora, announcing that the sun of fancy is about to rise from the "purple wave."

Fresh.—There is more fire and colour in your ideas now, for the sun has risen. You grow then eloquent and less logical. Your jokes are capital—in your own estimation. Your perceptions are still tolerably clear, beyond yourself.

Very Fresh.—Your conversation is more and more highly coloured. Your eloquence is impassioned, and you overwhelm your companions with a flood of talk. You begin to suit the action to the word. Ideas not quite coherent, but language still tolerably distinct and correct.

Tipsy.—Now on the top of the pyramid you begin to grow giddy. Gestures very vehement, and epithets much exaggerated. Argumentative, but not rational. Words considerably abridged, and ideas lamentably obscured.

Very Tipsy.—You find out that you have a turn for vocal music, and regale your friends with a song. Speechify in incoherent language, and evince a most decided tendency to mischief and locomotion. Proud as a peacock, stout as a lion, and amorous as a dove.

Drunk.—Perversely quarrelsome, and stupidly good-natured. Dealing much in shake hands, and knock downs. Tongue stammering and feet unsteady.

Very Drunk.—Abortive efforts to appear sober. See every thing double. Balance totally lost, you drift about like a ship in a hard gale. Vocabulary *reduced to a few interjections.*

Stupidly Drunk.—Head and stomach topsy-turvy. *Eyes fixed and glaring.* Utter incapacity of speech and locomotion, accompani horrid consciousness of you

Dead Drunk.—An apopl dreams of the devil, or you

FEMALE A

What though their garment Disclose each hidden charm Why so censorious, friend, If Paradise is open'd to yo Like mother Eve, our maids For they are naked, and are

HORNE TOOKE

Horne Tooke wrote a c was then *high sheriff* for t Wilkes had signalized hims affair with Martin, on acc North Briton, and he wrot lowing laconic reply to the not think it my business to desperado that may be tired at present *High Sheriff* for t happen that I may shortly h tending *you* in my *official c* will answer for it, that you complain of my endeavours bly it was about this time being asked by a foreigner c treason an Englishman migh out being hanged, replied, him just yet, but that he w

LOVE'S

Love, like the cold bath, dom leaves us where it find into it, it will either height our vices.

PHYSIOGN

Pickpockets and beggars physiognomists, without hav ter, who, it is notorious, for a philosopher, and a phi man.

[redacted]

DINNER PRAYER.

f you footsteps dread,
with thund'ring tread?
your haste
love pass'd;
ost direful work,
blade, and points his deadly fork.

ll's sound, and pacing forth,
eps, alas, too slow,
high illustrious worth,
ishes, in long order, go:
midst a form divine,
s the fam'd sir-loin;
s and glory crown'd,
sheds its sweets around.
lin of dinner bray?
, and fork to knife;
heroes, in the glorious strife,
and puddings, cut their destin'd

mighty blade,
ny a ghastly wound,
r-loin is laid,
many a gulf profound.
ye sons of glory,
ddings stand before ye;
t of hungry bellies
nder stand of jellies;
dainties are beside ye,
oods the gods provide ye;
s of this state,
e it is too late;
the puddings, jellies, pies,
alks, and shrink to pigmy size.

w retreating,
fire they meet,
the sons of eating,
their mighty treat:
y's rosy graces
lly faces;
tearfulness are seen
ice serene.

Fill high the sparkling glass,
And drink th' accustom'd toast;
Drink deep, ye mighty host,
And let the bottle pass.
Begin, begin the jovial strain;
Fill, fill the mystic bowl,
And drink, and drink, and drink again;
For drinking fires the soul.
But soon, too soon, with one accord, they nod;
Each on his seat begins to nod;
All conquering Bacchus' pow'r they feel,
And pour libations to the jolly god.
At length with dinner, and with wine, oppress'd,
Down in the chairs they sink, and give themselves to rest.

HUNTINGTON'S S. S.

Huntington, the celebrated preacher, gives the following definition of his assumed S. S.

You know we clergy are very fond of titles of honour; some are called lords spiritual, though we have no such lords but in the persons of the everblessed Trinity; others are named doctors of divinity, and prebends, though God gives no such titles; therefore I cannot conscientiously add D. D. to my function though some hundreds have been spiritually healed under my ministry; nor have I fourteen pounds to spare to buy the dissenting title of D. D. Being thus circumstanced, I cannot call myself a Lord Spiritual, because Peter, the pope's enemy, condemns it: nor can I call myself Lord High Primate, because supremacy, in the scriptures, is applied only to kings, and never to ministers of the gospel. As I cannot get at D. D. for the want of cash, neither can I get at M. A. for the want of learning; therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S. S. by which I mean Sinner Saved. *Own Life.*

PROLOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A School for Scandal!—Tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now—the knowing think
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.

aus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
istress our fair-ones, let them read the papers;
heir pow'rful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.

"Lord!" cries my lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when threshing,
Strong tea and scandal—bless me, how refreshing!
"Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free *(sips)*
Last night lord L. *(sips)* was caught with lady D.
For aching heads, what charming *sal volatile!*—*(sips)*
If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw the curtain.
Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it!
But, by ourselves, *(sips)* our praise we can't refuse it;
Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash and star—"
"Yes, Ma'am—A certain Lord had best beware,
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-square.
For should he lady W. find willing—
Wormwood is bitter."—"Oh! that's me—the vil lain!
Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—
Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wagging,
Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To show his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;
From his fell grip the frighted fair to save—
Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the brave.
For your applause, all perils he would through,
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for you.

GARRICK.

HONEST HORSE.

An Irish jockey once selling a nag to a gen
frequently observed, with emphatic earnestn
he was an *honest* horse. After the purchase
tleman asked him what he meant by an hon
"Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenev
him he always threatened to throw me, an
tainly never deceived me."

HOW TO PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS

Go to India—stay there twenty years—
—get money—save it—come home—bri
a store of wealth, and a diseased liver
friends—make a will—provide for the
die:—what a prudent, good, generous,
soul you would be!

IRISH BILL FOR A PAIR OF S

The following bill for a pair of sho
a shoemaker to his attorney who
matter of right for the shoemaker, b
thing effectually for him.

Timothy Terinfee, Esq. to Semi

1812.
Nov. 1. Attending you at your cl
consulting and advising on your
pair of shoes
3. Attending you again, when you
did not come to any determinat
sort of shoes I should make fo
6. The like attendance
9. Attendance again at your
when I found you were gone t
Mayor's show
12. Attending your honour, wh
termined to wear nothing for
but best black grain, and t
measure accordingly
13. Attending you again, when
ed me that as there were no
ings in the new pavement,
sengers, you had determin
strong wax leather, instead
and taking your instruction

your honour's last to make			
- - -	0	3	4
you four different times,			
nd advising on the last, &c.	0	13	4
it the shoes - -	0	3	4
my foreman's attendance for			
making inquiry for a good			
we found one with great diffi-			
st having gone to the Plant-			
- - - -	1	10	0
veral attendances to fit them			
ur honour was not at home	1	0	0
twice this day to try them			
did not fit - -	0	13	4
out this bill and fair copy -	0	2	2
	£6	12	0

, this is my bill, and I have had it
naster of our company.

I am, yours,
SAMUEL SNOB.

A BORE.

odious and disagreeable, however it, constitutes a *bore*—a great *bore*—*bore*—a horrid *bore*—an intolerable *bore*. To *bore;* to tease incessantly to weary or *worry*. Thus your "mere " whom Sir Thomas Overbury, in his defines, "an intelligible *Asse!*" will a bottle with Newton's Principia. *ring* of all animals is what is called will stick closer than a brother. It by quotation from Shakspeare, that in the above sense, is not peculiar

In the historical play of Henry the ke of Buckingham says to Norfolk, final Wolsey,

I read in his looks
against me, and his eye revil'd
is object: at this instant
me with some trick.

HUNTINGTON AND PRIESTLEY.

Timothy Priestley was one of Huntington's bitterest antagonists. He and the S. S. had met in private life, and, as it seems, upon amicable, if not fraternal terms. Timothy, however, gave offence by opposing Antinomianism in a treatise called "The Christian's Looking Glass, or the Timorous Soul's Guide; being a description of the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart: intended for the relief of the Disconsolate." The reply to this was sent forth under a title in the genuine old fashion of puritanical polemics—"The Barber; or Timothy Priestley shaved, as reflected from his own Looking Glass. The Operator, William Huntington, S. S." The texts also, which were affixed as mottos, were selected in the same temper: "Thou son of man, take thee a sharp knife, take thee a barber's razor." Ezekiel, v. I. "And the Lord shall shave with a razor the head, and the hair of the feet, and it shall consume the beard." The reply itself was in the Martin Marprelate style which such a title indicates. The Coalheaver had treated Rowland Hill with some degree of deference, but in engaging with Timothy Priestley, he laid aside all encumbrances of courtesy or decorum, and closed with him at once for a rough-and-tumble. All wise persons were at a loss, he said, whether to call his productions the effects of insanity, or intoxication: but for his own part, if he might be allowed "to give his judgment, as one that had obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful," he believed they were a composition of both. "This Timothy," said he, "is a snake in the grass; he is rotten at bottom and empty throughout; but by the help of God I will uncase him, and expose his secret treasures of darkness. Blessed be God, we are not ignorant of Satan's devices; for there is no more imitation or comparison between the regenerating work of God in the soul, and the account of it in this book by Timothy Priestley, than between light and darkness, Christ and Belial. Satan is no more hid under the gown and wig of Timothy Priestley, than he was under the petticoat of the witch of Endor. The devil is the devil still, whether he comes in long clothing, a rough

garment to deceive, or in the attire of a harlot. Yea, the scripture character of him appears in this very book. It is his business to draw ignorant souls into sin, and then to father it upon the instruments instead of himself; and it is verified in this Looking Glass: Timothy Priestley's name stands affixed to it, whereas any discerning Christian may see, with half an eye, that the devil, and none but the devil, was the sole and whole author of it." Timothy Priestley had said that the change in regeneration is "from darkness to light, from enmity to love, from sin to holiness, and from death to life." "All this," says the S. S. "Tim took from my writings: I will not say he stole them, because it may be he bought the book. But I know my own doctrines, and I know they are badly applied here. How Tim's Christian should have light without the candle of the Lord searching the innermost parts of the belly; and how he should get love without dwelling in God and God dwelling in him, I know not; and how he should have life without the Lord of life and glory living in him, is what I cannot get at, and it is what Timothy cannot bring out. A sinner, sensibly in the tormenting hands of the devil, can no more fill his belly with Timothy's doctrines, which is nothing but the east wind, than the man in hell could satisfy his drought with devouring flames."

ON AN IRISH MISER.

Here crumbling lies, beneath this mould,
A man, whose sole delight was gold;
Content was never once his guest,
Though thrice ten thousand fill'd his chest;
For he, poor man, with all his store,
Died in great want—the *want of more*.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

The son-in-law of a chancery barrister having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning in breathless ecstasy to inform him that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination, a cause which had been pending in the court of scruples for several years. Instead of obtaining the *expected congratulations* of the retired veteran of the law, his intelligence was received with indi tion. "It was by this suit," exclaimed he, " my father was enabled to provide for me, a portion your wife, and with the exercise of co prudence it would have furnished you with the of providing handsomely for your children and children."

BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL.

Ye social friends of claret and of wit,
Where'er dispers'd in merry groups you sit;
Whether below ye gild the glitt'ring scene,
Or in the upper regions oft have been;
Ye bucks assembl'd at your ranger's call,
Dam'me, I know ye—and have at ye all.

The motive here that sets our bucks on fire,
The gen'rous wish, the first and last desire;
If you with plaudits echo to renown,
Or urg'd with fury, tear the benches down;
'Tis still the same—to one bright goal we ho
To show your judgment, and approve your ta
'Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet,
No, dam'me! bucks exist but in a riot.

For instance now—to please the ear and ch
admiring crowd
Your bucks o' th' boxes sneer and talk aloud
To the green-box next with joyous speed you
Hilly ho! ho! my bucks! well, d—n it, wh
fun?
Tho' Shakspeare speaks——regardless of the
Ye laugh and loll the sprightly hours away:
For to seem sensible of real merit,
Oh, dam'me, it's low—its vulgar—beneath
spirit.

Your bucks o' th' pit are miracles of learnin
Who point out faults to show their own disc
And critic-like bestriding martyr'd sense,
Proclaim their genius and vast consequence.
The side long row, whose keener views of b
Are chiefly center'd in some favourite miss;
A set of jovial bucks who here resort,
Flush from the tavern, reeling ripe for sport,

dream oft join the gen'ral roar,
—bravissimo, et dam'me, encore..
ehold another row,
is, or smiling beau ;
hose cardinal protection,
fe from ranc'rous detraction,
beneath a down drawn hat,
es a little——you know what.

ho range like gods at large,
in, but listen to your charge,
change this scene of raillery,
rs in the upper gallery :
, and one o' th' sprightly sort,
-dam'me, you've no features for't :
hidden station,
w their vocation,
off ! Nosee, Roast Beef—there's

this mimic world quite thro',
ry's little faults to view ;
eceive the well-meant jest,
l still within thy breast ;
in heart or tongue offend,
me, and I've gain'd my end.

TRUE SPORTSMAN.

years before his death, paid a tsman in the sister kingdom, at of the shooting season, and, in mputation of being an *ignoramus*, necessity of taking a gun, and at setting forth in pursuit of game. se his want of skill, he took an hat of his friend, and was accom- e-keeper, provided with a bag to which might fall victims to his of excellent pointers. The game- rishman, and possessed of all those own to belong to his countrymen: perative on him to be particularly ter's friend, he lost no opportunity rs. The first covey (and the birds were abundant) rose within a few yards of the states- man's nose, but the noise they made was so unex- pected, that he waited till they were "out of harm's way" before he fired. Pat, who was on the look-out, expressed his surprise, and immediately observed, "Faith, sir, I see you know what a gun is; it's well you was'nt nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into the country." Sheridan re-loaded, and went on, but his second shot was not more suc- cessful. "Oh !" cried Pat, "what an escape. I'll be bound you rumpled some of their feathers." The gun was loaded again, and on went our senator ; but the third shot was as little effective as the two for- mer. "Hah !" exclaimed Pat, although astonished at so palpable a miss, "I'll lay a thirteen you don't come near to us to-day again. Master was too near you to be pleasant." So he went on shot after shot, and always had something to say to console poor Sheridan, who was not a little amused with his in- genuity. At last, on their return home, without a bird in the bag, Sheridan perceived a covey quietly feeding on the other side of a hedge, and unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a slap at them on the ground. He did so ; but to his mortification, they all flew away untouched. Pat, whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say, and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan very significantly, "By J—s you made them *lave that*, any way !" and with this compli- ment to his sportsmanlike qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement, laughing heartily at his companion, and rewarding him with half-a crown for his patience and encouragement.—

ENGLISH UNIVERSALITY.

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop,
The Lombard his Venetian,
And some like breechless women go,
The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian.
The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth,
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.

Turk in linen wraps his head,
Persian his in lawn too,
Russ with sables furs his cap,
d change will not be drawn to:
e Spaniard's constant to his block,
e French inconstant ever,
it of all felts that can be felt,
ive me the English beaver.

he German loves his coney-wool,
The Irishman his shag too,
The Welsh his Monmouth loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too.
Some love the rough, and some the smooth.
Some great, and others small things.
But the free-hearted Englishman,
He loves to deal in all things.

The Russ drinks quass; Dutch, Lubeck beer,
And that is strong and mighty,
The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
The Irish aqua vita.
The French affects the Orleans grape,
The Spaniard tastes his sherry,
The English none of these lets slip,
But with them all makes merry.

The Italian in her high chopine,
Scotch lass and lovely frow too,
The Spanish Donna, French Madame,
He will not fear to go to,
Nothing so full of hazard dread,
Nought lives above the centre,
No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,
On which he will not venture.

CAMBRIDGE BEDMAKERS.

This office is not confined to *sex*. In justice to the *women*, they have not only been reckoned adepts at making a bed, *secundum artem*, as the phrase is—but, when they have had a mind to it, have shown themselves very alert in helping to *un-make* the bed they have made, *secundum naturam!* Indeed, these *their natural parts* and endowments were at one time *so notorious*, or generally known, that, by a most merciless and *unmanly* decree of the senate, the sex was *rusticated!*

"It is enacted, that no woman, of whatever condition, be permitted in any college *to make one's bed*, or to go to the hall, kitchen, or to carry the provision to any one's chamber; she be sent for as a nurse; which nurse [illegible] mature age, good fame, and either wife [illegible] but upon no account *young maids* be [illegible] attend the students' chambers." This made in 1625. O tempora! O [illegible] is no *scruple* in the present *Saturnian* [illegible] the admission of "*young maids*" into [illegible] chambers."

GAZETTED AND IN THE GA[illegible]

These terms imply very different [illegible] of a nobleman is *gazetted*, as a corn[illegible] and all his friends rejoice. John T[illegible] *Gazette*, and all his friends lament.

BENEFITS OF MARRI[illegible]

Jacobus de Voragine, in twel[illegible] thetic, succinct, and elegant, has [illegible] fits of marriage, as follows:

1. Hast thou means? Thou [illegible] increase it.
2. Hast none? Thou hast one[illegible]
3. Art thou in prosperity? S[illegible]
4. Art in adversity? She'll [illegible] part.
5. Art thou at home? She [illegible] choly.
6. Art thou abroad? She [illegible] thee at home, welcomes thee [illegible]
7. Nothing is delightsome [illegible] equal to marriage.
8. The bond of conjugal l[illegible]
9. Kindred is increased, [illegible] sisters, families, nephews.
10. Thou art a father by [illegible]
11. Barren matrimony [illegible] much more a single life!

escape not punishment, thy will
it, as he sung it, that, without mar-

land, eftsoon will come to nought,
would he to ruin brought."

ON THE WINDOW OF AN IRISH INN.

ve cash, I mount a gig,
ve none I hop the twig.
ve cash its hurly-burly,
ve none, I'm dull and surly,
ve cash, why then I roof it,
ve none, I'm glad to hoof it.

W TO BREAK ILL-NEWS.

Jervas, how are you, my old boy?
on at home?
d enough, your honour. The mag-

mag! so he is gone, How came

er-ate himself, sir.
he, faith! a greedy dog! Why, what
e liked so well?
rse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-

came he to get so much horse-flesh?
your father's horses, sir.
t! are they dead too?
e, sir, they died of over-work.
why were they over-worked, pray?
carry water, sir.
arry water! and what were they
r?
re sir, to put out the fire.
! what fire?
, sir! your father's house is burnt
nd.
ather's house burnt down! and how
e?
hink, sir, it must have been the

es! what torches?

Steward.—At your mother's funeral.

Mr. G.—My mother dead.

Steward.—Ah! poor lady! she never looked up after it.

Mr. G.—After what?

Steward.—The loss of your father.

Mr. G.—My father gone, too!

Steward—Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. G.—Heard of what!

Steward.—The bad news, sir, an' please your honour.

Mr. G.—What! more miseries?—more bad news?

Steward.—Yes, sir, your bank has failed, your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world; I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you to tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the *news*.

BISHOP.

In Cambridge, this title is not confined to the dignitaries of the church; but *port* wine, made *copiously potable* by being mulled and burnt, with the *addenda* of roasted lemons all bristling like angry hedge-hogs (studded with cloves,) is dignified with the appellation of *Bishop*.

Beneath some old oak, come and rest thee, my hearty;
Our foreheads with roses, oh! let us entwine!
And, inviting young Bacchus to be of the party,
We'll drown all our troubles in oceans of wine!
And, perfumed with *Macassar* or *Otto* of roses,
We'll pass round the BISHOP, the spice-breathing cup,
And take of that medicine such wit-breeding doses,
We'll knock *down* the god, or he shall knock us *up*.

HUNTINGTON'S LEATHER BREECHES.

The remarkable circumstance which occurred concerning a certain part of Huntington's dress, has made the S. S. known beyond the little sphere of his own followers.

" A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Go through the world, my brave boys;"

it the latter qualification is better for going through
ie world on foot than on horseback; so uncle Toby
ound it, and so did Huntington, who must be his own
istorian: no language but his own can do justice to
such a story; and it is in itself so pithy, that to use the
words of Fuller the Worthy, all *compendium* would
be *dispendium* thereof.

" Having now had my horse for some time, and
riding a great deal every week, I soon wore my
breeches out, as they were not fit to ride in. I hope
the reader will excuse my mentioning the word
breeches, which I should have avoided, had not this
passage of scripture obtruded into my mind, just as I
had resolved in my own thoughts not to mention this
kind providence of God. " And thou shalt make
them linen breeches to cover their nakedness; from
the loins even unto the thighs shall they reach. And
they shall be upon Aaron and upon his sons when
they come into the tabernacle of the congregation, or
when they come near unto the altar to minister in
the holy place; that they bear not iniquity and die.
It shall be a statute for ever unto him and his seed
after him," Exod. xxviii. 42, 43. By which, and
three others, namely, Ezek. xliv. 18; Lev. vi. 10;
and Lev. xvi. 4; I saw that it was no crime to men-
tion the word breeches, nor the way in which God
sent them to me; Aaron and his sons being clothed
entirely by Providence; and as God himself con-
descended to give orders what they should be made
of, and how they should be cut. And I believe the
[illegible] God ordered mine, as I trust it will appear in
[illegible]

" no man master, for
[illegible] my

which he gave to cover their nakedness, a
they prepared for Baal; for which iniquity
skirts discovered, and their heels made
xiii. 22.

" I often made very free in my prayer
invaluable Master for this favour; but he
me so amazingly poor that I could not ge
any rate. At last I was determined to go
of mine at Kingston, who is of that brand
ness, to bespeak a pair; and to get him
until my Master sent me money to pay
was that day going to London, fully dete
bespeak them, as I rode through the town.
when I passed the shop I forgot it; but wh
to London I called on Mr. Croucher, a
in Shepherd's Market, who told me a pare
there for me, but what it was he knew not.
it, and behold there was a pair of leather bre
a note in them! the substance of which
the best of my remembrance, as follows:

" Sir,—I have sent you a pair of br
hope they will fit. I beg your acceptan
and, if they want any alteration, leave i
the alteration is, and I will call in a
alter them.

" I tried them on, and they fitted
had been measured for them; at which
having never been measured by any b
maker in London. I wrote an answ
this effect:

" Sir,—I received your present, a
it. I was going to order a pair of
to be made, because I did not know
Master had bespoke them of you,
which fully convinces me that th
moved thy heart to give unto

[redacted]

...ing out L. S. unless I put L. for Israelite ...S. for Sincerity; because you did not ...spect before you, as the hypocrites do."

...AIN THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS ...N. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

...ing student who may be ignorant of the ...tudy he is to pursue at the University, ...ple information in the pages of the *Cam...nian*; but as he cannot be expected to ...r hour of his undergraduateship to read- ...find out amusements for his leisure mo- ...a few agreeable friends to be the com- ...is mirth, and his exercises, as well as his ...obtain companions, he must be inducted, ...his leisure time in conviviality and mirth, ...or be invited to entertainments. At ...inments he will meet with other *promis...*men of various descriptions, and he will ...inducted to, and make acquaintances ...ortion of these young men. Now it is ...at a young man for his improvement, ...ll as corporeal, must see society; and ...ully copy the manners of his college ...in order that he might not seem a ...amongst them. He will enter into ...lo the same as they do, and, in short, ...egree of B. A. in the regular *varmint*

...*mint* way to proceed to B. A. degree ...ires, go to chapel as little as possi- ...eldom more than once a week, give ...*eals*, keep a horse or two, go to ...d the six-mile bottom, drive a ...*et* clothes and well-built coats, be ...one at Barnwell,* a regular go at ...staunch admirer of the bottle, and ...man. "At lucre or renown let ...*rmint*-man spurns a scholarship, ...degradation to be a fellow, and ...*ur*, it would be about the very ...enter his head. What cares he

...esidences of the Cyprian tribes.

for tutors or proctors, for masters or vice lors, since his whole aim is pleasure and am since a day's hard reading would drive him or give him the blue devils; since subordina word of the meaning of which he profess ignorant; and since rows and sprees are the of his soul. He is never seen in academicals; time, or towards evening, and then only put on for "*decency's sake*," or because it is a throughout the "*varsity*." But in the day, he i in a *Jarvey* tile, or a low-crowned-broad-brim, of white swell tops, *varmint* inexpressibles, a re flash waistcoat, and his coat of a nameless cut "*cloth*" of the most uncommon pattern, tied afte own way, and a short crookt-stick or bit o' plant it hand; and thus he goes out riding: or he may d differently, and lounge through the streets, alway company with a friend or two, visiting saddlers, n liners, barbers, bootmakers, and tailors; or looking at a friend's rooms, and to arrange matters for t day: or, if fine, he may make up a water-party, if the summer term, and go down the *Camus* in a si oar, dine at Clay-hive, or Ditton, or take a snack Chesterton, and return in the evening; or he ma walk out to Chesterton to play at billiards, an return *plus* or *minus* the sum he started with; or h may drive out in a buggy; or do fifty other thing and enter into fifty other schemes, all productive amusement. In the evening he dines at his own room or at those of a friend, and afterwards blows a cloud puffs at a segar, and drinks copiously. He the sings a song, tells a story, comments on the event of the day, talks of horses, gives his opinion on th ensuing race between Highflyer and Emilius, c makes bets on the late fight between *Spring* an *Langan*. After this the whole party sit down t unlimited loo, and half-guinea, or guinea points, an here again he comes off *plus* or *minus* 40*l.* or 50 If he has lost, he is no way concerned at it, for h is sure of winning as much the succeeding night; h therefore takes his glass or sits down to supper, an gets to bed about two or three in the morning. De termined to *sleep a few*, after having cast off

habiliments, he hops into bed, and snores—*somno vinoque gravatus*, till about six in the evening, and then gets up more sleepy than ever. He dresses; but having no appetite, eats nothing, drinks a glass of soda-water, and walks to a friend's rooms, where he relates his adventures and excites the risibility of his auditors. He then resolves on a ride, and without togging for the occasion, just puts on his tile and mounts his prad. Determining to be very steady and sober for the future, i. e. for the next twelve hours, he urges his steed along the Trumpington Road, goes out by the Shelford Common, and returns home between eight and nine. He then feels as if he could eat something, and accordingly he does, by way of supper, and retires to his rooms, with an intention of being quiet, and in order to go early to bed. But lo! he is told by his *gyp* that the master or dean has sent a message desiring to see him the next morning. Well knowing what this is for, he *goeth* to bed and cons over in his own mind what to say in extenuation of his irregularities, and he so *falleth* to sleep. Next day, he calls at the appointed time, when the M. C. with a countenance not to be surpassed in gravity, informs him for the last week he has been very irregular, and requires an account of the circumstances which occasioned the said irregularity. For the *gate-bill* thus standeth: Monday night, out till three o'clock; Tuesday half past four; Wednesday half past two; Thursday half past three; Friday half past four; Saturday—*all night*. His excuses are that he has been at different parties, where he was detained late, and where he has found the society so agreeable, and the time fly so imperceptibly fast, that morning has broke in upon him ere he imagined it was an hour past midnight. This draws down a very heavy invective against parties altogether, and a still longer and more tedious lecture on the dangerous tendency of such conduct, so directly opposite to the laws and discipline of the University; and a conclusive paragraph containing (amongst other things) a pardon for past offences, but with an assurance that a repetition of similar conduct cannot but meet with a concomitant cheque in proportion to its enormity, in either rustication or expulsion. Thus dismissed [illegible] presence, he recounts this jobation to his [illegible] enters into a discourse on masters, deans, [illegible] proctors, and votes chapel a *bore*, and [illegible] plete nuisance. But is this all? no. He [illegible] to treat *the dons* with contempt, and go [illegible] than ever. Accordingly he cuts chapel, [illegible] forth at night *sine* cap and gown, with a [illegible] mouth. He is determined to have a lark [illegible] three more, and away they go. While they [illegible] ing the girls about in the street, up comes [illegible] tor: "Pray, sir, may I ask if you are a [illegible] the University?"—"Yes, sir, I am."—"[illegible] and college, sir, if you please." It is given [illegible] the least hesitation. The next morning [illegible] calls on Mr. Varmint to deliver a message [illegible] proctor, viz:—That he is fined 6*s.* 8*d.* for [illegible] streets without his cap and gown, and that [illegible] be glad to see him at twelve o'clock that [illegible] he has to call on the proctor, and in he [illegible] very surly countenance. The proctor [illegible] his most severe phizzes, and informs him [illegible] conduct in the streets last night was most [illegible] man-like and improper, against every rule [illegible] and propriety, and in open opposition to the [illegible] discipline, and contempt of him and his [illegible] such conduct deserved much severer [illegible] than he was willing to inflict, but that in [illegible] neglecting the duty he owed to his office [illegible] University if he overlooked it. He then [illegible] him to get three hundred verses of Homer [illegible] Book second, by heart, and requests he will [illegible] means leave the University until it is [illegible] a great deal of opposition, excuses, and [illegible] he finds himself not a bit better off, for [illegible] will not mitigate a syllable, and he is [illegible] stomach the *impos.* and retire. For the [illegible] two afterwards he makes himself very [illegible] this, but he at length resolves not to leave [illegible] ever should be the consequence. He [illegible] out to a party, makes himself very merry [illegible] not a fig about the matter. Next morning [illegible] pens, unlucky wight! to meet with the

...r, Mr. Varmint, why have you ...n absent lately? I have very seriously to ... of your non-attendance. You have not ...n nearly a fortnight, excepting Sundays, ...annot expect that I, or any man, in the ...I hold, can overlook such gross irregularity. ..., you may think what you like, but I am ...d to do my duty towards the college, and to ...be attend regularly. But as that has by no ...n the case, and as you have so disrespect... ...nted yourself, I really must take notice of it ...e way. I am very sorry for it, nobody more ... is an imperative duty I must fulfil. You ...y heart 500 lines of Virgil, the 7th Æneid, ...ect it will be said with alacrity and promp... ...ood morning, sir." So here is Mr. Varmint ...impositions *in hand* which must be very ...*ad*: one, if not said, will beget rustication; ...er, if neglected, will cause the dean to tell ...e his name off the boards of the college. ... in his own mind as to whether it is better ... or not; but at length determines to see ...ans, and in short the whole University at ...ther than look at a word; and

> "take arms against a sea of troubles,
> by opposing, end them."

... soon do mortals change their firmest ...ed resolutions! How many circum... ...to induce them to act contrary to their ... Varmint, by drinking too much wine ...o days, rather prematurely finds him... ...the worse from his late Cyprian ad... ...n fact is compelled to send for a sur... Varmint is obliged to get an *ægrotat*, ...lf to his rooms, and lie still on the ...ble are draughts, powders, and lo... ...n visits him daily. What is he to ...mself on the sofa? His friends are ...deal to drive away melancholy; but ...ensity of leisure time on his hands. ...ut what? Walter Scott? No, he ...ll that kind of trash. Lord Byron? ...ty times, and he wants something new. He thought of every thing; but at las... to spend his time in learning the three hund... of Greek, and the five hundred lines of Virgi... proctor and Mr. Dean. In the mean time t... divides; and his companions, or the maj... them, leave the University for their several ... He, of course, wishes to leave likewise; but h... and cannot depart before he is better, which t... geon does not choose should be the case for ... time; and even if he were well, he could not ... fore the dean signed his "*exeat*," which he wou... do before the imposition was said; so he is he... in on all sides, and has the blue devils, besi... prospect of growing hippish. He, therefore, sp... the time he would have passed in pleasure at h... in the shady court of a college, and stuffs him... with Greek and Latin hexameters, and lives enti... on barley-water and medicine, for the space of th... weeks. At the end of this time, we will suppose h... getting again convalescent, and recovering his wont... spirits. He satisfies the proctor and the dean ... saying a part of each *impos.*, and after bitterly cur... ing the place, leaves it for the country. This is th... way that many men spend their three years at th... University. But, Mr. Freshman, whoever you ma... be, I write this for your especial benefit, and leave ... to yourself to copy or avoid such conduct, as you ma... think proper.

After the long vacation, Mr. Varmint comes u... again to reside. His sprees of his first year, an... their consequences, have gained him experience, an... he knows how to manage in a scientific way. T... avoid gate-bills, he will be out at night as late as h... pleases, and will defy any one to discover his ab... sence; for he will climb over the college walls, an... fee his gyp well, when he is out all night. To avoi... impositions from the dean, he will attend more regu... larly at chapel; which, though a great bore, must ye... be endured: and to get clear from the clutches of th... proctors, he will scud when there is need; and if fol... lowed, will floor the *bull-dogs*, and bolt. He now r... twice as gay as before, rides, courses, hunts, shoots, ... fishes, drives, drinks, fights, swears, rows, and gam...

bles, more than ever. He dresses still more like an eccentric fancy man, and acts yet more unlike what he ought to do, and thus he passes his terms. But now comes the time when he is to be examined for the *Little-go*; and about three weeks before the examination he begins to read. He finds himself unequal to the task, without *cramming*. He in consequence engages a common tutor, and buys all the cram-books published for the occasion. After reading himself ill, he goes in; and by the greatest luck in the world happens to pass. This puts him in high spirits again, and he gives a large *Spread*, and gets drunk on the strength of it. He continues to have a private tutor for the remainder of his residence, and reads with him about one day in a term, until the last term in his third year, when he is obliged to read for his degree of *Bachelor of Arts*. Accustomed to mirth and gaiety, and to all kinds of sporting pursuits, never having opened a single mathematical book since his residence, knowing Euclid only by name, and Algebra still less, if possible; not being a dab at Latin or Greek; in short, never having professed to be a reading man, Mr. Varmint begins to encounter all the difficulties attending on such a career, when near its termination in severe study. He has now recourse to his private tutor, who finds him miserably deficient; and to work they both go, the one cramming, and the other unable to swallow a mouthful. He falls ill by reading hard, being so unused to it, and gives it up for a week, then sets to again, and so goes on till the day of examination, when he may perhaps muster up resolution enough to go into the *Senate-house*. If he does go in, and is well enough crammed, he gets a station amongst the apostles; if not, he may perchance be plucked. But if he does not think he shall be able to go through, he reads on a little longer, and goes out at a *by-term*. This is his career at college; what it may be in after-life, is quite another affair. When he has got his degree in either of these ways, with the rest of his companions, he sits down with all of them, about forty or fifty, to a most *glorious spread, ordered from* the college cook, to be served up in the *most swell style possible*. They are about two hours and a half at dinner; and afterwar
most awfully drunk, each man havi
of three bottles of port, independe
and madeira at dinner, or burgundy
they conclude the last feast they sh
gether at college, and another fo
all, perhaps, wafted far from the U
them for ever.

" Farewell to the towers! farewell
Where the sage wizard Art all
display'd;
And sweet science cowers, amongst
In gay robes of glory majestic ar
Farewell, banks of Camus! ye fair
The Muse, Loves', and Graces' i
Your silver soft stream, like the tide
Aye, fresher than airs of Hygeia'
Ye cloisters low bending, and prou
To cherish young Genius and To
The spirit befriending, as softly des
It mounts in pure incense to Heav
From you I must sever; then farew
Each heart-honour'd object thi
theme;
The world is a field I must enter, h
Can ought charm my soul like you

This is *one way* of proceeding
B. A. The " reading man" goes
another style. He attends lecture
misses chapel, dines nearly alwa
moderate exercise, is rarely out o
gates are shut, reads twelve hours
to get prizes and medals, always
ship, seldom gets " a little the
gives no swell parties, runs very litt
his cup of bitch at night, and goes
thus he passes his time in a wa
would despise. These are the men
all the prizes and obtain wranglers'
made fellows and tutors, and who
the principal men in the University
by no means the most gifted men,

or greatest genius. But they who owe all their knowledge to esperate perseverance in study. many—very many exceptions; the most part the case. I constating, that many things in it nought set down in malice;" dent of a twelvemonth's stand-, if his acquaintance is at all e truth of my assertions.

SER'S DEATH-BED.

was on his death-bed. The ick among the number, gather- leave my second son, Andrew," r, "my whole estate, and desire ndrew, in a sorrowful tone, as sions, prayed heaven to prolong enjoy it himself. "I recom- d son, to the care of his elder a beside four thousand pounds." Simon, (in great affliction to be ive you life and health to enjoy , turning to poor Dick, "As for s been a sad dog; you'll never never be rich; I'll leave you a r." "Ah, father," cried Dick, "may heaven give you life and rself." GOLDSMITH.

OR YOUNG LOGICIANS.

o tails,
tail *more* than no cat,
has *three* tails.

TAB WHO WAS PLUCK'D FOR ORDERS.

, and was powder'd with care,
was Ned,
such pains with his *hair*,
ult with his *head*.

OOK A GREAT EVIL.

Cumberland, when Gibbon the last volume of his *Roman* Empire to his Royal Highness, exclaimed, to the no small mortification of the historian, "What another d—d big book, Mr. Gibbon? hey?"

KNOWING A MAN.

To know, is a word which is very liable to misconstruction. "Do you *know* such a one?" i. e. Are you upon terms of great intimacy?—and, Do you wish to *acknowledge* him as your friend? Though a *buck* and a *quiz*, or *ruff*, were to dine together at the same table every day—to meet together, continually, at wine parties—nay, *keep* together in the same staircase;—yet, if the former were asked,—Whether he *knew* either of the latter? he would answer with all imaginable coolness and composure, in the *negative!*. "There is such a man, but I don't *know* him."

ADVICE TO A POOR GENTLEMAN.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of peas-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe, that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sampson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride, was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise: pride in the great is hateful; in the wise, it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuse. GOLDSMITH.

ART OF CUTTING.

To cut, is to look an old friend in the face, and affect not to know him; which is the *cut direct!*

To look any where but *at* him—which is the *cut-modest* or *cut-indirect!*

To "forget names with a good grace"—as, instead of Tom, Dick, or Harry, to address an old friend, "Sir," or, "Mister,—*What's your name?*" This is the *cut-courteous.*

"Good den Sir Richard."—"God-a-mercy fellow!" And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new made honour doth forget men's names.
Shakspeare's King John.

To be intentionally engaged on the *phenomena* of the heavenly bodies, when an old friend passes, is the *cut-celestial.*

Lastly, to *dart* up an alley, *dash* across a street, *whip* into a shop, or do any thing to avoid the *trouble* and mortification of nodding the head to some one, whom, perhaps, you have as *much* reason to dislike, as the man in the epigram—

Non amo te—*nec possum dicere quare*—This is the *cut-circumbendibus!*

The art of *cutting* an acquaintance is of very considerable antiquity. In a comedy which was publicly acted by the students of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1606, the following dialogue occurs, which is very *smart* and *cutting!*

Acad.—God save you, sir.

Amor. [*Aside.*] By the mass, I fear me I saw this *genus et species* in Cambridge, before now. *I'll take no notice of him.* By the faith of a gentleman, this is pretty elegy. Of what age is the day, fellow?—Sirrah, boy, hath the groom saddled my hunting-hobby? Can Robin Hunter tell where a hare sits?

Acad. See a poor old friend of yours of S———— College, in Cambridge.

Amor. Good faith, sir, you must pardon me. *I have forgotten you.*

Acad. My name is *Academico*, sir; one that made an oration for you once on the Queen's day, and a *show that you got some* credit by.

Amor. It may be so; it may be so; but *I have forgotten it.* Marry, yet I remember there was a fellow that I was very beneficial unto in my [illegible]. But, however, *Sir*, I have the courtesy of the [illegible] for you. I am sorry you did not take me at my [illegible]ther's house; but now I am in exceeding great [illegible] for I have vowed the death of a hare that was [illegible] this morning musing on her meaze.

Acad. Sir, I am emboldened by that great [illegible]quaintance that heretofore I had with you, as [illegible] it hath pleased you heretofore—

Amor. Look, Sirrah, if you see my hobby hitherwards, as yet, &c. &c.

CAMBRIDGE DECLAMATION.

The youth, perhaps may declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope;
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' *Athenian's* glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear and warm, is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince;
Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak to please ourselves, not move the c[illegible]
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan;
No borrowed grace of action must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the sh[illegible]
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate,
The man who hopes to obtain the promised [illegible]
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up
Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
No matter what so it cannot be heard;
Thus let him hurry on nor think to rest,
Who speak the fastest sure to speak the best;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR, DRAWN UP BY THE [illegible] PHILOSOPHER.

If you be a rich man, you may enter [illegible] with three loud hems, march deliberately [illegible] chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If

n, I would advise you to shrink into the room
you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon
r of a chair in a remote corner.
you are desired to sing in company, I
rise you to refuse; for it is a thousand to
at you torment us with affectation, or a

young, and live with an old man, I
se you not to like gravy; I was disinhe-
for liking gravy.
th much in public; the spectators that
rty as you, will hate you, either because
r happiness, or fancy themselves the
mirth.

GOLDSMITH.

COLLEGE SONG.

College lads, and attend to my lays,
the folly of poring o'er books;
r it is mere empty praise,
gre fellowship, and sallow looks.

Chorus.

books, lads, and never repine;
n not your attics
mathematics,
lay with a bumper of wine.
ies was old Archimedes,
Rome's ships, as he'd play cup

ame, I can't see where the need

fag mathematics at all?
y by your books, lads, &c.
ut the Binomial law,
e power of b;
planets that he never saw,
robably never shall see.
by your books, lads, &c.
star-gazing enjoy,
's mathematics can give;
ut better employ,
ts, let us learn how to *live*.
your books, lads, &c.

These men *ex absurdo* conclusions may dra
Perpetual motion they never could find:
Not one of the set, lads, could balance a str
And longitude-seeking is hunting the wind
Chorus.—Then, lay by your books, lads,
If we study at all, let us study the means
To make ourselves friends, and to keep them
made;
Learn to value the blessings kind Heaven ordai
To make other men happy, let that be our tra

Chorus.

Let each day be better than each day before;
Without pain or sorrow,
To-day, or to-morrow,
May we live, my good lads, to see many days mor

RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL.

The person who desires to raise the devil, is t
sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own pro
perty, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obe-
dience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen
place, either under the eye-lid or in the roof of the
mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he
has power given him over three spirits; one for
earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon
certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians,
in which each is to give an account of what evil he
has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assem-
bly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often
like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occa-
sion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form
a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The
devil instructs them in every method of injuring man-
kind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon occa-
sion through the air. He shows them the whole
method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers;
his spirits have power to assume the form of angels
of light, and there is but one method of detecting
them; viz. to ask them, in proper form, What method
is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the
world? To this they are not permitted by the
Power to make a false reply.

give the true one, wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected. GOLDSMITH.

LAUGHTER.

Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty. Laughing then is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.

THE OATH OF LOVE.

"Do you," said Fanny, t'other day,
"In earnest love me as you say?
"Or are these tender words applied
"Alike to fifty girls beside?"
"Dear, cruel," said I, "forbear—
"For by those cherry lips I swear"—
She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And said, "You've sworn—so kiss the book."

LEGAL DIFFICULTY.

Judge Garrow, in the cross-examination of a prevaricating *old female* witness, by which it was essential to prove that a *tender* of money had been *made*, had a scrap of paper thrown to him from a counsel on the other side, on which was written,

Garrow,—submit;—that tough old jade,
Can never prove—*a tender maid!*

GRIMALDI'S LAMENT ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE, ADDRESSED TO HIS SON

Adieu to Mother Goose!—adieu—adieu
To spangles, tufted heads, and dancing limbs,
Adieu to Pantomime—to all—that drew
O'er Christmas' shoulders a rich robe of whims!
Never shall old BOLOGNA—old, alack!—
Once he was young and diamonded all o'er,
Take his particular Joseph on his back
And dance the matchless fling, so loved of yore.
Ne'er shall I build the wondrous verdant man,
Tall, turnip-headed,—carrot-finger'd,—lean;—
Ne'er shall I, on the very newest plan,
Cabbage a body;—old Joe Frankenstein.

Nor make a fire, nor eke compose
Of saucepans, trumpets, cheese
fare;
"Sorrow hath ta'en my number;"
No more upon the chariot;—by
Gone is the stride, four steps, acro
Gone is the light vault o'er a tu
Sloth puts my legs into this tireson
And stops me for a toll,—I find
How WARE would quiver his mad
His rosin'd tight ropes—when I
How would I twitch the *Pantaloo*
And help his fall—and all his f
How children shriek'd to see me e
Stole the broad laugh from aged
Boys pick'd their plums out of my
And people took my vices for a
Be wise,—(that's foolish)—trouble
And oh, J. S. to every fancy sto
Carry a ponderous pocket at thy
And roll thine eyes, as thou wo
Hand *Columbine* about with nimbl
Covet thy neighbour's riches as
Dance on the water, swim upon t
Let thy legs prove themselves h
Cuff *Pantaloon*, be sure—forget n
As thou beats him, thou'rt poor
And wear a deal of paint upon th
It doth boys good, and draws in
Lastly, be jolly! be alive! be ligh
Twitch, flirt, and caper, tumble,
Grow up right ugly in thy father's
And be an "absolute JOSEPH."

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, E

Here by a pleasant fire, in the ve
Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes
which was sometimes honoured
and sometime polluted by his in
panions, I sat and ruminated on th
wished to be young again; but wa
the best of life while it lasted, a
compared past and present times
sidered myself as the only living r

nsported my imagination back to he prince and he gave life to the ren debauchery not disgusting. The d to throw my reflections back into floor, the gothic windows, and the y-piece, had long withstood the watchman had gone twelve: my stolen off, and none now remained andlord. From him I could have history of a tavern that had such of customers: I could not help account of this kind would be a of the manners of different ages; uld give me no information. He and sot, and tell a tedious story, lords usually do; and, though he was never silent: one good joke ood joke; and the best joke of all n towards the end of a bottle. I ver, his wine and his conversation : he insensibly began to alter his cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, well out into a fardingale. I now ing sexes: and, as my eyes began , I imagined my fat landlord ac- nto as fat a landlady. However, ew changes in my situation: the ient and the table, continued as ffered mutation but my host, who nto a gentlewoman, whom I knew y, mistress of this tavern in the and the liquor we were drinking into sack and sugar.

. Quickly," cried I, (for I knew it first sight) "I am heartily glad have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and ds below stairs? Brave and hearty, od sooth," replied she, "he did ever; but he maketh foul work ffitted. Queen Proserpine and he f his attempting a rape upon her e it not that she still had bowels ore than seems probable he might wling in Tartarus."

"I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than platonic affection: wherefore as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject; and desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observed, with a sigh, that our cash was nothing now to what it was in former days. 'Ah! Mrs. Quickly, those were merry times when your drew sack for prince Henry: men were twice as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! ever since that we have only been degenerating; and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable. When men wear clean shirts, and women show their necks and arms, all are degenerated, Mrs. Quickly; and we shall probably, in another century, be flittered away into beaus or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul, I mean.) Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press; our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit to it till eleven; and I only am left to make a night on't. Pr'ythee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventure, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting: I fancy the narrative may have something singular."

"Observe this apartment," interrupted my companion; of neat device and excellent workmanship —In this room I have lived, child, woman and ghost, more than three hundred years: I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passeth here; and I have wilhom compiled three hundred tomes, which eftsoon may be submitted to thy regards," "None of your wilhoms or eftsoons's, Mrs. Quickly, if you please," I replied: "I know you can talk every whit as well as I can; for, as you

have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have neither too much sense, nor too much language, to spare; so give me both as well as you can; but, first, my service to you: old women should water their clay a little now and then; and now to your story."

"The story of my own adventures," replied the vision, "is but short and unsatisfactory; for, believe me, Mr. Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow, is never long-lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers: my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent (for our priors then had as much power as the Middlesex justice now) he, I say, it was who gave me a licence for keeping a disorderly house; upon condition, that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy, that he should have a bottle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued, for several years to pay this tribute; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent: but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage; for I had incautiously drank over night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't?—The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation: though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

"Such is my own history; but that of the tavern, *where I have ever since* been stationed, affords *greater variety. In the history* of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view manners, pleasures, and follies, of m periods. You will find mankind not worse now than formerly: the vices of people are generally more detestable, tho quent, as those in polite society. It is t which formerly stuffed your alderma porridge, and now crams him with tu same low ambition that formerly ind to give up his religion to please his persuades him to give up his conscienc minister. It is the same vanity that our ladies cheeks and necks with paints them with carmine. Your formerly powdered his hair with brick-dust, in order to appear frightfu Briton cuts his hair on the crown, with hog's-lard and flour; and this killing. It is the same vanity, the the same vice, only appearing diffe through the glass of fashion. In a wo are a—.

"Sure the woman is dreaming," "None of your reflections, Mrs. love me; they only give me the s your history at once. I love stories soning."

"If you please then, sir," returned "I'll read you an abstract, which I m hundred volumes I mentioned just no

"My body was no sooner laid in the prior and several of his convent the tavern from the pollutions with I had filled it. Masses were said in lics were exposed upon every pie and the whole house washed with a water. My habitation was soon conv nastery; instead of customers now and sugar, my rooms were crowded lics, saints, whores, and friars. I a scene of occasional debauchery, it with continual lewdness. The prior and the whole convent imitated his Matrons came hither to confess th

. Virgins came hither who seldom went
y. Nor was this a convent peculiarly
ry convent at that period was equally
asure, and gave a boundless loose to
he laws allowed it; each priest had a
vourite companion, and a power of dis-
s often as he pleased. The laity grum-
led with their wives and daughters, hated
gy, and maintained them in opulence
ade, these were happy times, Mr. Rig-
e were times of piety, bravery, and sim-
lot so very happy, neither, good madam;
like the present; those that labour
those that do nothing, wear fine clothes
ppy."

ainer the fathers lived, for some years,
station; they transgressed, confessed
each other, and were forgiven. One
ryer, our prior keeping a lady of dis-
what too long at confession, her husband
came in upon them, and testified all
which was natural upon such an oc-
rior assured the gentleman that it was
ad put it into his heart; and the lady
n, that she was under the influence
could never have behaved in so un-
r. The husband, however, was not
such evasions, but summoned both
al of justice. His proofs were fla-
ected large damages. Such, indeed,
expect, were the tribunals of those
n the same manner as they are now.
priest was to be tried before an as-
; and a layman was to expect re-
their impartiality and candour.
you think the prior made to ob-
ion? He denied the fact, and
tiff to try the merits of their cause
It was a little hard, you may be
gentleman, not only to be made
obliged to fight a duel into the
e the justice of the times. The
glove, and the injured husband
was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge.

"Upon this, the priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a confession of truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, the bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed and guarded by soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees; and after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the prior had pitched upon, had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short, the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped of his shirt, and after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rigmarole! you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than us." "I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws give a judge as much power as a want of law; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality."

"Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fire-works that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confessors; in short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its over-

throw. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed; but hesitated in determining, whether she was possessed by an angel or a dæmon. She was not long in suspence; for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and, when she seemed to speak, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out: the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior; that, by his command, he resided in his present habitation; and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft; the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by, who had heard the devil [illegible] There was no resisting such a cloud of [illegible]demned; and he who [illegible] him-

to be supposed it could subsist any longer; the others were ordered to decamp, and the house once again converted into a tavern. The lady preferred it on one of his cast mistresses; she was installed landlady by royal authority; and the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the court. The mistress a very polite woman, it began to do more business than ever; and sometimes [illegible] less than four shillings a day.

"Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew into great reputation; the courtiers had learned to game, but they paid it off by drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous gaming of a luxurious age. They had not the quent entertainments as the moderns have; more expensive and more luxurious in had. All their fooleries were more elegant more admired by the great and the vulgar. A courtier has been known to spend his tune at a single feast, a king to mortgage nions to furnish out the frippery of a There were certain days appointed for bauchery, and to be sober at such times a crime. Kings themselves set the example have seen monarchs in this room dressed entertainment was half concluded. times, sir, when kings kept mistresses in public; they were too plain and happy times to hide their vices, and as now.

"Upon this lady's decease the tavern sively occupied by adventurers, bullies gamesters. Towards the conclusion Henry VII, gaming was more universal England than even now. Kings then known to play off, at Primero, not [illegible] they could part with, [illegible] Henry p

of note I find upon record was
as born among the lower ranks
by frugality and extreme com-
to acquire a moderate fortune:
njoyed for many years, had she
arrelled with one of her neigh-
was in high repute for sanctity
rish. In the times of which I
eldom quarrelled, that one did
of witchcraft, and she who first
ooked pins was sure to come off
ndal of a modern tea-table dif-
scandal of former times; the
s eyes at present, is regarded as
if a lady, formerly, should be
tchcraft in her eyes, it were much
soul and body, that she had no

louse was accused of witchcraft;
e the best defence she could, it
e; she was taken from her own
Old Bailey, condemned and ex-
These were times, indeed! when
ot scold in safety.
he tavern underwent several re-
to the spirit of the times, or the
gning monarch. It was this day
ext a conventicle for enthusiasts.
d for harbouring whigs, and the
retreat to tories. Some years
ogue, but at present it seems de-
ay be remarked in general, that,
ourish most, the times are then
nd luxurious."—"Lord! Mrs.
d I, "you have really deceived
mance, and here you have been
me only a description of the spirit
have nothing but tedious remarks
k some other hearer; I am de-
only to stories."
luded, when my eyes and ears
y landlord, who had been all this
count of the repairs he had made
in the house, and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room.

GOLDSMITH.

ARTICLES FOUND IN A KITCHEN DRAWER.

Written in the age of Shakspeare.

Three aprons, two dusters, the face of a pig,
A dirty jack towel, a dish-clout and wig;
A foot of a stocking, three caps and a frill,
A busk and six buttons, mouse-trap and a quill;
A comb and a thimble, with Madona bands,
A box of specific for chops in the hands;
Some mace and some cloves tied up in a rag,
An empty thread paper and blue in a bag;
Short pieces of ribbon, both greasy and black,
A grater and nutmeg, the key of the jack;
An inch of wax candle, a steel and a flint,
A bundle of matches, a parcel of mint;
A lump of old suet, a crimp for the paste,
A pair of red garters, a belt for the waist;
A rusty bent skewer, a broken brass cock,
Some onions and tinder, and the draw'r lock;
A bag for the pudding, a whetstone and string,
A penny cross-bun, and a new curtain ring;
A print for the butter, a dirty chemise,
Two pieces of soap, and a large slice of cheese;
Five teaspoons of tin, a large lump of rosin,
The feet of a hare, and corks by the dozen;
A card to tell fortunes, a sponge and a can,
A pen without ink, and a small patty-pan;
A rolling-pin pasted, and common prayer book,
Are the things which I found in the drawer of the cook.

A LONG TASK.

The Rev. Mr. Milne, in a Report of the Missionary Society for China, says, "We want, sir, fifty millions of New Testaments for China; and after that about one-sixth of the population only would be supplied. I would ask no higher honour on earth, than to distribute the said number." Now, if Mr. Milne had commenced the distribution of the said number at the time the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, and had

tinued to distribute forty-three Testaments per
y, Sundays excepted, he would have on hand,
pril 4, 1817, seven hundred and thirteen thousand,
ven hundred and forty-seven. Or, should he now
egin his work, and distribute ten each hour during
n hours per day, he would end his labour on the
7th day of January, 3411, at one o'clock in the fore-
noon!!!

PARALLEL BETWEEN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, AND CHURCHILL, THE POET.

In Anna's wars immortal Churchill rose,
And, great in arms, subdued Britannia's foes;
A greater Churchill now commands our praise,
And the palm yields her empire to the bays;
Tho' John fought nobly at his army's head,
And slew his thousands with the balls of lead,
Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

LOVE'S VERDICT.

A coroner's jury having sat on the body of a young lady in Baltimore, America, who had hung herself in a fit of *love frenzy*, brought in their verdict—*Died by the visitation of Cupid*. A reasonable novelty.

PETITION OF LORD CHESTERFIELD.

To the King's most excellent Majesty, the humble Petition of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c.

Sheweth.—That your petitioner, being rendered by deafness as useless and inefficient as most of his contemporaries are by nature, hopes in common with them, to share your majesty's royal favour and bounty, whereby he may be enabled to save or to spend, as he may think proper, a great deal more than he possibly can at present.

That your petitioner having had the honour to serve your majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby entitled to a lucrative retreat from business, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, that is, *leisure and a large pension*.

Your petitioner humbly apprehends, that he *has a justifiable claim* to a considerable pension, as he neither wants, nor deserves, but (pardon, dread sir, an expression you are used to) and insists upon it.

Your petitioner is little apt, and alway to speak advantageously of himself; degree of justice is due to one's self, others, he begs leave to represent, that your majesty has always been unshaken worst of times; that particularly in t tural rebellion, when the young Prete vanced as far as Derby, at the head of least three thousand men, composed of the Scotch nobility and gentry, enough to avow, and courage enough lives in support of, their real princ tioner did not join him, as unquestio have done, had he been so inclin contrary, raised at the public expe panies of one hundred men each, i majesty's undoubted right to the i these realms, which service rem unrewarded.

Your petitioner is well aware t civil list must necessarily be in languid condition, after the variou cuations it has undergone; but a humbly hopes, that an argument to have been urged against any soever, will not in a singular man him, especially as he has some r the deficiencies in the pension be the last to be made good by

Your petitioner begs leave to pension is disgraceful, as it inv digence on the part of the rece sort of dole or charity on the p that a great one implies dignit one side; on the other, esteem which doubtless your majesty highest degree for those great table names glare in capital nary list. Your petitioner that upon this principle I

[redacted]

ill not be proposed to him, and if
more agreeable.
er perstades Himself that your ma-
spute this his humble application to
ead motive, of which he has always
bhorrence.—No, sir! he confesses his
er alone is his object; honour is his
nour which is sacred to him as a peer,
firs as a gentleman; that honour, in
he has sacrificed all other consider-
pon this single principle that your
s an honour, which at present in so
manner adorns the British Peerage;
the most shining periods of ancient
nished the greatest men, who were
neum at the expense of the public.
nour, far dearer—to your petitioner
e begs leave, in the most solemn
ire your majesty, that in case you
to grant this his most modest request,
bly support and promote, to the ut-
ities, the very worst measures, that
ministers can suggest; but, at the
ld he unfortunately, and in a singu-
randed by a refusal, he thinks him-
onour to declare, that he will, with
ony, oppose the very best measures
jesty yourself shall ever propose or
And your petitioner, &c.

S FROM AN ODE TO SCANDAL.

ll, I burn with sacred fires,
If that every thought inspires!
Genius! now I feel
ric through each artery steal;
to my prying eyes
ar'd beauties rise;
erceive some flaw
ne never saw.
sing whisperer hints,
s wholly faint,
[redacted]
[redacted]!

"That though some fops of Celia prate,
"Yet be not hers the praise;
"For, if she should be passing straight,
"Hem! she may thank her stays.
"Each fool of Delia's figure talks,
"And celebrates her fame,
"But for my part, whene'er she walks,
"I vow I think she's lame.
"And see Ma'am Harriet toss her head,
"Lawk, how the creature stares!
"Well, well, thank heaven, it can't be said,
"I give myself such airs!"

The Ode concludes with the following stanzas:

To woman every charm was given,
Design'd by all indulgent heaven,
To soften grief or care;
For ye were form'd to bless mankind,
To harmonize and soothe the mind:
Indeed, indeed, ye were.
But when from those sweet lips we hear
Ill nature's whisper, Envy's sneer,
Your power that moment dies:
Each coxcomb makes your name his sport,
And fools when angry will retort
What men of sense despise.
Leave then such vain disputes as these,
And take a nobler road to please,—
Let Candour guide your way;
So shall you daily conquests gain,
And captives, happy in your chain,
Be proud to own your sway.

SHERIDAN.

ECCENTRIC HOSPITALITY.

During the late American war, a soldier, who had been wounded and honourably discharged, (but, perhaps, not paid,) being destitute and benighted, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued:

Patrick—And who the devil are you now?

Soldier—My name is John Wilson.

Patrick—And where the devil are you going from, John Wilson?

lier—From the American army at Erie, sir.
rick—And what in the devil do you want here?
dier—I want shelter to-night; will you permit
spread my blanket on your floor and sleep to-
?
atrick—Devil take me if I do, John Wilson, that's

oldier—On your kitchen floor, sir?
Patrick—Not I, by the Hill o'Howth—that's flat.
Soldier—In your stable then?
Patrick—I'm d—d if I do that either—that's flat.
Soldier—I am dying with hunger: give me but a
ne and a crust; I ask no more.
Patrick—The devil blow me if I do, sir—that's
lat.
Soldier—Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg of you.
Patrick—Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such thing—that's flat.
Soldier—Sir, I have been fighting to secure the blessings you enjoy; I have assisted in contributing to the glory and welfare of the country which has hospitably received you, and can you so inhospitably reject me from your house?
Patrick—Reject you, who in the devil talked a word about rejecting you? May be I am not the scurvy spalpeen you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor, my kitchen floor, or in my stable; now, by the powers, d'ye think I'd let a perfect stranger do that, when I have half a dozen soft feather beds all empty? No, by the Hill o'Howth, John, that's flat. In the second place you told me you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and a crust to eat; now, honey, d'ye think I'll feed a hungry man on bones and crust, when my yard is full of fat pullets, and turkeys, and pigs? No, by the powers, not I—that's flat. In the third place, you asked me for some simple water to quench your thirst; now as my water is none of the best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing it with plenty of wine, brandy, whiskey, or something *else wholesome and* cooling. Come into my house, *my honey; devil blow me,* but you shall sleep in the best feather bed I have; you shall supper and breafast that my farm can thank the Lord, is none of the worst; as much water as you choose, provid with plenty of good wine or spirits, also you prefer it. Come in my heart feel yourself at home. It shall neve Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man sc been fighting for the dear country w protection—that's flat.

PROSE V. POETRY.

Mr. Gifford to Mr. Hazl
What we read from your pen we rem
Mr. Hazlitt to Mr. Giff
What we read from your pen we rem

THE TWO HERVEYS.

Two Herveys had a mutual wish
To please in separate stations
The one invented "Sauce for Fi
The other "Meditations."
Each has his pungent powers a
To aid the dead and dying;
That relishes a "*Soal*," when
This saves the "*Soul*" from

RIVAL LOVERS.

The following, said to be from t of *Palestine*, was circulated in M in the University of Oxford. It the elopement and marriage of a the Professors with her father's whose name was *Arabella*, choo than be constrained to receive elderly gentleman, who, from gait, was nicknamed Dr. *Toe*.

Twixt *foot*-man John and
A rivalship befell;
Which should prove the f
To bear away the *Belle*
The *foot*-man won the la
And who can blame h
The *whole* prevail'd aga
'Twas *foot*-man vers

WELL-BRED COX.

a cornet in a regiment, being hos- by a neighbouring farmer, formed to seduce his wife. The usual such assiduity preserved, that it the eye of the farmer; but, de- 's constancy, he did not forbid ces of his guest. In process of lady, who despised the advances ik an opportunity of stating the husband: in consequence of which and the execution nearly proved The former one day invited all egiment to dine with him, except he captain was not a little rallied at the mess-room, where he had d make the farmer's wife one of wers. However, the day previous captain received a letter from the t if he would attend at the garden n the same night, he should be ich more delicate entertainment aking. All things were prepared l with the farmer—and the cap- ppointment, met an Abigail, who er mistress's bed-room. He was clothes, and scarcely there before a pressing hug as obliged him to he alarm was given—the company ghts, and found the captain fast of a great she dancing bear. The ast holding the chain of his bear e of the bed: the first business eor lover from his hugging mis- he assistance of the keeper, was t the expense of three broken ribs don on the temple: such was the xpected felicity.

UNDERTAKER'S BILL.

nded on a gentleman with the of his wife, amounting to 67*l.* " said the widower, " for laying a silent female horizontally! you must have made some mistake!"—" Not in the least," answered the coffin-monger, " handsome hearse—three coaches and six—well-dressed mutes—handsome pall—our body, your honour, could do it for less." The gentleman rejoined: " It is a large sum, but, as I am satisfied the poor woman would have given twice as much to bury me, I must not be behind her in an act of kindness; there is a check for the amount."

THE OPERA.

An Opera, like a pill'ry may be said,
To nail our Ears down, but expose our Head.

MUSICAL PERFECTION.

After one of the first musicians had been playing a solo, and shown a great many tricks upon his instrument, and was receiving applause for his great execution, a Lady observed to Dr. Johnson, how amazingly difficult the performance must be. " Madam," said the doctor, " I wish it had been impossible."

THE PEER AND THE PEDLAR.

A Member of the modern great
Pass'd *Sawney* with his budget:
The peer was in his car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.
But *Sawney* shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
The other's shoes are paid for.

POLITE FORBEARANCE.

A nobleman being seated with a party of ladies in a stage-box, a sprig of fashion came in booted and spurred. At the end of the act, the peer rose, and making the young man a low bow, said, " I beg leave, Sir, in the name of these ladies, and for myself, to offer you our thanks for your forbearance."—" I don't understand you; what do you mean?" said the stranger. " I mean," repeated the other, " as you have come with your boots and spurs, to thank *you that you have not brought your horse.*"

SHOTS.

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the ouse of Lords in the affair of Captain Porteus, and lling of the variety of shots which were fired upon at unhappy occasion, was asked by the Duke of Newcastle, what kind of shot it was? "Why," said he man, in his broad dialect, "such as they shoot *fools* (fowls) with, and the like." "What kind of fools?" says the duke, smiling at the word. "Why, my lord, *dukes*, (ducks) and sic kin' *o'fools*."

AURICULAR TELESCOPE.

A gentleman remarked one day to an Irish baronet, that the science of *optics* was now brought to the highest perfection; for that, by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the baronet, "I have one at my lodge that will be a match for it; it brought the church so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing Psalms."

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

Hodge held a farm, and smil'd content,
While one year paid another's rent;
But if he ran the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious mind;
For not an hour would landlord stay,
But seize the very quarter day.
How cheap soe'er or scant the grain,
Though urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain.
The same to him if false or true,
For rent must come when rent was due.
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
Broke Hodge's fence and crop his meads
In hunting, that same landlord's hounds
See! how they spread his new-sown grounds!
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoyed,
While half the rising crop's destroy'd,
Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd—
'Tis said, the suff'rer once complain'd;
The Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And paid the bumpkin—with a joke.

But luckless still poor Hodge's fate—
His worship's bull has forc'd a gate,
And gor'd his cow, the last and best;
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong:
The heart will feel that suffers long.
A thought that instant took his head,
And thus within himself he said:
"If Hodge, for once, don't sting the Squire
May people post him for a liar."
He said—across his shoulder throws
His fork, and to his landlord goes.
"I come an't please you to unfold
What, soon or late, you must be told.
My bull (a creature tame till now),
My bull has gor'd your worship's cow.
'Tis known what shifts I make to live.
Perhaps your honour may forgive."
"Forgive!" the Squire replied, and s
"Pray cant to me, forgive, no more.
The law my damage shall decide;
And know, that I'll be satisfied."
"Think, Sir, I'm poor, poor as a rat
"Think, I'm a justice, think of that
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd h
And, recollecting, archly said,
"Sir, I'm so struck when here befo
I fear I've blunder'd in the story.
'Fore George! but I'll not blunder
Your's was the bull, Sir, mine the
His worship found his rage subsid
And with calm accent thus replie
"I'll think upon your case to-ni
But I perceive 'tis alter'd quite
Hodge shrugg'd, and made a
"An please ye, where's the Jo

TRUMP CARDS.

George III. once noticed a Mr. H
on Richmond Hill; and, being to
a card-maker, he observed, "Wh
a card-maker! all his cards must
trumps."



THE WORD MALT, PREACHED BY THE [illegible] IN A HOLLOW TREE.

Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who [illegible] miles from Cambridge, had rendered [illegible] many of the Cantabs by frequently inveighing against drunkenness. Several of [illegible] him on a journey, they determined to preach in a hollow tree, which was near [illegible]. Accordingly, addressing him with [illegible] politeness, they asked him if he had preached much against drunkenness. On [illegible] the affirmative, they insisted that he [illegible] preach from a text of their choosing. In [illegible] demonstrate on the unreasonableness of [illegible] to give them a discourse without [illegible] in such a place: they were determined to [illegible] mind, and the word MALT was given him [illegible] text, on which he immediately delivered [illegible] follows:—

[illegible]d, let me crave your attention. I am a [illegible] come at a short warning, to preach a [illegible], from a small subject, in an unworthy [illegible]mall congregation. Beloved, my text is [illegible] cannot divide it into words, it being but [illegible] syllables, it being but one; I must, [illegible] necessity divide it into letters, which I [illegible] four, M, A, L, T.

[illegible]beloved, is Moral; A, is allegorical; [illegible] T, is Theological. The Moral is set [illegible] you drunkards good manners; therefore; A, all of you; L, listen; T. to my [illegible]. Allegorical is when one thing is spoken, [illegible] is meant. The thing spoken of is [illegible] meant is the Juice of Malt; which [illegible]—M, your Master; A, your Ap[illegible] Liberty; and T, your Trust. The [illegible] to the Letter—M, Much, [illegible] Trust. The Theological is as[illegible] that it works; and these I find [illegible] first in this world; secondly, [illegible] The effects that it works in [illegible] M, Murder; in others, A, Adultery; in all, L, Looseness of Life; and in some T, Treason. The effects that it works in the world to come, are—M, Misery; A, Anguish; L, Lamentation; and T, Torment, and so much for this time and text.

"I shall improve this, first by way of exhortation—M, Masters, A, All of you; L, Leave off; T Tipling; or secondly, by way of excommunication—M, Masters; A, All of you; L, Look for; T, Torment. Thirdly, by way of caution take this. A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man."

CHARITY AND GALLANTRY

The Bishop of Exeter having established a poor-house for twenty-five old women, asked Lord Mansfield for an inscription; upon which his Lordship wrote:

Under this roof the Lord Bishop of Exeter
keeps
Twenty-five women.

THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

This nobleman was so accustomed to promises, that no applicant whatever left his presence without an assurance of having what he solicited for. A major in the army once waited upon him on his return from abroad. "My dear major," said his grace, running up to him, and embracing him, "I am heartily glad to see you; I hope all things go well with you."—"I can't say they do, my lord duke," returned he; "I have had the misfortune to lose my ——"—"Say no more, my dear major," returned he, "say no more, I entreat you, I'll give you a better."—"Better, my lord," returned the major, "that cannot be!"—"How so, my dear friend? how so?" replied the duke. "Because," rejoined the major, "I have lost my leg."

GEORGE II.

At the first masquerade which George the Second honoured with his presence in England, a lady invited him to drink a glass of wine. With this he readily complied: and the lady, filling a bumper, said "Here, mask, the Pretender's health;" then filling another glass, she presented it to the king, who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of unfortunate princes."

FOX'S PAY-DAY.

Mr. Fox, on one of his occasions for borrowing money, met with a good-natured Jew, who told him that he might take his own time for payment. "Then," said Charles, "we'll make it the day of judgment; or, as that will be rather a busy day, suppose we say the day after."

AN ERROR IN GRAIN

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bye-standers said she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and he therefore supposed for certain, that she was the same at her death.

LOUIS XIV.

Killigrew, jester at the court of Charles II. being taken to see the Gallery at Versailles, was desired to observe particularly a picture of the crucifixion. He was then asked if he knew whom it represented. He said "No."—"Why," said Louis XIV., who was present, "it is our Saviour on the cross, and the picture on the right side is the pope's, and that on the left my own." Upon which Killigrew replied "I thank your majesty for your information; *I have heard our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, but I did not know before who they were.*"

CURE FOR DISSIPATION.

A dissipated nobleman was one day reproved by *his mother, who* advised him to take example by a *particular gentleman, whose* constant food was vegetables, and his drink pure water. "Good madam," said his lordship, "do you wish imitate a man who *eats like a beast* and dr *fish.*"

CHURCH-YARD ACCOUNT.

A poor labourer having been obliged to the operation of having his leg cut off, was sixteen pence by the sexton for burying poor fellow applied to the rector for rel told him, he could not relieve him at that that he should certainly consider it in his f *the rest of his body* came to be buried."

ELEGANT WIT

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set
Their want of edge from their offence i
Both pain us least when exquisitely ke

EPITAPH ON A TALKATIVE OLD W

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till dea
And ne'er before was out of breath.
Whither she's gone we cannot tell;
For, if she talks not, she's in Hell.
If she's in Heav'n, she's there unbles
Because she hates a place of rest.

A HOME ARGUMENT.

By one decisive argument
Giles gain'd his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the bridal day,
"Why in such haste, dear Giles, to
I shall not change my mind," she sai
"But then," says he, "I may."

SPOKEN BY VENUS, ON SEEING HER STA BY PRAXYTELES.

Anchysis, Paris, and *Adonis* too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to
All these I freely own, without denyi
But where has this *Praxytele*s been



AMES II. AND MILTON.

when Duke of York, one day asked oet, if he did not think his loss of sdgment upon him for what he had t his father, Charles I. The poet f his highness thought his loss of sight on him. he wished to know what he fath.er's losing his head."

NAUTICAL LEARNING.

happening to join a crowd gathered cher, just in time to hear him say, exclaimed against the sins of his nd I your pastor and teacher shall be r witness against you at the day "Hollo! Jack," cries one of them, ust as it is at the Old Bailey: *the always turns king's evidence.*"

AIRE AND CHESTERFIELD.

en in London, being at a rout with Lord lady in company, very much painted, nversation. Chesterfield tapped him r, saying, "Take care you are not "My Lord," replied Voltaire, "I sham by an English bottom under

KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

nd words, Sir Edward cheer'd his

hou on my friendship may'st depend; time is but very scant, I'll ne'er see Dick in want."

ht'd, his friend, no doubt, would free

pt his word—he would not see him!

MAJESTY.

thought (M—y) from MAJESTY, and

ng OF A FAULT

a shoulder *of mutton too much* done brought up for his dinner, sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down and do it less. "Please your honour, I cannot do it less." "But," said the Dean, "if it had not been done enough you could have done it more, could you not?" "Oh, yes! very easily." "Why, then," said the Dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be amended."

CHANGING THE SUBJECT

Alcibiades finding his irregularities had become the general topic of conversation at Athens, took a very fine dog, for which he had given a large sum of money, he cut off his tail. His friends told him the whole city blamed him for so foolish an action, and talked of nothing else. "That is what I wished," said he. "I had rather they should talk of my dog's tail than of me."

QUICKSILVER.

Sir Thomas Moore examining a protestant on the charge of heresy, whose name was Silver, told him, in his jesting way, "that silver must be tried in the fire." "Ay!" said Silver, "but quicksilver will not abide it."

LOOSE THOUGHTS.

When Mrs. Macauley published her *Loose Thoughts*, Garrick, who was in company with Foote, said it was a very improper title for a lady to adopt: to which Foote replied, he was quite of a different opinion, for the sooner a woman got rid of her loose thoughts the better.

THE PERMANENT MASK.

At Ranelagh, when Lady Grace
Unmask'd to put my poor heart in a pother,
So very hideous was her face.
I was deceiv'd, and begg'd she'd pull off t'other.

A WOMAN'S SECRET.

A married couple, coming over in the packet *from Dublin to* England, a storm arose, when every *one expected* the vessel would be lost. The gentle

man lamented with his wife the dreadful situation they were in, and begged her to answer him one question. She bade him name it. "Tell me, my dear," said he, "as perhaps we have not long to live, have you been always true to my bed?" "Sink or swim," she replied, "that is the only secret that shall go to the grave with me."

BISHOP WARBURTON.

When the first volume of the "Divine Legation," by Warburton, was shewn to Dr. Bentley, he looked it over, and then observed of the author, "This man has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion.'

RELATIONSHIP

A ludicrous mistake happened some time ago at a funeral in Mary-le-bone. The clergyman had gone on with the service, until he came to that part which says, "Our deceased *brother* or *sister*," without knowing whether the deceased was *male* or *female*. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very innocently replied, "No *relation at all*, Sir, only an *acquaintance*."

THE DYING CITIZEN.

A citizen dying greatly in debt, "Farewell," said one of his creditors, "there is so much of mine gone with him." "And he carried so much of mine," said another. A person hearing them make their several complaints, said, "Well, I see now, that though a man can carry *nothing of his own* out of the world, yet he may carry *a great deal of other men's*."

HANGING IN CHAINS

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains!" "No, honey!" replied he, "no great difference: only one hangs about *an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life.*"

PASSION

The footman of a gentleman possess[ed] irritable temper, desired to be dismiss[ed] you leave me?" said the master. " speak the truth, I cannot bear your tem be sure, I am passionate, but my passion on than it is off." "Yes," replied the m then it is no sooner off than it is on."

BILL AND CURE.

The following is the literal copy of a sent to a gentleman:—

10824

"Many Too qurving your honor dide Vifteen Zillings.'

THE BRAINLESS TOPER.

"Brother bucks your glasses drain
'Tom, 'tis strong and sparkling
"Never fear—'twont reach my br
"No—that's true—but 'twill your

PREACHING AND BREWIN[G]

A country vicar, giving his text out pronounced it, *He brews*, 10 and 12, (chapter and verse.) An old toper, asleep under the pulpit, thinking brewing so many bushels to the "By the Lord, and no such bad liquor

A DEAR WIFE.

A gentleman just married sold Foot morning laid out three hundred pound *wife*. "Faith, Sir," says Foote, "I hypocrite, for she is truly your *dear* wife

THE LAST FOLLY.

A volatile young lord, whose the female world were numberless, at "Now, my lord," said the countess, "I mend." "Madam," says he, "you on it, this is my last folly."

FRENCH VANITY

a nobleman showing Matthew Prior, the King's Palace at Versailles, and desiring ve the many trophies of Lewis the Fourtories, asked Prior if King William the master, had many such trophies in his No," said Prior, "the monuments of my tories are to be seen every where but in use."

ADVICE TO AN AUTHOR.

ed doctor having printed two heavy voatural History, a friend remarked to him, blication was, in several particulars, exneous; and when the other defended his plied, "Pray, Dr. are you not a justice of "I am, Sir," was the reply. "Why, added his critic, "I advise you to send the same place you send your vagrants to the house of correction."

AN IMPROMPTU.

r having played several nights to an barn, in a country town, neglected to f in the part of Lorenzo, in the Mer-ce. He however bustled through it till he got to the part where he should on the subject of Leander's being ming the Hellespont; where he made gle, which was so intolerable to the general hiss from all parts expressed tion, and he retired, as he called it, soon as silence was obtained by his d on the stage, leading Jessica hom he addressed the audience

ich a night as this we came to

night have touched but half-a-

m, bid these folks good night, r stay, are starv'd outright.

TO A GENTLEMAN ABOUT TO MARRY.

Bob says, his spouse that is to be
Has all the requisites to bless.
Has wit, I know, in repartee,
A taste for letters, play, and dress.
Yet were I, Bobby, (entre nous)
Bound to three such in marriage bands,
I'd bribe the Devil with thanks and two,
To take the other off my hands.

TWO DIFFERENT CASES.

Charg'd with writing obscenely this was *F*—g reply;
'Tis what *Dryden* and *Congreve* have done as well as I
'Tis true—but they did it with this good pretence,
With an ounce of obsceneness went a pound of good sense.
But thou hast proportion'd, in thy judgment profound,
Of good sense scarce an ounce, of obsceneness a pound

SHINING HONESTY.

'Aye! Honesty's a jewel," Richard cry'd,
"That shines the clearer still, the more 'tis try'd."
'True *Dick*,' quoth *Jeremy*—'yourself may show it,
'Your Honesty's so clear—we all *see through* it.'

CHARLES II.

The Duke of Buckingham was one day entertaining Charles II., when the King said, "Buckingham, I think you are the greatest rogue in all my dominions;" upon which Buckingham immediately replied, "of a subject I believe I am."

WIT AND HONESTY.

The late King of Prussia used to say, that he preferred the company of a man who could amuse him, though ever so great a rascal, to that of a stupid honest fellow, who would suffer him to fall asleep

MOTTOS.

For an undertaker—"*Grave* undertakings," or, "I *undertake grave subjects.*"

For a first-rate singer—"I've *cash'd my notes*"

For a lamplighter—"*Exalted I shine;*" or, "*Brilliant exaltation.*"

For a news-crier—"My fame makes a *noise!*"

For a tobacconist—"*Smoke ascends;*" or, "*Substantial smoke.*"

For a watchmaker—"Wound to the highest pitch;" or, "Take note of *Time.*"

For a carpenter—"*Plain dealings*, or, "*Augur well.*"

For a resurrection man—"*Mors janua vitæ;*" or, "Death is life to me."

For an auctioneer—"Repeated *knockings down* set me on my *legs.*"

"For a tailor—"Suit your measures to all men;" or, "My goose laid golden eggs."

Officers of Excise, &c.—"Collections and self-recollections."

For a distiller—"My spirits *rise!*" or, "Spirits at full proof."

For a cider merchant—"How sweet is expression."

For a navy agent—"Commissions, but no self-omissions."

For a lawyer—"The suit that fits me best is a Chancery suit."

For a manufacturer of looking-glasses—"The true mirror of fashion."

For a distributor of handbills—"A literary character."

For a banker—"Count Discount."

For the Master of the Hummums—"Knight of the Bath."

For the keeper of Bedlam—"Knight of the Crescent."

For a merchant—"No change like exchange."

For a coachmaker—"The Wheel of Fortune."

For a butcher—"*Killing* brings me to *life.*"

For a paper manufacturer—"I've t
a new leaf."

For a curate—"A good living is a
souls."

PRESENTS.

A Hamper I receiv'd of wine,
As good, Dick says, as e'er was
And Dick may be suppos'd to
For he contriv'd his matters so,
At every day with me to dine
Much longer than the liquor lasted:
If such are presents—while
Oh! let me not receive, but gi

THE COMBAT.

A *Chimney-sweep* and *baker* went to
The baker beat the chimney-sweeper
The chimney-sweep, tho' laid upon
Took wind, and quickly beat the bake
In came a *brickdust-man*, with power
And beat both chimney-sweep and b
Thus *red*, *black*, *white*, in clouds toge
And none could tell which party had

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BO

As fiddlers and archers who cunningly k
The way to procure themselves merit
Will always provide them two strings t
And manage their bus'ness with spirit
So likewise the provident maiden should
Who would make the best use of her
If her mark she would hit, or her lesson
Two lovers must still be on duty.
Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure
Thus far our revenge we may carry
One spark for our sport, we may jilt an
And t'other, poor soul, we may marry.

THE SECOND BRUTUS.

Brutus unmov'd heard how his Portia
Should Jack's wife die, *he* would beha

STS OF WIT.

rd Phillips, the publisher, being edition of the "Encyclopedia test the whole by two separate o very ingenious men a copy of g each to erase the articles him as piquant. They per- d on returning their copies, the s utter astonishment, that, with had erased what the other had heir joint erasures, not a twen- al book remained. Confounded submitted the book to a third ed nearly every article which and struck out all that they as now reminded of the fable of and the Ass," and perceiving deavour to please every one, he hout alteration, leaving it to his t pleasure from the mass, each fancy.

IH COURAGE.

Desmond, a fierce and powerful road on the possession of But- when in the course of the war, led and taken prisoner. As the ed him from the field, stretched rters exclaimed, with natural now is the great lord of Des- replied Desmond, "but in his n the necks of the Butlers."

TIQUETTE

asked a Judge, while he was if he had seen the rhinoceros? e paused. The esquire went noceros, my lord!" To which that the etiquette was not yet , as they both had their trum- it, the first, whether he should ceros or the rhinoceros upon

DRYDEN'S WIFE.

This lady one day complained to her husband, that he was always reading, and took little notice of her, and finished by saying she wished that she was a book, and then she should enjoy his company. "Yes, my dear," says Dryden, "I wish you were a book,—but an *Almanack* I mean, for then I should change you every year."

ON THE MARRIAGE OF AN OLD MAID.

Chloe, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest fickle thing alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty-five.
Thus, weather-cocks, who for awhile
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

ON MISS FURY, BY LORD CHESTERFIELD.

To look like an angel, the ladies believe,
Is the greatest of blessings that Heaven can give;
But on earth, believe me, fair nymphs, I assure ye,
The blessing's far greater to look like a *Fury*.

TASTE FOR WIT.

Foote was rattling one evening, in the green-room, when a nobleman, who seemed highly entertained, cried out, "well, Foote, you see I swallow all the good things." "Do you, my Lord Duke," says the other, "then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never threw up one of them in your life."

A RHAPSODY.

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me;
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.
Then I said to myself, and then answered myself
With the self-same repartee;
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self-same thing to me.

ZEAL FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP

years ago the Isle of Sheppey being an in-
able parish, and the income not very large,
ar came there but once a month. The pa-
rs being much displeased with this, desired
lerk to remind him of his duty. The clerk
e vicar the sense of the parishioners; and the
was, "Well, well, tell them, if they will give
a pounds a year more, I will come to them once
night; and be sure, Jonathan, to let me know
answer the next time I come." The next time
id come, he accordingly asked, and Jonathan
ered, "Sir, they say, if you will excuse them
pounds a year in their tithes, they will dispense
your coming at all."

THE TOUCHSTONE.

A Fool and Knave, with different views
For Julia's hand apply;
The Knave to mend his fortune sues,
The Fool to please his eye.

Ask you how Julia will behave?
Depend on't for a rule,
If she's a Fool, she'll wed the Knave
If she's a Knave, the Fool.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the
urse of conversation, that man is the only creature
at is endowed with the power of laughter. "True,"
iid the earl, "and you may add, perhaps, he is the
nly creature that deserves to be *laughed at.*"

ON A WELSHMAN.

A Man of Wales, betwixt St. David's day and
Easter,
Ran in his hostess' score, for cheese great store
a tester:
His hostess chalks it up behind the door;
And says, for cheese, come, Sir, discharge this
score:
Cot sounds, quoth he, what meaneth these?
D'ye think, hur know not *chalk from cheese?*

TOO CIVIL BY HALF.

The Duke of Grafton was one day [illegible]
near Newmarket, when a quaker, at some d[istance]
upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his h[at]
gave a loud halloa! The hounds immedi[ately]
to him, and being drawn off the scent, [and]
quently at fault, which so enraged the [Duke]
galloping up to the offender, he asked, in a
tone, "Are you a quaker?" "I am, friend,"
the reply. "Well, then," rejoined his gr[ace]
you never pull off your hat to a Christian,
thank you in future not to pay that compli[ment]
fox."

A GOOSE'S REASON

A Goose, my grannum one day said
Entering a barn pops down its head;
I begg'd her then the cause to show:
She told me she must waive the task,
For nothing but a goose would ask,
What nothing but a goose could kn[ow]

A DOCTOR'S REVENGE.

A physician being in a tavern one eve[ning]
tleman entered in great haste, exclaiming
my wife is at the point of death, make
with me." "Not till I have finished
however" replied the Doctor. The man
be a fine athletic fellow, and finding
useless, snatched up the Doctor, hoist
back, and carried him out of the tave[rn]
ment he set the Doctor upon his legs
from him the following threat: "No
I'll cure your wife in spite of you."

HIGH PLAY.

A gentleman once playing at cards
an odd trick; on which the compan[y]
of their resentment, threw him out
a one pair of stairs room. The ge[n]
friend some time after, was loudl[y]
this usage, and asked what he sho[uld]
said the other, "why never *play a*

NOBLE BOXING.

'eterborough having been grossly
m, deliberately stripped, and gave
lrubbing, that he could scarcely
man seeing the transaction, came
on of the affray, and asked the
e person with whom he had been
" A lord!" says the fellow, "a
call him what they please, and he
ill, but I am sure, from the weight
of his that his *father* must have

ED GALLANTRY.

tleman of the name of Page, find-
's glove at a watering place, pre-
h the following words:—

glove you take the letter *G*
ve, which I devote to thee:"

ady returned the following neat

Page you take the letter *P*,
ge, and that won't do for me."

ND CUT DIAMOND.

leavoured to convert the Duke of
Out of our Church," says the
be saved."—"And all in it will
his grace. "You want charity,"
Quite as much as your reverence,"

ION'S GRATITUDE.

aron would his penny pay—
ryman was heard to say,
riend! and live for ages more,
my useless boat ashore.

ER POLITENESS.

chester meeting Isaac Barrow in
ompanions that he would have
rusty old put. Accordingly, he
gravity, and, taking off his hat,
made the Doctor a profound bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe time." The Doctor, seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, "Dr. I am yours to the centre." Barrow, with a very lowly obeisance, replied, "My lord, I am yours to the Antipodes." His lordship, nearly gravelled, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of Hell."—"*There*, my lord," said Barrow, sarcastically, "*I leave you*," and walked off.

ORATOR HENLEY.

"I never," said a person, who knew little about the doctor, "saw Orator Henley but once, and that was at a Coffee house, where a gentleman he was acquainted with coming in, and seating himself in the same box, the following dialogue passed between them:

Henley. Pray what is become of our old friend Smith? I have not seen him for several years.

Gentleman. I really don't know. The last time I heard of him he was at Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies.

Henley (with some surprise). At Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies! My good Sir, in *one* sentence there are *two* mistakes. Ceylon is not one of our settlements, it belongs to the Dutch; and it is situated not in the West but the East Indies!

Gentleman (with some heat). That I deny.

Henley. More shame for you! I will engage to bring a boy of eight years of age who will confute you.

Gentleman (in a cooler tone of voice). Well, be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these sort of things.

Henley. What, you thank God for your ignorance, do you?

Gentleman (in a violent rage). I do, Sir; what then?

Henley. Sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for.

THE HUNGRY DISPUTE.

A hungry Frenchman one day went into a cook's shop, and there staid till his stomach was satisfied with the smell of the victuals. The cook insisted on his paying for a dinner, which the Frenchman refused to do; and the dispute growing high, it was agreed to refer the decision of it to the first man who passed that way. This happened to be a chimney sweeper, who, on hearing the case, determined that the Frenchman's money should be shaken between two empty dishes, and the cook be satisfied with the gingling of it, as the poor man was content with the smell of the cook's meat.

CEREMONY.

A lady once invited Dean Swift to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it: every delicacy was accordingly procured. The Dean was scarcely seated before the lady said she was sincerely sorry that she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not any thing fit for him to eat. "The deuce take you," said the Dean, "why did you not provide a better, surely you had time enough; but since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring."

DOG LATIN

As Lady Mary Wortley Montague was walking through the gardens at Stow with a party, she was much teased by an impertinent young coxcomb, who was continually making some foolish observations to her. On coming to one of the temples, over which there was an inscription, she said, "be kind enough to explain that inscription to us."—"Madam," said the fop, "I really do not know what it means, for I see it is *dog* Latin."—"How very extraordinary it is," said Lady Mary, "that *puppies* do not understand their own language!"

THE MAN OF FASHION'S DIARY.

I laugh, joke, quarrel, fiddle, dance, game, drink,
Do all that mortal man can do—but think

GOLDEN GOOSE.

When an English lady was some years
continent, she stopped at an inn in Fren
which was the sign of the Golden Goo
riving late, she ordered but a slight repa
and suite, which consisted of only five
the morning, when the landlord presen
she was much surprised at one genera
"Expenses for the night, fourteen Louis
vain did she remonstrate; the artful F
her generous character, and was pa
money was accordingly paid. When
paring to depart, the landlord attend
carriage? and, expressing many thank
should have the honour of her compan
turn. "Why, possibly you may," sa
"but it must be on one condition—tha
again mistake me for your sign."

TIT FOR TAT.

Old Time kills us all
Rich, poor, great and small,
And 'tis therefore we rack ou
Throughout all our days,
In finding out ways,
To kill him, by way of preven

BROTHERLY LOVE.

An avaricious divine seeing a poor
plorable condition, called him to th
giving him a mouldy piece of bread,
he could read, to which he answered in
to the questions, whether he could s
and the Lord's Prayer, the answer w
"Well," said the divine, "I will tea
say after me: Our father," said th
"*Our* father!" repeated the poor la
your father as well as mine?" "Yes
"Then we are brothers!" "To be s
was the reply. "Why then," replie
pulling the crust from under his coat, "
you give your poor brother this mou
bread?"

GRATITUDE.

well known in his neighbourhood as a
of oddity, humour, and equally great
peace wanting a new wig, his old
all further assistance of art, he applied
going in the business, to make him
tradesman, who was just going to dinner,
humour of his new customer's company at
which the parson readily consented.
e of the bowl of punch was produced,
guests, with equal readiness, joined in
When it was out the barber was
to business, and began to handle his mea-
guest desired him to desist, saying he
ake his wig. "Why not?" exclaimed the
; "have I done any thing to offend
"Not in the least," replied the guest;
are a very honest, good-natured fellow;
somebody else in. Had you made it,
ever have been paid for it."

WHOLESOME DOCTRINE.

parson, after divine service, used to
els with his parishioners in the church-
being told to the bishop of the diocese, he
reprimanded: in his defence the parson
e took pains to instil the word of God
the church, but as that would not do, he
to beat it into them in the church-yard.

GOUNTENANE AND THE DEVIL.

k once, it is said, at a fair,
wise gentry that crowded it stare,
spite of the Church's decree,
chose it the devil should see
a sight who would think to forego?
n'd in them, they all scrambled so!
mouth very wide, an old purse, very long,
it by this sore'rer, and shook to the

[illegible]ello'd, "your eyes now
any thing you behold?"

When one who stood next, straight replied, with some gall—
"What is there to see, whom there's nothing at all?
"Ah! *that is the Devil!*" the wag said, "I swear;
To open one's purse, and to see—nothing there!"

SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

When the proud Duke of Somerset, a little time before his death, paid a visit to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, she insisted on his drinking with her glass of tokay, which had been presented to her husband by the emperor. He assented, and she addressed him as follows: "My lord, I consider your grace drinking a glass of wine with me as a very high honour, and I will beg leave to propose two healths, the most unpopular imaginable, and which nobody in the three kingdoms, except ourselves, would drink: here is YOUR health and MINE."

EPITAPH ON CHARLES II.

Charles once said over his bottle, that he supposed some stupid peasant would write a nonsensical epitaph on him when he was gone,—"Now," says his Majesty, "I should like to have something appropriate and witty,—Rochester, let's have a touch of your pen on the subject." His Lordship obeyed the command, and produced the following:—

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose promise none relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

DR. FRANKLIN'S GRACE

The Doctor when a child found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provision had been salted, "I think, Father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say *grace* over the whole cask once for all, it would be a great saving of time."

THREE FOOLS.

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock in a new coat: *the parson* asked in a haughty tone, who gave him

that coat? "The same people," said the shepherd, "that clothe you, the parish." The parson, nettled a little, sent his man back to ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man went to the shepherd, and delivered his master's message. "Are you going away then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "his living wont maintain three of us."

CHARLES II. AND MR. PENN.

When Mr. Penn went to pay his respects to Charles II. that King observing that the Quaker did not remove his hat, took off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn; who said, "prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat." "No," says the King, "friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to be covered here."

A PRAYER TOO QUICELY GRANTED.

With folded hands, and lifted eyes,
"Have mercy, Heaven!" the parson cries
And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains,
Thy blessings send in genial rains!"
The sermon ended and the prayers,
The parson to be gone prepares;
When with a look of brighten'd smiles—
'Thank Heaven, it rains,' cries farmer Giles,—
'Rains!' quoth the parson, 'Sure you joke!
Rain! Heav'n forbid! I've got no cloak.

THE FORGETFUL MAN.

When *Jack* was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brim full of pride and pelf:
No wonder that he don't remember *me*;
Why so? you see he has forgot *himself*.

TAKING AT A WORD.

A country rector one day gave his curate a list of the sick persons in the parish, in order that he might visit them. Soon after the rector inquiring about a poor woman, the curate replied that she *was dead. The rector* said that he had just then *met her in the street*; the curate, in his defence, answered, that she told him the night could not live till the morning, and he woman going out of the world would untruth.

AN EMPTY HEAD.

James I. King of England, asking what he thought of the French ambas answered, that he was a tall, proper ma replied the king, "what think you of his Is he a proper man for an ambassador said Bacon, "tall men are like high hou commonly the uppermost rooms are worst

LIVING TOO LONG

A person who had just two thousand unwilling to leave any thing to his heirs, spend, not only the annual income, principal. He accordingly made a calc he could not possibly live longer tha years; but, happening to survive all, he self reduced to beggary during the la years of his life; and actually begged door to door, whining out. "Pray give a poor man, who has lived longer than he

ÆSOP IN SLAVERY

Æsop went with a number of slaves and being questioned as to their respe one said he could do this thing, anothe third could do every thing. When Æsop's turn, his master asked him w do, he answered "Nothing." "H possibly be," said his master. "W Æsop, "as the man before me says he thing, there can be nothing left for me

CONTRABAND INTELLECT.

A Scotch nobleman, chatting with lady, she asked, how it happened that general made a much better figure from Scotland. "Oh," said he, "nothing is counted for. For the honour of the na are stationed at every egress, to see th

but men of abilities."—"Then," an- "I suspect your lordship was smuggled."

PAINTER, POTS AND ALL.

r was employed in painting a West the river, suspended on a stage under tern. The captain, who had just got at alongside, for the purpose of going red the boy to let go the *painter* (the nakes fast the boat): the boy instantly d let go the rope by which the painter's ld. The captain surprised at the boy's out, "You lazy dog, why don't you ainter?" The boy replied, "He's gone, l all."

DEAN SWIFT'S DEAFNESS.

, giddy, helpless, left alone,
ll my friends a burthen grown,
sore I hear my church's bell
ff it rang out for my knell:
under now no more I start,
at the rumbling of a cart:
what's incredible, alack!
dly hear a woman's clack.

FISH AND FLESH.

Wolsey, being one day in company with , the conversation fell on the institution en the Cardinal said the reason it took sat the Apostles were fishermen and it e fish trade.—One of the courtiers an- Well, Cardinal, when you are Pope you y strike it out of the calendar, for you ur father was a butcher."

PERSECUTION PREVENTED.

d of Queen Mary's reign, a commission to one Dr. Cole, a bigoted papist, to go nd, and commence a fiery persecution Protestants of that kingdom. On coming he [illegible] waited upon by the mayor, [illegible] mission with great triumph, e what shall lash the heretics of Ireland." The landlady of the inn, hearing these words, when the doctor went down stairs with the mayor, hastened into the room, opened the box, took out the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the doctor returned, he put his box into the portmanteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival he waited upon the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, to whom he made a speech relating to his business, and then presented the box to his Lordship; but on opening it, there appeared *a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost.* The doctor was petrified, and assured the company that he had a commission, but what was become of it he could not tell. The Lord Lieutenant answered, "Let us have another commission, we will shuffle the cards the mean while." Before, however, the doctor could get his commission renewed, the Queen died.

FLYING FROM CHURCH.

A famous aeronaut once applied to a certain dean to grant him leave to ascend in an air balloon from the top of his cathedral. The prelate answered, that he could not comply with his request, it being contrary to his profession; as the tenor of his discourse was to induce people to come to church, and not to encourage them to fly from it

LIVING HIGH.

A physician ordered a patient to live higher (*i. e.* more freely): the poor man mistook the doctor, and removed to the garret, where, unfortunately, he expired before his next visit.

NEGRO WIT.

A West Indian, with a remarkably *fiery nose*, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro-boy, who was in waiting, observed a musquito hovering round his face. *Quashi* eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him alight on his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah, d—n your heart," exclaimed the negro, "me d—n glad to see you burn *your foot.*"

SINCERITY VERSUS MANNERS.

Mr. Fox, on his canvass, having solicited a tradesman for his vote, the blunt elector replied, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles!" Mr. Fox instantly retorted, "My friend, I applaud your sincerity, but d—n your manners."

MODERN CRITICISM.

When Churchill's Prophecy of Famine made its appearance, the sale was rather dull. Meeting his publisher in the pit of one of the theatres, Churchill asked him if he heard how it sold. The other told him the sale was extensive since the Reviewers d—ned it. "Aye," says the poet, "that is fulfilling the Scripture, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings I have ordained strength.'"

CUTTING MISTAKE.

A Frenchman, on landing at Dover, went into a barber's shop to be shaved. The poor man's cheeks were so much collapsed, that the barber was under the necessity of thrusting his fingers into his customer's mouth to assist the operation. "O mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Frenchman, whilst the barber was dashing away, "me he damnably cut." "Confound your thin lantern jaws," replied Strop, "I have cut my fingers cursedly *through your cheek.*"

THE TYTHE HEART.

A witty divine received an invitation to dinner written on the ten of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune; on which the gentleman thought he had now a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes: he wrote therefore, the following lines on the same card:—

"Your compliments, lady, I pray you forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me ten hearts, but the tythe's only nine,
So give me one heart, and take back t'other nine."

CHRISTIAN FORGIVENESS.

A Cantab having been affronted by the mayor, *who was a butcher, resolved* to take an opportunity of being even with him; accordingly, to his turn to preach before the corp prayer before the sermon he made use ing expressions: "And since, O Lo commanded us to pray for our enem beseech thee for the right worshipf give him the strength of Sampson, and David; that he may knock down sin cut the throat of iniquity like a suckin his horn be exalted above his brethren."

FAMILY WIT.

The celebrated Lady Wallace, when girl, was romping near a *mill-dam*, and incautiously approached the brink of t her mother called to her—"For God' more cautious, or you will most certain the water and be drowned."—"I'll do, mamma," replied the young pr child," remarked her mother, "that w one day prove your ruin."—"I'm sure be *mother-wit*," retorted the minx.

DANGEROUS PRIZE.

An Irishman purchased the sixteen ticket, for which he paid a guinea and few days it came up a prize of twen on application at the lottery office, he and-twenty shillings for his share. Pat, "I'm glad it's no worse; as it w *pound*, I have only lost *eight and* forty had been a *twenty thousand* I must have

LAWYERS' WIGS.

A late attorney-general receiving a intimate with him, in his library, the pressed surprise at the number of hanging up. "Yes, there are several lawyer; "*that*," pointing to a scratch mon business wig; *that* my chancery house of lords wig; and *that* my court pray, Sir, where is your *home* wig replied the lawyer, "that's *not profess*



[illegible] SAGACITY.

[illegible] of Lord Melville was brought for- [illegible] House of Commons, a gentleman men- [illegible] that his Lordship had quitted his [illegible] you ever," said a lady present, "hear [illegible] quitting his place?" "Yes, Madam," [illegible] gentleman, "his native place."

IRISH ECONOMY.

[illegible] having lost a parcel of silk stock- [illegible] was about to offer a reward for them, [illegible] small, that a friend observed he could [illegible] recover them; "Ah! by J——," says [illegible] advertised them as worsted ones."

KNOW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS."

coming to see his patient, inquired if he [illegible] his prescription. "No, truly, Doctor," [illegible], "If I had, I should have broken my [illegible] brew it out of a two-pair of stairs window."

ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

[illegible] First complained, on his arrival in [illegible] that the people did not understand property. [illegible] strange country," said his Majesty, "the [illegible] after my arrival at St. James's, I looked [illegible] window, and saw a park with walks; a [illegible] which they told me were mine. The next [illegible] Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me [illegible] of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told, [illegible] five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant [illegible] me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal, in [illegible]!"

NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

[illegible], sneering at the ignorance of a young [illegible] them if he knew what an interrogation [illegible], Sir," said he, "'tis a little crooked [illegible] like questions."

[illegible] MANY.

[illegible] his gallantry to the fair [illegible] walking with a handsome young [illegible] to him, that the *talk of the day* was oppressive; on which the Quaker recommended her to throw off a petticoat. The lady replied, "Between you and I, friend, I have but one on." "And between thee and me," replied Broad Brim, "even that is one too many."

AN EQUIVALENT.

When Quin was one day lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would now give to be as young as he. "I would be content," replied Quin, "to be as foolish."

THE MISER'S DEATH-BED.

The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him.—"I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure) "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself."

GOLDSMITH

ONLY BELIEVE HALF A REPORT.

When Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, once met Lord Chesterfield in the rooms at Bath, they began to talk of the company present, and the lady was very communicative in her narrative of things said of Lady Caroline, Miss Languishness, &c. &c and concluded by remarking, "Yet much of this may be scandal; for, do you know, my lord, that since I was lately confined to my chamber *by illness*, they have spread an infamous report of *my being* brought to bed of twins." "O, my dear

lady, do not be uneasy," replied the peer, "for my part, I have long made up my mind only to believe half of what the town says."

LACONIC LETTER AND ANSWER.

Lord Bulkeley, on the morning subsequent to his marriage, communicated his happiness to his friend the Duke of Dorset in the following laconic epistle:

"Dear Dorset,

I am the happiest dog alive.

Yours, Bulkeley."

To which the answer was,

"Dear Bulkeley,

Every dog has his day.

Yours, Dorset."

AN EYE KNOCKED OUT.

Mr. Curran, the late celebrated Irish advocate, was walking one day with a friend, who was extremely punctilious in his conversation; hearing a person near him say curosity for curiosity, he exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad," replied Curran, "he has only *knocked an I out*."

IRISH HAND BILL.

This is to certify, that I Daniel O'Flanaghan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the Liberty Mob on Tuesday last; and that I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will bet me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name. Witness my hand, this 30th July.

DANIEL O'FLANAGHAN

LONDON CLUBS, in 1760.

The first club I entered, upon coming to town was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced *myself without* farther ceremony to the members, *who were already assembled*, and had for some *time begun upon business*. The Grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the I could not avoid, upon my ent of all my skill in physiognomy, in that superiority of genius in nea ttle so superior to the rest of mank to see the lines of every face ma thinking; but though I had so science, I could for my life disco pert simper, fat, or profound stupi

My speculations were soon in Grand, who had knocked down M song. I was, upon this, whisperi company who sat next me, that I something touched off to a nicety, was going to give us Mad Tom Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to exc as he was to act a madman and possible to go through the part pr crown and chains. His excuses w a great majority, and with much president ordered up the jack stead of a crown, our performer with an inverted jordan. After h chain, and shook his head, to the the whole company, he began his heard few young fellows offer to that did not expose themselves, disappointment to me to find Mr the number; however, not to se rose from my seat in rapture, c Encore! and slapped the table a the rest.

The gentleman who sat next pleased with my taste and the ar bation; and whispering told me t an immense loss; for, had I co sooner, I might have heard Gee-h a tip-top manner by the pimple-n president's right elbow; but le before I came.

As I was expressing my sorrow appointment, I found the attention employed upon a fat figure, who,

Staffordshire giant's,' was giving us
ent, in Lydian measure," of Alexan-
ter a short pause of admiration, to
Welch dialogue, with the humours
ally; after that came on Old Jack-
y between every stanza; next was
rt, and then Solomon's song. The
to circulate pretty freely; those who
sober, would now be heard in their
ind his song, and he saw no reason
not be heard as well as any of the
t to be heard while he gave Death
high taste; another sung to a plate
undling on the edges; nothing was
nging; voice rose above voice, and
ne one universal shout, when the
o acquaint the company that the
runk out. Rabelais calls the mo-
reckoning is mentioned the most
ir lives. Never was so much noise
ed, as by this short but pathetic
ndlord. Drunk out! was echoed
scontent round the table: drunk
at was very odd! that so much
drunk out already! impossible!
nowever, seeming resolved not to
first assurances, the company
and a president chosen for the

ine, to whom I was complaining
of the entertainment I have been
sed to bring me to the club that he
, he fancied, would suit the gravity
ctly. "We have at the Muzzy
"no riotous mirth nor awkward
fusion or bawling; all is conducted
d decency: besides, some of our
th forty thousand pounds; men of
weight every one of them: these
quaintance, and to such I will to-
I was charmed at the pro-
acquainted with men worth forty
, and to talk wisdom the *whole*
that threw *me into rapture.*

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend, not indeed to the company; for though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach, but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society! thought I to myself, where the member think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, bu convey their thoughts to each other pregnant wit meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe was laid down I expected it was to speak; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, (for to this I imputed their silence) I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me, to whom I observed, that the beer was extremely good: my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco smoke.

I now began to be uneasy at this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks. "Ay," says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—Sir, my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself *founder.* The money spent is four pence each; and *they* sometimes whip for a double reckoning.

this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory four pence and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club-night; we discussed the topic of the day, drank each others healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Curry-comb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night; and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while a bug man, at the same time, was telling a pretty story of a noble lord, with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the Ghost in Cock-lane: he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar over the table, while the president in vain knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the combinations of these voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing underparts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

"*So, Sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed-post*—Says my lord to *me, my dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth* for whom I have so high—A damnable false heretical opinion sound doctrine and good learning; for L aloud, and spare not that—Silence for Mr. Leathersides for a song—' As I was upon the highway, I met a young damsel what brings you here? says the parson ghost—Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Beros whole way from Islington-turnpike to D bar—Dam—As for Abel Drugger, Sir, he' low in it; my 'prentice boy has more of tleman than he—For murder will out one another; and none but a ghost, you know men, can—Damme if I don't; for my frien you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliam a man of consequence, a dear honest crea sure; we were laughing last night at—D damnation upon all his posterity by simpl tasting—Sour grapes, as the fox said once, could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell yo about that, that will make you burst your laughing: A fox once—Will no body, liste song—' As I was a walking upon the hi met a young damsel both buxom and ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered; nay hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, was stabbed in the belly with a—My h soul if I don't—Mr. Bellows-mender, I honour of drinking your very good heal me if I do—dam—blood—bugs—fire—wh —tit—rat—trip"——The rest all riot, and rapid confusion.

The last club in which I was enrolled a was a society of moral philosophers, as th themselves, who assembled twice a week to shew the absurdity of the present mod gion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly dispu I arrived; not indeed about religion or s about who had neglected to lay down his p six-pence upon entering the room. The swore that he had laid his own down, and all the company.

During this contest, I had an opportuni serving the laws and the member

he president, who had been, as I was a bankrupt, was a tall, pale figure, with wig; the next to him was dressed in a wig, and a black cravat; a third, by the of his complexion, seemed a native of nd a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be h. But their rules will give the most their learning and principles.

ding a laudable society of moral philo- nds to dispute twice a week about priestcraft. Leaving behind us old and following good learning and sound If so be, that any other persons has a of the society, they shall be entitled so paying the sum of three shillings, to the company in punch.

o member get drunk before nine of the pain of forfeiting three-pence, to be company in punch.

as members are sometimes apt to go it paying, every person shall pay six- his entering the room; and all disputes ed by a majority; and all fines shall be h.

six-pence shall be every night given to , in order to buy books of learning for he society. The president has already a good deal of expence in buying books particularly the works of Tully, Socrates, which he will soon read to the society.

n who brings a new argument against who, being a philosopher, and a man as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to of the society, upon paying six-pence pent in punch.

ever we are to have an extraordinary ill be advertised by some outlandish ewspapers.

HAUGHTEE MAC WILD, president.
ANTHONY BLEWIT, vice-president,
his + mark.
CHRISTIAN TURPIN, secretary

GOLDSMITH.

VALUABLE ACQUISITION.

A gentleman having a braid that started, had broke his wife's neck; a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again."

GENTEEL ECONOMY.

A lady whose taste equalled her economy, was under the necessity of asking a friend to dinner; the following is an actual copy of the bill of fare, with the expence of each dish.

	£	s.	d.
Top.—Two herrings	0	0	2
Middle.—1½ounce butter melted . .	0	0	1½
Bottom.—3 mutton chops cut very thin	0	0	4½
One side.—1lb. of small potatoes . .	0	0	1
Opposite.—Pickled cabbage	0	0	0½
Fish removed.—2 larks roasted, plenty of crumbs	0	0	3
Mutton removed.—French roll boiled for pudding.	0	0	1
Parsley for garnish	0	0	0½
	0	1	2

The dinner was served up on China; looked tasty and pretty; the table small and well proportioned: it is worth knowing how to serve up seven dishes, consisting of fish, meat, fowls, pudding, vegetables, and sauce, for fourteen pence.

JUDGE BURNET.

Judge Burnet, son of the famous Bishop (when young,) is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, "What is the matter with you, Tom?" said the Bishop; "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Ay! what is that?" asked the father. "The *reformation of* myself, my Lord," replied the son.

GOOD EYES.

As the late old Lord Nugent was riding out in the coach of the Duchess of Kingston, whose family he well knew, and whose prudery he liked to expose, he put his head out of the window, on the Surrey side of the Thames, and after looking earnestly for some time, exclaimed, "Good God, that I should live to see this!" "Why, my lord! what is it that you see?" rejoined the duchess, casting her eyes the same way. "Why, my lady, a group of women bathing at broad noon day!" "*Women*," said she, looking more inquisitively; "Why, my lord, they are all men!" "Well," replied his lordship, "it may be so; for your grace's eyesight is much better than mine!"

INSCRIPTION FOR AN APOTHECARY

The following was, in consequence of an evening's frolic, inscribed by some wags of Oxford, over an apothecary's door:

Hic venditur
Cathariticum, Emeticum, Narcoticum,
Et omne quod exit in um
Præter,
Remedium.

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE

Swift preached an assize sermon, and in the course of it was severe upon the lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner a young counsel said some severe things upon the clergy, and did not doubt were the devil to die, a parson might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," said Swift: "I would, and would give the devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

ANTIPATHIES.

A gentleman, who for some misdemeanor had been expelled the House of Commons, one day meeting with Archbishop Tillotson, cried out, "I *hate to see an* atheist in the shape of a churchman." "*And I*," *replied the good* bishop, "hate to see a *knave in any shape.*"

ROM A "FIRST-FLOOR LODGER."

two lodged together.—SHAKSPEARE.
e ab hospite tutus.—OVID.

shman's house is his castle"—I grant
s lodging, a comparison remains to be
nglishman's house may be his castle;
nly be where he consents to keep the
Of all earthly alliances and partner-
ch mortal man is capable of being tre-
which induces two interests to place
him four walls, is decidedly the most
happens that, throughout my life, I
sion only for half a house, and, from
thority, have been unwilling to pay rent
e'; but—there can be, on earth, I find,
ce for him who is so unhappy as to
alf a house!" In the course of the
s, I have occupied one hundred and
ferent lodgings, running the gauntlet
all London and Westminster, and
I can remember, the "out-parishes"
two "removes are as bad as a fire, it
have gone 71 times and a half through
conflagration! And, in every place
red, it has been my fate to be domiciled
! But my voice shall be heard, as a
house-top, crying out until I find re-
een ten days already in the abode
from, so I can't, in reason, look to
three or four more. I hear people
ave" as a lodging (at worst) 'that a
of;" but, if there be one resurrection-
I die, as sure as quarter-day, I shall
e.

I endured when I came to London,
e tour of all the boarding-houses—
believe, *seriatim*, by every per-
" advertisements."

ed by the pretence modest—this
"Terms all the year round. "De-
fairy situation"—"Limited num-
Every attention"—and "no chil-

Next, was the commanding—at the very "head and front" of *The Morning Post*. "Vicinity of the fashionable squares!"—"Two persons, to increase society"—"Family of condition"—and "Terms, at Mr. Sams's, the bookseller's."

Then came the irresistible. "Widow of an officer of rank"—"Unprotected early in life"—"Desirous to extend family circle"—"Flatters herself," &c.

Moonshine all together!

"Desirable circle"—A bank clerk, and five daughters who wanted husbands. Brandy and water after supper, and booby from Devonshire snapt up before my eyes. Little boy too in the family, that belonged to a sister who "had died." I hate scandal; but I never could find out where *that* sister had been buried.

"Fashionable square"—The fire, to the frying-pan! The worst *item*—(on consideration)—in all my experience. Dishes without meat, and beds without blankets. "Terms," "two hundred guineas a-year," and surcharges for night-candle. And, as for dinner! as I am a Yorkshireman, I never knew what it meant while I was in Manchester Square!

I have had two step-mothers, and I was six months at Mrs. Tickletoby's preparatory school, and I never saw a woman since I was born cut meat like Lady Catharine Skinflint! There was a transparency about her slice which (after a good luncheon) one could pause to look at. She would cover you a whole plate with fillet of veal and ham, and not increase the weight of it half an ounce.

And then the Misses Skinflints—for knowledge of anatomy—their cutting up a fowl!—In the puniest half-starved chicken that ever broke the heart of a brood hen to look at, they would find you side-bone, pinion, drumstick, liver, gizzard, rump, and merry-thought; and, even beyond this critical acquaintance with all admitted and apocryphal divisions and distinctions, I have caught the eldest of them actually inventing new joints, that, even in *spe*culation, never before existed!

I now understand the meaning of the Persian sa-
ation—"May your shadow never be less!" I lost
ne entirely in about a fortnight that I staid at
dy Skinflint's.

Two more hosts took me "at livery" (besides the
widow" of the "officer of rank")—an apothe-
ary, who made patients of his boarders, and an
ttorney, who looked for clients among them. I got
away from the medical gentleman rather hastily, for
I found that the pastry-cook who served the house
was his brother; and the lawyer was so pressing
about discounts," and "investments of property,"
that I never ventured to sign my name, even to a
washing-bill, during the few days I was in his house;
On the quitting which, I took courage, and resolved
to become my own provider, and hired a "First
Floor," accordingly ("unfurnished") in the neigh-
bourhood of Bloomsbury Square.

"Mutatio loci, non ingenii."

The *premier coup* of my new career amounted to an escape. I ordered a *carte blanche* outfit from an upholsterer of Piccadilly, determined to have my apartments unexceptionable before I entered them; and discovered, after a hundred pounds laid out in painting, decorating, and curtain fitting, that the "ground landlord" had certain claims which would be liquidated when my property "went in."

This miscarriage made me so cautious, that, before I could choose again, I was the sworn horror of every auctioneer and house-agent (so called) in London. I refused twenty offers, at least, because they had the appearance of being "great bargains." Eschewed all houses, as though they had the plague, in which I found that "single gentlemen were preferred." Was threatened with three actions of defamation for questioning the solvency of persons in business. And, at length, was so lucky as to hit upon a really desirable mansion! The "family" perfectly respectable; but had "more room" than was necessary for them. Demanded the "strictest references," and accepted no inmate for "less than a year." Into this most unexceptionable abode I conveyed myself and my property. Sat [illegible] stay for ever, and doubted whether I might secure it at once for ten years instead of one. Before I had been settled in the house three [illegible] of an hour, I found that the chimneys [illegible] of them! smoked from the top to the [illegible] There was guilt in the landlord's eye, the [illegible] the first puff drove me out of my drawing-[illegible] made an effort to say something like "dam[illegible] but the "amen" stuck in his throat. He [illegible] say "amen" when I did cry "God bless [illegible] whole building, from the kitchen to the [illegible] infected with the malady. I had noticed [illegible] complexions of the family, and had conclu[illegible] were from the West Indies,—they were [illegible] dried!—

"Blow high, blow low!"

I suffered six weeks under excuses, [illegible] to be humbug all the while. For a [illegible] was "the wind;" but I saw "the w[illegible] round the compass, and found, blow [illegible] would, it still blew down my chimn[illegible] came to "Cures." First, there were [illegible] the top—new chimney-pots, cowls, [illegible] making the thing worse. Then we [illegible] tom—grates reset, and flues contract[illegible] purpose. Then we came to burning [illegible] in four days I was in a decline. Th[illegible] doors and windows open; and in a [illegible] of the rheumatism. And in spite [illegible] dows, blowers, registers, or [illegible] caution in putting on coals, or mak[illegible] ment of poker—down the enemy [illegible] very faces,—poof! poof!—as if [illegible] prayed Heaven that smoke had [illegible] I might commit murder on it [illegible] hanged; and, at length, after the [illegible] ble I could command at the gr[illegible] by turns, and paying "no cure [illegible] dozens, who did nothing but m[illegible] I sent for a respectable surve[illegible] opinion beforehand, and heard

"radical," and not to be remedied
the house down!
welvemonth's rent, and wished only
ord might live through his lease. I
ds, that he had himself been imposed
at the house, from the first fire ever
had been a scandal to the neighbour-
sole volumes would not suffice to enu-
riety of wretchedness — and smoky
ery least of them!—which drove me
to change my plan of life; the num-
s that I lived in; and the inconve-
r or lesser, attending each. In one
rants quarrelled with the servants
e of the house." In another, "the
ouse's" servants quarrelled with mine.
ekeeper refused to stay, because "the
amp." There, my footman begged I
le myself," as there were "rats in his
ien somebody fell over a pail of
n "my stairs;" and "my maid" de-
"the other maid" had put it there.
ought; and I was assured that mine
irst scratch. On the whole, the dis-
manifold, and always ending to my
for the lady of the mansion would
never could get the gentleman to be
nd so concluded the controversy by
wn stairs,)—that seeing one clear ad-
aimed by the ground-possessor, viz.
e squabbled, was obliged to vacate,
ed where he was, I resolved, once for
tables upon mankind at large, and
ndlord," and a "housekeeper," in my
person.

ry goose hath laid an egg.—Sir, the need repair.—The cook sweareth, the at the fire.—John Thomas is in the ry thing stays on your arrival."

advise any single gentleman hastily
but he is in distress. Bachelors are
nd take wives; footmen are ambitious,
ng-houses. What does either *party* gain by the change? "We know," the wise man has said, "what we are; but we know not what we may be."

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented; but I "kept house" three years, and was never out of hot water the whole time! I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion—just missing one, by a stroke of fortune, which had a brazier's shop at the back of it, and was always shewn at hours when the workmen were gone to dinner—and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits, having "a larger residence than he wanted," would dispose of half of it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch cow—the positive scape-goat of the whole community! I was called on for house-tax, window-tax, land tax, servant's-tax! Poor's-rate, sewers'-rate! I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked—for lighting lamps which other people saw by—for maintaining watchmen who slept all night—and for building churches that I never went into. And—I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment!—these were but a few of the "dues" to be sheared off from me. There was the clergyman of the parish, whom I never saw, sent to me at Easter for "an offering." There was the charity-school of the parish, solicited "the honour" of my "subscription and support." One scoundrel came to inform me that I was drawn for the militia; and offered to "get me off," on payment of a sum of money. Another rascal insisted that I was "chosen constable;" and actually brought the *insignia* of office to my door. Then I had petitions to read (in writing) from all the people who *chose to be in* distress—personal beggars, who pester

trated into my parlour, to send to Bridewell, or otherwise get rid of. Windows were broken, and "nobody" had "done it." The key of the street-door was lost, and "nobody" had "had it." Then my cook stopped up the kitchen "sink;" and the bricklayers took a month to open it. Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbour's garret; and I was served with notice of an action for dilapidation.

And, at Christmas!—Oh! it was no longer dealing with ones and twos!—The whole hundred, on the day after that festival, rose up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters, turncocks, —postmen, beadles, scavengers, chimney-sweeps— the whole *pecus* of parochial servitorship was at my gate before eleven at noon.

Then the "waits" came—two sets!—and fought which should have "my bounty." Rival patroles disputed whether I did or did not lie within their "beat." At one time there was a doubt as to which, of two parishes, I belonged to; and I fully expected that (to make sure) I should have been visited by the collectors from both! Meantime the knocker groaned, until very evening, under the dull, stunning, single thumps—each villain would have struck, although it had been upon the head of his own grandfather!—of bakers, butchers, tallowchandlers, grocers, fishmongers, poulterers, and oilmen! Every ruffian who made his livelihood by swindling me through the whole year, thought himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction (for his robberies) on this day. And "Host! Now by my life I scorn the name!"

All this was child's play—*bagatelle*, I protest, and "perfumed," to what I had to go through in the "letting off" of my dwelling! The swarm of crocodiles that assailed me, on every fine day—three-fourths of them, to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in the shape of stale dowagers, city coxcombs, "professional gentlemen," and "single ladies!" And all (except a few that were swindlers) finding something wro arrangements! Gil Blas' mule, which but faults, never had half so many faults Carlton Palace, if it were to be "let" would be objected to by a tailor. On my rooms "too small;" another though "too large;" a third wished that they tier; a fourth, that there had been One lady hinted a sort of doubt, " neighbourhood was quite respectable;" "If I had any children;" and, there would bind myself not to have any dur Two hundred, after detaining me an ho only "for friends." Ten thousand we the particulars, and would "call again At last there came a lady who gave the to my "house-keeping;" she was a ch dow, she said, from Somersetshire—If an "officer's," I had suspected her; hour, I let her in; and—she had cum press purpose of marrying me!

Every reader who has bowels, will situation.

Nolo conjugari!

I exclaimed in agony; but what could the ingenuity of woman? She seduced was hopeless—morning, noon, and nig a mouse behind the wainscot, and I wa scare it. Her canary bird got loose— good as to catch it? I fell sick, but w to get well again; for she sent five t ask if I was better; besides pouring *blanc-mange*, jellies, cordials, raspbe fruits fresh from the country, and h made by her own hand. And at last, a sisted all the constant borrowing of boo interchange of newspapers, and the d crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, th of hackney coachmen, and the accoun barber to the poodle dog;—at last—(take all wrinkled stair carpets, stray pa

eel dropped upon the ground! Mrs. F——
r ankle, and fell down at my very draw-
oor!
women in the house were bribed—there
e of them in the way! My footman, my
ard—was sent off that minute for a doc-
s *not* married; for so much, let Provi-
raised!

Animus meminisse horret.

through the affair! But, about six months
esented Mrs. F—— with my house, and
in it, and determined never again—as a
protection against female cupidity—to
n a pair of small clothes that I could
my own.

Ultimum Supplicium.

olution compelled me to shelter myself in
lodgings," where the most of accommo-
oblunary!) after all, I believe is to be
had sad work, as you may imagine, to
y at first. Once I ventured to inhabit
as no board in the case) with a surgeon,
between the patients and the resurrection
night bell" was intolerable; and he or-
watchman too, I found, to pull it pri-
or seven times a-week, in order to in-
eighbourhood with an opinion of his prac-
one place I was driven away by a
r, who gave concerts opposite to me; and,
, after two days abiding, I found that a
as confined on the second floor! Two
eft, because my hostesses made love to
because parrots were kept in the streets.
se a cock (who would crow all night)
e in a yard at the back of me; and
which I had staid two months (and
haps have remained till now) because a
t years old—there is to me no earthly
intolerable as a boy of eight years
from school "to pass the holidays."
don't care who knows it—of taking
m; and bought two raspberry tarts,
mic in, as I met him on the stairs,

where he was, up and down, all day. As it is I have sent an order to Seven Dials, to have an "early delivery" of all the "Dying Speeches" for the next ten years. I did this, in order that I may know when he is hanged—a fact I wish particularly to ascertain, because his father and I had an altercation about it.

Experience, however, gives lights; and a "furnished lodging" is the best arrangement among the bad. I had seven transitions last month, but that was owing to accidents; a man who chooses well may commonly stay a fortnight in a place. Indeed, as I said in the beginning, I have been ten days where I am; and I don't, up to this moment, see clearly what point I shall go away upon. The mistress of the house entertains a pet monkey—failing all issue of her own; and I have got a new footman, who, I understand, plays upon the fiddle. The matter, I suspect, will lie between these two.

I am most nervous myself about the monkey. He broke loose the other day. I saw him escape over the next garden wall, and drop down by the side of a middle-aged gentleman, who was setting polyanthuses! The respectable man, as was prudent, took refuge in a summer-house; and then he pulled up all the polyanthuses; and then tried to get in at the summer-house window! I think that——

Eh!—Why, what the deuce is all this?—Why, the room is full of smoke!—Why, what the devil—Thomas [*I ring the bell violently*] Thomas!—[*I call my new footman.*]—Tho-o-mas!—Why, some rascal has set the house on fire.

Enter Thomas.

Indeed no, your honour—indeed—no—it's only the chimney

The chimney! you dog!—get away this moment and put it out.—Stay!—Thomas!—The villain's gone!—Come back, I say,—what chimney is it?

Thomas. Only the kitchen chimney, sir.

Only the kitchen chimney! you rascal, how did you do it?

Thomas. I was only tuning my fiddle, your honour; and Mary, housemaid, flung the rosin in the fir

His fiddle!—The wretch, I knew it would happen.—Where's the landlord, sirrah?

Thomas. He's not at home, sir?

Where's his wife?

Thomas. She's in fits, sir.

You scoundrel, you'll be hanged, to a certainty!—There's a statute for you, caitiff! there is.—Come, sir,—come—strip, and go up the chimney directly.—Strip! or I'll kill you with the toasting fork, and bury your body in the dust-hole.

[*Enter the cat with a tail as thick as my arm, gallopping round the room.*]

Zounds and death, what's to be done?—My life's not insured!—I must get out of the house. [*Rattling of wheels, and cries of "Fire!" in the street.*] Oh, the devil! here comes the parish engine, and as many thieves with it as might serve six parishes!—Shut the doors, below, I say. [*Calling down stairs.*] Don't let 'em in.—Thomas!—the house will be gutted from top to bottom!—Thomas!—Where is that rascally servant of mine!—Thomas! [*Calling in all directions.*]—I—I must see, myself.

[*Scene changes to the kitchen. The housemaid in hysterics under the dresser.*]

Pooh! what a smell of sulphur!—Thomas!—Thomas!—Thomas! I remember it was on a Friday I hired him!—Thomas!—[*I find him in the jack-tower.*]—Take a wet blanket, you rascal, and get through the garret window. Crawl up the tiles, you wretch, and cuddle the chimney-pot!

Madam!—[*The lunatady clings round my neck.*]—Madam!—for Heaven's sake!—There is no danger, I assure you.—[*She clings tighter.*]—Or, if there is, we had better embrace after it's over.—You'll "die by me?"—No, no; not for the world.—Throw some pails of water on the grate, for Heaven's sake!—Damn the monkey! how he gets between one's legs! Thomas! Thomas!—[*The tumult increases.*] Thomas!

Thomas.—[*Down the chimney.*]—Sir!

One more peep [*I run up stairs*] from the window.—*Hark, how they knock without!*—Rat-tat-tat! As I live, here are a dozen engines and four thousand fools!—I must be—[*He enters.*]—I must escape.—The pulchre you—but not yet.—Shew me

Thomas.—There is none, sir.—I've get out myself.

No back-door!

[*Enter the Cook, with the monkey on knocking continues.*]

Cook. Oh laws, sir! We shall all sir!—Oh laws! where is your ba barrelled gun?

My gun?—up stairs. What d'y gun?

Cook. Oh laws, sir! if it was to be chimbley, it would surely put it out.

She's right. Run, Thomas! A bed. Away with you. Mind—it' care what you are about.

There they go!—They have found are down stairs.—Why, zounds! the the gun!—Take it from her!—He—Thomas!—She's going to fire it, s she's sitting down in the grate!—her body half way up the chim Death! the woman's a fool.—Bang! *heard.*] Ah! there she goes backwa Here comes the soot in cart-loads, Thomas! you rascal!—She's kille she's up and running.—Don't let he—Margery! Pshaw! What's her na ning towards the street door!—h she's all on fire, and as black as a s stop her, I say.—Ah! she gets in Thomas!—Margery!—Every body! be burned to death! [*Shouts with water.*] Ha!—[*I run to the windo* The engines are playing upon her!!

That infernal footman! he is a thought it would be the monkey!

Enter Thomas.

Come in, you sneaking scoundrel, burnt?

[redacted]

e, sir,—she's only singed.
ron Beelzebub's a bastard!—Curse the
p him—he's gone off with my gold

e compassion, hear a man of five-and-
! I cant stay here!—where am I to go
hould think—Thomas!—I must get in-
coach!—If you should think—Call me
ach, sirrah—and ask the man what he
(d'ye hear) by the week.—If you
that there is any chance of my doing
gh,—I shouldn't like to be above the
understand most of their houses run
by return would oblige. As I have no
nt, except my hackney coach that I've
't say exactly in what place of suffer-
will find me; but, by addressing to
se in Rathbone Place, it will some-
come to the hands of

Your very humble servant,
WRINKLETON FIDGET.

THE WIG-BLOCK.

as lately brought before a justice, on a
ing stolen a wig-block. In his defence,
to the magistrate, that he had no occa-
one, as his worship himself knew that
ended with wig-blocks."

SIXES AND SEVENS.

ur to observe that the name on the door
is ——."

Morning Chronicle.

t which has often been advanced and
the learned, that the world grows worse
ter; arguments have been advanced,
written, in support of Horace's opinion.

Hoc parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

ture of this idea rest their sentence upon
ndon; they mention the frequency of
ne, the increase of the *poor-rate, the* licentiousness of the press, the celebrity of *rouge et noir*. There is, however, one circumstance corroborative of their judgment, to which we think the public opinion has not yet been sufficiently called. We mean the indisputable fact, that persons of all descriptions are growing ashamed of their own names. We remember that when we were dragged in our childhood to walk with our nurse, we were accustomed to beguile our sense of weariness and disgust by studying the names, which, in their neat brass plates, decorated the doors by which we passed. Now the case is altered! the tradesmen have removed their signs; it is equally true that the gentlemen have removed their names. The simple numerical distinction, which is now alone emblazoned upon the doors of our dwellings, but ill replaces that more gratifying custom, which, in a literal sense, held up great names for our emulation, and made the streets of the metropolis a muster-roll of examples for our conduct.

But a very serious inconvenience is also occasioned by this departure from ancient observances. How is the visitor from the country to discover the patron of his fortunes, the friend of his bosom, or the mistress of his heart, if, in lieu of the above-mentioned edifying brass plates, his eye glances upon the unsatisfactory information contained in 1, 2, or 3? In some cases even this assistance is denied to him, and he wanders upon his dark and comfortless voyage, like an ancient mariner deprived of the assistance of the stars.

Mr. Nichol Loaming, has written a long and eloquent dissertation upon this symptom of degeneracy; and certainly, if the advice "experto crede" be of any weight, Mr. Nichol's testimony ought to induce all persons to hang out, upon the exterior of their residences, some more convincing enunciation of their name and calling, than it is at present the fashion to produce.

Nichol came up to town with letters of introduction to several friends of his family, whom it was his duty and wish to discover. But his first adventure so dispirited him, that, after having spent two mo-

ings at a hotel, he set out upon his homeward voyage, and left the metropolis an unexplored region.

He purposed to make his first visit to Sir William Knowell, and having with some difficulty discovered the street to which he had been directed, he proceeded to investigate the doors, in order to find out the object of his search. The doors presented nothing but a blank! He made inquiries; was directed to a house; heard that Sir William was at home, was shown into an empty room, and waited for some time with patience.

The furniture of the house rather surprised him. It was handsomer than he had expected to find it; and on the table were the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Edinburgh Review*, although Sir William was a violent Tory. At length the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance. Nichol asked, in a studied speech, whether he had the honour to address Sir William Knowell? The gentleman replied, that he believed there had been a little mistake, but that he was an intimate friend of Sir W. Knowell's, and expected him in the course of a few minutes. Nichol resumed his seat, although he did not quite perceive what mistake had taken place. He was unfortunately urged by his evil genius to attempt conversation.

He observed that Sir W. Knowell had a delightful house, and inquired whether the neighbourhood was pleasant. "His next neighbour," said the stranger, with a most incomprehensible smile, "is Sir William Morley." Nichol shook his head; "was surprised to hear Sir William kept such company,—had heard strange stories of Sir W. Morley,—hoped there was no foundation,—indeed had received no good report of the family!—The mother rather weak in the head,—to say the truth under confinement;—the sister a professed coquette,—went off to Gretna last week with a Scotch Officer,—Sir William himself a gambler by habit, a drunkard by inclination;—at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment—"

Here he was stopped by the entrance of an elderly lady leaning on the arm of an interesting girl of sixteen or seventeen. Upon perceived the gentleman he h rather embarrassed; and "hop said any thing which could giv the least," replied the stranger, by an account of the foibles of any one else can be; and of th convince you. Sir William K *Sir*,—you have stepped by mis —Before you leave it, allow m Lady Morley—who is rather t to say the truth under confinem Morley, a professed coquette, w last week with a half-pay Offic very low bow) "to Sir Willia gambler by habit, and a drun who is at present in the King possibility of an adjustment!"

PROVIDENC

The late Lord Holland was o with Dr. Campbell on their m lamenting the inconveniences t health subjected mankind, whe The door opened, and a contrac florid and full of health. The on his looks. "Yes," he sai been very good to me, for I h moment's sickness in my life." no means softened the asperit countenance. The contractor s and took his leave. "There now," said the angry peer, p "You see what Providence ha care of that scoundrel's healt minding what becomes of your my ringworm."

WRITTEN ON A

By a Gentleman who borrowed field's diamond pencil.

Accept a miracle, instead of See two dull lines by *Stanl*

AT A COUNTY BALL.

ute unites
Gala Nights
haply sees
lestinies—
ndest dreaming
ıd seeming
ıcious eye
proachingly.
riend is tied
his side,
law or rule,
boarding-school;
narnedly
nistry,
l definition
recision,
a bid by chance,
f, or France,
lever dunce,
three at once.
s by the ounce
frill and flounce,
s, that stick, like burrs,
of characters;
, and the weather,
and Fannia's feather
Edmund hears
and open ears,
out as much
ce in Dutch;
a high,
makes no reply,
wn as deaf a stock
esian rock.

of his love,
distress to prove,
in of the wars,
side of Mars.
of conquer'd towns,
fleets and frowns;

The man of fights is wondering now
That Girls won't speak when Dandies bow;
And Ellen finds, with much surprise,
That Beaux will speak when Belles despise.
"Ma'am," says the Captain, "I protest
I come to ye a stranger guest,
Fresh from the distant dangerous land,
Where men are blinded by the sand,
Where undiscover'd things are hid
In owl-frequented pyramid,
And mummies with their silent looks
Appear like memorandum-books,
Giving a hint of death, for fear
We men should be too happy here.
But if upon my native land
Fair ones as still as mummies stand,
By Jove—I had as lieve be there!"—
(The lady looks—"I wish you were.")
"I fear I'm very dull to-night"—
(The lady looks—"You're very right.")
"But if one smile—one cheering ray"—
(The Lady looks another way.)
"Alas! from some more happy man—"
(The Lady stoops and bites her fan,)
"Flattery, perhaps, is not a crime,"
(The Lady dances out of time,)
"Perhaps e'en now, within your heart,
Cruel! you wish us leagues apart,
And banish me from Beauty's presence!"
The Lady bows in acquiescence,
With steady brow, and studied face,
As if she thought, in such a case,
A contradiction to her Beau
Neither polite—nor a-propos

Poor Reuben! o'er his infant head
Her choicest bounties Nature shed:
She gave him talent, humour, sense,
A decent face, and competence,
And then to mar the beauteous plan,
She bade him be—an absent man.
Ever offending, ever fretting,
Ever explaining, and forgetting,

He blunders on from day to day,
And drives his nearest friends away.
Do Farces meet with flat damnation?
He's ready with "congratulation."
Are friends in office not *quite* pure?
He owns "he hates a sinecure."
Was Major ——— in foreign strife
Not *over* prodigal of life?—
He talks about "the coward's grave:
And "who so base as be a slave?"
Is some fair cousin made a wife
In the full autumn of her life?—
He's sure to shock the *youthful* bride
With "forty years, come Whitsuntide."

FEMALE VANITY

George III. was asked one day by Lord North, when he had seen the old Duchess of Bedford, who was well known to use an uncommon quantity of paint, to which his majesty replied—"He had not seen her face, nor had any other person, he believed, for more than twenty years past."

HUMOURS OF A VILLAGE FAIR.

It was a Village Wake, or Fair, one of Nature's holidays; where she throws aside jerkin and spade to indulge in uncurbed festivity; or rather, where all the inhabitants of a village meet annually to feast, drink, play, make love, and break heads. Such was the scene I now entered upon, though not quite unexpectedly, as I had gained some notice of it before hand by several noisy groups of peasants hastening past me to this attracting point of all that is pre-eminent, beautiful, or interesting in the country circle. For this is the emporium of village fashion; the Hyde Park of the rustics; where the farmer doffs his leather buskins and nail-studded boots for decent worsted hose, set off by shoes ornamented with the same gleaming buckles that besmangled the legs of his forefathers. The huge *shaggy coat*, the faithful companion of his labours *through all weathers*, is ejected this one day for verdant green, or russet brown. In addition to this, the rarely-used red waistcoat rises in
across his muscular chest, leaving
at the neck to permit the snow-w
seen; which his good Dame hers
with the utmost care. He is not le
than his neighbours, who all start
cottages on this anxiously expected
their best habiliments. The scene
furmalia was a fine verdant lawn,
amphitheatre towards a wood skirti
was not long in finding an emine
I might reconnoitre this motley sce
tumultuous hubbub of showmen a
allow. I found, to my sorrow, that
late for donkey-racing, and various
at present, the most conspicuous ob
some youths breaking each other's
English courage, and certain partie
ing between heaven and earth, at
me no very pleasant height. But,
were as ambitious to soar as some
and, I am afraid, as liable to fall
those who were tired of their sport
not wanting, from the new-made g
inviting plum; amongst the booth
some few decorated most splendidly
the rustic gallant might purchase a
garters for his fair adorable. One
might be observed amongst the cro
cap for contributions to the by-st
whom shrunk from it as if it conta
within its shattered carcase. At a
made the skies re-echo as they sho
dered names of the grandees, dis
glass hole to their visitors. The
peared to retire with great satisfac
seen the mighty potentates of the
and reduced from their thrones to a
Alas! poor crowned heads, what s
tune plays with you! what a pity
exterminate rascally showmen at
bayonet, who hawk your High M
like so many baboons in kingly r

n the sports of the Fair, I beheld, be-
ade of some gigantic oaks, a band of
them that might remind us of the patri-
. Too old to engage in more robust ex-
a contented elders reclined there to view
of their sons; and, as they applauded
the present generation, waxed strong in
mer times; previously clearing their
a jug of the best village ale. At some
m these a circle of aged dames were
d a polished deal table to indulge in a
best green tea. Like their lords and mas-
ters arrayed in their best gowns and bod-
ad lain in the neatly-composed drawer
many a day, and were now drawn forth
ustling splendor and profusion of puck-
were some healthy fat-looking souls
some good joke till the tears came in their
a few steadier matrons turned one eye
ible, and, with the other, watched the
heir daughters, who seized this opportu-
with their lovers. Cupid, indeed, must
d his quiver; for the various love-pre-
borne off in triumph, must have had a
set on hearts hitherto impregnable. At
my eye was caught by some smoke that
over the tops of the trees in another part
, and throwing a dusky hue over the sur-
iage; and, on a more curious inspection,
a group of gypseys stationed there, like
ieities of the forest, to utter their oracles
ive oak. These wanderers, equally with
had come to take advantage of the Fair,
aling out pottery-ware and fortunes by
They were bargaining pots and pans,
damsels and marrying others, in quick
and, urged by my innate spirit of curio-
ched to take a nearer view of them.
at two sibyls hanging over the fumes of
their evening's repast, and feeding
from time to time with sticks they had
wood. Near them were playing two
or three bareheaded and barefooted urchins, that had perhaps known a better fate and better living. But the most conspicuous figures were two black-eyed lasses, with red cloaks flung over their shoulders, while their sun-burnt, though impressive and handsome features, were partly shrouded by a capacious hood and bonnet. They were apparently the prophetesses of the party, and doubtless no unpleasing ones to their rustic customers. At this moment one of them, stretching out her long uncovered arm, was accurately inspecting the hand of an antiquated maiden, and promising her connubial felicity and a numerous offspring. It was amusing enough to see the one, who might be nearly called a dame, chuckling at this promise, and secretly admiring her own obsolete charms, and already captivating the hearts of youth in her imagination; while the other assumed a pretended appearance of mystic gravity, as her laughing eye betrayed her inward ridicule of the object standing before her. Her sister prophetess was unrolling the page of his destiny to a half-witted countryman, who seemed fearful of trusting his hand within that of the gipsey, thinking perhaps she might carry him to the Devil in a high wind. His doubting idiotic look was powerfully contrasted by the half scornful fiery glance of the maiden, who seemed to regard him much in the same manner as a hawk eyes a trembling pigeon ere he pounces on it. Doubtless he considered her oracles infallible; but whether he returned to his farm-yard with a giggle of gladness, or a presentiment of approaching death, I stayed not to unravel, but I suspect the black-browed damsel was inclined to play some severe joke upon him. The other members of the gipsey settlement bore nothing very remarkable in their appearance; there were two or three men engaged in selling knives, &c., whose countenances seemed to have manfully endured and opposed every extremity of weather, and might perhaps, to a better physiognomist than myself, have borne a sinister cast of expression, indicative of a mind capable of foraging in the neighbouring hen-roosts. But leaving these

the prophetess, and a tattered old man, apparently the ruler of the tribe, to their profitable avocations, I once more returned to the Fair itself. Here there were decisive marks of the approach of even, and of the finishing of this grand gala. The swings, relaxing in their rapid motion, moved heavily and slowly to and fro, like the pendulum of a huge family clock, that may be seen in the corner of some fragrant kitchen, gleaming in all its rich japannery, and, with one mighty well-known tick, informing the ruddy-faced perspiring scullion, that the potatoes have boiled enough. The lately stentorian voices of the showmen died away in their throats, with a gurgling murmur resembling the sound of distant waters. The venerable patriarchs were rising one by one, with slow gravity, from their verdant seats, and with one last look at the empty jug, each buttoned up his capacious flowing doublet, raised with a shrug the waistband of his breeches, shouldered his club stick, the trusty supporter of his steps, and wended on his way homeward. The tea-pot of the merry dames, drained to its lees, stood idly on the table, the cups and saucers ceased to rattle, and silence was reigning over that festive board, that had lately resounded with the laugh of pleasure and delight, as some well-fraught tale was ended, or some acute observation burst forth with a wink and a nod from the lips of the company. The bustling matrons themselves were reclining on the still stout arms of their spouses, or dragging away their giggling daughters, who on every possible opportunity turned their heads to catch one last glance of, or blow a kiss to, their affianced lovers. There might be seen too, some with an air of merriment, others with an expression which strove to be genteelly melancholy, wandering back to their humble cots, with thoughts divided between the hardship of to-morrow's ploughing, and the enumeration of how many pigs, how many fowls, and how much stock, they must possess, ere they can hope to have *their ardent passion* rewarded, and their liberty sub-
the bonds of Hymen. The cudgels lay
the grass; their owners had retired to
the broken head which they had given
or received. The birds were silent
woods, the sheep-bells tinkled no m
plain, and I was left alone unregard
shade of the forest-trees, that waved
tremulous murmur, as if admonishing
lest by loitering I should disturb the
bols of Mab and her fairy train

NEW PICKPOCKET.

A gentleman, who saw Wilkes's co
men, the horses being taken off, told t
he had lost his handkerchief in the en
possibly," said his lordship, "I fancy
coach horses has picked your pocket."

POVERTY A VIRTUE.

A gentleman maintaining that pove
tue. "That," said his friend, "is li
a virtue of necessity."

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Chorus of Devils.

"All's lost! All's lost!
Not a penn'orth o' copy is come per
Not a line in hand,
The Press at a stand!
And we're coming so close to the
That the Number will never be out to
I'm certain and sure,
Though he looks so demure,
Mr. ——— a deuce of a cool
For, day after day,
He blarneys away,
And feeds up our hopes,
With his figures and tropes;
Promises making,
And promises breaking,
As if he delighted to fool one.
Sulphur and nitre! all's lost, all's lost
Not a penn'orth o' copy is come per

First Compositer.

"Oh! dear! what can the matter be
Dear! dear! what can the matter be!

what can the matter be
is so late with his pen!
er go on! why, he gets worse and worse!
l to send me a budget of Verse,
sel of Prose, which he calls 'The Old
nise;'
e—ha'n't he chous'd us again?"

Second Compositor.

C——, Sir, you see,
t a drowsy head;
Mr. B——
r instead?
quick, so wondrous quick,
sleeve very thick,
—— nibs his pen;
I expect to dine,
s write but half a line
—— writes ten."

Chorus.

, we needn't make a fuss,
now be bother'd thus,
Number's nought to us,
ts out or not;
end of all this noise,
hold our tongues, my Boys
about the Pot!"

Editor, booted and spurred, with a long whip; Devils stare and put down the pot.)

EDITOR.

is't you do?
g here,
aking of beer,
er Number's so late,
r hurry so great,
nents of leisure so few?"

First Compositor.

Mr. C——, I vow and profess
ink them a Turk or a Jew
you must give a line to the *Press*,
least give the *Devil his due*."

Chorus,

(CROWDING ROUND.)

"And where are all the papers, Sir
You promis'd you would send,
For how can any Printer stir
When his copy's at an end?"

(Devils speak alternately, the Editor looking miserable.)

"And where's 'The Bachelor?'—and where
Good Mr. Sterling's 'Thoughts on Prayer!'
"And 'Burton's Verses on the Stocks?' —
"And 'Lowell's Prose on Weathercocks?'
"And where is 'Martin on the Martyrs?'
"And 'The Mistake?'—and 'Changing Q
ters?'
"'Those Sonnets?' and 'The Welcome Guest?
"'On Calumny?' 'On Interest?'
"How all your vast professions fall
You speak us soft and fair;
But when we ask, 'Where are they all?'
And Echo answers—'Where.'"

Editor.

"Abus'd and maltreated in this sort of fashion,
By his Majesty's crown I shall be in a passion:
Shall I work till my head
Has a marvellous ache?
Shall I dine on dry bread
When I sigh for a steak?
Shall I sport 'midnight tapers?'
And fly from Quadrille! Oh!
Betimes at my papers,
And late on my pillow?
Shall I write till my eyes
Grow drowsy, and blink,
To be harassed with lies,
And bespatter'd with ink?
Ay! this is the way!
If a man is of use,
He has for his pay
Little else but abuse!

Why! I've been writing like a Turk,
So, pray ye, set your types to work,
Here's copy in my sack!—
Nay, nay,—paws off, good Master Gruff!
I find Blue Devils quite enough,
And may be spared the Black!"

Chorus.

"Hurra!—Hurra!—
The Number is sure to be out to its day.
Mr. Peregrine C——— is come out of the west,
Through all the wide country his pens are the best;
And he's brought a fresh stock of his puffing and puns,
To be laugh'd at by all but the Vandals and Huns;
Let us laugh and hurra! put our heart in our voice—
With our Long Primer, Small Pica, Mignon, Bourgeois!
Hurra!—Hurra!
The Number is sure to be out to its day!"

BEAU TIBBS.

Our pursuer now came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Charles," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony, and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply; in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Pshaw, *pshaw*, Charles," cried the figure, "no more of that if *you love me; you know I hate* flattery; on my soul *I to be sure an intimacy* with the great *ne's appearance*, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet faith I despise as much as you do; but there are a g damned honest fellows among them; and not quarrel with one half, because the breeding. If they were all such as my l one of the most good-natured creatures squeezed a lemon, I should myself be number of their admirers. I was yester at the duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, gold to silver I can tell where you were p night.' 'Poaching, my lord,' says I; 'f missed already; for I staid at home, girls poach for me. That's my way; I woman as some animals do their prey and swoop they fall into my mouth.'"

"Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," companion with looks of infinite pity, "I fortune is as much improved as your wa in such company." "Improved?" replie "you shall know,—but let it go no furth secret—five hundred a year to begin lord's word of honour for it.—His lordsh down in his own chariot yesterday, and tête-à-tête dinner in the country; when of nothing else." "I fancy you forget, I, "you told us but this moment of your terday in town!" "Did I say so?" repli "To be sure if I said so it was so.—Din egad, now I do remember I did dine in dined in the country too: for you must boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll pleasant affair about that: we were a set us to dine at lady Grogram's, an affected let it go no farther; a secret. Well, hold a thousand guineas, and say done. But, dear Charles, you are an honest cr me half-a-crown for a minute or two, till—But hark'ee, ask me for it the m meet, or it may be twenty to one but pay you."

My little beau yesterday overtook m

public walks, and clapping me on the ted me with an air of the most perfect His dress was the same as usual, except more powder in his hair; wore a dirtier d on a pair of temple spectacles, and his h him.

ist that marked his character, however, to appear; he bowed to several well me, who, by their manner of returning ut, appeared perfect strangers. At in- ew out a pocket-book, seeming to take s before all the company with much nd assiduity. In this manner he led me ength of the whole mall, fretting at his nd fancying myself laughed at, as well ry spectator.

were got to the end of our procession, cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I e Park so thin in my life before; there's at all to-day. Not a single face to be o company!" interrupted I peevishly; y where there is such a crowd! Why, too much. What are the thousands men laughing at us, but company!" lear," returned he, with the utmost good you seem immensely chagrined; but, en the world laughs at me, I laugh at nd so we are even. My lord Trip, Bill Cecilian, and I sometimes make a g ridiculous; and so we say and do a ngs for the joke's sake. But I see you nd if you are for a fine grave senti- ention, you shall dine with my wife to- insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. of as elegant qualifications as any in was bred, but that's between ourselves, spection of the countess of Shoreditch. body of voice! But no more of that, e us a song. You shall see my little Miss Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet ne, I design her for my lord Drumstick's ut that's in friendship, let it go no far- ht the years old, *and yet she walks a* minuet, and plays on the guitar, immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her, but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase; when, as he mounted to shew me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall shew you one of the most charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice, with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded "Wha's there?" My conductor answered, that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old maid-servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked her where her lady was. "Good troth," repiied she, in the northern dialect, "she's washing your *twa shirts* at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer." "Why

two shirts!" cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?" "I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because"—"Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he.—"Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of her's, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high-life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing: "What do you think, Sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grioshi? There's the true keeping in it; it is my own face; and, though there is no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife, at last, made her appearance; at once a slattern and a coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious deshabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, *my dear*," added she, turning to her husband, "*his lordship drank your health* in a bumper." "Poor, *Jack*," cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, *I know he loves me; but I hope my dear, you have* given orders for dinner; you need make preparations neither, there are but three of thing elegant and little will do; a turbot lan, or a—" "Or what do you think, " of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, pipi dressed with a little of my own sauce very thing," replies he; "it will eat best smart bottled beer; but be sure to let sauce his grace was so fond of. I hat mense loads of meat, that is country a tremely disgusting to those who are h acquainted with high-life."

By this time my curiosity began to my appetite to increase; the company at first make us smile, but at last never dering us melancholy. I therefore pr recollect a prior engagement, and, after h my respect to the house, by giving the piece of money at the door, I took my Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stai ready at least in less than two hours.

ON TWO BAD WRITERS COMPLIMENT OTHER.

Carthy, you say writes well—suppose You pawn your word for him—who'll s So, two poor knaves, who find their cre To cheat the world, become each other's

LOVE AMONG THE LAW POO

Mrs. Culpepper's "uncle the Ser fallen in love! He felt a slight vertigo square, of which he took little notice, the home circuit, but imprudently with the widow Jackson in a hop-field, before he was well cured, the complai ward, and a *mollities cordis* was the Mr. Sergeant Nethersole had arrived a fifty-nine, heart-whole; his testamentary therefore looked upon by Mrs. Culp unalienable property of her and hers, were often launched by Mr. and Mrs. to the quantum. It could not be less

[redacted]

minds: Whilst the broker had blinked at the old shopwalker in the bow-window of Hills they were eyeing "*sic transeat* to a tee list of crossing Cornhill to receive its. Hence may be derived the musical ...stbot swallowed by "my uncle the ...Savage-gardens: hence Mrs. Culpepper's ...probation of the preacher at the Temple ...hence her horse-laugh at the Sergeant's ...ated jest about "Brother Van and ...r." As far as appearances went, Pluto's ...ly nearing point Culpepper: Nicholas ...Esq. Sergeant-at-law, was pretty regular in the Court of Common Pleas from ...

A hasty dinner swallowed at five at the ...abled him to return to Chambers at half-...ere pleas, rejoinders, demurrers, cases, ...itions occupied him till ten. All this ...tion the arrangement with the bar-maid ...seemed to ensure a walk through this ...s in a state of single blessedness. "I ...ibt he will cut up well," said Culpepper ...t. "I have my eye upon a charming ...Clapham Road: when your uncle the ...ucked under a daisy quilt, we'll ruralize: ...spot: not a stone's throw from the Swan ...!" Such were the Alnascar anticipa-...s of Jonathan Culpepper. But, alas! as ...son said some forty years ago, and even ...servation was far from new, "What are ...man!" Legacy-hunting, like hunting ...ort, is apt to prostrate its pursuers, and ...sit for dead men's shoes, now and then ...church-yard barefooted. Mr. Sergeant ...grew fat and kicked: he took a house in ...square, and he launched an olive-coloured ...grey horses. There is an office in ...good matches are duly registered and ...right way under the letter N. appears ...entry, "Nethersole, Nicholas, Ser-...stock-square, Bachelor, aged 59. ...page, olive-green *chariot and* ...*Temper, talents, morals,—blank!*" ...*of old maidens and widows* that feed upon the lean pastures of Guildford-street, Queen-square, and Alfred-place, Tottenham-court-road, was instantly in motion. Here was a jewel of the first water and magnitude, to be set in the circle of Hymen, and the crowd of candidates was commensurate. The Sergeant was at no loss for an evening rubber at whist, and the tables which came in with the Madeira at half-past ten, introduced certain jokes about matrimony, evidently intended as earnests of future golden rings.

The poet Gay makes his two heroines in the Beggar's Opera, thus chaunt in duet:

> A curse attends that woman's love
> Who always would be pleasing?

And in all cases where the parties are under thirty, Polly and Lucy are unquestionably right. No young woman can retain her lovers long if she uses them well. She who would have her adorer as faithful as a dog, must treat him like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion. The softer sex is then allowed, and indeed necessitated to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so deucedly killing at eighteen. What says the Spanish poet?

> Cease then, fair one, cease to shun me,
> Here let all our difference cease;
> Half that rigour had undone me,
> All that rigour gives me peace.

Accordingly it may be observed that women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the Hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "Which is he?" But at the *ultima Thule* of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaims, "*Where* is he?" Be that as it may, the numerous candidates for a seat in Sergeant Nethersole's olive-green chariot gradually grew tired of the pursuit, and took wing to pounce upon some newer benedict. Two only kept the [redacted]

Frances Jennings, spinster, and Amelia Jackson, widow; both of whom hovered on the verge of forty. "It appears to me," said Miss Jennings to a particular friend in Bedford-place, "that Mrs. Jackson does not conduct herself with propriety: she is never out of Mr. Nethersole's house, and jangles that old harpsichord of his with her 'Love among the Roses,' till one's head actually turns giddy."—"I will mention it to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson, on the very same day, to another particular friend at the Bazaar in Soho-square, "I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's going on in Tavistock-square: she actually takes her work there: I caught her in the act of screwing her pincushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethersole's mahogany table—what right has she to net him purses?" The contest of work-table *versus* harpsichord now grew warm: betting even: Miss Jennings threw in a crimson purse and the odds were in her favour: the widow Jackson sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson purse kicked the beam. The spinster now hemmed half-a-dozen muslin cravats, marked N. N. surmounted with a couple of red hearts: this was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpsichord a number of the Irish Melodies, and started off at score with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza; and I am glad it did, for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time Love, tired of his aromatic station "among the roses," of all places in the world began to take up his abode among the dusty Law Books in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole's chambers. Certain amatory worthies had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black coifs and white wigs of the legal authors, who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octavo, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereto by the aforesaid Sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery, *and mixed themselves* with the decorous company *in the pit and* boxes. One Ovidius Naso, *with his Art of* Love in his pocket, presumed to *shoulder Mr. Espinasse* at *Nisi Prius*: Tibullus got astride of Mr. Justice Blackstone: [illegible] indolently against Bacon's Abridg[illegible] industrious Giles Jacob could no[illegible] quartos together from the assurance[illegible] who had taken post between them[illegible] Sergeant was in love! Still, howe[illegible] nion, that "youth and an excellent[illegible] the novelists have it, would have[illegible] tient to struggle with the disease, [illegible] for the incident which I am about to

The home circuit had now come[illegible] geant Nethersole had quitted Lond[illegible] Miss Jennings relied with confi[illegible]ence of nothing particular till the [illegible] and in that assurance had departed[illegible] night with a married sister at Kingst[illegible] Poor innocent! she little knew w[illegible] equal to. No sooner had the Serg[illegible] his olive-green chariot, drawn by [illegible] horses, than the widow Jackson, [illegible] Green, packed her portmanteau, se[illegible] coach, and bade the driver adjour[illegible] cross, Charing-cross. There was [illegible] the Maidstone coach: the widow[illegible] twelve at noon, and between five a[illegible] the afternoon was quietly dispatche[illegible] at the Star inn, with one eye fix[illegible] sauce, and the other upon the Ass[illegible] The pretext for this step was double[illegible] alleged that her beloved brother lie[illegible] ling, a mere step off, and the s[illegible] eager desire to hear the Sergeant[illegible] evening which followed that of th[illegible] the Sergeant happened not to have[illegible] to attend; and, what is more remi[illegible] to be above the affectation of preten[illegible] He proposed a walk into the countr[illegible] sented: they moralised a few minu[illegible] *facets* in the church-yard, and th[illegible] the adjoining fields where certai[illegible] piled the wooden props of the pla[illegible] ought to feed, the brewer's vat, in[illegible] conical) shapes, not unlike the sp[illegible] Church in Langham-place. The re[illegible]

f these sloping recipients stood invitingly
ffer them from the storm: "Speluncam
s Trojanus." Ah! those pyramidal hop-
he widow's brother from Town Malling
upon the Grand Jury: his sister's repu-
dear to him as his own: "he'd call him
he'd call him out," and Nicholas Nether-
mole Jackson were joined together in
nony.

ne Jackson, now Mrs. Nethersole, was a
man, and wished, as the phrase is, to
body's good word. It was her advice
band should write to his niece, Mrs. Cul-
acquaint her with what had happened.
first drawn up a letter for his signature,
tendered several satisfactory apologies
, namely, that we are commanded to in-
multiply: that it is not good for a man to
but chiefly that he had met with a wo-
ed of every qualification to make the
ate happy. "Why, no, my dear," an-
Sergeant, "with submission to you, (a
phetic of the fact) it has been my rule
whenever I had done a wrong or a foolish
the lady frowned), never to own it: ne-
ir judgment to go by default, and thus
mercy, but boldly to plead a justification.
manuscript note of a case in point, in which
ceriad. In my youth I mixed largely
ionable world, and regularly frequented
y assemblies, carrying my pumps in my
ack Peters (he is now at Bombay) and
nt thither, as usual, on a moonshining
nd slept at the Mermaid. The Hackney
e following morning was returned *non est*
without giving us notice of set off; the
nach was therefore engaged to hold our
ife custody, and then safely deposit at
pot in Bishopsgate-street. Hardly had
e our first cup of Souchong, when the
ch stopped at the door. Here was a
Jack was for striking out the breakfast,
up with the two other inside *passen-*
and I finish the *muffins: take an* order for half an hour's time; and then plead a justification! We did so, and then gave the coachman notice of set off, entering the vehicle with a hey-damme sort of aspect, plainly denoting to the two impatient insiders, that if there was any impertinence in their Bill, we would strike it out without a reference to the Master. The scheme took, and before we reached St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, egad! they were as supple as a couple of candidates for the India direction. Now that case, my dear, must govern this. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage; if you do, there will be no end to their remonstrances: leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle."

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said that lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward?" echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable: a nasty fellow; he ought to be ashamed of himself! And as for his wife, she is no better than she should be!"—"That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding."—"Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about Brother Van and Brother Bear."—"Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may possibly be no issue of the marriage." Miss Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pair of horses in telling all her friends from Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall-terrace, in the Regent's-Park, how shamefully Mrs. Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the Register-office abovementioned, to transfer her affections to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor barrister, an inseparable crony of Nethersole's, whom, she opined, must now marry from lack of knowing what to do with himself. Alas! she was a day too late: he had that very morning married the vacant bar-maid at Nando's.

When the honey-moon of Mr. Serjeant Nethersole was on the wane,

My sprite,
Popp'd through the key-hole swift as light,

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of

library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Espinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak, and, as for Giles Jacob, Waller desired none of his company. The amatory poets were refitted to their upper shelf, the honey-moon was over, and love no longer nestled in the Law Books.

ON JOHN DENNIS.

Should *D——s* print, how once you robb'd your brother,
Traduc'd your monarch, and debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on *D——s* can be had;
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
Of one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you cannot draw.
Uneag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dullness, madness, want, and age

ALL HUMBUGS.

When Stephen Kemble was manager at Newcastle, and the house was rather thin, no less a personage arrived in the town than prince Annamaboo, who offered his services for a very moderate consideration. Accordingly, the bills of the day announced, "that between the acts of the play, prince Annamaboo would give a lively representation of the scalping operation; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop in all its various tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these princely imitations. At the end of the third act his highness walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing his tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "ha ha—ho ho!" next entered a man with his face blackened, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the prince with a large carving knife, commenced the scalping *operation*, which he performed in a style truly im*perial, holding up the* skin in token of triumph— *Next came the war-whoop*, which was a combination *of dreadful and discordant* sounds: lastly, the Abys*sinian banquet*, consisting of raw beef-steaks; these he made into rolls, as large as his m mit, and devoured them in a prince manner. Having completed his can flourished his tomahawk, exclaimin ho!" and made his exit. Next da in the middle of the market-place, puissant prince of Annamaboo sell scissars, and quills, in the character "What!" said Kemble, "my prin are not you a pretty Jewish scou upon us in this manner?" Moses ta with an arch look replied, "Prince vash no prince, I vash acting like kings, princes, emperor to-night, Step morrow; I vash humpugs, you vas all vash humpugs."

SERMON ON MAN.

Man is born unto trouble as the sparks Job, chap. v. verse 7

I shall divide the discourse into, under, the three following heads: fi into the world; secondly his progr world; third and lastly, his egress o —And first, man's ingress into the wo bare: secondly, his progress throu trouble and care; thirdly and lastly, the world is—nobody knows where. If we do well here, we shall be well I can tell you no more, if I preach fi

NOSE AND EYES,
OR THE REPORT OF AN ADJUDI
TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF TH

Between Nose and Eyes a strange c
The Spectacles set them unhappily
The point in dispute was as all the w
To which the said spectacles ough

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argu
With a great deal of skill, and
learning,
While chief baron Ear, sat to balance
So fam'd for his talent in nicely di

[redacted]

THE GROWTH OF PHILOSOPHY.

[illegible] it will quickly appear,
[illegible] lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
[illegible] has had spectacles always in wear,
[illegible] to possession time out of mind.

[illegible] the Spectacles up to the court—
[illegible]ship observes they are made with a
[illegible]dle,
[illegible] ridge of the Nose is; in short,
[illegible]o sit close to it, just like a saddle.

[illegible] your lordship a moment suppose,
[illegible]e that has happen'd, and may be again;)
[illegible]se or countenance had not a Nose,
[illegible]would or who could wear Spectacles then?

[illegible]e it appears—and my argument shows,
[illegible]soning the court will never condemn,
[illegible]ectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
Nose was as plainly intended for them.

[illegible]ng his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)
[illegible]ed again in behalf of the Eyes;
[illegible]ere his arguments few people know,
[illegible]urt did not think they were equally wise.

[illegible]ship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
[illegible]and clear, without one if or but,
[illegible]ver the Nose put his Spectacles on,
[illegible]ght or candle-light—Eyes should be shut!

COWPER.

THE OLD SOLDIER

[illegible]m in Shropshire, my father was a la-
[illegible] died when I was five years old; so I
[illegible]e the parish. As he had been a wan-
[illegible]ng man, the parishioners were not able to
[illegible] parish I belonged, or where I was born,
[illegible]me to another parish, and that parish
[illegible]a third. I thought in my heart, they
[illegible]ept me about so long, that they would not
[illegible]m in any parish at all; but, at last, how-
[illegible]me. I had some disposition to be
[illegible]g, resolved, at least, to know my
[illegible]ster of the workhouse put me to
[illegible]; for I was able to handle a *mallet*;
[illegible] easy kind of *life for five years.*

I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain, and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did not work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air, and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the *planters*, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters

iged to work, among the negroes; and I
t my time, as in duty bound to do.
my time was expired, I worked my pas-
ıe, and glad I was to see Old England again,
I loved my country. I was afraid, how-
at I should be indicted for a vagabond once
o did not much care to go down into the
', but kept about town, and did little jobs
could get them.
as very happy in this manner for some time,
e evening, coming home from work, two men
ed me down, and then desired me to stand.
belonged to a press-gang; I was carried be-
the justice, and, as I could give no account of
elf, I had my choice left, whether to go on board
an of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter;
in this post of a gentleman, I served two cam-
gns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and
ntenoy, and received but one wound, through the
east here; but the doctor of our regiment soon
ade me well again.
When the peace came on I was discharged; and,
I could not work, because my wound was some-
nes troublesome, I listed for a landsman in the East
idia company's service. I here fought the French
six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if
could read or write, our captain would have made
e a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to
ve any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got
ave to return home again with forty pounds in my
ocket. This was at the beginning of the present
ar, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have
e pleasure of spending my money; but the govern-
ent wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor
efore ever I could set foot on shore.
The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate
llow; he swore he knew that I understood my
usiness well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely
be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-
siness, and he beat me, without considering what
was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds,
that was some comfort to me under every beat-
and the money I might have had to this day
but that our ship was taken by the
lost all.
Our crew was carried into Bre
them died, because they were not
jail; but, for my part, it was noth
was seasoned. One night, as I wa
bed of boards, with a warm blanke
always loved to lie well, I was a
boatswain, who had a dark lanth
'Jack,' says he to me, 'will yo
French sentry's brains?' 'I do
striving to keep myself awake, 'i
'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I
business.' So up I got and tied u
was all the clothes I had, about
went with him to fight the Frenc
French, because they are slaves,
shoes.
Though we had no arms, one
to beat five French at any time;
to the door, where both the sen
and rushing upon them, seized
ment, and knocked them down.
of us ran together to the quay,
boat we met, got out of the har
We had not been here three d
taken up by the Dorset private
so many good hands; and we
chance. However, we had n
expected. In three days we
dour privateer, of forty gu
twenty-three; so to it we we
arm. The fight lasted for th
believe we should have tak
we but had some more me
fortunately, we lost all our
get the victory.
I was once more in the
I believe it would have
been brought back to Br
we were retaken by the
to tell you, that, in that
in two places; I lost fi

my leg was shot off. If I had had the good
me to have lost my leg and use of my hand on
a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer,
ould have been entitled to clothing and main-
ance during the rest of my life; but that was not
blessed be God. I enjoy good health, and will
ver love liberty and Old England. Liberty,
erty, and Old England, for ever, huzza!

GOLDSMITH.

SINGULAR DISTINCTION.

Scotch minister, preaching on the sin of taking
name in vain; made this singular distinction:
ars, this is a very great sin; for my own part I
sooner steal all the horned cattle in the pa-
an once take God's name in vain."

ANTICIPATIONS IN LOW LIFE.

early part of the reign of George II., the
a lady of quality, under the infatuation of
disposed of the savings of the last twenty
s life in two lottery tickets, which proving
ter a few days he put an end to his life.
was found the following plan of the man-
he would spend the 5000l. prize, which
reserved as a curiosity:—"As soon as I
the money, I will marry Grace Towers;
been cross and coy, I will use her as
very morning she shall get me a mug of
ith a toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it;
o till ten, after which I will have a
et. My dinner shall be on table by
without a good pudding. I will have
nd brandy laid in. About five in the
have tarts and jellies, and a gallon
ten a hot supper of two dishes. If
umour, and Grace *behaves herself*,
ith me.—To bed about twelve."

NECESSITY.

nce got the nickname of *Neces-*
sity has no law.

QUID PRO QUO.

The Rev. Mr. Foote, brother to the
name, being once in a coffee-house
and drinking pretty freely, a Quaker acl
"Friend," thou art a scandal to thy cloth,
Friend," replied Foote, "my cloth is a
me"—raising his arm, and shewing a gree
two in his coat.

TINKER AND GLAZIER.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tink
Both with light purses, but with spirits gay,
And hard it were to name the sturdiest drin

Their ale they quaff'd; and as they swigg'd the nappy
Tho' both agreed, 'tis said,
That trade was wond'rous dead,
They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,
And were completely happy.

The landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug,
For every jest, and song, and merry tale
Had this blythe ending—
"Bring us t'other mug."

Now Dick the Glazier feels his bosom burn
To do his friend Tom Tinker, a good turn;
And where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
Occasion seldom loiters long behind.

The kettle singing gaily on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint just to his heart's desire;
And while to draw more ale the landlord goes,
Dick, in the ashes all the water throws,
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the Tinker winks,
As "a trade's success!" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.

Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand;
So, giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship too display'd,
And drank—"Success t

But O, how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew;
Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
Solder the only fluid he could view!
He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
And curs'd the kettle's bottom o'er and o'er.

"Come, come!" says Dick, "fetch us, my friend, more ale;
All trades, you know, must live:
Let's drink—'May trade with none of us ne'er fail.
The job to Tom then give;
And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle."
The landlord yields, but hopes 'tis no offence,
To curse the trade that thrives at his expence.
Tom undertakes the job, to work he goes,
And just concludes it with the evening's close.

Souls so congenial, had friends Tom and Dick,
They might be fairly call'd brother and brother;
Thought Tom, "to serve my friend I know a trick,
And one good turn deserves another!"

Out now he slily slips,
But not a word he said;
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.
Swift to a neighbouring church, his way he takes;
Nor, in the dark,
Misses his mark.
But every pane of glass he quickly breaks;
Back as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy
At getting so much excellent employ!

Return'd, he, beckoning, draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face,
And, to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
Thus briefly states the case—
"Dick! I may give you joy, you're a made man,
I've done your business most complete, my friend
I'm off! the devil catch me if he can,
Each window in the church you've got to mend;

Ingratitude's worst curse on m
If for *your* sake I have not bro

Tom, with surprise sees Dick
Who deeply sighs—"
Then drops his under j
And all his pow'rs of utt'ran
While horror in his gla
And bursting eyeballs,
Whose sympathetic muscles, ju
Share with the heart,
Dick's unknown smart,
And two such phizzes ne'er me

At length friend Dick his sy
And soon the mystery explain
"You have indeed my busi
And I, as well as you, must
For, let me act the best I ca
Tom! Tom! I am a ruin'd
Zounds! zounds! this friendsh
You did not know with the pa
Your wish to serve me, then,
I always mend those windows by

THE ROYAL SHI

King Charles II. was reput
noisseur in naval architecture.
ham, to view a ship, just finish
asked Killegrew, "if he did
make an excellent shipwrig
stantly replied, "he always
would have done better at any

TRUE WI

True wit is like the brill
Dug from Golconda's
Which boasts two varie
To cut as well as shi
Genius, like that, if po
With the same gifts
Appears at once both b
And sparkles while it

GETTING INTO DEBT.

three ways of getting into debt; first, a face; as thus: "You, Mr. Lutestring, me six yards of that paduasoy, dammee; e, don't think I ever intend to pay you mmee." At this, the mercer laughs its off the paduasoy, and sends it home; too late, surprised to find the gentleman thing but truth, and kept his word. d method of running into debt is called which is getting goods made up in such a be unfit for every other purchaser, and man refuses to give them upon credit, to leave them upon his hands. hird and best method is called, "Being stomer." The gentleman first buys some ys for it in ready money: he comes a r with nothing but bank bills, and buys, ose, a sixpenny tweezer case; the bills to be changed, so he promises to return he day after, and pays for what he has this promise he is punctual, and this is eight or ten times, till his face is well e has got, at last, the character of a good By this means he gets credit for some- rable, and then never pays for it.

GARRICK'S AVARICE.

n rallied Garrick on his avarice. Gar- pon him one day, and was surprised to himself placed upon the bureau. "Is as a compliment to me?" said Garrick. replied Foote. "And can you trust your cash and your bank-notes?" "Yes. said Foote, "for you are without hands."

CLERICAL PREFERMENT.

daily inquiries after the health of an of D——m, during his indisposition, no assiduously punctual than the bishop and the invalid seemed to think, that than those of anxious kindness might this solicitude. One morning he or- ger to be shown into his room, and him: "Be so good as *present my* compliments to my Lord Bishop, and tell him that I am better, much better; both that the Bishop of W———, has got a sore throat arising from a bad cold, *if that will do.*"

KING'S BENCH PRACTICE.—CHAP. 10th.

OF JUSTIFYING BAIL.

Baldwin. Hewit, call Taylor's bail,—for I
Shall now proceed to justify.
Hewit. Where's Taylor's bail?
1st Bail. I can't get in.
Hewit. Make way.
Lord Mayfield. For Heaven's sake begin.
Hewit. But where's the other?
2d Bail. Here I stand.
Mingay. I must except to both,—command
Silence;—and if your Lordships crave it,
Austen shall read our affidavit.
Austen. Will Priddle, late of Fleet-street, gent.
Makes oath and saith, That late he went
To Duke's-place, as he was directed
By notice, and he there expected
To find both bail—but none could tell
Where the first bail lived.—
Mingay. Very well.
Austen. And this deponent further says,
That asking what the second was,
He found he'd brankrupt been, and yet
Had ne'er obtain'd certificate.
When to his house deponent went,
He full four stories high was sent,
And found a lodging almost bare;
No furniture but half a chair,
A table, bedstead, broken fiddle,
And a bureau, (signed) William Priddle.
Sworn at my chambers, Francis Buller,
Mingay. No affidavit can be fuller.
Well, friend, you've heard this affidavit;
What do you say?
2d Bail. Sir, by your leave, it
Is all a lie.
Mingay. Sir, have a care
What is your trade?
2d Bail. A scavenger.

Mingay. And pray, Sir, were you never found a Bankrupt?
2d Bail. I'm worth a thousand pound.
Mingay. A thousand pound, friend? Boldly said! In what consisting?
2d Bail. Stock in trade.
Mingay. And pray, friend, tell me, do you know What sum you're bail for?
2d Bail. Truly no.
Mingay. My Lords, you hear,—no oaths have check'd him.
I hope your Lordships will——
Willes. Reject him.
Mingay. Well, friend, now tell me where you dwell.
1st Bail. Sir, I have liv'd in Clerkenwell These ten years.
Mingay. Half a guinea dead. (aside)
My Lords, if you've the notice read,
It says *Duke's-place*. So I desire
A little further time t'enquire.
Baldwin. Why, Mr. Mingay, all this vapour.
Willes. Take till to-morrow.
Lord Mansfield. Call the Paper.

JOHN BAYNES.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A lady, in whose favor Sir Thomas More had made a decree in Chancery against a nobleman, having, as a token of her gratitude, presented him with a pair of gloves, and in them forty pounds in angels, as a new year's gift, More took the gloves, but pouring out the money, and returning it, said with a smile, "Since it would be contrary to good manners to refuse a new year's gift from a lady, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the lining, I utterly refuse it."

STRIKING A BARGAIN.

A Highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, a few days since, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, *after having* shaved him, asked the price of it. *"Two-pence," said the Highlander.* "No, no," *said the barber, "I'll give you* a penny; if that does *satisfy you, take your* broom again." The *Highlander took it,* and asked what he had got to pay? "A penny," said strap. "I'll give ye baubee," said Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye may put on my beard again."

TRANSLATION BLUNDERS.

Du Fresnel translated Pope's Essay on Man; upon this verse,

Then, looking up, from sire to sire, explored
One great first father, and that first adored—

unluckily mistook the term of great first father made it great grandfather! Voltaire rendered words of Shakespeare, "Not a mouse is stirring" "not a mouse *trote!*"

PIOUS SHAVING.

A sturdy beggar, entered a French tonsor's shop eve of Corpus Christi, besought him to take beard for God's sake.—"Willingly," replied barber: "here, boy," says he, "whip off this beard gratis, in honour of the festival," cries of his apprentices, to another: "Hack that chin there." The patient made strange wry when seeing a water spaniel come in, manged miserable manner; for having plundered the "Poor dog," says he, "I see by your air have been shaved for God's sake."

MURRAY AND THE BISHOP.

The publisher of the Quarterly Review received a letter, dated Chelsea, signed "*Winton,*" proposing to him to publish a Pitt," which he had written in several He scornfully put it into his pocket, and in a mentioned it as a good joke to some literary at dinner, that some fellow of the name of had actually been wasting his time on such and now had the *modesty* to propose to *him* to it. "Winton," exclaimed a Wykhamist, did he date?" "Oh! from Chelsea," said seller. The other suspecting an error of desired to see the letter, and on its being it was discovered to be from the Bishop of written at the Palace at Chelsea. The overwhelmed with chagrin, flew to Chelsea, many excuses for neglect, and was put into of the MS. of a work which soon ran through large and profitable editions.

SIMPLICITY.

man giving evidence at court, was asked
el if he was born in *Wedlock?* "No,
d the man, "I was born in *Devonshire!*"

MARRIAGE OF A MISS BROWN TO A MR. FLINT.

ought within your breast,
passions once did rest,
od good I deem'd your heart,
take th' unhappy's part;
or others' woes you felt,
tale of misery melt,
t been within your power,
listress your bounty shower;
hat sudden news I hear!
angely chang'd, I greatly fear)
ll your goodness past
can turn to *Flint* at last
e news should e'en prove true,
from evil may ensue;
tion should increase
y hours domestic peace,
many years are past,
erhaps strike out at last,
y moment in the dark)
both, a BRILLIANT SPARK.

WELSH GENTILITY.

s I. was on the road near Chester, he
ach numbers of the Welsh, who came
ty to see him, that the weather being
roads dusty, he was nearly suffocated.
letely at a loss in which manner to rid
n civility; at last one of his attendants,
ed out of the coach, said, "It is his
sure that those who are the best gen-
ide forwards."—Away scampered the
ut one solitary man was left behind.
' says the king to him, "you are not a
n?" "O yes, and please your ma-
s good a shentleman as the rest; but
ese,) God help hur, is not so good."

LYING.

I do confess in many a sigh
My lips have breath'd you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two?
Nay, look not thus with brow reproving,
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.
If half we tell the girls were true;
If half we swear to think or do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion!
The world would be in strange confusion.
If ladies' eyes were every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies
To learn her lore from ladies' eyes.
Oh no; believe me! lovely girl,
When nature turns your *teeth* to *pearl*,
Your *neck* to *snow*, your *eyes* to *fire*,
Your yellow *locks* to *golden wire*,
Then only then, can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me—
Or I for you: as night and morn
We've swearing kiss'd and kissing sworn.
And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you,
Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, he's wholly yours.
But oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth. MOORE

VAN TROMP.

The Dutch admiral Van Tromp, who was a l
heavy man, was once challenged by a thin ac
French officer. We are not upon equal terms v
rapiers, said Van Tromp, but call upon me to-mor
morning, and we will adjust the affair better. W
the Frenchman called, he found the Dutch adm
bestriding a barrel of gunpowder: There is
enough for you, said Van Tromp, at the other

the barrel; sit down, there is a match; and as you were the challenger, give fire. The Frenchman was thunderstruck at this terrible mode of fighting: but as the Dutch admiral told him he would fight no other way, terms of accommodation ensued.

ON THE LETTER H.

'Twas in *H*eaven pronounced, it was mutter'd in *H*ell,
And ec*h*o caught faintly the sound as it fell:
On the confines of eart*h* 'twas permitted to rest,
And the dept*h*s of the ocean its presence confest.
'Twill be found in the sp*h*ere, when 'tis riven asunder:
'Tis seen in the lig*h*tning, and heard in the t*h*under.
'Twas allotted to man, with his earliest breat*h*,
It assists at his birt*h*, it attends him in deat*h*,
Presides o'er his *h*appiness, *h*onour, and *h*ealth,
Is the prop of his *h*ouse, and the end of his wealt*h*.
It begins every *h*ope, every wis*h* it must bound;
And tho' unaspiring, with monarc*h*s is crown'd:
In the *h*eaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal *h*eir,
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam,
But woe to the wretch, who expels it from *h*ome.
In the w*h*ispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the w*h*irlwind of passion be drowned.
'Twill not soften the *h*eart, but tho' deaf to the ear
'Twill make it acutely and constantly *h*ear.
But in s*h*ade let it rest, like a delicate flower;
Oh! breathe on it softly—it *dies* in an *h*our.

BYRON.

DUCKS AND CHICKENS.

When Rowland Hill was erecting his chapel in Blackfriars Road, many of his congregation resorted to a Baptist's meeting-house in that neighbourhood: this the divine did not like; and one day when a number of his flock, who were passing to the house of *ablution*, stopped to look at the bricklayers employed in the building, some of the workmen, by asking them *for money* to drink, drove them away; but as they *were going*, Rowland cried to the carpenters, "Come *lads, get on, get on*; if you trifle in this way, all my *chickens* will be turned into *ducks* before my [illegible] ready to receive them."

THE OXONIAN,—A CRAZY TALE.

A young Oxonian, not o'erstock'd with knowl[illegible]
Like many others, who are sent to college,
Who, taken from their country schools
And dread inspiring birch,
Are put apprentices to Mrs. Church,
And learn—to make themselves comm[illegible]
But to my tale;—this son of sable hues
Would oft, his leisure hours to amuse,
When unobserv'd, take copious draughts of w[illegible]
(The luscious produce of the purple vine,)
And get his cranium in a pretty rink,
Or get (in plainer English) screeching drunk.
Moreover he was fond of cards and dice,
(In latter days too prevalent a vice:)
Could swear, and run in debt, and when, for
Some luckless tradesman would request this
"To have the condescension to discharge
His bill, which now was growing rather larg
He'd kick his breech, or pluck the caitiff's h[illegible]
And knock him down a dozen pair of stairs.
—This to be sure now, was not very civil,
But shows that cassocks sometimes clothe th[illegible]
These pretty tricks, the reader may rely,
Could not be long conceal'd
From dame Inspection's penetrating eye,
But to the President were soon reveal'd.
In vain did he his hapless fate bewail;
In vain for pardon did the youth implore
(Which oft had been obtain'd by bribes)
Then dropt a piteous tear,
Nor prayers nor tears will now avail—
He's summon'd to appear.
High on his chair the reverend father sat,
In all the dignity of pride and fat;
High on his head his wig portentous [illegible]
The youth with dread beheld his awful sta[illegible]
Decider of his good or evil fate—
Whilst thus his words throughout the ha[illegible]
"Young man—
As life is but a span,

It ought to be our constant care
Whilst we are suffer'd to remain on earth,
To tread in virtue's paths, and thus prepare
Our souls to meet a future birth.
It is with sorrow I'm oblig'd to say
Your conduct the reverse of this does prove:
I'm told that you disdain fair virtue's sway,
That through the various scenes of vice you rove;
That 'stead of minding Homer you are sporting,
Without a sigh, your honour'd father's fortune.
Desist, rash youth, no more his bosom sting,
Or, if you'd wish your father's life to save,
Reform your conduct, or you'll surely bring
His old grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."
Youth, here smiling, rose, and rising cried—
Excuse my interrupting your discourse,
me a very painful source,
ch certainly too well applied:
r, I beg permission to remark,
I am not afraid of what you mention,
rh," observes our hopeful spark,
ank you for your good intention:
, if I continue thus to sting
r's bosom, I shall surely bring
y hairs to the grave, with sorrow big—
ore, reverend Sir, withhold your fears—
my father, for these thirty years,
n a wig!"

MATRIMONIAL CREED.

will be married, before all things it is
at he hold the conjugal faith in this.
ere two rational beings created, both
one superior to the other, and the
ear rule over the superior; which faith,
ne do keep whole and undefiled, with-
all be scolded everlastingly.
perior to the woman, and the woman
man; yet both are equal, and the
ern the man.
commanded to obey the man, and
o obey the woman; and yet there
uts, but one obedient.

For there is one dominion nor
and another dominion real of the
are not two dominions, but one d
For, like as we are compelle
verity to acknowledge, that wives
selves to their husbands, and be su
all things; so are we forbidden by
to say, that they should be at all in
wills, or pay any regard to their con
The man was not created for the
woman for the man; yet the man sh
of the woman, and the woman the tyr
so that in all things, as is aforesaid, th
the superior to the inferior is to be beli
He, therefore, that will be marrie
think of the woman and the man.
Furthermore, it is necessary to subm
mony, that he also believe rightly the u
the wife:
For the right faith is, that we believe a
that the wife is fallible and infallible:
Perfectly fallible, and perfectly infallib
erring soul, and an unerring mind, subsisti
ble as touching her human nature, and infa
touching her female sex.
Who, although she be fallible, and infall
she is not two, but one woman: who submi
lawful marriage, to acquire unlawful dominio
promised religiously to obey, that she might
injustice and folly.
This is the conjugal faith; which, except a
believe faithfully, he cannot enter the state of m
mony.

THE MONK AND THE JEW; OR, CATHOLIC CONVE

To make new converts truly bless'd,
A Recipe—*Probatum est.*
Stern winter, clad in frost and snow,
Had now forbade the streams to flow;
And skaiting peasants swiftly glide,
Like swallows, o'er the slipp'ry tide;
When Mordecai, upon whose face
The synagogue you plain



tune, with smiles deceitful, bore
a curs'd hole, but late skinn'd o'er;
wn plumps the Jew; but, in a trice,
ing he caught the friendly ice.
grasp'd; he yell'd, a hideous cry:
friendly help, alas! was nigh;
e a poor monk—who quickly ran,
snatch from death the drowning man.
when the holy father saw
mb of the Mosaic law,
outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew—
or Heaven's sake, help?" exclaims the Jew.
urn Christian first!" the father cries.
m froze to death," the Jew replies.
roze!" quoth the monk; "too soon you'll
know,
re's fire enough for Jews below.
nounce your unbelieving crew,
l help is near."—"I do, I do!"
amn all your brethren, great and small."
'ith all my heart—O, damn 'em all!
v help me out."—"There's one thing more:
ite this cross, and Christ adore."
here, there! I Christ adore!"—"'Tis well;
s arm'd, defiance bid to Hell.
l yet another thing remains,
guard against eternal pains:
you our Papal Father hold
v'n's vicar, and believe all told
holy church?"—"I do, by G—d!
e moment more, I'm food for cod!
g, drag me out; I freeze, I die!"
our peace, my friend, is made on high.
l absolution here I give;
nt Peter will your soul receive.
sh'd clean from sin, and duly shriv'n,
w converts always go to heav'n.
hour, for death, so fit as this:
s, thus, I launch you into bliss."
said—the father, in a trice,
convert launch'd beneath the ice.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

If you see a man and woman, with l
occasion, often finding fault, and correcting
in company, you may be sure they are h
wife.—If you see a lady and gentleman i
coach in profound silence, the one looking
window, and the other at the opposite
sured they mean no harm to each oth
husband and wife.—If you see a lady
let fall a glove or a handkerchief, and a
that is next to her tell her of it, that she
pick it up, set them down for husband
If you see a man and woman walk in t
twenty yards distance, in a direct line, a
striding over a stile and still going on, s
nie, you may swear they are husband a
you see a lady whose beauty attracts t
every person present, except one man, a
to her in a rough manner, and does not
affected by her charms, depend upon it
band and wife.

AN ELEGY ON MRS. MARY BLA

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize;
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise.
The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor
Who left a pledge behind.
She strove the neighbourhood to plea
With manners wond'rous winning
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.
At church in silks and satins new,
With hoops of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew,
But when she shut her eyes.
Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her
When she has walk'd before.

wealth and finery fled,
rs-on cut short all ;
found, when she was dead,
isorder mortal.
it, in sorrow sore,
street well may say,
liv'd a twelvemonth more,
ot died to-day. GOLDSMITH.

ELLA AND HER DOCTOR.

a being extremely ill, her physician
you are certainly near the bottom of
shall endeavour to get you up again."
Doctor, I am afraid I shall be *out of*
get to the top again."

ON A BANKRUPT, LATELY TURNED PREACHER.

y creditors perplex'd.
d tradesmen's angry din ;
preaches from the text,
nger, and *I took him in.*"

THE MIRACLE.

r, being at a quaker's meeting, heard
was holding forth speak with great
nst the ill consequence of giving the
on ; and therefore advised that, when
a tale not consistent with truth or
hearer should only cry "Twang!"
t irritate people to passion like the lie.
digressed into the story of the miracle
being fed with five loaves of bread,
l them that they were not such loaves
ow-a-days, but were as big as moun-
the tar uttered with a loud voice—
What," says the quaker, "dost thou
nd."—"No," says Jack, "but I am
ig the ovens were that baked them."

SPONGING.

home, said Harry Skinner ;
u dine not out, you get no dinner,

CONTRADICTION.

A young clergyman having buried three wives,
lady asked him how he happened to be so luck
"Madam," replied he, "I knew they could not li
without contradiction, so I let them all have the
own way."

ON FINDING A PAIR OF SHOES ON A LADY'S BED.

Well may suspicion shake his head!
Well may Clorinda's spouse be jealous!
When the dear wanton takes to bed
Her very shoes, because they're *fellows!*

NAUTICAL SERMON.

When Whitfield preached before the seamen
New York, he had the following bold apostrophe
his sermon :—"Well, my boys, we have a clear sk
and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, b
fore a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of lan
But what means this sudden lowering of the heaven
and that dark cloud arising from beneath the weste
horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder
Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is
storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How t
waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air
dark! The air is dark! The tempest rages! O
masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends
What next?" The unsuspecting tars, suddenly aro
and exclaimed, *Take to the long boat.*

THE POOR POET TO HIS CAT.

Tabby, methinks thou much resemblest me,
In musing posture, as beside the fire
Thou sitt'st. And now pray let me question thee,
What sorrows or what whims thy breast inspire?
Hast thou a kitten, querulous for food ;
Or dwells thy thought upon some absent rover,
Who spends the night, (O base ingratitude!)
Regardless of thy charms, with some new lover
Or does the nibbling of that hungry mouse,
Behind the wainscot, draw thy deep attention,
And art thou planning, guardian of the house!
Sage methods for the prowler's apprehension?
Whate'er thy grievances, they're but ideal,
Whilst mine, alas! are palpable and real.

ADVANTAGES OF UGLINESS.

In the reign of Lewis XIV. a gentleman, who had suffered by the law's delay, was promised speedy justice by a nobleman, who brought the gentleman to Versailles, to present him to his majesty. The request being granted by the king, his majesty asked the peer what connection he had with the man whose interest he had so warmly espoused. "Not any," replied he; "indeed, so far from it, that I never saw him in my life till the other day." "What!" replied the king, "had you never seen him before? How, then, could you be under that obligation to him which you talk of? "O, sire!" exclaimed the nobleman, "has not your majesty perceived that, till he was brought forward, I was supposed to have been the *ugliest* man in your dominions? The exception he has enabled me to make is surely a very great obligation."

THE DOCTOR AND CAPTAIN, A TALE FROM BATH.

In Bladud's city, place of vast renown,
Where, in the season, wealthy cits from town
Escort their wives and pretty daughters,
To make a dash,
To cut a splash,
To dance, to play at cards, and drink the waters—
A strife arose 'twixt men of high condition,
A captain *this*, and *that* a grave physician.
One morn, the hero of the *scarlet coat*,
Upon the doctor's gate, with pencil, wrote
'*Scoundrel!*" in letters clear and plain:
The doctor saw: amaz'd he stood,
He long'd to let the captain blood:
And, waxing wroth, he grasp'd his gold-topp'd cane,
Then sallied forth, and, after various dodgings,
At length he found the noble captain's lodgings;
There, in politeness to be conquer'd, scorning,
He told the servant, with an arch regard,
"Give to your master doctor Pestle's card,
For at *my gate* he left HIS NAME this morning."

ETYMOLOGY AND LAW.

Shortly after Lord Eldin, the Scotch judge, assumed *his seat on the bench as a judge*, a gentleman remarked to him, that his title would be very apt confounded with that of the Lord Chancellor this observation Lord Eldin answered, "The ence between his Lordship and me is all my e

A DREAM.

With bridal cake beneath her head,
As Jenny prest her pillow,
She dreamt that lovers, thick as hops,
Hung pendent from the willow.

Around her spectres shook their chains,
And goblins kept their station;
They pull'd, they pinch'd her, till she
To spare the male creation.

Before her now the buck, the beau,
The 'squire, the captain trips;
The modest seiz'd her hand to kiss,
The forward seiz'd her lips.

For some she felt her bosom pant,
For some she felt it smart;
To all she gave enchanting smiles,
To one she gave her heart.

She dreamt—(for magic charms prevail'd
And fancy play'd her farce on)
That, soft reclin'd in elbow chair,
She kiss'd a sleeping parson.

She dreamt—but O, rash muse! forbear,
Nor virgin's dreams pursue;
Yet blest above the gods is he,
Who proves such visions true.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Margate advertisement, by an ass-leader, donkies are alternately employed by ladies and glers:—

Asses here to be let; for all purposes rig
To bear *angels* by day, and *spirits* by n

MONSIEUR TONSON.

There liv'd, as fame reports, in days of yore
At least some fifty years ago, or more,



wight, on town yclep'd Tom King;
was clever [illegible] joke;
the arts to tease and *smoke*;
r strokes of humour quite *the thing*.

club this King was known,
ctive wit unrivall'd shone:
it, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
his stories and bon-mots to hear;
isappointment e'er could fear,
r flow'd in such a copious flood.

e was a high delight;
uld hunt for day and night,
w prudence on the sport might frown:
saunt mischief sprung to view,
edge and ditch away he flew;
e game till he had run it down.

hero, rambling with a friend,
t. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
t spot the Seven Dials hight:
all around, and clear the coast;
usual, dozing on his post;
a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

lace there liv'd the num'rous clans
dding, foreign artizans,
hat time by name of Refugees:
rsecution, from their home
inoffensive race to roam;
ey lighted like a swarm of bees.

o friends were saunt'ring through the

food for humour soon to meet;
window near, a light they view,
dim and melancholy ray,
prologue to some merry play;
he gloomy dome our hero drew.

door he gave a thund'ring knock—
ay suppose near two o'clock.
ays King, "if Thomson lodges here."
ries t'other, "who the devil's be?"
' King replies; "but want to see
f animal will now appear."

After some time, a little Frenchman came—
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call *culotte*;
An old strip'd woollen nightcap grac'd his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread—
Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note,
Tho' thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
"Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait:
Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me!
"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,
As by your house, I chanc'd to-night to go—
But really I disturb'd your sleep, I fear!
I say, I thought that you, perhaps, could tell,
Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thomson lodges here!"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break;
Then, with unalter'd courtesy he spake—
"No, Sare; no Monsieur Tonson lodges here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed;
But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest:
So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before;
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door:
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with the knocker thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determin'd to remain;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep,
The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes—
"Is there—a Mr. Thomson lodges here?"



The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright—
" Vy Sare, I'm sure I tell you, Sare, last night!"
And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere—
" No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know;
No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so;
Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here!"

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes;
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursu'd his old career:
'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh;
And then he utter'd in a piteous cry—
" Sare, 'pon my soul no Monsieur Tonson here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid;
And, the next night, came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster!
Anxious she strove his errand to inquire;
He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire;
He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day:
King told her, she must fetch her master down;
A chaise was ready—he was leaving town;
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call;
And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to bawl,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay:
At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears;
But, scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attacks him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain,
To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight in rage began his creat to rear—
" Sare, vat de devil make you treat me so?
Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago:
Got dam, I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here!"

True as the night King went and heard a strife
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which should descend to chase the fiend away:
At length to join their forces they agree;
And straight impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old inquiry, calmly steed.
The name of Thomson rais'd the storm so l
He deem'd it, then, the safest plan to fly,
With—"Well, I'll call when you're in gen

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night, to plague the Frenchma
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit!
They throw out water, for the watch they c
But King, expecting, still escapes from all.
Monsieur, at last, was forc'd his house to

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect, sought the eastern cl
Six ling'ring years were, there, his tedio
At length, content, amid his ripening store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haun
" Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth,"
" My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is de
Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion r
And while he, eager, eyes the op'ning door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling pos
Why e'en our Frenchman! Strange perhaps
He took his old abode that very day:—
Capricious turn of sportive fortune's whe

Without one thought of the relentless foe!
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears:
The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the
With rushlight, as before, he creeping cam
And King's detested voice astonish'd hea

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright;
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sor
Then, starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strai
" Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come ag
Away he ran; and ne'er was heard of a

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

[redacted] taxes for the ward of Chester in the [redacted]m, whose income is derivable from [redacted]equested a friend to furnish him with a [redacted]al. The latter recommended him to [redacted] of Marmion, "*Charge, Chester,*

E PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

ıners, for no good,
ed to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
to dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
:url'd white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

les had these sad rogues to travel,
ing in their shoes much worse than
:
: toes, so gentle to amuse,
d order'd peas into their shoes.

mous in old Popish times
souls that stunk with crimes,
postolic salt,
h parsons for its powers exalt,
ouls of sinners sweet,
tchen salt keeps meat.

et off on the same day,
shoes, to go and pray,
ifferent was their speed, I wot:
aners gallop'd on,
llet from a gun,
limp'd as if he had been shot.

Virgin, soon *peccavi* cry'd—
ıl whitewash'd all so clever:
ıgain he nimbly hied,
ith saints above to live for ever.

ck, however, let me say,
nother rogue about half way:
s out-stretch'd bum and bending knees,
souls and bodies of the peas:
[redacted] his cheeks and brow in *sweat,*
with *his groaning feet.*

"How now!" the light-toed, whitewash'd, pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber!"
"Od's curse it!" cried the t'other, "'tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear;
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the dev'l my sinful soul must go,
For d—me if I ha'nt lost every toe.

But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain;
What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes!
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes.?

How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
As merry, as if nought had happen'd, burn ye!'
"Why," cry'd the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventur'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas." P. PINDAR

A CHOICE.

An Irishman was once brought up before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? Please your Worship, (says Paddy) *I was trying to get a good one.*

A COOL RETORT.

Henderson the actor was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and cool said, "That, Sir, was a digression; now for the gument."

FRANK HAMAN.

Frank Haman, once a br[redacted] of the brush,
Had talents much distinguish'd in his [redacted]
But for his art he hardly car'd a rush,
If some odd [redacted]hief stumbled in his w[redacted]



This wag was deem'd by all the social tribe
A jovial, easy, careless, pleasant fellow,
Fond of a frolic, ready at a gibe,
And sometimes in his cups a little mellow.
He, being tempted by a pleasant day,
After a long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft besieg'd him, sallied out,
To breathe fresh air, and wile an hour away.
It chanc'd as he was strolling, void of care,
A drunken porter pass'd him with a hare.

The hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind, in piteous plight,
And as he crept in zig-zag style,
Making the most of every mile,
From side to side poor pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A dog, who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry politician,
On the look-out, was lurking close behind;
A sly and subtle chap,
Of most sagacious smell,
Like politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap
At any thing that fell.

The porter stagger'd on, the dog kept near,
Watching the lucky minute for a bite,
Now made a spring, and then drew back with fear,
While Haman follow'd, titt'ring at the sight.

Great was the contrast 'twixt the man and dog;
The one a negligent and stupid lout,
That seem'd to know not what he was about;
The other keen, observant, all agog.
Nor need it wonderment excite, I ween,
That Haman clos'd the train to mark the scene.

Thro' many a street our tipsy porter reels,
Then stops—as if to solemn thoughts inclin'd—
The watchful dog was ready at his heels,
And Haman hobbled on not far behind.

Then rolling on again, the man survey'd
One of those happy mansions, where
A cordial drop imparts its cheering aid
To all the thirsty sons of care.

The sight of this refreshing place,
The scent that hails him from the door,
Arrest at once his rambling pace—
As they had often done before.

Mine host, with accents that were wond'rous
Invites him in, a jolly crew to join;
The man the gen'rous courtesy declin'd,
Merely, perhaps, for want of thirst—or co

Straight on a bench without, he stretched al
Regardless of the passing throng,
And soon his weary eyelids close,
While Somnus soothes him to repose.
The hare now prostrate at his back,
This was the time to get a snack.
The dog, unable longer to refrain,
Gaz'd at the hare,
Who caus'd his care,
Jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, jumpt and
bit again.

At length, when he had clear'd away the re
The sated spoiler finish'd on the breast.
Then having made a hearty meal,
He carelessly turn'd on his heel,
Nor thought of asking "What's to pay
But scamper'd at his ease away;
Perhaps to find some four-foot fair,
And tell the story of the hare.

And here some sage, with moral spleen, ma
"This Haman should have driv'n the do
Th' effects of vice the blameless should not
And folks that are not drunkards lose thi

All this we grant is very true—
But in this giddy world how few
To virtue's heights sublimely move,
Relinquishing the things they love.

Not so unfashionably good,
Our waggish painter laughing stood,
In hopes more sport to find
Dispos'd to keep in view his game,
And with th' ambitious Thane exclaim,
"The greatest is behind."

r, whate'er the plan
fond pursuits of man,
may the course attend,
dful of the end.

f mirth a lucky store,
led in his way,
after more,
id, or seem'd to say:—
eople fret and scold,
ony wreck behold;
nken rogue will stare,
s what *was* the hare.

ust needs be droll,
see the whole."
future pleasure,
o wait the sleeper's leisure.

porter's slumbers o'er
ott'ring as before;
ny body, kind,
of his load behind.
uses turn'd his eye,
ey's end was nigh,
per in his hand,
ade a stand.

ear with eager mien,
losing of the scene,
ight a furious din,
ady for a grin.

but mention one thing more,
ll he must have lik'd the whim,
ter hit at last the door,
d the hare was sent to *him*.

S OF CONSCIENCE.

s so much averse to the Athana-
never would read it. The arch-
informed of his recusancy sent
ask him the reason. "I do not
priest. "But your metropolitan
chdeacon. "It may be so," re
and he can well *afford it. He* believes at the rate of *seven thousand* a year, and I only at that of *fifty*."

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A man, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle,
Enters the field against the foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet some affirm no enemies they are;
But meet, just like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suff'ring patient saith)
Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Liv'd at Newcastle upon Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister,
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed.
Or give a glister.

Of occupations, these were *quantum suff.*,
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanc'd things:—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't,
His fame full six miles round the country ran:
In short, in reputation he was *sohus;*
All the old women called him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said;
And cultivated the Belles Lettres.
And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste with a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

s lov'd verse, and took so much delight in't,
his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.

opportunity he e'er let pass
f writing the directions on his labels,
n dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables;
rather like the lines in Hudibras.
othecary's verse!—and where's the treason;
'Tis simply honest dealing;—not a crime;
hen patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.
le had a patient lying at death's door,
ome three miles from the town, it might be four,
To whom one evening Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,
And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote verse;
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:

"When taken,
To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was indeed a very sorry hack;
But that's of course,
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary upon his back?
Bolus arriv'd and gave a loudish tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are giv'n by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers and by opera singers:
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
mourful look'd and grim,

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said:
John shook his head.

"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
"He took the draught!" John gave a nod.
"Well, how?—what then? speak out you do
"Why then," says John, "we shook him ou
"Shook him! how!" Bolus stammered out:
"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man,—a shake w
"No, Sir, and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes!—odds curse!
"'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, Sir, and so a third we tried
"Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir,
died."

HORSE AND ASS.

A jocky lord met his old college tu
horse fair. "Ah! doctor," exclaim
"what brings you here among these bl
Do you think you can distinguish a
ass?"—"My lord," replied the tutor
ceived *you* among these horses."

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE RA

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical cried razors up and d
And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pen
Which certainly seem'd wondrou
And for the money quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with cas

A country bumpkin the great o
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck b
With cheerfulness the eighteen
And proudly to himself in whi
"This rascal stole the razors I s

No matter if the fellow be a k
Provided that the razors shar
It certainly will be a monstrous
So home the clown with his
Smiling, in heart and soul co
And quickly snap'd himself o



'd from a dish or tub,
ı, with grinning pain, to grub,
utting furze:
!—then the rest he try'd—
rs—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
n-pence within my purse."
beard, and bring the graces,
and winc'd, and stamp'd, and

d danc'd, blasphem'd, and made

razor's body o'er and o'er.
d of opposition stuff,
would not lose it's ruff,
; at the steel and suds.
n stretch'd his angry jaws,
: vengeance, with clench'd claws,
ıat sold the goods.
confounded dog—
hog!"
fellow—found him—and begun,
· Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
mselves out of their lives:
n hour have I been grubbing,
whiskers here a scrubbing,
: oyster-knives.
ı you're a knave,
that can't shave."
· razor man, "I'm not a knave:
you have bought,
ıever thought
ıve."
I shave?" quoth Hodge, with
'es,
ıch unlike an Indian yell,
ıade for then, you dog?" he cries:
the fellow, with a smile—"to

P. PINDAR.

AND FOOLS.

ugh dining with a friend, the
he servant to take away the dish containing the *fowls*, which she pronounced FOOLS. "I presume, madam, you mean *fowls*," said Mr. R. very pompously:—"Very well, be it so," said the lady, "take away the *fowls*, but let the FOOLS remain!"

GARRULITY OF WOMEN.

Some philosophers maintain that speech is the criterion of reason. Parrots and other birds speak; are they then rational? Women we know are rational, but *would they be less so if they spoke less?*

MY LANDLADY'S NOSE.

O'er the evils of life 'tis a folly to fret,
Despondence and grief never lessen'd them yet;
Then a fig for the world—let it come as it goes,
I'll sing to the praise of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose is in noble condition,
For longitude, latitude, shape, and position;
'Tis as round as a horn, and as red as a rose,
Success to the bulk of my landlady's nose!

To jeweller's shops let your ladies repair,
For trinkets and nicknacks to give them an air;
Here living carbuncles, a score of them glows
On the big massy sides of my landlady's nose.

Old Patrick M'Dougherty, when on the fuddle,
Pulls out a segar, and looks up to her noddle;
For Dougherty swears, when he swigs a good dose,
By Marjory's firebrand, my landlady's nose.

Ye wishy-wash butter-milk drinkers so cold,
Come here, and the virtues of brandy behold;
Here's red burning Etna—a mountain of snows
Would roar down in streams from my landlady's nose.

But, Gods! when this trunk with an uplifted arm,
She grasps in the dish-clout to blow an alarm;
Horns, trumpets, and conchs, are but screaming of crows,
To the loud-thund'ring twang of my landlady's nose.

My landlady's nose unto me is a treasure,
A care-killing nostrum—a fountain of pleasure;
If I want for a laugh to discard all my woes,
I only look up to my landlady's nose.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

One of the Cecil family, minister to Scotland from England, was speaking to Mary, queen of Scots, of the wisdom of his sovereign, queen Elizabeth. Mary stopped him short by saying, "Pray, Sir, don't talk to me of the wisdom of a woman; I think I know my own sex pretty well, and can assure you, that the wisest of us all is only a little less a fool than the others."

THE ROYAL LIBRARIAN.

George III., shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the under librarians asleep in a chair. He stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, "Hang it, George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another."

PROLOGUE, FOR A COMPANY OF COMEDIANS, WHO PERFORMED AT WINCHESTER OVER A BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles;
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The actor swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans, to mutton chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark;
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While magic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the stagg'ring ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones;
et and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers dying calves complain;
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh Antonio's blood must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the worthless Jew.
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of beef, of mutton—starve!
But would ye to our house in crowds repair,
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near;
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor hungry queens for cutlets long in vain.

WARN

SPEAKING IN TIME.

A buffoon at the court of Francis I. complained to the king that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish," replied the complainant, "your majesty would hang him five minutes before."

A LONG TEXT.

A clergyman was once going to preach upon the text of the Samaritan woman, and after reading it he said, "Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."

THE JEW BEGINNING THE WORLD AGAIN.

Two criminals, a Christian and a Jew,
Who'd been to honest feelings rather callous,
Were on a platform once expos'd to view;
Or come, as some folks call it, to the gallows.
Or, as of late a quainter phrase prevails,
To weigh their weight upon the city scales.
In dreadful form, the constables and chief
The priest, and ordinary, and crowd around
Till fix'd the noose, and all had taken
When the poor trembling [illegible]

state,
iis fate.

ot close sticking,
it the place,
icking;
eculiar grace,
devotion,
is motion.

ud,
went?
the crowd,)
stian bent,
,
an's clo'es."

UTS.

y, "that fashionable
Why rout formerly
d when the soldiers
ord, they were said
ome propriety too,"
se meetings whole
of house and home."

N.

ed as a witness by
atedly asked by the
n the verge of the
."—"And pray, sir,
p your residence in
hope," replied the
ly impertinence of

DS.

leak,
uting grouse,

ouse.

glue,
law;
! whoo! whoo!"
Caw! caw! caw!"

Neglected mansion!—for 'tis said,
Whene'er the snow came feath'ring down
Four barbed steeds, from the Bull's-head,
Carried thy master up to town.

Weep, Hoppergollop!—Lords may moan,
Who stake, in London, their estate
On two small rattling bits of bone,
On *little figure*, or on *great*.

Swift whirl the wheels—He's gone—A rose
Remains behind, whose virgin look,
Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
Sweet beauteous blossom!—'twas the co

A bolder far than my weak note,
Maid of the moor, thy charms demand;
Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinn'd by Molly Dumpling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,
Had none remain'd save only she;—
She by herself had been—if one
Had not been left, for company.

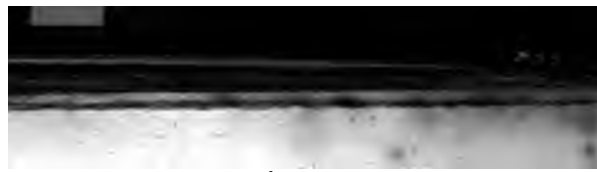
'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue
Was ting'd with health and manly toil;
Cabbage he sow'd; and, when it grew,
He always cut it off, to boil.

Oft would he cry, "Delve, delve the hole!
And prune the tree, and trim the root!
And stick the wig upon the pole,
To scare the sparrows from the fruit."

A small, mute favourite, by day
Follow'd his step; where'er he wheels
His barrow round the garden gay,
A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah, man! the brute creation see!
Thy constancy oft needs the spur!
While lessons of fidelity
Are found in ev'ry bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
While Bob-tail in his face would look,
And mark his master troll the song—
"Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou



For thus he sung; while Cupid smil'd—
Pleas'd that the gard'ner own'd his dart,
Which prun'd his passions running wild,
And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the moor! his love return!
True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame:
When gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds, burn,
A cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah! not averse from love was she,
Though pure as heaven's own snowy flake;
Both lov'd: and though a gard'ner he,
He knew not what it was to *rake*.

Cold blows the blast—the night's obscure;
The mansion's crazy wainscots crack;
No star appear'd,—and all the moor,
Like ev'ry other moor,—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
The lovely Molly Dumpling sat:
Much did she fear, and much admire
What Thomas Gard'ner could be at.

List'ning, her hand supports her chin;
But, ah! no foot is heard to stir:
He comes not, from the garden, in;
Nor he, nor little bob-tail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid, to thee;
Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass!
And what's impossible can't be;
And never, never comes to pass!

She paces through the hall antique,
To call her Thomas from his toil;
Opes the huge door; the hinges creak—
Because—*the hinges wanted oil.*

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,
She "Thomas!" cried, with many a sob;
And thrice on Bob-tail did she call,
Exclaiming sweetly "Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Vain maid! a gard'ner's corpse,'tis said,
In answers can but ill succeed;
And dogs that hear when they are dead,
Are very cunning dogs indeed!

Back through the hall she bent her way;
All, all was solitude around!
The candle shed a feeble ray,
Though a large mould of four to th' pou

Full closely to the fire she drew;
Adown her cheek a salt tear stole;
When, lo! a coffin out there flew,
And in her apron burnt a hole!

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd
A certain sign that fate will frown;
The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd,
A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose:
Her shadow did the maid appal;
She trembled at her lovely nose,
It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber damp and cold,
She climb'd lord Hoppergollop's stair:
Three stories high—long, dull, and old,
As great lords' stories often are.

All nature now appear'd to pause;
And "o'er one half the world seem'd d
No "curtain'd sleep" had she—becaus
She had no curtains to her bed.

List'ning she lay;—with iron din
The clock struck *twelve;* the door flew
When Thomas grimly glided in,
With little Bob-tail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size;
Green, green his waiscoat was, as leek
Red as beet-root were his eyes;
Pale, pale, as turnips were his cheeks!

Soon as the spectre she espied,
The fear-struck damsel faintly said,
"What would my Thomas?" he replied
"Oh! Molly Dumpling! I am dead.

"All in the flower of youth I fell,
Cut off with health's full blossom o
I was not ill—but in a well
I tumbled backwards, and was d



a deep thy love doth lie ;
I dog his fate doth share ;
—this is not he and I ;
here,—for we are *there*.

oul water-fiends are we ;
moor, attend us now !
hand—we come for thee !"
end-cur said, "bow, wow !"

in her cold, cold grave,
sheet a maiden likes ;
er thou shalt have ;
there are in Holland dykes."

roach ; the maid did shriak ;
h the night's foul air they spin ;
to the green well's brink,
souse, they plump'd her in.

, so true the youth,
is day, their story tell :
proverb rose, that *Truth*
ottom of a well. COLMAN.

LY TAILOR AND DEAN SWIFT.

wn tired of his shop-board, took a bold
seat to the pulpit, and soon acquired
. Elated with the success, he at-
nversion of Dean Swift to the true
g admitted to the dean, he thus an-
rpose : "I am come," said he, "by
l, to open your eyes, to enlighten your
o teach you the proper application of
ou have so long abused." "Indeed,
," replied the dean, who knew the
nclined to believe that you are com-
leaven, as you come so critically to
plexed state of my mind at this very
tailor already exulted in the cer-
s. "You are well acquainted, no
ed Swift, "with that passage in the
f the Revelation of St. John, where
ighty angel coming down from hea-
bow on his head, a book open in his
g his right foot on the sea, and his
earth. I am quite at a loss how *to* calculate the extent of such a stride; but I know it immediately lies in the line of your trade to tell me, how many yards of cloth would make a pair of breeches for that angel."

COPPER AND BRASS.

Counsellor Dunning thinking to embarrass a witness having a Bardolphian nose, began with, "Now you, Mr. with the copper nose, now you are sworn, what have you to say ?"—"Why, by the oath I have sworn," replied he, "I would not exchange my *copper* nose for your *brazen* face."

CROSS READINGS IN VERSE.

Every line in this piece is taken from standard poetical writers, and each read separately makes good sense ; the humour lies in the combination.

The flow'ry May now from her green lap throws—
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair—
With Scythians expert in darts and bows—
A satire next, and then a bill of fare.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind—
The weary world lies sunk in soft repose—
And shuts the gates of mercy on mankind—
And sometimes gallops o'er a courtier's nose.

The sun himself with gloomy clouds oppress—
Renounces four legs, and starts up on two—
'Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest—
Who stays on shore, and toys with Sall and Sue.

Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay—
Transform'd to combs the speckled and the white—
Long as the night to her whose love's away—
On spacious wings with sundry colours dight.

Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies—
Satan himself will toll the parish bell—
Where in a box the whole creation lies—
By much too wise to walk into a well.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day—
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg—
Where rougher climes a nobler race display—
A dedication is—a wooden leg.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies—
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away—
With waddling gait, and voice like London cries—
Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen—
For thunder mars small beer and weak discourse—
And hurls the vengeance of the laws on gin—
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly—
Their teeth will be no whiter than before—
While England lives, their fame can never die—
For still new harlequins remain in store.

Forthwith the huge portcullis high updrew—
In shape no bigger than an agate stone—
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew—
And boldly fought to save the British throne.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command—
Let me extol a cat on oysters fed—
His wig all powder, and all snuff his band—
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed.

Now Night in vestments rob'd of deepest dye—
With new-born Day had gladden'd mortal sight—
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye—
With head advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight.

Ah! think, thou favour'd of the powers divine—
On the forefinger of an alderman—
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine—
And pierce aloft in air the soaring swan.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!—
Arm'd with a pudding that might please a dean—
Scours wild along, disdaining all controul—
And murders fops by whom she ne'er was seen.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane—
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul—
Those stars that grace the wide celestial plain—
For very want can never build a wall.

ALL AT ONCE.

A Greek and a Venetian held a dispute on the advantages of their respective countries, during which the Greek did not fail to qu
which his country had pro
answered the Venetian, "yo
which accounts for your not

THE SLEEPY CH

A wit at Cambridge, in th
ordered to preach at St. Mary
cellor and the heads of the
had observed the drowsiness
and took this piece of scri
cannot ye watch one hour?
concluded with his text, whi
lor sat near the pulpit, often
the talk of the whole univer
vice-chancellor, that he com
of Canterbury, who sent for
defend himself against the c
when he gave so many
dinary wit, that the archb
preach before king James;
condescended, and coming
James the First and the Six
the first king of England, am
at first the king was somew
but in the end was so well
that he made him one of
After this advancement, th
down to Cambridge to mak
vice-chancellor, and to take
which he accordingly did, an
the verse of his former text,
your rest. Concluding hi
apology to the vice-chancell
said before (which gave offe
watch one hour? I say now,
rest, and so left the universit

CHOICE PO

A very indifferent poet h
what he deemed the choice
poem, inquired "Which w
approved?" "Those which
replied the other.

GING.
well as most men in Europe,
most men in Europe do not
g as well as most men in

NGED LAIS.
in sorrow o'er,
ring to thee;
ows no more,
re not see.

STOCKS.
a country town, observed
cks. "My friend," said he,
ns to sell out." "I should
our," he replied drily, "but
h *too low*."

FROLIC.
stice Holt presided in the
poor decrepit old creature
charged as a criminal, on
he law ought to be visited
The charges were opened.
ed his Lordship. "Witch-
?"—"She has a power-
"—The spell was handed
small ball of variously-
with threads of as many
unwound and unfolded,
f parchment, on which
s now nearly illegible
spell?"—The prose-
judge, after looking
ents, addressed him-
Prisoner, how came
man, my Lord, gave
ue."—"How long
"—"And did it cure
s."—"I am glad
oments, and then
entlemen of the
e companions, as
woman's dwell-
njoying ourselves

found we had no means to disch
I had recourse to a stratagem.
of an ague, I pretended I had a
wrote the classic line you see on
ment, and was discharged of the
the gratitude of the poor woman
supposed benefit."

EPITAPH ON A LAWY

Here lies a lawyer,—one whose n
(Like that of all the lawyer-kind)
Resembled, though so grave and st
The pupil of a cat's eye greatly,—
Which for the mousing deeds transa
In holes and corners, is well fitte
But which in sunshine, grows contra
As if 'twould,—*rather* not admit i
As if in short, a man would quite
Throw time away who tried to let i
Decent portion of God's light
On lawyer's mind or pussy's retina.
Hence when he took to politics,
As a refreshing change of evil,
Unfit with grand affairs to mix,
His little nisi prius tricks,
Like imps at bo-peep, play'd the devi
And proved that when a small law wit
Of statesmanship attempts the trial,
'Tis like a player on the kit,
Put all at once to a bass viol.
Nay, even when honest, (which he cou
Be, now and then,) still quibbling da
He served his country as he would
A client thief at the Old Bailey.
But,—do him justice,—short and rare
His wish through honest paths to roa
Born with a taste for the unfair,
Where falsehood call'd he still was the
And when least honest most at home
Thus shuffling, bullying, lying, creepin
He work'd his way up near the thron
And long before he took the keeping
Of the king's conscience, lost his ow

MUNCHAUSEN OUTDONE.

Several gentlemen, of ingenious invention, or extraordinary credulity, having amused a company by a successive detail of wondrous events, a shipmaster observed, "Gentlemen, these narratives which you have given are doubtless strange and unaccountable, but I can tell you a circumstance which occurred to myself, not less true, and still more incredible. Last year, coming home from the West Indies, and being on the banks of Newfoundland, my people hooked an immense shark. The monster made such resistance as they were hauling him up, that I was afraid he might break the rope and escape. I ran down to the cabin and fetched my pistols, which, for security's sake, I always keep loaded. As they had got his head to the surface of the water, I levelled a pistol to fire at him; but, just as I was going to pull the trigger, in a too eager anxiety, the pistol dropped from my hand, and, about the same moment, the shark, making a violent effort, broke the line and escaped. Well, gentlemen, being nearly on the same spot on my last homeward voyage, the crew again hooked a shark, which after much exertion, they were fortunate enough to get on board, and as, after cutting off the tail, (which you know, gentlemen, is the most powerful part of this fish) they were ripping up the belly, I was surprised to hear what appeared like the report of a pistol; but, judge my astonishment, when I found that this was the identical shark hooked on my former voyage; that my pistol had fallen into its mouth, and, from its voracity, been swallowed into its stomach, that it had there remained dormant, till the operation of cutting it up had, probably by contact of the chopper and the flint, made the piece go off!"

A CAUTIOUS HINT.

Fontenelle lived to be nearly one hundred years old. A lady, of nearly equal age, said to him one day, in a large company, "Monsieur, you and I stay *here so long* that I have a notion Death has forgotten us!" "Speak as *softly* as you can Madam," replied Fontenelle, "lest you should remind him of us."

IMPROMPTU, ON SEEING AN ACQUAINTA[NCE] SHABBY COAT.

I met a friend the other day
Whose coat was rather C. D.
When told, no wonder, you will s[ay]
His pockets were quite M. T.

NARROW ESCAPE.

A distinguished gentleman of Pe[nn]
nose and chin were both very long, a[nd]
his teeth, whereby the nose and chi[n]
near together, was told, "I am a[fraid]
and chin will fight before long; they
other very menacing." "I am [afraid]
replied the gentleman, "for a great [deal]
passed between them already."

A TENDER WISH.

A beggar in Dublin had been a
ing an old gouty, testy, limping g[en]
refused his mite with much irrita
the mendicant said, "Ah, pl[ease]
honour, I wish God had made y[ou]
as your toes."

SHAVING AND VO[TING]

A Barber in a borough-town, n[ear]
Had voted for Sir John, against
Sir James, in angry mood, took
Don't you remember shaving
Five pieces for five minutes w[ork]
And does not one good turn
Yea, quoth the barber, and h[is]
I grant the doctrine, and adm[it]
Sir John, on the same score,
But took two shavings—and

EXQUISITE R[EA]

Two men of fashion met
narrow way in Glasgow, h[is]
following observations—"I
is as narrow as Balaam's
gow)—"Yes, (said his
laam, I am stopped by an
the lady) by the ass."

London noise, and London follies,
Covent-garden blooms in smoky glory;
nen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
es, and comedians, fam'd in story!
y spot (upon a sober plan)
ht regular, and staid, young man:
e early hours, and quiet, love;
titled, Mr. Isaac Shove.
e: yet rich in expectations,
body seem'd likely to supplant—
rodigious *bore* of all relations,
anting, stiff-rump'd, maiden aunt;
Miss Lucretia Cloghorty,
ght Isaac up, and *own'd* to forty!
maiden's will relied securely;
she ne'er would wed, to mar his riches;
ld she say, of man, demurely—
le the filthy things in breeches!"

nts up two pair of stairs;
loor lodged Dr. Crow;
s a torturer of hairs,
rand display of wigs, below,
Brutus, to the parson's frizzle—
y was his name; 'twas Twizzle.
u must know,
Crow
or music, nor divinity;
ric; but, the fact is,
ucina's turnpike practise;
ds—reducing ladies' shapes,
ur'd themselves from "leading

tion of virginity.
nement of brick,
lls, one mile from Hyde Park

re planted round it thick;
rlorner!
olks might scout it,
asters, who fell sick,
world to know about it.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,
Pro tempore—full tender of her fame!
Who, for a while, took leave of friends in town—
"Business, forsooth, to Yorkshire call'd her down
Too weighty to be settled by attorney!"
And, in a month or six weeks' time came back:
When ev'ry body cried—"Good lack!
How monstrous *thin* you've grown, upon your jou
ney!"

The Doctor, knowing that a puff of scandal
Would blow his private trade to tatters,
Dreaded to give the smallest handle
To those who dabble in their neighbours' matters
Therfore he wisely held it good,
To hide his practice from the neighbourhood—
And not appear there as a resident,
But merely one who casually went
To see the ladies in the large brick-house—
To lounge and chat—not minding time a souse—
Like one to whom all business was quite foreign:
And thus, he visited his female sick;
Who lay as thick,
Within his tenement of brick,
As rabbits in a warren.

He lodged in Covent Garden all the while:
And, if they sent in haste for his assistance,
He soon was with them—'twas no mighty distance—
From the town's end, it was but bare a mile.

Now, Isaac Shove,
Living above
This Dr. Crow,
And knowing barber Twizzle liv'd below,
Thought it might be as well—
Hearing so many knocks, single and double—
To buy, at his own cost, a street door bell,
And save confusion in the house, and trouble!
Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,
To ring for him at once, and not to knock for Crow, or
Twizzle.

Besides, he now began to feel,
The want of it was rather *ungenteel*;

For he had often thought it a disgrace,
To hear, while sitting in his room above,
Twizzle's shrill maid, in the first landing place,
Screaming—"A man below vants Mister Shove!"

The bell was bought: the wire was made to steal
Round the dark staircase, like a tortur'd eel,
Twisting and twining.
The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post grac'd:
And, just beneath, a brazen plate was plac'd,
Lacquer'd, and shining—

Graven whereon, in characters full clear,
And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear;
And furthermore, which you might read right well,
Was—"Please to ring the bell."

At half past ten, precisely, to a second,
Shove, every night, his supper ended;
And sipp'd his glass of negus till he reckon'd,
By his stop-watch, exactly one more quarter:
Then, as exactly, he untied one garter;
A token 'twas, that he for bed intended.

Yet, having still a quarter good before him,
He leisurely undress'd before the fire:
Contriving, as the quarter did expire,
To be as naked as his mother bore him—

Bating his shirt, and nightcap on his head.
Then as the watchman bawl'd eleven,
He had one foot in bed;
More certainly than cuckolds go to heav'n.

Alas! what pity 'tis, that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity!
But there are swilling wights in London town,
Term'd Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—alias, Swine;
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasure thus outrun—
Dozing with head-aches till the afternoon—
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney—Toby Tosspot hight—
Was coming from the Bedford, late at night:
And being *Bacchi plenus*—full of [redacted]
Altho' he had a tolerable notion,
At aiming at progressive motion,
'Twas not direct—twas serpentine.
He work'd, with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming [redacted]
Not straight, like Corkscrew's pate
Prong—
A fork!

At length with near four bottles in hi
He saw the moon shining on Shove's h
When reading—"Please to ring the b
And being civil, beyond measure—
"Ring it!" says Toby—"very well!
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk—that almost jerk'd it d
He waited full two minutes, no one c
He waited full two minutes more;
Says Toby—"If he's deaf, I'm not t
I'll pull it for the gentleman again.

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fri
Who, quick as lightning popping u
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed—
Pale as a parsnip—bolt upright.
At length, he wisely, to himself did
Calming his fears—
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and
When peal the second rattled in h

Shove jump'd into the middle of the
And trembling, at each breath of
He grop'd down stairs, and open'd
While Toby was performing peal
Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askaunt,
And saw he was a strapper—ston
Then put this question—"Pray, Sir,
Says Toby—"I want nothing, Sir
"Want nothing, Sir!—you've pull'
As if you'd jerk it off the wire!
Quoth Toby—gravely making him a
"I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire

mine ?"—"Yes, yours:—I hope I've done it well!

time for bed, Sir!—I was hast'ning to it;
you write up—' Please to ring the bell.'
mon politeness makes me stop and do it."
ac, now waxing wroth apace,
mm'd the street door in Toby's face,
With all his might:
ad Toby as he shut it, swore
was a dirty son of—something more
Than delicacy suffers me to write—
ing up the knocker, gave a knock,
g and loud, it might have rais'd the dead;
declares his house sustain'd a shock,
h to shake his lodgers out of bed.
a rage thus vented in the rap,
pentining home to take his nap,
now high time to let you know,
the obstetric Dr. Crow
e in the beginning of this matter,
oby's tintinnabulary clatter—
ing that the bell belong'd to Shove,
in his bed, but did not move:
ly did apostrophize—
nding to Hell,
ove and his bell,
ou'dn't let him close his eyes.
heard a thund'ring knock, says he—
ainly a messenger for me!
ill in the brick house, no doubt!"
d, hurrying on his dressing gown—
adies, out of town,
convehient times for crying out!"
ark, now reach'd the staircase head,
lark, was coming up to bed.
ation of ideas flocking
e pericranium of Crow—
l by the hasty knocking,
ed by a foot he heard below—
y folks are apt to do,
the dark, and in confusion;
e hypothesis he drew
sion:

Concluding Shove to be the person sent,
With an express from the Brick Tenement;
Whom Barber Twizzle, torturer of hairs,
Had civilly let in and sent up stairs.

As Shove came up, tho' he had long time kept
His character for patience very laudably—
He couldn't help, at ev'ry step he stepp'd,
Grunting and grumbling in his gizzard, audibly!

For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
Not only were considerably hurt;
But his corporeal also—
Having no other clothing than a shirt;
A dress, beyond all doubt, most light and airy;
It being then a frost in January.

When Shove was deep down stairs the Doctor heard,
—Being much nearer the stair top
Just here and there a random word,
Of the soliloquy that Shove let drop.
But shortly by progression brought
To contact nearer,
The doctor, consequently, heard him clearer;
And then the fag-end of this sentence caught
Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd;
"D—n Twizzle's house! and d—n the bell;
And d—n the fool who rang it!—Well,
From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd."
"What, quickly be deliver'd!" echoes Crow:
"Who is it?—Come; be sharp—reply, reply!
Who wants to be deliver'd? let me know?"
Recovering his surprise, Shove answer'd—"I?"
"You be *deliver'd*," says the Doctor—"'Sblood!"
Hearing a man's gruff voice—"You lout, you lob!
You be deliver'd!—Come, that's very good;"
Says Shove—"I will, so help me Bob!"
"Fellow!" cried Crow, "you're drunk with filthy beer:
A drunkard, fellow, is a brute's next neighbour!
But Miss Cloghorty's time was very near:
And, I suppose, Lucretia's now in labour."
"Zounds!" bellows Shove—with rage, and wonder wild!
"Why then my *maiden* aunt is big with child!"

before the *spalpeens* and the *cooghorns* eat up the pratees and butter-milk, my jewel.

"Where's your manners? Make your bow. Oh, you will be a Clargy one of these days!"

MATRIMONY.

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone,
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so, my love," he said, "not so;
But man and wife are *one* you know;
And when *alone* I'm weary."

LACONIC CHARGE.

A short time before the death of Judge Foster, he went the Oxford Circuit in one of the hottest summers ever remembered, when his charge to the Grand Jury was to this effect:—"Gentlemen, the weather is extremely hot, I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty:—practise it."

ROYAL MIRTH.

In the time of Edward II. a hearty laugh cost the king four crowns. We find in the Antiquarian Repository, the following item in one of the king's accounts: "Item. When the king was at Walmer, to Morris, the clerk of the kitchen, who when the king was hunting did ride before the king, and often fell down from his horse, whereat the king laughed greatly, 20*s*.!"

PAT AND THE COOK MAID.

I little thought that I should be
One day so fond a lover,
But Nanny spread her nets for me,
I'm taken like a plover.

For flesh and blood, and good blue veins,
There's none like Nanny Brawny.
She leads me with a rope of grains,
As int'rest leads young Sawney.

She treats me worse than fish or fowl,
She roasts and then she hates me,
I'm grown as stupid as an owl,
Its la[illegible]'m told that wastes me.

My heart is like an Irish stew,
My brain like batter pudding;
My veins are neither black nor blue,
And not a drop of blood in.

No wonder if you sta[illegible]y dear,
I'm sure you wouldn't wonder,
Her mouth it runs from ear to ear,
With voice as soft as thunder.

I melt like butter at her look,
And if its kind I'm crazy,
She mention'd once the *parson's* book
I told her I was lazy.

My heart with transport 'gins to jump
When she begins to gammon,
A rib it beat at every thump,
It leap'd up like a salmon.

And yet so tender by the by,
That when she cuts an onion,
You'll see the tear start in her eye,
Like granny reading Bunyan.

But what avails it now to whine,
And crying eyes to jelly,
The clock has struck, it's time to dine
Love will not fill the belly.

A LIMB OF THE LAW.

A gentleman who was quitting the Common Bench, found some difficulty in pressing [illegible] and coming too closely in contact with a barrister, the latter exclaimed, "Do don't tear one to pieces." "No, sir," tleman, "that is your business, not mine

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

When Mrs. Baddeley was once con in a lock-up-house, she sung so sweetly herself out of her cage; but her keeper fatal effects of the siren's voice, and himself. Being asked by a fellow pr King's Bench, "what business he "Faith," replied he, "I had no busi came here for pleasure."

SINGING AND JUMPING.

Handel was once the proprietor of the Opera-se, London, and at the time presided at the harp-nd in the orchestra. His embellishments were sterly that the attention of the audience was stly diverted from the singing to the accom-nist, to the frequent mortification of the vocal ors. A pompous Italian singer was once so ed at the marked attention paid to the harp-, in preference to his own singing, that he that if ever Handel played him a similar trick, ld jump down upon his instrument, and put a he interruption. Upon which Handel thus him :—"Oh! oh! you vill jump, vill you? . Sare; be so kind, and tell me de night ven ump, and I vill advertishe it in de bills; and t grate dale more money by your jumping ll get by your singing.

SCRAPERS.

ng once annoyed by a poor fiddler "strain-iscord" under his window, sent him out a th a request that he would play else-e *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

CONSTANTIA PHILIPS.

rly part of Mr. Muilman's life, he be-red with Constantia P'hilips; and, find-not procure her as a mistress, resolved n her as a wife. They married, but y. "Mr. Muilman," said Constantia, been married about three months—, I believe you are heartily tired of heartily tired of you; so, if you will ed a-year upon me, I will put you in ing our marriage." He eagerly em-sal, and gave her his bond for per-tract; on which she produced a previous marriage to a pastry-cook, den Lane, Covent Garden. This ined, Mr. Muilman refused to pay she found there was a flaw in the put it out of her power to compel him. She therefore told him, unless he en a new and legal engagement, she would tr which would still render her marriage *with* fectly valid. He laughed at her; but she p her promise, by bringing a certificate, and p a register, by which it appeared that the Lane pastry-cook, previous to his marriage w was married to *another woman*, who was ther This disconcerted the merchant; who, howev rid of her importunities, by giving her a con able sum, on condition of her going to Jar where she settled as keeper of a coffee-house died soon after.

NEW USE OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

A gentlemen was one day telling a lady of thie having broken into a church, and stolen the co munion-plate and the ten commandments—"I c suppose," added the informant, "that they may m and sell the plate, but can you divine for what po sible purpose they could take the commandments —"To *break* them, to be sure," replied she, "t *break* them."

THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

Two friends, who had not seen each other a long while, met one morning quite by chance. "How do you do?" said one. "Why, not very well," replied the other; "I have been married since I saw you."—"Well done, that is good news, however."—"Not so very good, for my wife was a most woful scold."—"That was bad."—"Not so bad neither, she brought me two thousand pounds."—"That was very solation though."—"Not entirely, for I speculated in sheep, which all died of the rot."—"That was very unfortunate!"—"Not so *very* unfortunate, for I made as much by their skins as I should have done by their flesh."—"Then you were as lucky as if it had not happened."—"Not quite; for my house was one night burnt, and every note of the money consumed."—"What a most woful misfortune!"—"Nobso woful as you may imagine, for my wife and [illegible] house were burnt together."

ORTHOGRAPHY AND PUNCTUATION.

.usband of a pious woman having occasion to voyage, his wife sent a written request to the of the parish; but instead of spelling and g it properly, viz. "A person having gone to s *wife* desires the prayers of the congregation," elled and pointed it as follows: "A person, g gone to *see his wife*, desires the prayers of egation." The parson read it accordingly.

SWISS JUSTICE.

. French traveller lodged at a very humble inn, . little town near Lausanne, and made only a gal meal; but when the moment arrived for payıt, his host demanded twelve francs. "Twelve ncs!" exclaimed the traveller.—"Is there no juse in this country?"—"Pardonnez moi, Monsieur, y a de la justice," replied the innkeeper, with Swiss hlegm. "*Eh! bien*, je cours chez le magistrat." The traveller set out for the commune, where he was obliged to wait a considerable time. At length he was introduced into the hall, but imagine his surprise, when he found his landlord was to be his judge! "You have some complaint to make, Sir, I believe?" said *l'aubergiste magistrat*. "Yes, Sir." —"Well, Sir, what have you to say?"—"*Eh parbleu!* you know best—take your bill and judge yourself."—"You are right said the burgomaster—"*je condamne l'aubergiste à ne recevoir que six francs; il faut que chacun fasse son état dans ce monde.*"

AUGUSTAN LIBERALITY.

A courtier having asked Augustus for a salary to a place he held, said it was not for the value of the thing, but for the sake of seeming to have deserved it at his hands. "Well," replied Augustus, "tell every body that you receive one, and I will not deny it."

MONK OUTWITTED.

A monk having introduced himself to the bedside of a dying nobleman, of considerable wealth, who was at the time in a state approaching to insensibility, bid to him in an urgent tone, "My Lord, will you make a grant of the *priory* to our monaster sick man, unable to speak, nodded his h monk, turning round to the son, who room, said, "You see, Sir, my Lord, y assents to my request." The son immed claimed, with great gravity, "Father, blessed will that I should *kirk this monk* dow The same nod was given as before; upon youth said, "You see it is my father's sure;" and with a few lusty kicks, he sent headlong.

LEGAL ADVICE.

"Sir" said a bar[illegible] to an attorney wh ing his door, "will you tell me if this is a shilling piece." [illegible] lawyer pronounced good, deposited it in his pocket, addin gravity, "If you'll send your lad to return the four-pence."

SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

When Spencer had [illegible]ed the *Fai* carried it to the Earl of Southam patron of the poets of those days. being sent up to the earl, he read a then ordered the servant to give the pounds. Reading further, he cried, "Carry that man another twenty ceeding still, he said, "Give him more." But at length he lost all "Go (urn that fellow out of the on I shall be ruined."

FREDERIC THE ONE.

As the king was passing in ver ments near Potsdam, he observed large scar over his face—Finding man, Frederic addressed him in saying, "In what alehouse did yo The soldier smartly replied, Majesty paid the reckoning."

SLANDER.

A gentleman of a malevol position, having died it was su

that he had poisoned himself,
served, " Surely, he must have
."

UNTED CHAMBER.

*om a young Gentleman in the
his Brother in London.*

e's, to promises true,
, my dear brother to you;
of our worthy relation,
a pleasant vacation;
neighbours, good living, good

goods—female beauty, divine!
is (don't envy me, pray)
plish'd, enchanting, and gay;
ttractions which they are

ars o'er the rest.
d from heroics, to tell
ture which lately befell.
old mansion, I found
embled around,
pied (so said our host)
gu'd with—what think you?—

uizzing; but all our fair cousins
that spirit by dozens
terrible chamber to come,
to sleep in the room.
ear, and frankly declar'd
, though the devil appear'd!
ly extoll'd, as you'll think,
eauty, pray how could I shrink?
r with *good spirits* my heart,
all *evil spirits* apart.
her was air'd for my *birth*,
'd gaily with music and mirth.

parted—and I, nothing daunted,
so mysteriously haunted;
re, with each comfort akin,
without, as good wine warm'd

So I stept into bed, and (I speak without boast)
Felt no apprehension of little Miss Ghost;
For I must inform you (as gossips had talk'd)
'Twas a lady whose sprite so appallingly walk'd.
Well, nothing appear'd, and my eyes 'gan to close—
It struck three, just as I was beginning to doze,
When I fancied I heard the door gently unclose.
I started upright, and (conceive my affright)
I saw gliding in a tall female in white!
I own I felt queerish, and shiver'd;—but hear—
I shiver'd with cold—zounds! it could not be fear!
The figure was clothed in a robe all beruffled,
Her features were hidden, her face was so muffled;
She stalk'd to my bed, and the curtain undrew,
Then lay herself down—as I live, it is true;
But, though a kind girl is my greatest delight,
I had no inclination to lie with a sprite;
So I mov'd farther off, till I lay on the post,
And left my warm bed to this comical ghost.
While I cower'd, in a tremor, the bed-clothes beneath,
I fancied I heard my strange bedfellow *breathe!*
I listen'd—the breathing I heard as before—
And louder it grew—till 'twas almost a *snore*
Thinks I, " For a phantom, 'tis funny enough—
It sure must be made of corporeal stuff;"
So I softly extended my hand to the form,
And, touching it, found it substantial and warm!
And by her respiring so loudly and deep,
I judg'd 'twas some lady who walk'd in her sleep.
Thought I, " To so lovely a *ghost* I could cling,"
When I felt on her delicate finger a ring;
I rais'd her soft hand, and remov'd it with care,
For says I to myself, " *This* will tell who you are.
That instant my bedfellow threw off the clothes,
And, tho' fast asleep, started up on her toes;
Then backwards and forwards she glided about,
And, as she came in, she at last glided out!
I laugh'd at the spectre that made all this riot,
And, after a yawn or two, rested in quiet.
This curious event so disturb'd my repose,
'Twas late in the morning before I arose:

When I enter'd the breakfast-room, smiling and hearty.
Assembled I found the whole family party:
Their inquiries at once were directed to me,
With, "How did you rest, Sir?" and, "what did you see?"
Said I, "Ere I speak of this wonderful thing,
I must learn who it is owns this emerald ring."
None claim'd the bright bauble, till Emily said,
"Good Heav'n! 'tis my ring!—and where was it mislaid?"
"Mislaid," said I, laughing, "where *Miss lay herself;*
For you are the ghost, my fair cousin, yourself;
And, strange as it seems, know, good people, I said,
Last night cousin Emily slept in my bed."
"You're joking," cried one, "'Tis too bad," cried another,
While Emily tried her confusion to smother.
"'Tis true," I exclaim'd, "and the truth must prevail,"
Then frankly related my whimsical tale.
All laugh'd, and declar'd I the secret must keep,
When a lady commits a *faux-pas* in her *sleep;*
While I thought all their mirth a confounded intrusion,
For I saw lovely Emily sink in confusion.
At length our good uncle observ'd, with a smile,
"*Faux-pas* in the sleep are *faux-pas* without guile;
And, since she has taken the place of a wife,
Suppose, my dear nephew, you take her for *life.*
With her ten thousand pounds you may prudently wed,
And you must take care, boy, to keep her in bed."
I lik'd, the proposal—to Emily turn'd,
Whose cheek with the pure blush of modesty burn'd
And ask'd, as a sign of consent, for a kiss:
Her lips falter'd *no*, but her eyes implied *yes.*
'Twas settled; fair Emily's mine, with her pelf,
And, henceforth, I'll keep the sweet ghost to myself.
The *somnambulist* shall not so favour ANOTHER,
So vows, my dear Tom,
Your affectionate brother.

SWEARING AND DRIVING.

A bishop being at his seat in the country where the roads were uncommonly bad, went t
a person of quality in the neighbou
coach was overturned in a slough, a
were unable to extricate the carriage.
from any house, and the weather bad
freely told his master he believed they
all night, "for," said he, "while ye
sent, I cannot make the horses move
at this strange reason, his lordship de
plain himself: "It is," said he, "
not swear in your presence: and, if I
never get clear." The bishop findin
be done if the servant was not hum
"Well, then, swear a little, but n
coachman made use of his permission
used to such a kind of dialect, soon t
liberty.

THREE BLACK CROWS

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in th
One took the other briskly by the har
"Hark-ye," said he, "'tis an odd s
About the crows!"—"I don't know
Reply'd his friend—"No! I am sur
Where I come from it is the common
But you shall hear; an odd affair ind
And that it happened, they are all ag
Not to detain you from a thing so str
A gentleman, that lives not far from
This week, in short, as all the alley l
Taking a puke, has thrown up *three*
"Impossible!"—"Nay, but 'tis real
I have it from good hands, and so m
"From whose, I pray?"—So having
Straight to inquire his curious comra
"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affa
"Yes, Sir, I did; and if 'tis worth
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,
But, by the by, 'twas *two* black crow
Resolv'd to trace so wondrous an ev
Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and so forth—"Why yes:
Tho' in regard to number, not exact;

black crows, 'twas only *one*,
it you may depend upon;
himself told me the case—"
find him?"—"Why, in such a place."
and having found him out,
d as to resolve a doubt"—
informant he referr'd,
now if *true* what he had heard:
throw up a black crow?"—"*Not I*"—
w people propagate a lie!
ve been thrown up, *three*, *two*, and

all comes at last to *none!*
thing of a crow *at all?*"
—perhaps I might; now I recall
?"—"And, pray, Sir, what was't?"—
rrid sick, and, at the last,
and told my neighbour so,
was—*as black*, Sir, as a crow."

GREES OF INEBRIETY.

an owl, as drunk as a sow, as drunk
drunk as the devil, as drunk as a
the principal comparisons of drunk-
explanation is as follows: a man is
owl, when he cannot see; he is as
ar, when he is very impudent; he is
devil, when he is inclined to mischief;
a lord, when he is every thing that

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

ard, in Sussex, is the following epi-

ie two children dear,
uried at Portsea, the other here.
qualled by another in France: The
ll provincial town having died on a
tal, where he was buried, his admi-
a monument to him in his parish
ch was engraved, "*Ci-gît Monsieur*
enterré à Paris." *Here lies* Monsieur
buried at Paris!

VOLTAIRE AND HIS BOOKSELLER.

At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, as Mr. Cramer, a bookseller at Geneva, was finishing his part, which was to end with some dying sentences, Voltaire cried out aloud—"Cramer, you lived like a prince in the four preceding acts, but in the fifth you die like a bookseller." A medical gentleman present, could not help interfering; with, "Why, Mons. de Voltaire, can you expect gentlemen to be at the expense of dresses, and the fatigue of getting up such long parts, if you thus upbraid them? On the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands; and as to my friend Cramer, I declare, that, as far as I am a judge, he dies with the same dignity as he lived." Voltaire, who detested advice or information, made this cool answer; "Prithee, doctor, when you have got kings to kill, kill them in your own way; but let me kill mine as I please."

AN UNLUCKY CONFESSION

A physician, who lived in London, attended a lady, who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh, Madam!" replied the doctor, "I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*" "Doctor," replied the lady, "you are too good a shot for me," and dispensed with his further attendance.

EXTEMPORE

On a gentleman with very thin legs.

Sir, that you're brave you need not swear,
The reason why I will disclose;
A coward heart would take more care,
Than trust itself to legs like those.

EPITAPH ON A WOMAN WHO NEVER HAD CHILDREN.

Here lies the body of barren Peg,
Who had no issue, but one in her leg;
But while she was living, she was so cunning,
That when one stood still, the other was running.

CHARACTERS BY SAMUEL BUTLER,

Author of Hudibras.

A PLAY-WRITER

ur times is like a Fanatic, that has no wit in
ary easy things, and yet attempts the hardest
of brains in the whole world, only because,
:her his play or work please or displease, he is
ain to come off better than he deserves, and find
e of his own latitude to applaud him, which he
ld never expect any other way; and is as sure to
s no reputation, because he has none to venture.

Like gaming rooks, that never stick
To play for hundreds upon tick;
'Cause, if they chance to lose at play,
Th'ave not one halfpenny to pay;
And, if they win a hundred pound,
Gain, if for sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a fool-hardy wit; and fortune, that favours fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity, and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age, in which his sottish fooperies pass with applause, like Oliver Cromwell's oratory among fanatics of his own canting inclination. He finds it easier to write in rhyme than prose; for the world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions, and repartees, ready made to his hand; and if he can but turn them into rhyme, the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question; like a stolen cloak made into a coat, or dyed into another colour. Besides this he makes no conscience of stealing any thing that lights in his way, and borrows the advice of so many to correct, enlarge, and amend, what he has ill-favouredly patched together, that it becomes like a thing drawn by council, and none of his own performance, or the son that has no certain father. *He has very great reason to prefer verse before prose in his compositions*; for rhyme is like lace, that serves excellently well to hide the piecing and [illegible] of a bad stuff, contributes mightily to the [illegible] makes the less serve by the many [illegible] commonly requires to make away for it; [illegible] are endowed with abilities to bring it in [illegible] account. This he finds to be good [illegible] kind of necessary thrift; for they that [illegible] little ought to make as much of it as they can. prologue, which is commonly none of his [illegible] always better than his play; like a piece that's fine in the beginning, and comes [illegible] though it has but one topic, and that's [illegible] is used by malefactors when they are to be [illegible] except against as many of the jury as they [illegible]

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A NEWSMONGER.

A newsmonger is a retailer of rumour, [illegible] upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. [illegible] a commodity, that will not keep: for if it [illegible] it lies upon his hands, and will yield [illegible] or false is all one to him; for novelty [illegible] of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a [illegible] a slight suit will last as well as a [illegible] fashion holds, a lie serves as well as [illegible] ones come up. He is little concerned [illegible] good or bad, for that does not make it [illegible] news; and if there be any difference, [illegible] bad best, because it is said to come [illegible] would willingly bear his share in any [illegible] to have the pleasure of hearing and [illegible] deeply read in diurnals, and can give [illegible] count of Rowland Pepin, if need be, [illegible] He tells news, as men do money, [illegible] for he assures them it comes from [illegible] The whole business of his life is like [illegible] to fetch and carry news; and when [illegible] he is clapt on the back, and fed [illegible] not take to it altogether like a [illegible] pleasure; but when he lights on [illegible] parcel of news, he knows where to [illegible] dinner, and quarter himself upon [illegible] eaten it out; and by this means [illegible] by retrieving the first news to [illegible] meat in season; and, like the [illegible] ransacks all seas and lands to [illegible]

ratives from all parts within the
ariel, and eats as well upon the
r, as the English and Dutch. By
ly is provided for, and nothing lies
but his back, which takes other
in itself by weft and stray silver
hoods and scarfs, pimping, and sets

CHARACTER OF A TAILOR.

with the curse; and is younger
histles, and death; for if Adam had
never sat cross-legged. Sin and
for as sin first brought him into
by cheating and contributing to
works to sin, and the old trade is
een both. Our Saviour wore his
, rather than he would have any
im; and Elias, when he went to
antle behind, because it had been
gers. The Jews in all great cala-
to rend their garments, only to
fied him and all his works. All
ire cloaths, but scorn and despise
m, as princes approve of treason,
He sits cross-legged to show that
Turk, and calls himself Merchant-
ther account, but only as he de-
omet, who was a merchant's pren-
youth. And his constant custom
es of his legs a stool to sit upon,
o stiff in the hams, that he walks
circumcised, to distinguish him-
an. He lives much more by his
rks; for he gains more by trusting
ne that pays him at long running,
works for upon an even account for
never cuts his coat according to
ays the more he is allowed the less
ent: and he believes he has reason
n to take double pains in contriv-
both what he steals, and what he
vantage, which costs him twice as
t which he gets nothing by. He
never cuts a man's cloaths but he cuts his purse into
the bargain; and when he makes a pocket, takes
handsel of it, and picks it first himself. He calls
stealing *damning*, by a figure in rhetoric called the
effect for the efficient; and the place where he lodges
all his thieveries *hell*, to put him in mind of his lat-
ter end: and what he steals by retail the broker
takes off his hands by wholesale. He keeps his wife
in taffety to save charges; for when her petticoats
are worn out, they serve him to line vests with, as
well as if they were new; and when he is unfur-
nished of these, old sattin and taffety-men supply
him for ends of gold and silver. He gets more by
the trimming and garniture of cloaths than all the
rest; for he can swallow ribands like a juggler, and
put whole pieces more in his bill than ever he made
use of, and stretch lace, as a shoe-maker does leather,
with his teeth, when he sets it on. The mercers are
in fee with him to revive old rotten stuffs by giving
them new fantastic names; and he brings them into
the mode by swearing they are new come up: in
consideration of which he is allowed to buy cheap
and sell dear: for he is loath to undervalue his con-
science, and put it off at a mean rate, as long as he
sees his neighbours can make more of theirs—He
scorns that.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A DEGENERATE NOBLE.

A degenerate noble, or one that is proud of his birth,
is like a turnip; there is nothing good of him but
that which is under-ground; or rhubarb, a con-
temptible shrub, that springs from a noble root. He
has no more title to the worth and virtue of his an-
cestors, than the worms that were engendered in
their dead bodies; and yet he believes he has enough
to exempt himself and his posterity from all things of
that nature for ever. This makes him glory in the
antiquity of his family, as if his nobility were the
better the farther off it is in time, as well as desert,
from that of his predecessors. He believes the honour
that was left him, as well as the estate, is sufficient
to support his quality, without troubling himself to
purchase any more of his own; and he meddles as
little with the management of the one as the other,

but trusts both to the government of his servants, by whom he is equally cheated in both. He supposes the empty title of honour sufficient to serve his turn, though he has spent the substance and reality of it: like the fellow that sold his ass, but would not part with the shadow of it; or Apicius, that sold his house, and kept only the balcony, to see and be seen in. And because he is privileged from being arrested for his debts, supposes he has the same freedom from all obligations he owes humanity and his country, because he is not punishable for his ignorance and want of honour, no more than poverty or unskilfulness is in other professions, which the law supposes to be punishment enough to itself. He is like a fanatic, that contents himself with the mere title of a saint, and makes that his privilege to act all manner of wickedness; or the ruins of a noble structure, of which there is nothing left but the foundation, and that obscured and buried under the rubbish of the superstructure. The living honour of his ancestors is long ago departed, dead and gone; and his is but the ghost and shadow of it, that haunts the house with horror and disquiet, where once it lived. His nobility is truly *descended* from the glory of his forefathers, and may be rightly said to *fall* to him; for it will never rise again to the height it was in them by his means; and he succeeds them as candles do the office of the sun. The confidence of nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some men poor; and as those that are born to estates neglect industry, and have no business but to spend; so he being born to honour, believes he is no farther concerned, than to consume and waste it. He is but a copy, and so ill done, that there is no line of the original in him, but the sin only.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A HUFFING COURTIER.

A huffing courtier has no value himself, but from the place he stands in. All his happiness consists in the opinion he believes others have of it. This is his faith; but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he suffer much tribulation for it, he continues obstinate, *and not to be convinced.* He flutters up and down *like a butterfly in a garden*; and while he is pruning his peruke, takes occasion to contemplat and the symmetry of his breeches. He is furniture of the rooms, and serves for a ture, a moving piece of arras. His busi to be seen; and he performs it with admir try, placing himself always in the best lig wonderfully politic, and cautious whom withal. His occupation is to show his cl if they could but walk themselves, they him the labour, and do his work as well His immunity from varlets is his freeh were a lost man without it. His cloathes tailor's livery, which he gives him; for it one he never pays for them. He is very discover the lining of his coat, that you n pect any want of integrity or flaw in hi skin outwards. His tailor is his creator, him of nothing; and though he lives by l he is perpetually committing iniquities a His soul dwells in the outside of him, lik hollow tree; and if you do but peel the b he deceases immediately. His carriage the wearing of his cloaths; and, like th tree, his bark is better than his body. big is rather a tumour, than greatness idol, that has just so much value as oth him that believe in him, but none of h makes his ignorance pass for reserve; hunting nag, leaps over what he cannot He has just so much of politics, as ostler versity have Latin. He is as humble his superiors, but repays himself again over those that are below him; and wit scorn despises those that can neither do hurt. He adores those that may do him he knows they never will; and despise would not hurt him if they could. The church, and he believes as that believes and down every thing as he finds it pass a great comfort to him to think that som know him may perhaps take him for a lo that thought lasts, he looks bigger tha forgets his acquaintance; and that is th he will sometimes know you and so

[redacted] but want of money or credit puts him in [redacted] that he is mortal; but then he trusts Providence [redacted] somebody will trust him; and in expectation of [redacted] for a better life, and that his debts will [redacted] up in judgment against him. To get in [redacted], to labour in his vocation, but to pay is to for- [redacted] protection; for what's that worth to one that [redacted] thing? His employment being only to wear [redacted] the whole account of his life and actions [redacted] in shopkeepers' books, that are his faithful [redacted] graphers to their own posterity; and he be- [redacted] loses so much reputation, as he pays off his [redacted] that no man wears his cloaths in fashion [redacted] for them, for nothing is farther from the [redacted] He believes that he that runs in debt is be- [redacted] with those that trust him, and only those [redacted] are behind. His brains are turned giddy, like [redacted] walks on the top of a house; and that is the [redacted] it is so troublesome to him to look downwards. [redacted] kind of spectrum, and his cloaths are the shape [redacted] to appear and walk in; and when he puts them [redacted] vanishes. He runs as busily out of one room [redacted] other, as a great practiser does in Westminster- [redacted] one court to another. When he accosts a [redacted] puts both ends of his microcosm in motion, [redacted] legs at one end, and combining his pe- [redacted] the other. His garniture is the sauce to [redacted] cloths, and he walks in his port-cannons like [redacted] stalks in long grass. Every motion of him [redacted] *vanity of vanities, all is vanity*, quoth the [redacted]. He rides himself like a well-managed [redacted] rein in his neck, and walks *terra terra*. He [redacted] his elbows backward, as if he were pinioned [redacted] roasted-up fowl, and moves as stiff as if he was [redacted] the spit. His legs are stuck in his great vo- [redacted] breeches, like the whistles in a bagpipe; [redacted] pendant breeches, in which his nether parts [redacted] sheathed, but packed up. His hat has been [redacted] consumption of the fashion, and is now al- [redacted] to nothing; if it do not recover quickly, it [redacted] be little for a head of garlick. He wears [redacted] the toes of his shoes, to justify his pre- [redacted] the gout, or such other malady, that for the time being is most in fashion or request. When he salutes a friend, he pulls of his hat as women do their vizor-masks. His ribands are of the true complexion of his mind, a kind of painted cloud or gaudy rainbow, that has no colour of itself, but what it borrows from reflection. He is as tender of his cloaths as a coward is of his flesh, and as loath to have them disordered. His bravery is all his happiness; and, like Atlas, he carries his heaven on his back. He is like the golden fleece, a fine outside on a sheep's back. He is a monster, or an Indian creature, that is good for nothing in the world but to be seen. He puts himself up into a sedan, like a fiddle in a case, and is taken out again for the ladies to play upon; who, when they have done with him, let down his treble string, till they are in the humour again. His cook and valet de chambre conspire to dress dinner and him so punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As peacocks and ostriches have the gaudiest and finest feathers, yet cannot fly; so all his bravery is to flutter only. The beggars call him 'My Lord,' and he takes them at their words, and pays them for it. If you praise him he is so true and faithful to the mode, that he never fails to make you a present of himself, and will not be refused, though you know not what to do with him when you have him.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CHEAT.

A cheat is a freeman of all trades, and all trades of his. Fraud and treachery are his calling, though his profession be integrity and truth. He spins nets, like a spider, out of his own entrails, to entrap the simple and unwary that light in his way, whom he devours and feeds upon. All the greater sort of cheats, being allowed by authority, have lost their names, (as judges, when they are called to the bench, are no more stiled lawyers) and left the title to the meaner only, and the unallowed. The common ignorance of mankind is his province, which he orders to the best advantage. He is but a tame highwayman, that does the same things by stratagem and design which the other does by force, makes no

deliver their understandings first, and after their purses. Oaths and lies are his tools that he works with, and he gets his living by the drudgery of his conscience. He endeavours to cheat the devil by mortgaging his soul so many times over and over to him, forgetting that he has damnations, as priests have absolutions, of all prices. He is a kind of a just judgment, sent into this world to punish the confidence and curiosity of ignorance, that out of a natural inclination to error will tempt its own punishment, and help to abuse itself. He can put on as many shapes as the devil that set him on work, is one that fishes in muddy understandings, and will tickle a trout in his own element, till he has him in his clutches, and after in his dish, or the market. He runs down none but those which he is certain are *feræ naturæ*, mere natural animals, that belong to him that can catch them. He can do no feats without the cooperating assistance of the chouse, whose credulity commonly meets the impostor half way, otherwise nothing is done; for all the craft is not in the catching, (as the proverb says) but the better half at least in being catched. He is one that, like a bond *without fraud, covin, and further delay, is void and of none effect, otherwise does stand and remain in full power, force, and virtue.* He trusts the credulous with what hopes they please at a very easy rate, upon their own security, until he has drawn them far enough in, and then makes them pay for all at once. The first thing he gets from him is a good opinion, and afterwards any thing he pleases; for after he has drawn him from his guards, he deals with him like a surgeon, and ties his arm before he lets him blood.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A BANKRUPT.

A bankrupt is made by breaking, as a bird is hatched by breaking the shell; for he gains more by giving over his trade than ever he did by dealing in it. He drives a trade, as Oliver Cromwell did a coach, till it broke in pieces. He is very tender and careful in preserving his credit, and keeps it as methodically as a race-nag is dieted, that in the end he may run away with it: for he observes a punctual curiosity in performing his word, until he has improved his credit to it can go: and then he has catched the throws away the net; as a butcher, when his beast as fat as it can grow, cuts the When he has brought his design to per disposed of all his materials, he lays his powder-traitor, and gets out of the way blows up all those that trusted him. After is given, there is no manner of intelligence of him for some months, until the rage somewhat digested, and all hopes vanish recovering any thing of body, or goods, or restitution; and then propositions of accommodation appear like the sign of the pen out of the clouds, with conditions more able than thieves are wont to demand for of stolen goods. He shoots like a fowler flock of geese at once, and stalks with come as near as possibly he can without ceived by any one, or giving the least his design, until it is too late to prevent he flies from them, as they should have from him. His way is so commonly used that he robs in a road, like a highwayman they will never arrive at wit enough to it is done upon surprise: and as there monly better mounted than those they easily makes his escape, and flies beyond and there is no possibility of overtaking

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A KN

A knave is like a tooth-drawer, that main teeth in constant eating by pulling out men. He is an ill moral philosopher, principles, and as bad practice. His bold what he can get, right or wrong, and his heart are always at variance, like rogues in the street, to pick somebody They never agree but, like Herod and mischief. His conscience never stands when the devil holds a candle to him stretched it so thin that it is transparent engineer of treachery, fraud, and perfidy knows how to manage matters of great

…ion force, by the advantage of his trepanning … He is very skilful in all the mechanics of the mathematical magic of imposture; and … the expectations of the most credulous, to … admiration and undoing. He is an excel… under, and will melt down a leaden fool, and … into what form he pleases. He is like a … a pond, that lives by rapine, and will some… venture on one of his own kind, and devour a … as big as himself; he will swallow a fool a … deal bigger than himself; and if he can but … head within his jaws, will carry the rest of … ging out at his mouth, until by degrees he … gested him all. He has a hundred tricks to slip … k out of the pillory without leaving his ears … d. As for the gallows, he never ventures to … his tricks upon the high-rope, for fear of break… neck. He seldom commits any villainy, but … gal way, and makes the law bear him out in … which it hangs others. He always robs under … tor of law, and picks pockets with tricks in … By his means the law makes more knaves … hangs; and, like the inns of court, protects … rs against itself. He gets within the law and … s it. His hardest labour is to wriggle himself … st, which if he can but compass, his business … ; for fraud and treachery follow as easily as a … does a needle. He grows rich by the ruin of … hbours, like grass in the streets in a great sick… He shelters himself under the covert of the … e a thief in a hemp-plot, and makes that se… m which was intended for his destruction.

…LER'S CHARACTER OF A STATE CONVERT.

… convert is a thrifty penitent, that never left … n until it left him. He has always appeared … to his principles to the very last; for as he … gaged against the crown for no other rea… t his own advantages, so he afterwards faced … declared for it for the very same consi… and, when there was no more to be made … thoroughly convinced, and renounced it … om of his heart. He espoused the good … of a gay woman that had money in her purse, and styled herself an honest woman, but when all was spent and gone, turned out of doors to shift for herself, and declared herself to be no better than she should be. He was very much unsatisfied in his conscience with the government of the church, as long as presbytery bore the bag, and had money to receive for betraying Christ; but as soon as those saints were gulled and cheated of all, and the covenant began to be no better than a beggarly ceremony, his eyes were presently opened, and all his scruples vanished in a moment. He did his endeavour to keep out the king as long as he could possibly; but when there was no hope left to prevail any longer, he made a virtue of necessity, and appeared among the foremost of those that were most earnest to bring him in; and like Lipsius's dog,* resolved to have his share in that which he was able to defend no longer. What he gained by serving against the king, he laid out to purchase profitable employments in his service; for he is one that will neither obey nor rebel against him for nothing; and though he inclines naturally to the latter, yet he has so much of a saint left as to deny himself, when he cannot have his will, and denounce against self-seeking, until he is sure to find what he looks for. He pretends to be the only man in the world that brought in the king, which is in one sense very true; for if he had not driven him out first, it had been impossible ever to have brought him in. He endures his preferment patiently, (though he esteems it no better than a relapse) merely for the profit he receives by it; and prevails with himself to be satisfied with that and the hopes of seeing better times, and then resolves to appear himself again, and let the world see he is no changeling: and therefore he rejoices in his heart at any miscarriages of state-affairs, and endeavours to improve them to the utter-

* The story of Lipsius's Dog, who had been taught to carry meat in a basket, is thus related by Sir Kenelme Digby.—"Other less dogs snatching, as he trotted along, part of what hung out of his basket, which he carried in his mouth, he set it down to worry one of them; whilst, in the mean time, the others fed at liberty and at ease upon the meat that lay there unguarded; till he, coming back to it, drove them away, and himself made an end of eating it up."

most, partly to vindicate his own former actions, and partly in hope to see the times come about again to him as he did to them.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A REBEL.

A rebel is a voluntary bandit, a civil renegado, that renounces his obedience to his prince, to raise himself upon the public ruin. He is of great antiquity, perhaps before the creation, at least a Præadamite; for Lucifer was the first of his family, and from him he derives himself in an indirect line. He finds fault with the government, that he may get it the easier into his own hands, as men use to undervalue what they have a desire to purchase. He is a botcher of politics, and a state-tinker, that makes flaws in the government only to mend them again. He goes for a public-spirited man, and his pretences are for the public good; that is, for the good of his own public spirit. He pretends to be a great lover of his country, as if it had given him love-powder; but it is merely out of natural affection to himself. He has a great itch to be handling of authority, though he cut his fingers with it; and is resolved to raise himself, though it be but upon the gallows. He is all for peace and truth, but not without lying and fighting. He plays a game with the hangman for the cloaths on his back; and when he throws out, he strips him to the skin. He dies in hempen sheets, and his body is hanged, like his ancestor Mahomet's, in the air. He might have lived longer, if the destinies had not spun his thread of life too strong. He is sure never to come to an untimely end, for by the course of law his glass was out long before. He calls rebellion and treason laying out of himself for the public; but being found to be false unlawful coin, he was seized upon, and cut in pieces, and hanged for falsifying himself. His espousing of quarrels proves as fatal to his country, as the Parisian wedding did to France. He is like a bell, that was made on purpose to be hanged. He is a diseased part of the body-politic, to which all the bad humours gather. He picks *straws out* of the government like a madman, and *startles at them* when he has done. He endeavours *to raise himself*, like a boy's kite, by being pulled against the wind. After all his endeavours and signs, he is at last promoted to the gallows, where is performed with a cavalcade suitable to his and after much ceremony, he is installed by the man, with the general applause of all men, and singing, like a swan.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A TRANSLATOR.

A translator dyes an author, like an old stuff, a new colour, but can never give it the the first tincture; as silks that are twice their glosses, and never receive a fair colour. a small factor, that imports books of the one language into another, but it seldom count; for the commodity is perishable, finer it is, the worse it endures transporting the most delicate of Indian fruits are by brought over. Nevertheless he seldom purpose, which is to please himself and world notice that he understands one than it was aware of; and that done, he saving return. He is a Truchman, that between learned writers and gentle readers, both how he pleases; for he commonly one, and misinforms the other. If he does fectly understand the full meaning of his well as he did himself, he is but a copier, fore never comes near the mastery of the and his labours are like dishes of meat that become insipid, and lose the pleasant had at first. He differs from an author as does from a musician, that plays other men's sitions, but is not able to make any of his his studies tend to the ruin of the interest guists; for by making those books common understood but by few in the original, he to make the rabble as wise as himself with pains, and prevents others from studying to understand that which they may know without them.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A PROUD M

A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that boils over like a porridge-pot. He set out his

swell and seem bigger than he is. He is ith a tumour and inflammation of self-con- enders every part of him stiff and uneasy. en himself sympathetic love-powder, that a him to dotage, and has transformed him n mistress. He is his own gallant, and t passionate addresses to his own dear per- He commits idolatry to himself, and wor- wn image; though there is no soul living rch but himself, yet he believes as the ieves, and maintains his faith with the ob- a fanatic. He is his own favourite, and imself not only above his merit, but all is both Damon and Pythias to his own nd values his crony above his soul. He s to no man but himself, and that with distance to all others, whom he esteems not pproach him. He believes whatsoever he s a value in being his; as a horse in a stable will bear a greater price than in a arket. He is so proud, that he is as hard tinted with himself as with others; for he to forget who he is, and knows himself icially; therefore he treats himself civilly r, with ceremony and compliment, but o privacy. He strives to look bigger than well as others; and is no better than his e and flatterer. A little flood will make torrent swell above its banks, and rage, nd yield a roaring noise, while a deep n glides quietly on; so a vain-glorious, oud man, swells with a little frail prospe- big and loud, and overflows his bounds, e sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. e is as glorious and haughty, as if he ood upon men's shoulders, or tumbled heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies Colosse; and so he is, for his head portion to his body, and his foundation an his upper-stories. We can naturally w of ourselves, unless we look down- nach us what humble admirers we ought ur own value. The slighter and less aterials are, the more room they take up, and make him swell the bigger; as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN OBSTINATE MAN.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possest with an error, it is like the devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His scull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation, and utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief; and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of Heaven, he stands fair for it. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent, no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart

had the same power over him against the Christian, as the old Roman has against the modern reformation. The weaker vessel he is, the better and more zealous member he always proves of his church; for religion, like wine, is not so apt to leak in a leathern boraccio as a great cask, and is better preserved in a small bottle stopped with a light cork, than a vessel of greater capacity, where the spirits being more and stronger, are the more apt to fret. He allows of all holy cheats, and is content to be deluded in a true, orthodox, and infallible way. He believes the pope to be infallible, because he has deceived all the world, but was never deceived himself; which was grown so notorious, that nothing less than an article of faith in the church could make a plaster big enough for the sore. His faith is too big for his charity, and too unwieldly to work miracles; but is able to believe more than all the saints in Heaven ever made. He worships saints in effigy, as Dutchmen hang absent malefactors; and has so weak a memory, that he is apt to forget his patrons unless their pictures prevent him. He loves to see what he prays to, that he may not mistake one saint for another; and his beads and crucifix are the tools of his devotion, without which he can do nothing Nothing staggers his faith of the pope's infallibility so much, as that he did not make

boy of the sectaries; and talks mu
puts it under a bushel, for nobo
himself, His religion is but the c
and his zeal of a contrary temper to
yet produces the same effects; as
land, they say, burns as well as
him delight, like a salamander, to
persecution. He works out his s
fear, but confidence, and trembli
is but a kind of winter-religion;
it as uncertain as the hatching of
man can tell from whence it c
much of the light within him, but
pears, unless he means that he is
believes he takes up the cross in
mankind. He delights in pers
and has no ambition but to go to H
calls a fiery chariot; that is, a wo
cart. You may perceive he has a
by the flat twang in his nose, and
takes to keep his hat on, lest his s
have any, should take cold at it.
doctrine to be heavenly, because
with the *motus trepidationis*. All
the Turks overrunning of Christe
has heard they count fools and

[redacted]

ch, or rather chapel, is built upon a flat sand, superior or inferior in it, and not upon a high is never found without great inequalities. maniacs, he most resembles the reprobate, said to be condemned to weeping and gnashth. There was a botcher of their church quaked his trade and turned preacher, because it superstitious to sit cross-legged. His de- but a kind of spiritual palsy, that proceeds tamper in the brain, where the nerves are They abhor the church of England, but exactly with those primitive fathers of their that heretofore gave answers at the devil's which they observed the very same cere- making and gaping now practised by our thusiasts at their exorcisms, rather than devotion. He sucks in the air like a pair , and blows his inward light with it, till ire, as cattle do in Lincolnshire. The ge- rance of their whole party makes it appear soever their zeal may be, it is not according ge.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A RANTER.

a fanatic Hector, that has found out, by a of new light, how to transform all the angels of light; for he believes all religion looseness, and that sin and vice are the of man. He puts off the old man, but again upon the new one, and makes his serve to preserve his Christian virtues from ; for if he should use his piety and de- s, they would hold out but a little while. that iniquity and vice should be thrown as there may be good use of them; for is wickedly gotten may be disposed to why should not wickedness itself as well? himself shot-free against all the attempts the world, and the flesh; and therefore o attack them in their own quarters, them at their own weapons. For as may freely venture to do and suffer hurt to themselves, which would are feeble; so a saint, that is strong in grace, may boldly engage himself in those great sins and iniquities that would easily damn a weak brother, and yet come off never the worse. He believes deeds of darkness to be only those sins that are committed in private, not those that are acted openly and owned. He is but an hypocrite turned the wrong side outward: for, as the one wears his vices within, and the other without, so when they are counterchanged, the ranter becomes an hypocrite, and the hypocrite an able ranter. His church is the devil's chapel; for it agrees exactly both in doctrine and discipline with the best reformed bawdy-houses. He is a monster produced by the madness of this latter age; but if it had been his fate to have been whelped in old Rome, he had passed for a prodigy, and been received among raining of stones and the speaking of bulls, and would have put a stop to all public affairs until he had been expiated. Nero cloathed Christians in the skins of wild beasts, but he wraps wild beasts in the skins of Christians.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN ANABAPTIST.

An anabaptist is a water-saint, that, like a crocodile, sees clearly in the water, but dully on land. He only lives in two elements, like a goose, but two worlds at once; this, and one of the next. He is contrary to a fisher of men; for, instead of pulling them out of the water, he dips them in it. He keeps souls in minority, and will not admit them to inherit the kingdom of Heaven till they come to an age fit to be trusted with their own belief. He defies magistracy and ministry as the horns of antichrist; but would fain get them both into his own hands. His babes of grace are all pagan, and he breeds them up as they do young trees in a nursery; lets them grow up, and then transplants them into the new soil of his own church. He lets them run wild as they do young colts on a common, until they are old enough to be taken up and backed, and then he breaks and paces them with his own church-walkings. He is a landerer of souls, and tries them, as men do witches, by water. He dips them all under water, but their hands, which he holds them up by—those do still continue pagan, and that is the reason why they make no conscience

of their works, when they can get power in their hands, but act the most barbarous inhumanities in the world. His dipping makes him more obstinate and stiff in his opinions, like a piece of hot iron, that grows hard by being quenched in cold water. He does not like the use of water in his baptism, as it falls from Heaven in drops, but as it runs out of the bowels of the earth, or stands putrefying in a dirty pond. He chooses the coldest time in the year to be dipped in, to show the heat of his zeal, and this renders him the more obstinate. Law and government are great grievances to him; and he believes men may live very well without them, if they would be ruled by him; and then he would have nothing of authority but his own revelations. He is a saint-errant; for he calls his religion walking, which he opposes to the pope's sitting, as the more orthodox and infallible. His church is a kind of round table without upper end, or lower end; for they observe no order, nor admit of degrees. It is like the serpent amphisbœna, that has a head at either end of it: for such is their spiritual envy and ambition, that they can endure no superior; but high and low are tied together, like long and short sticks in a faggot.

He had a mind to dispose of his religion how he pleased, and so suffered a recovery, to cut it off from his right heirs, and settle it to such uses as he pleased. He broaches false doctrines out of his tub; he sees visions when he is fast asleep, and dreams dreams when he is broad awake. They stick to one another, like loaves of bread in the oven of persecution. He canonizes himself a saint in his own life-time as Domitian made himself a god; and enters his name in the rubric of his church by virtue of a pick-lock, which he has invented, and believes will serve his turn, as well as St. Peter's keys. He finds out sloughs and ditches, that are aptest for launching of an anabaptist; for he does not christen, but launch his vessel. He believes, because obedience is better than sacrifice, the less of it will serve. He uses Scripture in the same manner as false witnesses do, who never lay their hands on it but to give testimony against *the truth*.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A PO

A popish priest is one that takes
that the devil did in Paradise; h
woman. He despises all other fa
and values himself upon his antiquit
midwife to the soul, and is always
next world. Christ made St. Peter
but he believes it better to be a fish
so becomes a woman's apostle. H
disguise himself, which he does in
that is, a lay habit; but whether,
or a shepherd, is a great question;
tain that he had rather have one sh
man's fold, than two out of his own
church as fanatics do, yet despises
keeps his flock always in hurdles,
his pleasure; and though their so
scabby with hypocrisy, the fleece i
and orthodox. He tars their cons
fession and penance, but always ke
he pulls from the sore, to himself.
a proselyte, but he converts him to
turns his pockets into the bargain
thing unless his purse prove a g
never gets within a family, but he
it, and governs all down to the bot
he will not tolerate the scullion unl
nor allow of the turning of the spit,
spiritualia. He is very cautious
tack any man by way of conversio
he is not very well acquainted wi
fox, weighs his goose before he wi
him over a river. He fights with th
weapons, and strives to get gro
frauds and lies: these he conve
He makes his prayers (the prope
mind) a kind of manufacture, and
rather than weight: and, while he
bering them, forgets their sense a
sets them up as men do their gam
fear he should be misreckoned; but
ther he plays fair or not. He sells
Lockyer's pills, with directions ho

s is but a copyholder of the Catholic church, as by custom. He believes the pope's chain d to the gates of heaven, like king Harry's vy gallery.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CLOWN.

is a Centaur, man and beast, a crab en- an apple. He was neither made by art or ut in spite of both, by evil custom. His conversation with beasts has rendered him an; and he is, among men, but a naturalized le appears by his language, genius and be- be an alien to mankind, a foreigner to , and of so opposite a genius, that it is easier Spaniard a Frenchman, than to reduce him He disdains every man that he does not only respects him who has done him hurt, it. He is like Nebuchadnezzar after he had nth at grass; but will never return to be a as he did, if he might; for he despises all f lives but his own, unless it be his horse's, he is but valet-de-chambre. He never self humane or kind in any thing, but mps to his cow, or makes a match for his all things else he is surly and rugged; and ove to be pleased himself, which makes him that do him any good. He is a stoic to all t fear, envy, and malice; and hates to do though it cost him nothing. He abhors a , because he is most unlike himself; and much at his manner of living, as if he d him. He murmurs at him as the saints wicked, as if he kept his right from e makes his clownery a sect, and damns all t of his church. He manures the earth nghill, but lets himself lie fallow, for no t will do good upon him. Cain was the mily; and he does his endeavour not to de- the original churlishness of his ancestor. fetched from the plough to be made t half his pride and insolence; nor e, that was made consul. All the that are given to men are borrowed from him, as Villain, Deboyse, Peasant, &c. He wears his cloaths like a hide, and shifts them no oftener than a beast does his hair. He is a beast that Gesner never thought of.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A JUSTICE OF PEACE.

A justice of the peace has a patent for his wit, and understands by commission, in which his wife and his clerk are of the quorum. He is judge of the peace, but has nothing to do with it until it is broken; and then his business is to patch it up again. His occupation is to keep the peace, but he makes it keep him; and lives upon the scraps of it, as those he commits do on the common basket. The constable is his factor, and the gaoler the keeper of his warehouse; and rogues, bawds, and thieves, his goods. He calls taking of pigs and capons taking of bail; and they pass with him for substantial housekeepers. Of these he takes security that the delinquent shall answer it before the sessions, that is, before the court sits next, otherwise forfeiture of recognizance is sure to rise up in judgment. He binds men over, as highwaymen do, to untie their purses, and then leaves them to unbind themselves again; or rather as surgeons do, to let their purses blood. He makes his commission a patent, that no man shall set up any sin without licence from him. He knows no virtue, but that of his commission; for all his business is with vice, in which he is so expert, that he can commit one sin instead of another, as bribery for bawdery, and perjury for breach of the peace. He uses great care and moderation in punishing those who offend regularly, by their calling, as residentiary bawds, and incumbent pimps, that pay parish-duties — shopkeepers that use constant false weights and measures, these he rather prunes, that they may grow the better, than disables; but is very severe to hawkers and interlopers, that commit iniquity on the bye. He interprets the statutes, as fanatics do the Scripture, by his own spirit; and is most expert in the cases of light-bread, highways, and getting of bastards. His whole authority is like a welsh-hook; for his warrant is a puller to her, and his mittimus a thrust-her from her. He examines lewd circumstances with singular attention, and files

them up for the entertainment of his friends, and improvement of the wit of the family. Whatsoever he is else, he is sure to be a squire, and bears arms the first day he bears office; and has a more indubitate and apparent title to worship, than any other person. If he be of the long robe, he is more busy and pragmatical on the bench than a secular justice; and, at the sessions, by his prerogative, gives the charge, which puts him to the expense of three Latin sentences, and as many texts of Scripture; the rest is all of course. He sells good behaviour; and makes those that never had any buy it of him at so much a dose, which they are bound to take off in six months, or longer, as their occasions require. He is apt to mistake the sense of the law, as when he sent a zealous botcher to prison for sewing sedition, and committed a mountebank for raising the market, because he set up his bank in it.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN ALDERMAN.

An alderman has taken his degree in cheating, and the highest of his faculty; or paid for refusing his mandamus. He is a peer of the city, and a member of their upper house; who, as soon as he arrives at so many thousand pounds, is bound by the charter to serve the public with so much understanding, what shift soever he make to raise it, and wear a chain about his neck like a rein-deer, or in default to commute, and make satisfaction in ready-money, the best reason of the place; for which he has the name only, like a titular prince, and is an Alderman-extraordinary. But if his wife can prevail with him to stand, he becomes one of the city supporters; and like the unicorn in the king's arms, wears a chain about his neck very right-worshipfully. He wears scarlet, as the whore of Babylon does; not for her honesty, but the rank and quality she is of among the wicked. When he sits as a judge in his court, he is absolute, and uses arbitrary power; for he is not bound to understand what he does, nor render an account why he gives judgment on one side rather than another; but his will is sufficient to stand for *his reason, to all intents* and purposes. He does no *public business* without eating and drinking; and never meets about matters of in cramming his inside is the most w work of the day. He despatche until he has thoroughly dined up satisfied with quince-pye and cu wiser, the Italians say, after the than when they are fasting; and to omit no occasion of improvi way. He is so careful of the in and manages it so industriously, t it grows great, and takes place his members, and becomes so p will never be in a condition to more. He is cloathed in scarlet sins, like the rich glutton, to put h means he came to his wealth and makes a trade of his eating; and, when he feeds; for the public pa which he and his brethren share for they never make a dry rec comes to be lord-mayor, he does house, but a very great house-wa year; for though he invites all the city, he does not treat them, but tain him, and pay the reckonin fur-gown makes him look a great is, like the feathers of an owl; w off, he looks as if he were fal rabbit, had his skin pulled off.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A CH

A church-warden is a public officer church by virtue of his place, as He has a great care to eat and d public occasions that concern the conscience being a perpetual fea better he feeds, the more conscie discharge of his trust; and as l dry-money-cheat used, all others a ing to the tradition and practice o purest times. When he lays a t he commonly raises it a fourth p compt, to supply the default of be burnt, or stand empty; or m

y: and if none of these happen, his forreater, and his hazard never the less; he divides the overplus between himolleagues, who were engaged to pay the the parish had run away, or hanged He over-reckons the parish in his the taverns do him, and keeps the odd lf, instead of giving it to the drawers. e bell-ropes like the ass in the emblem, the broken glass windows into whole of sack; and before his year is out, if good a fellow as the drinking bishop a whole pulpit-full. If the church ll to decay in his time, it proves a deo; for he is lord of the manor, and does ke what he pleases of it, but has his d on the walls among texts of Scripture buckets, with the year of his office, that f the unjust, as well as the just, may s so transitory a thing may. He interth, as Catholics do the Scripture, not the sense and meaning of the words, but and practice of his predecessors; who been observed to swear what others what they please themselves.

N'S CHARACTER OF A HERALD.

lls himself a king because he has ang, draw, and quarter arms; for assumtion over the distributive justice of titles far as words extend, he gives himself titude that way, as other magistrates where they have authority, and would far as they can. It is true, he can make knights of himself, but as many squires as he pleases, and adopt them into they have a mind. His dominions all sorts of cattle, fish, and fowl, and all anufactures, besides whole fields of gold ich he magnificently bestows upon his lls as cheap as lands in Jamaica. The gue is barbarous, as being but a dialect Welsh, or the Egyptian, though of a ind in the propriety affecting brevity, does verbosity. *His business is like that* of all the schools, to make plain things hard with perplexed methods and insignificant terms, and then appear learned in making them plain again. He professes arms, not for use, but ornament only; and yet makes the basest things in the world weapons of worshipful bearings. He is wiser than the fellow that sold his ass, but kept the shadow for his own use; for he sells only the shadow, (that is the picture) and keeps the ass himself. He makes pedigrees as apothecaries do medicines, when they put in one ingredient for another that they have not by them: by this means he often makes incestuous matches, and causes the son to marry the mother. His chief province is at funerals, where he commands in chief, marshals the *tristitiæ irritamenta;* and like a gentleman-sewer to the worms, serves up the feast with all punctual formality. He is a kind of a necromancer; and can raise the dead out of their graves, to make them marry and beget those they never heard of in their life-time. His coat is like the king of Spain's dominions, all skirts, and hangs as loose about him; and his neck is the waist, like the picture of Nobody with his breeches fastened to his collar. He will sell the head or the single joint of a beast or fowl as dear as the whole body, like a pig's head in Bartholomew-Fair, and after put off the rest to his customers at the same rate. His arms being utterly out of use in war, since guns came up, have been translated to dishes and cups, as the ancients used their precious stones, according to the poet—*Gemmas ad pocula transfert a gladiis, &c.*—and since are like to decay every day more and more; for since he gave citizens coats of arms, gentlemen have made bold to take their letters of mark by way of reprisal. The hangman has a receipt to mar all his work in a moment; for by nailing the wrong end of a scutcheon upwards upon a gibbet, all the honour and gentility extinguishes of itself, like a candle that is held with the flame downwards. Other arms are made for the spilling of blood; but his only purify and cleanse it, like scurvy-grass; for a small dose taken by his prescription will refine that which is as base and gross *as bull's blood*, (which the Athenians used to purge withal) to any degree of purity.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A PHILOSOPHER.

philosopher seats himself as spectator and critic on e theatre of the world, and gives sentence on the dots, language, and action of whatsoever he sees re- presented, according to his own fancy. He will pre- tend to know what is done behind the scene; but so seldom is in the right, that he discovers nothing more than his own mistakes. When his profession was in credit in the world, and money was to be gotten by it, it divided itself into multitudes of sects, that main- tained themselves and their opinions by fierce and hot contests with one another; but since the trade decayed and would not turn to account, they all fell of themselves; and now the world is so unconcerned in their controversies, that three reformado sects joined in one, like Epicuro-Gassendo-Charltoniana, will not serve to maintain one pedant. He makes his hypotheses himself, as a taylor does a doublet, with- out measure; no matter whether they fit nature, he can make nature fit them, and, whether they are too strait or wide, pinch or stuff out the body accordingly. He judges of the works of nature just as the rabble do of state-affairs: they see things done, and every man according to his capacity guesses at the reasons of them, but knowing nothing of the arcana or secret movements of either, they seldom or never are in the right; however they please themselves, and some others, with their fancies, and the farther they are off truth, the more confident they are they are near it; as those that are out of their way believe, the further they have gone, they are the nearer their journey's end when they are furthest of all from it. Heretofore his beard was the badge of his profession, and the length of that in all his polemics was ever accounted the length of his weapon; but when trade fell, that fell too. In Lucius's time they were commonly called beard-wearers; for all the strength of their wits lay in their beards, as Sampson's did in his locks: but since the world began to see the vanity of that hair- brained cheat, they left it off, to save their credit.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN EPIGRAMMATIST.

An epigrammatist is a poet of small wares, whose muse is short-winded, and quickly out of b flies like a goose, that is no sooner upo but down again. He was originally authors that used to write upon white whence his works being collected and pass in the world, like single money am deal in small matters. His wit is like that is nothing while it is in, and no soon as it is out.

He is a kind of vagabond writer, t of his way, for nothing is beside th him, that proposes none at all. His running banquet, that have much of a sort; for he deals in nothin parcels, like a tailor's broker.

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF A J

A jealous man is unsettled in hi doubts, whether he should take h for worse. He knows not what to fears his wife does, and that she heir at a heat: his horns grow uneasy and painful to his brain. in watching opportunities to cat the manner. He fancies hims body of his wife, and desires no Cardan and Gusman, to know circumstances of his own be brains perpetually to try the ha find out how the callus impr He breeds horns as childre pain and unquietness; and said to be) is sick at the sto his wife breeds. Her plea and, by an odd kind of his forehead, like a tobacco- at one end breaks at the oth

WHOLESALE

A physician to a metrop ago, being in haste to lea duties, was asked by th should do with the right claimed the other, "what

r directions," said the surgeon, "I ward, and purged all the *left*"—the other, "then to-day *purge* all *least* all the *left*,"—and then leapt

LACONICS.

nough religion to make us hate, but ke us love, one another.

sible to expect that mankind will en they will not so much as take

r advice be among the last things s are to be found in the moon; that have been there.

s to have grown an infant with age, cles to nurse it, as it had in its in-

ure are balanced by an equal degree ; it is like spending this year part of venue.

to prove that the common relations ectres are generally false, may be pinion held, that spirits are never n one person at a time; that is to ppens to above one person in a com-sed with any high degree of spleen

hink, that in the day of judgment nall allowance given to the wise for orals, and to the ignorant for their cause both are without excuse. This ntages equal of ignorance and know-e scruples in the wise, and some ant, will perhaps be forgiven upon mptation to each.

o observe how free the present age s on the next: "Future ages shall is shall be famous to all posterity:" me and thoughts will be taken up ngs, as ours are now.

s us, that in cold countries beasts horns, but in hot they have very s might bear a pleasant application.

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly—that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

When a man observes the choice of ladies now-a-days in the dispensing of their favours, can he forbear paying some veneration to the memory of those matrons mentioned by Xenophon; who, while their manes were on, (that is, while they were in their beauty,) would never admit the embraces of an ass.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts those most whom he loves best.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times: for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

When the world has once begun to use us ill, it afterwards continues the same treatment with less scruple or ceremony, as men do to a woman of pleasure.

Anthony Henly's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again."

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one

set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; as people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes, in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish; strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue; if they live, they are often prodigies, indeed, but of another sort.

Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, is always carried by an ass, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Those who are against religion, must needs be fools; and therefore we read that, of all animals, God refused the first-born of an ass.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason; their long beards, and pretences to foretell events.

A person was asked at court, what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures; he said, it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good liars in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

DEAN SWIFT.

PREDILECTIONS IN DRI

Let musty old anchorites banish
And renounce in the bottle the
There is not a ray in the goblet t
But amends while it lightens
It cheers the dull scholar, the fo
And the *lover* may cease to co
When he toasts the bright glanc
eyes,
And his sorrows drown deep i
But variety even in drinking we
And mankind still to differ con
Thus the *sailor* forgets all his da
And the *soldier* delights in his
Here's *Spruce* for the dandies, th
Whose joy 's still to gaze in t
For the miller here's *Sack*,—and
selves,
Here's *Madeira* for each pretty
With *Mountain* the *traveller* wi
To *Canary* good singers all do
The *player* will *Punch* for his fa
And *cynics* are blest in *old H*
Then let each fill his glass, till exh
And a toast now to drink won
Here's health to the fair, and co
And long life to the Sons of th

SPECIAL JURIES.

A gentleman of Islington was
summoned, a few years ago, on a s
Exchequer. He arrived too late, a
impannelled. Alarmed at his delinq
ing to be heavily fined, he took adv
ferred to the solicitor of the Excise
to be much engaged, told him in
come again to-morrow. On the
again and began his humble suit,—"
not on the jury?"—"No," replied th
expecting his sentence to follow
"Well" said the other, "do better
take it," and he threw him a guinea.
and was beginning some observations,

terrupted him with warmth—"Now, Sir," said he, can't you be content? you say you were not on the y, and yet I have paid you, as though you had en—go about your business!" The juryman took at his word, and departed, marvelling at the ure of the penalties inflicted on Exchequer Juries.

DR. RADCLIFFE AND THE PAVIER

pavier to whom this physician was indebted, many fruitless attempts, caught him just getting of his chariot, and demanded the payment of his "What, you rascal," said the doctor, "do you end to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it with earth to hide your bad work!"—"Doctor, or," said the pavier, "mine is not the only bad that the earth hides!"—"You dog," said the or, "you are a wit; you must be poor, come in," he paid him his demand.

CURE FOR THE QUINSY.

Dr. Radcliffe was once sent for into the country to entleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; the doctor soon perceived that no application, rnal or external, would be of any service; upon ch he desired the lady of the house to order the to make a large hasty pudding; and when it done, to let his own servant bring it up. While ook was about it, he took his man aside, and cted him what he was to do. In a short time an brought up the pudding in great order, and on the table, in full view of the patient. "Come, " said he, "you love hasty pudding, eat some with me, for I believe you came out without akfast." Both began with their spoons, but spoon going twice to his master's once, the took occasion to quarrel with him, and dabbed ful of hot pudding in his face; John re- threw another at his master. This in a passion, and, quitting his spoon, ding up by handfuls, and threw it at battled him again in the same man- ," who had a full view of the skirmish, at the fancy, that he burst into a fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy, and cured h for which the doctor and his man were well rewa

WINE AND PHYSIC.

A gentleman, who was affected with a con rheum in his eyes, waited on his physician for ad The doctor desired him to leave off drinking w In a few weeks, the gentleman experienced the effect of the prescription, and thought he could d less than call on the doctor to return him thanks. was not a little surprised to find him in a tavern, very merry over a bottle of wine with a friend, withstanding his eyes were affected with the disease he had just removed. "Well," said the tleman, "I see you doctors don't follow your prescriptions." The son of Æsculapius knew i instant what he meant, and made this observa "If you love your eyes better than wine, drink it; but as I love wine better than my ey do drink it."

CHEAP CURSES.

The Puritans were more severe in the punish of swearing than cursing; for when an Irishman fined twelvepence for an oath, he asked wha should pay for a curse? They said sixpence. threw down sixpence, and cursed the whole mittee.

THE ELDEST SON, OR THE FISHERMAN PUZZL

How Pat Molley stared, when he heard that his
ther,
Who'd been ten years a widow, had married anot
By turns he ran frantic, then again melancholy:
And often repeated his mother's base folly.

A friend chanc'd to call, very friendly to chat,
And to soothe, if he possibly could, his friend Pa
"Oh!" says Pat, "what a monster my mother
prove,
Very near fifty-three, and so dying in love!"
"Never mind," says his friend, "never heed it
honey,
When they are both dead you'll get plenty of w

he estate is all yours, boy, as sure as a gun,
or it can't go away from the only dear son."
"Aye," says Pat, "that is right, but I'm thinking that
she,
Now she's married, may have a son *older* than me."

REASONS FOR SYMPATHY.

Why do men sooner give to poor people that beg, than to scholars? The reason is, *because they think they may sooner come to be poor, than to be scholars.*

THREE ROYAL QUESTIONS.

King Henry the Eighth having a month's mind to the abbot of Glastonbury's estate (who was one of the richest abbots in England) sent for him to his court, and told him, that unless he could resolve him three questions, he should not escape with his life. The abbot, willing to get out of his clutches, promised his best endeavours. The king's questions were these: first, *Of what compass the world was about?* Secondly, *How deep the sea was?* And, thirdly, *What the king thought?* The abbot desired some few days' respite, which being granted, he returned home, but with intent never to see the king again, for he thought the questions impossible to be resolved. His grief coming at last to the ears of his cook, he undertook, upon forfeiture of his life, to resolve these riddles, and to free his master from danger. The abbot willingly consented. The cook put on the abbot's clothes, and at the time appointed went to the court, and being like the abbot, was taken by all the courtiers to be the same man. When he came before the king, he thus resolved his three questions. First, *Of what compass the world was about?* He said, "*It was but twenty-four hours journey, and if a man went as fast as the sun, he might easily go it in that space.*" The second, *How deep the sea was?* He answered, "*Only a stone's cast; for throw a stone into the deepest place of it, and in time it will come to the bottom.*" To the third, "which I conceive," saith he, "your majesty thinks the most difficult to resolve: but indeed it is the easiest, that is, *What your highness thinks?* I answer, *That you think me to be the abbot of tonbury, when as indeed I am but Jack his*

A SIMPLE REPLY.

In the court of King's Bench, a witne Lincoln, was called to prove a hand-writi having looked at the paper some time with ing, Mr. Erskine exclaimed, "Well, Si your belief? Don't let the devil overlo but give us your belief of the hand-wri witness, with great composure, turned said, "I did not observe, Sir, that *you* over me; and as for the hand-writing, I judgment of it."

MR. SERGEANT BETTESWORTH AND

The following lines on Sergeant Bette Swift inserted in one of his poems, violent resentment on the part of the l

—"So at the bar the booby Bettes
Though half-a-crown o'erpays his s
Who knows in law, nor text, nor m
Calls Singleton *his brother sergea*

The poem was sent to Bettesworth, he was surrounded with his friend party. He read it, then flung it violence—took out his penknife, vehemently swore, "With this ve cut off his ears." He then went to and desired the doctor might be Swift entering, and asking what w "Sir," said he, "I am Sergeant B what regiment, pray, Sir?" sai Dean, we know your powers of ra well enough; I am one of his m law, and I am come to demand this poem, (producing it,) and on me?" "Sir," said Swift, " man, I had the honour of being great legal characters, partic who, knowing my propensity t when I lampooned a knave or Conformably to that advice, I the author."

ODE TO AN OLD WIG.

not *patriot whig!* that title rare!
ll'd wig—but wig of human hair,
ddress beneath thy lowly shed;
w neglected, time no doubt has been,
ay flowing honours fair were seen,
and powder'd on some first-rate head.
rnt hue and tatter'd caul, I ween,
change, and better days have seen,
thy bard in varied strains shall sing;
ets his daring muse on fire,
rags her *chequer'd* verse inspire,
her high on sympathetic wing.
ier bosom owns thy humble worth,
er tender ladyship breaks forth:

locks belong'd to thee,
haps they wanton'd free,
, and debonnaire,
da's neck so fair;
hom in Twit'nam's bowers,
l'd forth his magic powers,
and fairies heard the sound,
ls obsequious hover'd round,
kimming o'er the glade,
pon the charming maid.
y not the muse suppose?
se triple curls arose,
r-lock without compare
from its kindred hair;
moment after giv'n,
f of *politesse*) to heav'n;
ll, as licens'd poets say,
ns all the milky way,
sh'd by a stream of light,
le each star-light night.

d through time to a *scratch*,
adual succession of years;
ou hast kept out the cold,
bless us! from majesty's ears
hich *Judge Butler* once own'd,
l'd in Walcot's blithe song,
by identical self,
might'st to great *Thurlow* belong.

Or if into times more remote,
The muse has permission to ken,
Who knows but thou once grac'd the head
Of *Solomon*, wisest of men.

Perhaps, but my thread is worn out,
Again to Parnassus I fly,
The reader perhaps may be tir'd,
And to tell you the truth, so am I.

So here's a pretty exit of the muse!
Like unto Butler's bear and fiddle,
Begins, 'tis true, but breaks in twain
Ere she has reach'd the middle.

Then hear, O rev'rend covering for the head,
Be mine the task to end the ode alone,
And waft prophetical thy future fame
To distant climes unknown:

"Though torn to pieces by the barber dire,
Still shall some chosen locks remain,
Worthy some nymph in chaste Diana's train,
Who daily brings her clean attire;
And hands the virgin to her spangled gig.
These locks shall never pass away,
But like the phœnix burst upon the day,
And rise regenerate in an OLD MAID'S WIG!"

LACONIC GRACE.

Archbishop Laud was a man of short stature. Charles I. and the archbishop were one day about to sit down to dinner together, when it was agreed that Archer, the king's jester, should say grace for them, which he did as follows: "Great praise be given to God, but little *laud* to the devil."

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

The advanced guard of the French army did not reach the plains of Waterloo till the seventeenth of June, at six in the evening, a delay occasioned by unfortunate occurrences on the road, otherwise the forces would have been on the spot by three o'clock in the afternoon. This circumstance greatly disconcerted the emperor Napoleon, who, pointing to the sun, exclaimed, "*What would I not give to be this day possessed of the power of Joshua, to be able to retard thy march for two hours.*"

MEDITATION ON A BROOMSTICK

This single stick, which you now behold, ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew flourishing in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs! But, now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was—a tree turned upside down—the branches on the earth, and the root in the air! It is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself! At length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire! When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, "Mortal MAN is a *broomstick!*" Nature sends him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of a reasoning vegetable, till the axe of intemperance has lopt off the green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a perriwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs all covered with powder, and that never grew on his head! But now, should this our *broomstick* pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, through the sweeping of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults! But a broomstick, perhaps, you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and, pray, what is MAN but a *topsy-turvy* creature, his animal perpetually mounted on his rational faculties, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth; and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, as well as remover of grievances; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

SWIFT.

GAFFER GRAY.

Oh! Why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray;
And why does thy nose look so blue?
"'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new
Well-a-day."

Then line thy warm doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray,
And warm thy old heart with a glass;
"Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone,
Then say how may that come to pass,
Well-a-day."

Hie away to the house on the brow
Gaffer Gray
And knock at the jolly priest's door—
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day."

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenc'd both in back and in
"He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he evermore find me in wa
Well-a-day."

The squire has fat beeves and bre
Gaffer Gray,
And the season will welcome you
"His fat beeves and his be
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair
Well-a-day."

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray,
What then? While it lasts, ma
"The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor
Of his morsel a morsel will gi
Well-a-day."

POVERTY DESIRABLE.

art thou, O man, who wast not born
e luxuries of life.
art thou who canst eat the simple fare; whose
reth not up at a boiled leg of mutton and
r bacon and eggs.
waketh thee at morn, and accompanieth
ers of night.
u an alderman, and putteth pounds of turtle
paunch; thou devourest an apoplexy.
st thou hot sauces? Thou gulpest rheuma-
gout.
wickedly, "I will not repeat the Lord's
as it is beneath a gentleman to pray for

not sprats and flounders; peradventure
flounders might blush to enter the doors
let.
hyself not undone, because thou possessest
han thou oughtest in reason to use.
te are thousands in having never been
of fortune.
sigheth not for venison; she lifteth not her
hot.
eth not the sight of the sun at dinner-time,
reth his radiance to the greasy light of a

P. PINDAR.

GAIN AND GLORY.

apoleon Bonaparte was a subaltern in the
ny, a Russian officer, with much self-suf-
marked, "That his country fought for
the French for gain." "You are perfectly
t," answered Napoleon, "for every one
at which he does not possess."

VING AND SELLING THE DEVIL.

Law Dictionary gives an instance of buy-
fing the devil; the story is extracted from
olls of the manor of Hatfield, near the isle
e, York, of which the following is a transla-
Robert de Roderham appeared against John
r that he had not kept the agreement made between them: and therefore complains, that on a certain day and year, at Thorne, there was an agreement between the aforesaid Robert and John, whereby the said John sold to the said Robert, the *devil*, bound in a certain bond, for threepence farthing; and thereupon, the said John, one farthing, as earnest money; by which the property of the said devil rested in the person of the said Robert, to have livery of the said devil, on the fourth day next following, at which day the said Robert came to the forenamed John, and asked delivery of the said devil, according to the agreement between them made. But the said John refused to deliver the said devil, nor has he yet done it, &c. to the great damage of the said Robert, to the amount of sixty shillings; and he has therefore brought his suite, &c. The said John came, and did not deny the said agreement; and because it appeared to the court that such a suite ought not to subsist among Christians, the aforesaid parties are therefore adjourned to the infernal regions, there to hear their judgment; and both parties were amerced, &c. by William de Scargell, Seneschal."

DAVID JONES, OR WINE AND WORSTED.

Hugh Morgan, cousin of that Hugh,
Whose cousin was, the Lord knows who
Was likewise, as the story runs,
Tenth cousin of one David Jones.
David, well stor'd with classic knowledge,
Was sent betimes to Jesus college;
Paternal bounty left him clear
For life one hundred pounds a year;
And Jones was deem'd another Crœsus
Among the commoners of Jesus.
It boots not here to quote tradition,
In proof of David's erudition;
He could unfold the mystery high,
Of Paulo post and verbs in *μι*;
Scan Virgil, and in mathematics
Prove that straight lines were not quadratics.
All Oxford hail'd this youth's *ingressus*,
And wond'ring Welshmen cried, "Cot pless us!"
It happen'd that his cousin Hugh
From Oxford pass'd, to Cambria due,

And from his erudite relation,
Receiv'd a written invitation.
Hugh to the college gate repair'd,
And ask'd for Jones ;—the porter star'd.
"Jones! Sir," quoth he, discriminate,
"Of Mr. Joneses, there be eight."
"Aye, but 'tis David Jones," quoth Hugh ;
Quoth porter, "We've six Davids too."
"Cot's flesh," cries Morgan, "cease your mockings,
My David Jones wears worsted stockings !"
Quoth porter, "Which it is, heav'n knows,
For all the eight wear worsted hose."
"My Cot," says Hugh, "I'm ask'd to dine,
With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."
"That one word, 'wine,' is worth a dozen,"
Quoth porter, "now I know your cousin ;
The wine has stood you, Sir, in more stead
Than David, or the hose of worsted ;
You'll find your friend at number nine,
We've but one Jones that quaffs his wine."

GENEROUS HIGHWAYMAN.

Boulter, the famous highwayman, one day met a young woman in great distress, who told him that a creditor had entered a house which she pointed out, and threatened to take her husband to prison for a debt of thirty guineas. Boulter gave her thirty guineas, telling her to go and pay the debt, and set her husband at liberty, and she ran off loading him with thanks. Boulter, in the mean time, waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out; he then attacked him, and took back the thirty guineas, besides every thing else he had about him.

THE JEW AND CHRISTIAN.

A Jew, about two centuries ago, at Tewkesbury, fell into a filthy hole on Saturday, which, being the sabbath, he would not that day be drawn out for fear of breaking it. The earl of Gloucester hearing this news, forbade him to be taken out the next day, our Sunday; for that neither (he said) should the Christian sabbath be broken by him; whereupon the poor man lying there till Monday, miserably died. There is a whimsical Leonine epigram, written in the thirteenth century, on this circumstance.

Tende manus, Solomon,—Ego te de stercore
Sabbatha nostra colo, de stercore surgens
Sabbatha nostra quidem, Solomon, celebra

Thus imitated

CHRISTIAN.—What's here! neighbour
stuck in a privy!
Come, cheer up, old lad, catch this
give ye.

JEW—Away with your infidel rope! I
This day is *my* sabbath, I will not profane
CHRISTIAN—Stay there then: but hark ye
bath is Sunday;
So you'll wait in your garden of sweets, S
day.

UNLUCKY FRIENDSHIP.

During the reign of Frederick the Great, had acquired great wealth wished to quit dared not attempt it without the king's accordingly he made several application many reasons, the principal of which benefit of his health. At length the kin the following reply:

"Dear Ephraim,
Nothing but death shall part us,
Fa

DIVIDING A BOOTY.

An Israelite, who knew the characte Rufus, gave him a large sum of money his converted son to return to Jerusalem. his endeavour, but in vain. "Well," s father, "I have done what I could, but I b ceeded. It is not my fault though, so s the money between us."

ACCOUNT OF THE TWELVE JEWISH TR SPANISH INQUISITION.

The tribe of Judah treacherously our Lord, and thirty of them die by t year.

The tribe of Reuben seized our Lord and therefore the curse of barrenness is

and no green thing can flourish over

Gad put on the crown of thorns, and
of March their bodies are covered with
p and painful wounds.
ier buffeted Jesus, and their right hand
y a palm shorter than the left.
phthali jested with Christ about a herd
when they are all born with tusks, like

Manasseh cried out, "His blood be on
dren," and at every new moon they are
loody sores.
Simeon nailed our Lord to the cross,
h of March, four deep and dreadful
licted on their hands and feet.
i spat on the Saviour, and the wind
back their saliva in their faces, so that
ially covered with filth.
Issachar scourged Christ, and on the
blood streams forth from their shoul-

Zebulon cast lots for the garments,
ie day the roof of their mouth is tor-
wounds.
Joseph made the nails for crucifying
nted them to increase his sufferings;
their hands and feet are covered with
od.
jamin gave vinegar to Jesus; they all
palsied, and have their mouths filled
eous worms, which, in truth, (adds our
se with all Jewish women after the age
because it was a woman who entreated
eph not to sharpen the nails used for
of our Lord."

MERCHANT TAILORS.

hearing a remark made on the hu-
Merchant Tailors' motto, "Concordiâ
." replied, "Yes, that is to say,
man."

COMFORTABLE

A gentleman about to t
Hot Wells, remarked that th
the staircase. "It is very tr
"but I have had the plac
often, that I am tired of
dirt; the mischief you see
ing
occu
careless, that I
have it repaired, when,
again in a fortnight."

GENUINE MIRACLE.

A sergeant in a regiment of foot, having si
the blade of his sword asunder, got for the n
a wooden blade, till he could conveniently hav
proper one renewed. This coming to the ears o
commanding officer, he ordered the sergeant to brin
to the parade, from the black hole, his brother,
private, confined there for drunkenness. The sergea
in due obedience, went with a file of men, a
brought his brother forward. The colonel th
addressed the private in a severe tone, thus—"You
are, sirrah, such a drunken scoundrel, and have so
long disgraced the corps, that I am determined you
shall at once have your head struck off, and your own
brother shall be your executioner; kneel Sir, and you
sergeant, do your duty!" The sergeant entreated tha
there might not be imposed on him an office so shock
ing to his feelings; but all in vain, the commande
was inexorable. The sergeant then fell upon his knees
and exclaimed, "Pray, Heaven, hear my prayers;
and, rather than I should be the slaughterer of my
brother, may the blade of my sword be turned t
wood! My prayers are heard," cried he, drawing hi
sword, "my prayers are heard:" to the no smal
entertainment of the commanding officer.

OUT OF SPIRITS.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John, with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite out, sir, indeed," said her maid in reply
"For she finished the bottle this morning."

TO A NOTORIOUS AND CRAFTY LIAR.

Who'er would learn a fact from you
Must take you by contraries:
What you deny, *perhaps* is true;
But nothing that you *swear* is.

INFANT LOVE.

An old uncle having a very beautiful niece, one day gave her a lecture on the inconstancy of mankind, and particularly cautioned her to beware of *love*. "Good heavens, Sir," answered she, "what is there to fear from a child?"

THE WIG, CANE, AND HAT.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
An elderly gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a-top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat;
And bore from his head in a trice,
And flung in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat:
And he dropt in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat.

His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat;
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

Cool reflection at length came across,
While this elderly gentleman sat;
So he thought he would follow the stream,
And look for his cane, wig, and hat.

His head being thicker than common,
Overbalanced the rest of his fat,
And in plumpt this son of a woman,
To follow his wig, cane, and hat.

CLERICAL LEARNING.

A Kentish curate being one day at the house of a *other clergyman, who showed* him a numerous collection of books, in various languages, aske whether he understood them all? The answe in the affirmative, he rejoined, "Surely, surel ther, you must have had your head broken brick from the tower of Babel."

ODE TO SAINT PATRICK.

WRITTEN WHILE HALF TIPSY, OVER A SOLI DINNER.

Tho' *solus* here I pick my bone,
And drown my shamrock all alone,
Yet ne'er the worse for that,
I'll fill and drink (to make amends)
Both *to* and *for* all absent friends,
To honour thee, SAINT PAT!

And, faith, to thee I'd rather quaff
Than any Saint, on Heaven's staff,
That ever Pope gazetted;
Because to thee we Irish sinners,
Who love to sprinkle well our dinners,
Are very deep indebted.

There's good Sr. SWITHIN—had he gu
(Instead of water) wine from heaven,
For forty days together,
Then, truly, for a moist *set-in*,
Six weeks of *wet* would not have bee
Uncomfortable weather.

But Oh! the liquor, gemm'd with bu
That in my glass this moment reads
The Riot-act, so frisky!
Sweet PAT, if e'er in humorous vein,
Thou tak'st it in thy head to rain,
For Heaven's sake rain us whiske

I wonder what, in censure's way,
The Devil's lawyer* had to say
Against thee, PAT—what had he
The worst that ELDON's self could pro
(The Devil's lawyer he, God knows!)
Would be to call thee "PADDY."

* A person, called the Devil's advocate, employed in canonization of Saints, to blacken the character of chosen for that honour.

a call thee what they will,
I'll love thy worship still,
ien my race is over,
its crown my bed of sleep,
dew the shamrocks steep,
say found me, while they weep,
lies a PAT, *in clover!*"

R THE COMEDIAN.

as once engaged for a few nights
the north of England. It hap-
e that he went down in (and in
y an old gentleman and himself)
road by a single highwayman.
in order to save his own money,
eep; but Shuter resolved to be
cordingly, when the highwayman
and commanded Shuter to deliver
, or he was a dead man—"Mo-
, with an idiotic shrug, and a
ssibly vacant—"Oh! Lud, Sir,
with any; for nuncle here always
es and all, your honour!" Upon
man gave him a few curses for
mented the old gentleman with a
ace to awaken him, and robbed
ng he had in his pocket; while
lose a single farthing, pursued
reat satisfaction and merriment,
his fellow-traveller

RICAL CURIOSITY.

ising his parishioners, among the
woman of more confidence than
d her who died for her. "Pray,
t me alone with your taunts!"
this was no matter of taunting;
ame question again. "Sir," re-
been an honest housekeeper these
nks it does not become a man of
me at this rate."—"What do'st
lies the parson; "I do not mock
o died for you?" "Then," cried
ave the truth, in plain English, I
was once so handsome, that as many would have died for me as for any of your daughters, depend upon it."

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY ON SEEING THE EMBALMED BODY OF DUKE HUMPHREY:

A plague on Egypt's arts, I say,
Embalm the *dead*,—on senseless clay
Rich wine and spices waste;
Like sturgeon, or like brawn shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle lie.
Which I can never taste!

Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
With turtle fat and Bourdeaux wine,
And spoil the Egyptian trade.
Than Gloster's duke more happy I,
Embalm'd alive old Quin shall die,
A mummy ready made.

A SAVING CLAUSE.

It was customary with Marshal Bassompierre, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them "By God, brother, you or I will certainly be hanged!" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy being discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and next day, as the provost was carrying the wretch to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the Marshal, alleging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The Marshal, being made acquainted with this request, exclaimed, "It is the way of all these rascals; when ordered for execution, they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments: however, bring the dog hither." Being introduced, the Marshal asked him what he had to say? "Why, my lord," said the culprit, "when first I had the honour of your conversation, you was obliging enough to say, that either you or I should be hanged: now I am come to know, whether it is your pleasure to be so; because if you won't, I must, that's all." The Marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humour, that he ordered him to be released.

:FORD ALE.

hion to drink ale at Oxford, a blished an alehouse near the er his door, "Ale sold by the vas as good as his jokes, the is house in great numbers, and beyond the college hours. This complaint to the vice-chancel- take away his licence, by one niversity. Boniface was sum- when he came into the vice- he began spitting about the ellor observed, and asked what Please your worship," said he, ose to clear myself." The vice- that he actually weighed his t manner; he therefore said to ou sell your ale by the pound; n't please your worship," re- do you then?" said the chan- I thank you, Sir," replied the " The chancellor laughed and rascal, I will say no more to parted, and crossing the qua- or who laid the information; vice-chancellor wants to speak ed with him. "Here, sir," "Who?" said the chancellor. you sent me for a rascal, and greatest that I know of."

IE VIRTUES.

ity and truth,
ies are never still,
h are fled from earth,
onum nil.

PANIONSHIP.

ght told a friend that he intend- nds to be spent at his funeral; her to ask him, if the money or returning? "Going, to be r when you *return I shan't be*

THE LOST KEY.

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it," said he, "I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," says Jack Bannister, coolly, "*if you have*, it will serve to *open your chest*."

ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

BAD AND WORSE.

Two comedians having a wager about which of them sung the best, they agreed to refer it to a friend. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the arbitrator proceeded to give judgment in the following manner:—"As for you, Sir, (addressing himself to the first) you are the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life."—"Ah," said the other, exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stop, Sir," said the arbitrator, "I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, you cannot sing at all*."

A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head, a country boor
Stood, while the bishop bless'd the poor;—
The mitred prelate lifted high
His voice—"Take off your hat"—"Not I—
Your blessing's little worth," he said,
"If through the hat 'twont reach the head."

IRISH MEASUREMENT.

A gentleman in Ireland having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said the gentleman, "shall I do with the earth which is dug out of the pit?" To which the steward replied, "have the pit made large *enough to hold all.*"

OF SEPTEMBER, OR, THE CITY SPORTSMAN.

,
September, at five in the morn,
r quite cloudy, the prospect forlorn,
n my bed, and without the least strife,
o the arms of another—*my wife*;
'd to Somnus her snorings to yield,
with brown Bess in the sports of the field.
nteer musquet I clean'd over night,
ol in his glory look'd scarcely so bright;
ockets with powder and shot I did cram,
sportsmanlike too, added *chicken and ham*.
ght I hied to the closet, and why should I not,
ce by way of a *cooler*, I like something *hot*?
y I ne'er yet could manage my lodgings to bilk,
in wedlock's *rum* bands I soon join'd *rum and milk*.

Then my dogs round me whistled, I think these were all,
Viz. *Nimble* and *Bounce*, little *Gypsey* and *Ball*;
With such four fam'd dogs, but for what I can't tell,
I expected no less than to bear off the bell;
I expected each jolly good sportsman to beat,
And to furnish my friends with a delicate treat,
But poor borrow'd *Bounce* was as blind as a bat
And knew not a hare from a tortoise-shell cat;
And *Gypsey*, the terrier, her mistress's boast,
Stood staunch as a pointer, at nothing but *toast*.
There was *Nimble*, the greyhound, not given to roam,
Dislik'd staying out, so then nimbly ran home.
As *Ball*, I was certain, would make the birds rise,
I kept my piece pointed direct to the skies;
un rose a bird, though I cannot tell what,
th my eyes to make *sure* of the shot;
'd fire, a shocking disaster,
the bird fly the faster.
ded a charge,
he large;

A third time I prim'd, and I loaded a
When close in the hedge a loud rust
I listen'd, and listen'd, then heard
Methought 'twas a blackbird, 'twa
The dogs they all snuff'd sure the
Some *scent* that attracts, and now
Straight I level'd my piece, for
Resolv'd what that might be,
The trigger I pull'd, and of co
But when open again, how g
'Tis true, 'twas a blackbird,
'Twas the *Bird* of a Jew—
'Twas Moses the pedlar, w
Had crept into the hedge
Now a little collected, th
And assail'd my two ea
I tendered him sixpenc
As sixpence a *singe* w
He thought for his fri
To give him another.
But suppose, Maste
I've but one tester
"Ish it bad?" he
"Eesh, 'tish *bad*,
Having settled w
Such rare luck
four;
'Twas a maxi
The more pow
Then with
Prim'd and
cou
Before up
That I r
For I to
That I
Now,
I've
Both

'AIR PLAY.

'as a very small man, having a
r counsel, who was a very stout
ran high on both sides, called
', however, objected. "For,"
little, that I might fire at you a
iitting; whereas the chance is,
he first fire."—"Upon my con-
cried Curran. "But to con-
h to take any advantage, you
ion your body, and all hits out
r nothing!"

OLD COQUETTE.

hat frighten me away,
est brother's hair is gray!

THE SAME.

fond girl, in truth,
hy age, but at thy youth.

THE SAME.

spite of Celia's rage,
-I've learnt to reverence age.

E SENSIBILITY.

was pilloried for a libel, a little
on, he hired a chairman to hold
head during the painful cere-
vice the doctor rewarded him
day the chairman called upon
suspecting his drift, said, "My
ant; I thought I paid you yes-
ly?" "To be sure, now," said
I for the *trouble*; but, please
the *disgrace!*"

AND THE FRIAR.

n the Italian.

y coated friar one day
as expiring he lay,
rs I was frighten'd to see
ng to seize upon thee."
ruly?"—"Too truly, alas!"—
pe?"—"Under that of an ass."
e sinner, "I am not afraid,
ied by *your own shade.*"

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The late lord Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at lady Payne's; on her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu:—

"'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew *pleasure* who never knew *Payne.*"

LORD WHARTON'S GRACE.

When the whimsical lord Wharton was a stripling, and once came from school to the house of his father, who was a formal Presbyterian, and extremely deaf, the old nobleman invited the neighbouring gentry and their families to partake of an entertainment, on the anniversary of his birth. On dinner being served up, the young gentleman was ordered to say grace; when turning up the whites of his eyes, and assuming a puritanical countenance, he poured forth the following filial ejaculation:—

"I pray God to shorten
The days of lord Wharton,
And set up his son in his place;
He'll drink and he'll w—e,
And ten thousand things more,
With a grave and fanatical face."

HINT FROM THE PULPIT.

Butler, duke of Ormond, was by queen Anne appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland; in going over to take possession of his government he was driven by stress of weather upon the isle of Ila, and was obliged to remain there some time, at the house of the minister, whose living brought him in about 22*l.* per annum. He made the minister, whose name was Joseph, a present on his going away, and promised to do something more for him. Joseph waited with impatience at the not hearing further; at last he went over to Dublin, and got leave to preach in the cathedral, where he knew the duke would be. His text was: *But the chief Butler remembered not Joseph, but forgot him.* The duke was struck with the words, and recollecting his old host, sent for him to dine with him, and gave him a living of 400*l.* per annum.

PUNNING RUN MAD.

As old John Magee, late the landlord at the Sun,
Ever had an *ail* unless when till his *ale* was done:
As was on his sign, tho', what sign his *sun* was on,
Either of the zodiac could ever hit upon.
He said it was *Aquarius*, so *querious* he'd get;
As declar'd no *soda-hack* should ever share his *whet*;
But burnish'd *sun* was *sol-o*, soul-heart'ning was his cheer,
And quaffing of good *porter* long kept him from his *bier*;
His *draughtsman* he'd no equal, his *drawings* were so good,
And many a noble *draught* has he taken from the *wood*,—
Rare *spirited* productions, with tasty views near *Cork*;
And then he had a *score* or two *rum* characters in *chalk*.
Above the mantle *tattle* his *tally* it was nail'd,
And tho' he'd lost one *eye-sight*, his *hop-ticks* never fail'd.
Good ale and cider *cold here*, oft made the *soldier* halt,
And *sailor* Jack, his *sail* aback, would hoist aboard his malt;
Most *cordially* he'd pour out a *cordial* for the fair,
Whose *peeper meant* to ogle the *pepper-mint* so rare.
While buxom Jen would toss off the juniper so gay,
And swear it was both sweet and nice as any *shrub* in May.
At last John took to drinking, and drank till drunk with drink,
His *stuffing* he would *stuff in* till *stuff* began to shrink;
Tho' mistress *shook her hand high*, he suck'd the *sugar-candy*,
[illegible]'d his *brand-eye* by tippling of the

His servants always [illegible];
And staggering [illegible]
breath'd their last;
And when he [illegible]
away;
Nor reap'd he fruit from [illegible]
And tho' he drank the *bitters*,
crees'd,
He puff the more *perfect* [illegible]
cease'd.
The storm, alas! was *brewing*, the
till:
And Mrs. Fig, for *'bacco*, to back
bill.
Distillers *still'd* his spirits, but could
He told the *bailiff* he would try a
find,
But fumbling round the *tap-room*,
on the head,
So here he lies quite flat and stale,
he's dead.

CLASSIC TRANSLATION.

A hedge schoolmaster in Ireland
classics at five shillings per qua
hovel by the road-side, one day
to translate, with *true idiom*, the
"*Obstupui, steteruntque comæ* et
when he Englished it thus, *Obst*
steteruntque comæ, my hair stoo
of a fighting pig, *et vox faucib*
devil a word I could get out.

WAKING A TRAV

An Irish gentleman travelli
London and Liverpool, was
the coachman, on his relie
another driver, to solicit
easy matter to make Pat un
object; at length, however,
his pocket, and handed it
tions for the interruption; t
waked me, fellow, I'd have

JOB'S WIFE.

history tells us plain,
ble portions back again,
is plaguy wife— true,
tient man, have with *two?*

EXTRAORDINARY.

named Moore, who had settled as
nonger in Dublin, was fascinated
of his Hibernian acquaintance,
vith them all the cheap hospitali-
s, and whiskey punch. Having
abitation, and given a *housewarm-*
company, the cheerful jug went
s motion, occasionally replenished
a *jar* of ten gallons dimension,
favourite urn on similar occasions,
when tipsy, he never failed to
encomiums. A wag in the room,
ving that his host was far gone
his favourite hobby-horse, the
the praises of this extraordinary
there were but *two* of them came
ships; that he had sold the fel-
owe five years before for twenty
he noble Lord would cheerfully
for this, if he knew where to find
aid Moore, "you are *flinging the*
nly cost me a guinea and a half,
for *ten.*" Shiel, mustering all his
My dear Moore, you don't know
; it is the true *Whang Tong mal-*
l'd lay you any wager that the
can find would not be able to
n strokes of your largest kitchen
aid Moore, "that I will do it my-
strokes." "Done with you," said
of porter that you don't." The
l, Moore called for the large
stripping off his coat dealt with
culean blow upon the jar, which
thousand pieces.
ving a muscle of his countenance,
gravely acknowledged that Mr. Moore had certainly won the wager, and threw down his shilling to pay the bet, observing, "that this was the first time in his life he ever saw such a jar broken in the same manner." Moore stood for some time astounded by the effects of this rash stroke upon his favourite *talisman*, but recovering a little, and perceiving the *hoax* by which he had been deluded, fury kindled in his eye, and he was looking out anxiously for some favourable spot on the head of the hoaxer, whereon to bestow the next stroke of his poker; but the insidious fellow, seeing the storm rising, thought fit to decamp, laughing in his sleeve at the success of his mischievous joke.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

All folks who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a hell, but dispute of the place;
But if hell may by logical rules be defined,
On this place of the damned, I'll give you my mind.
Wherever the damned do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is hell to be found;
Damned critics, damned blockheads, damned fools
and damned knaves,
Damned senators bribed, damned prostitute slaves;
Damned lawyers and judges damned lords and damned squires,
Damned spies and informers, damned friends and damned liars;
Damned villains corrupted in every station,
Damned time-serving priests all over the nation
And into the bargain I'll readily give ye
Damned ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy

PARTY SPIRIT.

A lady who enthusiastically adored Wilkes and liberty, was disputing with a gentleman upon the various accomplishments of her idol. "You will allow he has wit," said she.—"Certainly."—"And he is a fine scholar?"—"Undoubtedly."—"And he is intrepid?"—"Yes."—"A patriot, too!"—"Some think him so."—"And surely he is very handsome?"—"Handsome! why, my dear madam, he squints most abominably."—"Squints! I allow it; but not a bit more than a man of genius ought to squint."

THE TUREEN.

Dear money; thou art always floating!
Whether in buying china, or in voting,
Thou'rt still extracted from the miser's fob,
In speculation or in job!
Some whim is always driving thee abroad,
Thou'rt spent by folly, or disgorg'd by fraud—
In vain thou'rt hoarded; passion gives thee vent,
And out thou'lt come, fancy's cent. per cent.!
The farmer trucks thee for a Southdown tup,
The virtuoso for a rusty coin,
(Which, if he cannot purchase, he'll purloin,)
While Bufo gives thee for a china cup!
This Bufo had amass'd a vast deposit
Of China treasure in his closet;
Plates, saucers, cream-ewers, *every kind of vase,*
On which he could infix his eager claws,
And to display his riches, ask'd a few
Select and titled friends, his stores to view,
At a rich dinner gorgeously display'd;
Fond of their praise, but of their awkwardness afraid.
The butler, when the treat was nearly dress'd,
Preferr'd to Bufo's ear the cook's request,
To know in which of his tureens he chose
The turtle soup (so savoury) to dispose—
"Here, take the key," said Bufo, "on the floor
Under the window, and behind the door,
You'll find it with its lid encased in straw;
But be most cautious, for it has a flaw."
The butler's over care perhaps perplex'd him,
For in his hurry he took what was next him,
Not a tureen, but something that, for shame,
The *muse of China* bids me not to name—
And right in view, and at the table's head,
The *expressive vase* was full in view display'd.
Of course to Bufo's happy lot it fell,
To usher in a fashionable belle:—
But what a sight his palsied eye assails!
His colour changes, and his courage fails—
An universal titter spreads around—
The ladies cast their eyes upon the ground,
Anxious to peep, and yet to look afraid,
They call the friendly fan-sticks to their aid,
And through the crevices securely view
The precious Nankin's genuine white and
And wish, while laughing at poor Bufo's
They had the treasure *in another place.*
Such a misfortune one would say,
Might cure poor Bufo of his folly;
But no less strange than melancholy,
I do declare that, undismayed,
Twelve pounds ten shillings Bufo paid
For *two crack'd tea-pots,* the next day!

PROPHECIES.

An old Irish haymaker, with his daug
nocent looking young woman, were tried
Bailey on a capital indictment for a burgl
bery in the house of an old gentleman al
where the daughter was servant. The p
peared to be perfectly innocent in the tra
the father's guilt was clearly proved by t
tor. When the evidence for the pros
closed, the Judge asked him the usua
what he had to say in his defence? "
sowl," answered the fellow, "there has b
said upon the business already, and I d
say any more; I'm willing to drop it w
gether, and if you're satisfied, I am sa
say, man," repeated the Baron, "if you h
to say in your defence, now is your t
my sowl then," answered the prisoner
spake, I have only to say that my life
you." The Jury convicted him, and t
tion was, "What's the prisoner's age?"
says the fellow, "what call have you
age?" "The Court must know," whisper
"how old you are." "Oh, by my faith,
believe I'm pretty near as owld as ever
spoke prophetically, for he was hanged

FORESTALLING.

A gentleman endeavouring to pat
Wandsworth at a review of light horse,
there were already three horses in
then," exclaimed his companion, "if I
we are completely *forestalled.*"

COMFORTS COMPLETED.

sailor in Dublin crossing the Coal , with a gallon measure of foaming his shipmates on board, passed through l heavers, not much more sober than n the pride of his heart addressed ing your whiskey, you Irish lubbers, of good English beer, *it is meat, drink* lapping the vessel with his hand. One affronted at this challenge, instantly down into a large slough of water, ad *meat, drink, and clothes before,* and *and lodging* for you *into the bargain,* ie fellow was proceeding to follow up y kicking the fallen Briton, when an- ng interfered with "*Blur and ounds,* ou did give him *washing* and *lodging,* want *mangling* into the bargain."

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

tone lies our dear child who's gone
into eternity;
ope that us shall go to he,
e'er come back to we.

MODESTY FOR MONEY.

n adventurer one day stepped into a the Strand, seated himself in a box, of fare, and ordered a sole and a wild ner, with as much *sang froid* as if e crammed with Bank notes. When ved, he call for a pint of Madeira, ouple of tarts, he demolished with toler- nd when the cloth was removed, he filberts and a bottle of port, which, spatched, he desired the waiter to t the bar. The waiter told his master, y good-natured Welchman, and who oddity of this order from a perfect to remonstrate with the gentleman, how he could think of ordering such ut having money to pay for it. "Odds blood, my good friend," answered the Hibernian, "isn't it all the same thing, whether I pay you, now or another time. Sure won't I be a customer of the house. I only *changed my breeches* this morning, and forgot my purse, and you would'nt have a *gentleman* balk his appetite and go without his dinner because he happened to have no cash about him."— "Why, Sir," answered the host, "I should never grudge a gentleman his dinner, look you, if he had no money; but I think in such a case, something less expensive than sole, roast fowl, and raspberry tart, might answer your purpose; and I can't think that a pint of Madeira, a bottle of port, and filberts were quite indispensable." "Poh! poh!" replied the other, "d—n it, I heard you were a generous fellow, and sure you wound'nt have a gentleman finish his dinner in a shabby way without a glass of wine and a little *fruit!*"

THE RAPID FORTUNE.

Says Dick to Hal, "Your thrifty sire, in trade
For your dear sake a rapid fortune made;
You drank, wench'd, gambled, mortgag'd house and land,
And from the turf to jail drove four in hand."
"Have done," cries Hal, "nor with your gammon stun me,
My fortune was *so* rapid, it outrun me."

THE IRISHMAN'S BLANKET.

An Irishman who was sent on board of ship, and who believed in ghosts, inquired of his messmates if the ship was haunted. "As full of ghosts as a churchyard," replied they; "they are ten thousand strong every night." This so terrified Pat, that whenever he turned into his hammock, he pulled his blanket over his head and face, so that from his knees downwards he was naked and cold. "That there purser is a terrible rogue," said he, "he serves out blankets that don't fit a man; they are too long at top, and too short at bottom, for they cover my head and ears, and my feet are always perished with cold. I have cut several slices off the top, and sewed on the bottom, and the devil a bit longer it is."

THE DYING FATHER.

A dying father had two sons;
And, if I recollect their names,
The one was George, the other James.
James was a clever lad, and George a dunce.
The father saw his end approaching fast:
He order'd James straight to appear,
And, as his sorrowing son drew near,
Upon him many a wishful look he cast.—
"My son," he said, "I'm much concern'd for thee,
For thou want'st neither wit nor sense;
And these when I am call'd from hence,
Will more your hind'rance than advantage be—
Well, well—to make amends—here, take this key.—
Within the adjoining closet thou wilt find
An iron chest, which now contains
The sum of all my hard-earn'd gains:
This I have long for thee alone design'd.
James started back—look'd pale and wan—
"Forbid it Heavens! Shou'd I alone receive
The fortune which you now must leave,
How would poor brother George come on?"
"George!" said the father; "better far than you:
Of him I uniformly said,
I had no cause to be afraid:
For his stupidity would bring him through.

A TRIFLING DIFFERENCE.

A very old lady of quality having intrigued with a gentleman of family, who was not so rich in wealth as in title, she bequeathed to him the bulk of her estates at her death; her niece, who was the next heir, commenced an action for the recovery of the fortune, which was given against her. On quitting the court she addressed the fortunate possessor of the estate, saying, "Well, sir, it must be confessed, you got the estate very cheaply." "Madam," replied the gentleman, "you know the price at which I had it, and you may if you please make a purchase of it upon the same terms." "With all my heart, sir," answered the lady briskly, "if you will *give the sign manual.*"

INNOVATION.

When poor Maria first began
To sell her youthful charms to man,
Her lovely bosom then was made
The tempting symbol of her trade;
But since each virtuous blushing dame,
With modest care displays the same,
Maria, e'er her trade decline,
Must shut up shop, or change her sign.

SIR T. BROWN'S COURTESY.

Sir Thomas Brown once observed in [illegible] that he had *toasted* a lady for twelve [illegible] had little hopes of ever making her *Brown*.

RETALIATION.

Francis the first, being engaged at tenn[is] abbé de Beaulieu, the latter struck a ball lence which came in contact with the per monarch, who, feeling the smart, exclaime I give you to all the devils in hell."—"A plied the abbé, "give your majesty to all who are just as good companions."

TO A CRITIC.

You say that "in scribbling no figure I c[ut]
No comment with truth can be rifer.
For while I cut *you*, should the question
I must own that I cut but a cipher.

MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

The maréchal Grammont having [be]sieged a fortress, the garrison of which [ob]stinately, a capitulation at length took [pl]the signing of which, the governor of [it] said, "Maréchal, I will be candid with you not been bereft of a bullet to defend myself not have surrendered."—"That I may [be] wanting in candour," replied the maréchal tell you that had I had any more powder not have acceded to the terms of capitulation

'RNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.

eived ten pounds from my rector, one half year's salary—obliged to before my admittance to the doctor; admitted, was never once asked to eah myself, though I had walked em, the doctor hinted he could have for fifteen pounds a year.

l nine pounds to seven different peo- d buy the second-hand pair of black me as a great bargain by cabbage, ife wanting a petticoat above all r Betsy nor Polly having a shoe to

Ay wife bought a petticoat for her- : her two daughters; but unluckily, dropped half a guinea through a had never before perceived) in her ed all our cash in the world to half- hid my poor woman for being af- rtune, and tenderly advised her to dness of God.

eived a note from the ale-house at , informing me that a gentleman o me on pressing business; went, an unfortunate member of a stroll- layers, who was pledged for seven- in a struggle what to do. The baker, aid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled giving any credit in future; and he butcher, sent us word that he l, that the rector intended to take ld do the parish duty at an inferior re, though he would do any thing to me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the town. Mortifying reflections y opinion a want of humanity is a aid the stranger's reckoning out of pocket, and gave him the remain- to prosecute his journey.

y scanty dinner, and pretended , by avoiding to eat, I might enough for my poor wife and children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Mem. Never to contradict her as long as I live; for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sense of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion; in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday—Wrote a sermon, which on

Sunday—I preached at four different parish-churches and came home excessively wearied, and excessively hungry; no more than two-pence half-penny in the house. But see the goodness of God! The strolling player, whom I had relieved, was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper, wanted to do me an essential piece of service: I had not been an hour at home, when he came in, and declaring himself my friend, put a fifty pound note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of three hundred pounds a year.

EPISCOPAL BARGAINS.

The prince de Conti, speaking of the possessors of rich benefices, remarked, "That the Lord was very ill served for his money."

PRIOR THE POET.

A lady requested Matthew Prior to give her a sedate rhyming couplet on the female sex. "That, madam, is utterly impossible," returned the poet, "for in women there is neither *rhyme* nor *reason*."

A MISS-FIT.

On the death of a good performer, belonging to Drury-lane theatre, a very indifferent one (who had often been his substitute in a case of illness) said, "Well, I am sorry for his loss, poor fellow! but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good: I shall jump into his shoes."—"You may," observed another, "but I'll be d——d if they'll fit you."

FRANKLIN'S WAY TO WEALTH, OR POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

COURTEOUS READER,

I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks—"Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied—"If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for, A word to the wise is enough, as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathered round him, while he proceeded as follows.

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them. But we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; God helps them that help themselves, as poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service: but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright, as poor Richard says. But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting, That the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as poor Richard says. If time be of all things the *most precious*, wasting time must be, as poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality; since, as tells us, Lost time is never found ag we call time enough always proves litt us then up and be doing, and doing s so by diligence we shall do more with Sloth makes all things difficult, but ind and, He that riseth late, must trot all scarcely overtake his business at nig ness travels so slowly, that poverty him. Drive thy business, let not th and Early to bed, and early to rise, healthy, wealthy, and wise, as poor R

"So what signifies wishing and loo times? We may make these times bet ourselves. Industry need not wish, lives upon hope will die fasting. The without pains; then help, hands, lands; or, if I have, they are smar that hath a trade, hath an estate; and calling, hath an office of profit a poor Richard says; but then the worked at, and the calling well neither the estate nor the office will our taxes. If we are industrious starve, for, At the working man's hou in, but dares not enter. Nor will th constable enter, for industry pays d spair increaseth them. What though no treasure, nor has any rich relat legacy, diligence is the mother and God gives all things to industr deep, while sluggards sleep; and you to sell and to keep. Work while it for you know not how much you m to-morrow. One to-day is worth two poor Richard says; and, farther, N till to-morrow which you can do to-d a servant, would you not be asham master should catch you idle? Are own master, be ashamed to catch you there is so much to be done for yourse your country, and your king. Hav without mittens; remember that Th



› mice, as poor Richard says. It is true, much to be done, and perhaps you are weak- but stick to it steadily, and you will see cts; for Constant dropping wears away nd by diligence and patience the mouse the cable; and Little strokes fell great

inks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man self no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, Richard says: Employ thy time well, if est to gain leisure; and since thou art not ninute, throw not away an hour. Leisure doing something useful; this leisure the an will obtain, but the lazy man never; of leisure and a life of laziness are two lany, without labour, would live by their but they break for want of stock; dustry gives comfort, plenty, and respect. res, and they will follow you. The dili- r has a large shift; and now I have a a cow, every body bids me a good-morrow. ith our industry we must likewise be steady, l careful, and oversee our own affairs with es, and not trust too much to others; for hard says—

r saw an oft-removed tree,
et an oft-removed family,
hrove so well as those that settled be.

gain, Three removes are as bad as a fire; Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep again, If you would have your business f not, send. And again,

that by the plough would thrive,
self must either hold or drive.

n, The eye of a master will do more work is hands; and, again, Want of care does mage than want of knowledge; and, to oversee workmen, is to leave them your Trusting too much to others' care is the y: for, in the affairs of this world, men not by faith, but by the want of it: but a care is profitable; for, If you would have rvant, and one that you like, serve your- he neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy: all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life at the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will; and—

Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for—

Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great.

And, farther, What maintains one vice, would bring up two children. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, Many a little makes a mickle. Beware of little expenses; A small leak will sink a great ship, as poor Richard says; and, again, Who dainties love shall beggars prove; and moreover, Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

"Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap; and perhaps they may, for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says: Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries. And again, At a great pennyworth pause a while. He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more

harm than good. For in another place he says, Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths. Again, It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance; and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families; Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire, as poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? By these and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it plainly appears, that a ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees, as poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, it is day, and will never be night; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom, as poor Richard says; and then, When the well is dry, they know the worth of water. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing, as poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says—

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

"And again, Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick says, It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it: and it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for Richard says, Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy. And, indeed, what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no real merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of a sale, six months credit; and that period induced some of us to attend it, because we could not spare the ready-money, and hope now to be able to pay it out. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear to speak to him, you will make poor pitiful excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for as poor Richard says, the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt. And again, to the same purpose, Lying rides upon debt's back; whereas a free-born man ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright. What would you think of that prince, or that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are willing to subject yourself under that tyranny when you run in debt for dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you run in debt for your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard says, Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and



…ound before you are aware, and the …s before you are prepared to satisfy …r your debt in mind, the term, which …so long, will, as it lessens, appear ex…rt: Time will seem to have added wings …s well as his shoulders. Those have a …who owe money to be paid at Easter. At …haps, you may think yourselves in thriv…nstances, and that you can bear a little …e without injury; but—

…p and want more while you may,
…oming sun lasts a whole day!

…be temporary and uncertain, but ever, …ve, expense is constant and certain; and …o build two chimnies than to keep one in …r Richard says: so, rather go to bed sup…n rise in debt.

…you can, and what you get hold;
…ome that will turn all your lead into gold.
…you have got the philosopher's stone, sure …o longer complain of bad times, or the diffi…ying taxes.

…octrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: …ll, do not depend too much upon your own …nd frugality, and prudence, though excel…, for they may all be blasted, without the …Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing …nd be not uncharitable to those that at …n do want it, but comfort and help them. …, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosper…

…ow, to conclude, Experience keeps a dear …dools will learn in no other, (as poor Ri…) and scarcely in that; for it is true, We …dvice, but we cannot give conduct: how…mber this, They that will not be counselled, …helped; and farther, that, If you will not …ve, she will surely rap your knuckles, as …ld says."

…said gentleman ended his harangue. The …ce, and approved the doctrine—and …mained the contrary, just as if it had …ngregation; for the auction opened, and …ey extravagantly.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH INNKEEPER AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman. Holloa, hostess!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fair of Mullingar and Ballinasloe is next week.

Eng. I see—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds from Irish white wine (butter milk) to Burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope your not a shark.

Inn. No, sir, indeed, I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soles?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Psha! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see, myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

JAMES I. AND DR. BUCHANAN.

When Dr. Buchanan was asked how he came to make a pedant of James, his royal pupil, he answered —He thought he did a great deal to make one of him.

A SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT.

Foote having been invited to dine with the late ke of Leinster, at Dublin, gave the following ac- unt of this entertainment: As to splendour, as far it went, I admit it, there was a very fine sideboard f plate; and if a man could have swallowed a silver- mith's shop, there was enough to satisfy him; but s to all the rest—his mutton was white, his veal was red, the fish was kept too long, the venison not kept long enough: to sum up all, every thing was *cold* except his *ice*; and every thing *sour* except his *vinegar*.

MOLIERE'S GRAVE.

When Moliere, the comic poet, died, the archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The king, being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him; but, finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked, how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached? This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied, about eight. "Well," answered the king, "I find there's no getting the better of your scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let him be buried there."

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND ZAREMBA.

General Zaremba had a very long Polish name; the king of Prussia had heard of it, and one day said to him, "Pray, Zaremba, what is your name?" The general told him the whole of it. "Heavens!" said the king, "the devil himself has not such a name!"—"Why should he?" replied Zaremba, "he is no relation to me, if he is to your majesty."

THE LATE LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.

His lordship was one day entering his house in Pall Mall, when he observed a basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came? Old John immediately replied, "They are ours," my lord, "from our country-house."—"Very well," rejoined the peer. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was. "Ours," said honest John. "And are the children in it *ours* too?" said his lordship, laughing. "Most certainly, my lord," replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately went to lift them out.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

The late Mr. Philip Thickness, father of [illegible] Audley, being in want of money, applied to [illegible] for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his son's house, and put up a board, on which was inscribed in large letters, "Boots and shoes mended in the neatest and cheapest manner, by Philip Thickness, father of lord Audley." His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.

AN UNTIMELY DEMAND.

A provincial actress was performing the lady Ann, in King Richard the Third; and delivering the following passage:—

"When shall I have rest?"

she was answered by her washerwoman in the pit, who exclaimed, "Never, 'till you pay me three shillings and twopence."

MR. PITT AND DR. PALEY.

The first time that Mr. Pitt went to [illegible] after his election as member for the university, the sophs were naturally gaping for the good living gift. Dr. Paley, who preached before the minister, chose this appropriate text—"There is a lad here that hath two barley loaves and two fishes; but what are these among so many?"

PULPIT CALL.

One Sunday, when Mr. Ogilvy, a [illegible] man, was in the middle of his sermon, a woman who kept an alehouse in the parish, and a neighbour jogged her, in order to awake her. The parson seeing this, cried out, "I'll be with you, I warrant you.—Phew!—(whistling)—a pint of ale and a dram!" To which question, she instinctively replied, "[illegible]

ITIES IN PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

ting in a country church in Germany, *the Sacrifice of Isaac*, is represented ith a blunderbuss in his hand, ready to , and an angel, suddenly coming down pouring a certain water on the pan.

ing at Windsor, by Antonio Verrio, he ed himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, of Christ healing the sick.

of Toledo once painted the story of the Men of the East coming to worship at here he represented them as three Arabian gs; two of them were white, and one of but, when he drew the latter part of g, he made three black feet for the negro ee white feet for the two white kings.

onument of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in Abbey, he is represented rising out of a full-bottomed wig well powdered and

h at Bruges is a picture of the Marriage rist with Saint Catherine of Sienna, by the patron of the church. The Virgin their hands, and King David playing e wedding.

ner has represented an angel, in a coat, driving Adam and Eve from Pa-

di painted a picture of the Circumcision Child, Jesus, and drew the high priest, spectacles on his nose.

e painted by F. Chello della Puera, the in is placed on a velvet sofa, playing d a paroquet, and about to help herself an engraved coffee-pot.

picture painted by Peter of Cortona, the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban, French Museum,) the painter has repre- ple or belfry rising over the trees.

mase placed Benedictine fathers and among his paintings from the Old Tes-

In the illuminations of a manuscript Bible at Paris, under the Psalms, are two persons playing at cards; and under Job and the Prophets are coats of arms and a windmill.

Poussin, in his picture of the Deluge, has painted boats, not then invented.

EPITAPH ON COOKE, THE CELEBRATED ACTOR.

Pause, thoughtful stranger: pass not heedless by,
Where COOKE awaits the tribute of a sigh.
Here sunk in death those powers the world admired,
By nature given, not by art acquired.
In various *parts* his matchless talents shone,
The one he failed in was, alas! his *own*.

BURIED ALIVE.

A lady once told St. Foix, that in her will she had ordered her body to be opened after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

AN ENTERTAINING JOURNEY.

Dodd the comedian was very fond of a long story. —Being in company one night, he began at twelve o'clock to relate a journey he had taken to Bath: and, at six o'clock in the morning, he had proceeded no farther than *the Devizes!*—The company then rose, to separate; when Dodd, who could not bear to be curtailed in his narrative, cried, "Don't go yet; stay and hear it out, and upon my soul I'll make it entertaining!"

POSTHUMOUS GRIEF.

Philips, in his Pastorals, makes shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts at their own deaths:

"Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevell'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own."

PRUDENT PORTRAIT.

A married intriguing lady insisting on having her lover's portrait, he remonstrated on the absurdity, alleging it would amount to the proclaiming their amour. "Oh," said she, "but to prevent a discovery, it shall not be drawn like you."

CROSSING PROVERBS.

Prov. *The more the merrier.*

Cross. Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

P. *He that runs fastest gets most ground.*

C. Not so; for then footmen would get more ground than their masters.

P. *He runs far that never turns.*

C. Not so; he may break his neck in a short course.

P. *No man can call again yesterday.*

C. Yes; he may call till his heart ache, but it will never come.

P. *He that goes softly goes safely.*

C. Not among thieves.

P. *Nothing hurts the stomach more than surfeiting.*

C. Yes, lack of meat.

P. *Nothing is hard to a willing mind.*

C. Yes, to get money.

P. *None so blind as they that will not see.*

C. Yes, they that cannot see.

P. *There is no creature so like a man as an ape.*

C. Yes, a woman.

P. *Nothing but is good for something.*

C. Not so; nothing is not good for any thing.

P. *Every thing hath an end.*

C. Not so; a ring hath none, for it is round.

P. *Money is a great comfort.*

C. Not when it brings a thief to the gallows.

P. *The world is a long journey.*

C. Not so; the sun goes it every day.

P. *It is a great way to the bottom of the sea.*

C. Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

P. *A friend is best found in adversity.*

C. Not so; for then there's none to be found.

P. *The pride of the rich makes the labours of the poor.*

C. No, the labours of the poor make the pride of the rich.

P. *Virtue is a jewel of great price.*

C. *Not so; for* then the poor could not come by *it.*

PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Menage gives us the following specim *badauderie* (cockneyism.) A gentlem not swim, one day in bathing got out and would have been drowned, had no mers been at hand to save him. On r protested that he would never venture i again, till he had learned to swim.

LADY HARDWICK AND HER H

A bailiff having been ordered by lady procure a sow of the breed and size s described to him, came one day into th when full of *great company*, proclaimin of joy he could not suppress, "I have ston fair, my lady, and got a sow o ladyship's size."

RIDDLES.

Q. In words unnumber'd I abound,
In me mankind do take delight;
In me much learning still is found,
Yet I can neither read nor write.
Answer. *It is a book printed or wri*

Q. With learning daily I am conversa
And scan the wisdom of the wisest
With force I pierce the strongest argu
Yet know no more than it had neve
A. It is a worm that eats through learned library.

Q. Full rich am I, yet care not who
Doth take away from me my wealth
Be it by fraud, I will not see,
Nor prosecute, although by stealth.
A. It is a coffer wherein great rich

Q. Tho' I am pierced a thousand time
Yet in me not a hole is made;
I notice give when Phœbus climbs
To drowsy mortals in their bed.
A. It is a window penetrated by the

Q. I'm dragg'd along thro' dirt and mi
O'er cragged stones and hills about;
And yet I neither faint nor tire,
But rather weary those that do't.
A. It is a coach *drawn about by hor*

e the *Temple church* so much like *How-*

ames are married, or in marriage given.
h in the Temple was founded in the reign
I., upon the model of that of the holy
Jerusalem, and is *extra-parochial.*

BROTHER FEELING.

ck, being at the seat of lord Fielding,
hat noblemen, to see a puppet-show; and
offering a shilling at the door for his ad-
h, no," cried the man, "pass on, *brother*
e never take money from *one another!*"

YOUR WORSHIP.

aving business with a magistrate, who
ooner, gave much offence, by neglecting
—*his worship*; on which he committed
for contempt. When the man obtained
e he constantly attended *his worship's*
ag for almost every lot: "threepence,
ip; sixpence, *your worship*;" which
scenes of laughter at the auctioneer's
t he was glad to give the man ten guineas
nd his sales any more.

SURNAMES.

ere surnam'd from their shape or estate,
nay from history worm it,)
ewis the Bulky and *Henry the Great,*
bland and *Peter the Hermit.*
hen the door-plates of misters and dames
each so constantly varies
ner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames
n by the rule of contraries.

ough provok'd, never doubles his fist,
s in his grate has no fuel,
r won't catch me at hazard or whist,
was wing'd in a duel.
dance, *Mr. King* is a whig,
ll uncommonly sprightly.
Mr. Little broke down in a gig
ing for *Mr. Golightly.*

Mrs. Drinkwater's apt to indulge in a dram,
Mrs. Angel's an absolute fury,
And meek *Mr. Lion* met fierce *Mr. Lamb*,
Tweak'd his nose in the lobby of Drury.
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout,
(A conduct well worthy of Nero,)
Over poor *Mr. Lightfoot*, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heaviside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose *Mr. Love*,
Found nothing but sorrow await her:
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, *Mr. Hayter.*
Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut,
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
Old *Mr. Younghusband*'s the starchest.

Mr. Child in a passion knocks down *Mr. Rock*,
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers,
Miss Poole us'd to dance, but she stands like a stock,
Ever since she became *Mrs. Rivers.*
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
He moves as though cords had entwin'd him;
Mr. Metcalfe ran off upon meeting a cow,
With pale *Mr. Turnbull* behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flow'r from a root,
Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,
Mr. Ryder performs all his journies on foot,
Mr. Foot all his journies on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
Kick'd down all the fortune his dad won;
Large *Mr. Le Fever*'s the picture of health,
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one.
Mr. Cruikshank stept into three thousand a year,
By showing his leg to an heiress.
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear,
Surnames ever go by contraries.

AMENDE HONOURABLE.

Many years since, the bench of Middlesex justices refused a licence to a publican who put up Mr. Wilkes for his sign: he told them, so far from being a friend to Wilkes, that he had hung him up in effigy; but if he had given offence, he was ready to pull down Wilkes, and hang up the whole bench of Middlesex justices instead.

JOURNAL OF AN INDOLENT MAN.

Thursday, eleven at night, went to bed: ordered my servant to wake me at six, resolving to be busy all next day.

Friday morning: Waked a quarter before six; fell asleep again, and did not wake till eight.

Till nine, read the first act of Voltaire's Mahomet, as it was too late to begin serious business.

Ten: Having swallowed a short breakfast, went out for a moment in my slippers—The wind having left the east, am engaged by the beauty of the day, to continue my walk—Find a situation by the river, where the sound of my flute produced a very singular and beautiful echo—make a stanza and a half by way of address to it—visit the shepherd lying ill of a low fever—find him somewhat better (Mem. to send him some wine)—meet the parson, and cannot avoid asking him to dinner—returning home, find my reapers at work—superintend them in the absence of John, whom I send to inform the house of the parson's visit—read, in the mean time, part of Thomson's Seasons, which I had with me—From one to six, plagued with the parson's news and stories—take up Mahomet to put me in good humour—finish it, the time allotted for serious study being elapsed—at eight, applied to for advice by a poor countryman, who had been oppressed—cannot say as to the law: give him some money—walk out at sun-set, to consider the causes of the pleasure arising from it—at nine, sup, and sit till eleven hearing my nephew read, and conversing with my mother, who was remarkably well and cheerful—go to bed.

Saturday: Some company arrived—to be filled up to-morrow—(for that and the two succeeding days, there was no father entry in the jou
waked at seven; but the weather
threatening to confine me all day,
—Ten, breakfasted and read the ne
dull and drowsy—Eleven, day clears
on a short ride to clear my head.

UNCERTAIN RELATION

An Irishman being asked by
your sister got a son or a daugh
"Faith, I do not yet know whether
an aunt."

DAGGER MARR AND GA

A performer, named Marr, was c
rick, *Dagger*-Marr, from the cruel u
characters as were allotted him.
made his first appearance, with ma
of disapprobation from the audien
had not performed that night, took
and said to him "I say, *little one*,
if there was to be a *murder* com
had as much right to have a hand
else."

SOLDIER'S EPISTL

An epistle from one Sergeant
Guards. It is directed, "To Serg
Coldstream Regiment of Foot-Gu
lattice in the Butcher-row, near Te

From the Camp before Mon

"COMRADE,

"I received yours, and am glad
wife are in good health, with all the
Our battalion suffered more than I
action. But who can withstand fa
Stevenson had his fate with a great
was killed dead before we entered t
had above two hundred of our bet
wounded: We lost ten sergeants, si
Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring,
son Smith. The rest are not your
have received a very bad shot in my
am in hopes, and, please God, I

s field, and lie at my colonel's quarters.
well; but I can give you no account of
in the hospital before I came into the
ot pretend to give you an account of
owing you have a better in the prints.
service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter,
and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and
lon, and to Mr. Ragdell, and to all my
quaintance in general who do ask after
to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the
ill news. Her husband was gathering
together to send to his wife, and put it
. I have seven shillings and threepence,
take care to send her. Wishing your
elivery, and both of you all happiness,
ured friend and comrade,

"JOHN HALL.

but an indifferent breakfast; but the
rer had such a dinner in their lives.
love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs.
to John Brown and his wife. I sent
shillings and sixpence to drink with
ook's; but I have heard nothing from
by Mr. Edgar.
Hartwell desires to be remembered to
es you to inquire of Edgar, what is be-
ife Peg; and when you write, to send
letter what trade she drives.
here very bad weather, which I doubt
erance to the siege; but I am in hopes
asters of the town in a little time, and
we shall go to garrison."

HE WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

Gimcrack, being in sound health of
great weakness of body, do by this my
estament bestow my worldly goods and
anner following:
o my dear wife,
of butterflies,
net of shells,
skeleton,
scientific.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,
My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,
As also my preparations of winter May-dew, and
embryo-pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile's eggs.
And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,
The nest of a humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath
My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my
English weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Doctor Johannes Elscrickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of Nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath
My rat's tail and
Whale's fin,
to him and his issue-male; and in default of such issue in the said Doctor Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since
A horned scarabæus,
The skin of a rattlesnake, and,
The mummy of an Egyptian King,
I make no farther provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son John having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles, I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified: As also all my monsters both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole

ıe executor of this my last will and testament, ing, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid lega- ithin the space of six months after my decease. do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by rmerly made.

CALAMITIES OF AN AUTHOR.

young author, a man of good-nature and learn- once complained of the misplaced generosity .e times. Here, said he, have I spent part of outh in attempting to instruct and amuse my v-creatures, and all my reward has been so- e, poverty, and reproach; while a fellow, pos- l even of the smallest share of fiddling merit, ıo has, perhaps, learned to whistle double, is re- ed, applauded, and caressed! Prithee young man, friend to him, are you ignorant, that, in so large as this is, it is better to be an amusing than an l member of society? Can you leap up, and your feet four times before you come to the id? No, Sir. Can you pimp for a man of quality? Sir. Can you stand upon two horses at full speed? Sir. Can you swallow a pen-knife? I can do of these tricks. Why, then, cried I, there is no prudent means of subsistence left, but to apprize own, that you speedily intend to eat up your own by subscription.

LORD HOWE.

hen the fleet commanded by earl Howe was so stationed at Torbay, just previous to his signal ry over the French, the inhabitants used to play his name, saying:

Lord *Howe* he went out!
Lord *Howe* he came in!

ter the victory, the following toast was much in e.

the French know *Howe* to be master of the seas.

A NATURAL ACTOR.

r. Miller, the comedian, had a strong predilection venile characters. Mrs. Achmet, late of Covent en theatre, being engaged to play a few nights *rewsbury*, selected Juliet for her first part; and *y Mr. Miller* put his own name up for Romeo. *arden scene*, with true tragic solemnity, he drew his white pocket handkerchief from his pocket (as he thought,) which he flourished with great effect for some seconds, till, swearing for the truth of the love he professed, his eyes caught the *coloured* silk *kerchief* in his hand, and he finished the passage thus:

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear!
That this is too bad, by G—!—Play Romeo and an angel, and take out a snuffy pocket-handkerchief! —Oh! fy! for shame, go to school and learn propriety."

STAGE COACH FARCE.

Mr. Watson (proprietor of the Cheltenham theatre) was once acting in a farce called *The Stage Coach*, and the whole of the entertainment was so bad that the audience loudly testified their disapprobation. Towards the conclusion, an Irish gentleman, in the pit, who had not been much pleased with his journey, inquired of Mr. Watson, then on the boards, whether the *Stage Coach* was likely to have a run? "Because," continued he, "if it is so, I shall beg leave to be an *outside* passenger!"

SAGACIOUS DOG.

Mr. Sheridan was once on a visit to the [illegible] of Bedford, at Woburn, when preparations were making to take the field against the partridges on the 1st of September. A learned barrister of the party endeavouring to improve his skill by firing at a [illegible] which he could never hit, and, in excuse for his bad aim, complained of his dog, which was not well trained, and who, at every moment he was about to fire his piece, always jumped up against his arm; "although," said he, "I thought he was as sagacious an animal as ever lived." "*Sagacious* indeed," said Mr. Sheridan, "and he has proved it, for I conceive he could be any where so safe from your shot as by flying at the mark you aim at."

GHOSTS, OR THE QUESTION SOLVED.

That ghosts now and then on this globe would [illegible]
Dick denied with his tongue, but confess'd by his [illegible]
And passing a church-yard one evening in [illegible]
He met, and thus queried, a guardian of [illegible]

see a ghost in your watchings, I pray?
all hours—and the *things* in your

the watchman—" and good reason

e back when you get them to die:
y go, they are not so to blame,
his world of vexation to fret 'em.
lace its uncivil to name,
honour, the devil won't let 'em."

MYSTERY OF KINGLY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND.

y, the presumptive bastard of an
was born in Scotland. Turning out
d of quick parts, he was put out ap-
kingdom, to the business of King-craft,
terwards wrote a treatise, and called
;) to this he served part of his time
emainder in England as a turnover:

n succeeded him; but, ambitiously
much business, proved unfortunate,
to his son: he made large additions
ork, by interweaving it with priest-

econd was for some time kept out of
ne Oliver Cromwell, who took the
her's head; and who, although not
proved a most subtile, industrious,
an. Cromwell dying, this Charles
d shop; but carried on business very
ing, as it is said to bad company,
icted to lewd women, revelling with
, and stage-players: he dying—
econd, his brother, an apprentice,
; but breaking his oath with his
nited his indenture, ran away, and
for life; and though his son and his
endeavoured to follow the business
re turned out but mere Pretenders.
ed by one—
Dutchman, who married before he
Holland; and though some authors

say he did not wait for an invitation, yet as he had given some good-will, he took the stock at a fair appraisement, and set up on the old premises, where he and his wife got a comfortable livelihood: they dying—

Anne, his wife's sister, came in by her own right, and carried on business with great reputation, while she employed honest and experienced journeymen; but, turning these away, her credit sunk extremely towards the latter end of her time, through the blunders and mismanagement of one Harley, her foreman, and some others. She dying without issue, in that case the business, which was much extended by William the Dutchman, was left to the present family, the first of whom was—

George, and whom we shall call the first; who was succeeded by his son—

George the Second; who, with his father, were very good sort of men, though both were much blamed for neglecting their business, by gadding to a dirty farm called Hanover; his namesake and grandson—

George the Third began with a fair prospect; but, being over-ruled and miguided by a favourite servant, lost great part of the business.

A PRUDENT WIFE.

The late Mrs. Williams (an actress, and wife to a performer) being at Birmingham, one summer, with her husband, they advertised, for their benefit, "*a favourite song, with accompaniments on the French horns, by Mr. Williams.*—On the night no horns came, and Mrs. Williams ran about the theatre, declaring she was ruined: the musicians had disappointed her, and he could not sing his song without horns.—"Never mind," said a musician present, "that cannot be any drawback—*you* have taken care that he shall *never* be *without horns!*"

GEORGE COLMAN.

Mr. Colman the younger inquired, one very sultry evening, if the performers' orders went; and, being answered in the negative, he exclaimed: "Why, it is so hot that *flesh* and *blood* can't bear it, and, surely, the *bones* ought to go!"

THE WATCHMAN'S MISTAKE.

One frosty night, a few weeks since, not more,
Charley, instead of six, trudg'd home at four:
'Twas piercing cold and would be death to stay—
He to his hovel, therefore, bent his way.
Arriv'd—to bed he trudg'd without a light,
Not dreaming matters there were aught but right,
His coat, his waistcoat, and his breeches too
With little care upon the bed he threw,
And stepping in, with sort of shivering moan,
He starts his rib, poor soul, not quite alone.
"Bless me," exclaim'd the wanton, "is it you?
Come just in time to save your faithful Sue:
Quickly some brandy prithee do procure,
My pain's too great for mortal to endure."
In haste his scatter'd garments are replac'd,
And Charley to the gin shop may be trac'd.
The brandy he receives, dubs up a shilling—
For he to serve his rib was always willing.
"This piece I cannot change," his hostess cried.
"Not change it," the astonished scout replied;
"I but a shilling on the counter threw,
And ask no change for that and brandy too."
"A sovereign, Charles, or my poor eyes deceive me,
You from your breeches pocket drew, and gave me."
Scout starts with wonder, first the fact denies—
Then smiles, and to his fob conveys the prize.
Now posts, as he suppos'd, a second *bob*,
Which he extracted from the selfsame fob.
"Another sovereign!" Ma'am with haste exclaims,
And Charley star'd as tho' bereft of brains.
Recover'd, he surveys with anxious care,
The garments which contain'd the precious ware,
And found them of the finest kerseymere!
The pockets too with care he fumbles o'er,
And of these pretty pictures found a score;
"Zounds!" he exclaim'd, "'tis strange to me,
That I, who only once a week a sovereign see,
Should all at once become possessed
(And be, besides, so finely dress'd)
Of all this money, which my fob contains,
Why, Madam, 'tis enough to rack one's brains."

Still Charley shrewdly guess'd how matters
And hasten'd home to adjust the business
And change for corderoy, the kerseymere.
The corderoys, however, now were gone,
And *his* frail rib with him who'd pot them
Time, she conceiv'd Scout's anger might
'Twere present death to meet his too just

HOW TO ANSWER ONE QUESTION BY ANOTHER.

A celebrated professor thinking to perplex
fortunate pupil, one day put him the follow
tion: "Pray, sir, can you tell me how lo
may live without brains?" To which the pu
ing up in the face of the interrogator, pro
unexpectedly replied, "How old may you be,
professor?"

ECONOMY IN BUSINESS.

Messrs. Bowden and Masters, two Englis
meeting one night in their travels, the ev
over the bottle turned on the extensive busin
on by their respective houses. Bowden,
prove the superiority of his own, enumera
extraordinary instances, and finally wou
climax with saying, "that the business of
was so extensive that in their *correspond*
cost them 150*l.* yearly in the article of ink."

Masters replied, "Why, Bowden, do y
that as a proof of your superiority to our h
"*I* do."

"Poo, poo, man!" said Masters, "why
that sum yearly in our house in that very
omitting only the *dots* to the *i's* and the cr
t's.

SHAVING A CONSCIENCE.

Judge Jefferies taking a dislike to an evid
had a long beard, told him, "that if his
was as large as his beard, he had a swin
To which the witness replied: "My lo
measure consciences by beards, you have m

THREE BLESSINGS OF MAN.

Pirolo, the French historian, used to
possesses but three things, his soul, his lo
wealth. These are exposed continually to

[redacted]

de: his soul to that of divines; his body physicians; and his wealth to that of

RICHELIEU'S AMBITION.

eter the Great saw the tomb of cardinal in Sarbonne, he exclaimed, "Illustrious if alive I would give you one half of , if you would teach me to rule the other." an who was present observed, "Your ma- l do wrong, for if the cardinal had the one ould not be able to keep the other long."

LIMITS OF PAPAL JURISDICTION.

l Cervini complained to Leo the Tenth that ngelo had painted him in hell in his picture Judgment. "If the painter," said the pope, ed your eminence in purgatory I could n you thence, but as he has placed you in l regions, my power does not extend so far."

THE CHIVALROUS BISHOP.

Cœur de Lion having taken a *fighting* oner, the pope claimed him as one of his n. The king jocosely sent the pope the bloody armour of the bishop, saying, "Lo, found, now know thou if it be thy son's "

RESTLESS GOVERNMENT.

uloch, emperor of Morocco, spent his whole rising plans to keep the minds of his sub- ed. "If a parcel of rats," said he once sh ambassador, "are permitted to remain they'll eat it—but if you keep shaking it, ot.

CRITERION OF AGE.

Grammont who lived to a very advanced s scrupulously avoided making it known. while at dinner with Louis XIV. and f Soulis, who was also very aged, the quired of the divine whether he knew the Count Grammont. "I am eighty-four, d the bishop, "and when the count and ed together at college, he was precisely four months older than me." "What say you to that count?" exclaimed the king, "after such a testimony you can no longer conceal the fact." "Sire," replied the count, "the bishop is deceived; for neither he nor myself ever *studied* at all."

THE DOUBLE DEFEAT.

A certain general who was beaten both in France and Germany, having returned to his mansion on the cessation of hostilities, some arch wag had painted a tabor over his door, with this motto:

Farewell fame, and farewell pride,
I've been beat on either side.

FIRE AND WATER.

On an officer who fled from the field of battle and was drowned in crossing a river.

Here lies the man who fearing slaughter
Fled from fire, to die in water.

THE MAIDEN WIFE.

Margaret of Austria was affianced to the eldest son of the king of Spain, who dying, she was then betrothed by proxy to his second son, and being in a vessel bound to Spain, to consummate the marriage ceremony, a storm arose and the vessel was on the point of sinking, when this princess, who was gifted with a most magnanimous spirit, very far from being struck with fear at the imminent danger she was in, wrote the following couplet:

Ci-gît la gentille demoiselle
Qu'a deux maris et encore est pucelle.

Here lies the lady who was not afraid
To wed two husbands, and yet died a maid.

ACTING BY NOTE.

Mr. Bransley (a comedian, some years since, on Drury-lane boards) could never vary in the least from the text of the author; and, if any other person on the stage with him fell into that error, Bransley generally produced some whimsical effect, by adhering too closely to the original words. He was playing one night, and this question being put to him—

"*Are you this young lady's father?*"

had to say—"*I am.*"

The person who had to put the interrogatory varied the words, but strictly preserved the sense. He said,

"Is this young lady your daughter?"

To which Bransley very pompously replied, *"I am!"*

CHARACTERS OF A DRINKING CLUB.—BY A MEMBER.

You must know then that our club consists of at least forty members when complete. Of these, many are now in the country; and besides, we have some vacancies which cannot be filled up till next winter. Palsies and apoplexies have of late, I don't know why, been pretty rife among us, and carried off a good many. It is not above a week ago, that poor Tom Toastwell fell on a sudden under the table, as we thought only a little in drink, but he was carried home and never spoke more. Those whom you will probably meet with to-day are, first of all, Lord Feeble, a nobleman of admirable sense, a true fine gentleman, and, for a man of quality, a pretty classic. He has lived rather fast formerly, and impaired his constitution by sitting up late and drinking your thin sharp wines. He is still what you call nervous, which makes him a little low-spirited and reserved at first; but he grows very affable and cheerful as soon as he has warmed his stomach with about a bottle of good claret.

Sir Tunbelly Guzzle is a very worthy north-country baronet, of a good estate, and one who was beforehand in the world, till being twice chosen knight of the shire, and having in consequence got a pretty employment at court, he ran out considerably. He has left off house-keeping, and is now upon a retrieving scheme. He is the heartiest, honestest fellow living; and though he is a man of few words, I can assure you he does not want sense. He had a university education, and has a good notion of the classics. The poor man is confined half the year at least with the gout, and has besides an inveterate scurvy, which I cannot account for: no man can live *more regularly*; he eats nothing but plain meat, and *very little of that*: he drinks no thin wines, and never *sits up late*: for he has his full dose by eleven.

Colonel Culverin is a brave old
though but a lieutenant-colonel
you and me he has had a great
and is now commanded by many
when he came first into the army.
Ireland, Minorca, and Gibraltar
been in all the late battles in Fl
giment been ordered there. It
him talk of war. He is the best-
but a little too jealous of his ho
be in a passion; but that is soo
is sorry for it. I fear he is drops
to his drinking your Champaign
He got that ill habit abroad.

Sir George Pliant is well bor
tune, keeps the very best compa
one of the best-bred men alive: h
that he seems to have no will of
drink as little or as much as you
ter of what. He has been a mig
ladies formerly, and loves the cra
He is our newsmonger; for being
privy chamber, he goes to court
sequently knows pretty well wh
there. Poor gentleman! I fear
him long; for he seems far gone
though the doctors say it is only

Will Sitfast is the best-nature
an excellent companion, though
but he is no flincher, and sits e
at the club. He is a very good s
very pretty Latin verses. I don
way; for a paralytic stroke has ta
side of his mouth so, that he is
his wine diagonally. However
spirits bravely, and never shame

Dr. Carbuncle is an honest,
well affected to the government,
tleman. He is the life of our c
the least restraint upon it. I
scholar, and I really believe has
I know he has him always in his
inflamed nose, and swelled legs,
thought a hard drinker by tho

[redacted] I must do him the justice to say, that I was [illegible] disguised with liquor in my life. It is [illegible] very large man, and can hold a great [illegible] which makes the colonel call him pleasantly [illegible] a vessel of election.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CLUB.

friend presented me to the company, in what ght the most obliging manner; but which, I put me a little out of countenance. "Give e, gentlemen," said he, "to present to you friend, the ingenious author of the World." d author instantly excited the attention of the ompany, and drew all their eyes upon me: ple who are not apt to write themselves, have e curiosity to see a live author. The gentle- ceived me in common, with those gestures that welcome; and I, on my part, respectfully some of those nothings which stand instead omething one should say, and perhaps do full

weather being hot, the gentlemen were re- themselves before dinner, with what they cool tankard, in which they successively me. When it came to my turn, I thought I ot decently decline drinking the gentlemen's which I did aggregately: but how was I , when upon the first taste I discovered that ing and refreshing draught was composed of gest mountain wine, lowered indeed with ttle lemon and water, but then heightened y a quantity of those comfortable aromatics, and ginger! Dinner, which had been called than once with some impatience, was at ght up, upon the colonel's threatening per- the master and all the waiters of the house, delayed two minutes longer.—We sat down ceremony, and we were no sooner sat down, dy, except myself, drank every body's made a tumultuous kind of noise. I surprise, that the common quantity of into glasses of an immense size and y surprise ceased when I saw the ds that took them, and for which I supposed they were intended as ballast. But even this precaution did not protect the nose of doctor Carbuncle from a severe shock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who observed this accident, cried out pleasantly, "Why, doctor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim at your mouth, you will never hit it, take my word for it. A floating battery to hit the mark, must be pointed something above or below it. If you would hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your forehead or your chin." The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promised him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had seen many a good glass of Port spilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almost smiled, Sir George laughed, and the whole company, somehow or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But alas, things soon took a less pleasant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled salt beef, which had succeeded the soup, proved not to be sufficiently corned for Sir Tunbelly, who had bespoke it; and at the same time Lord Feeble took a dislike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the same which they drank the day before; it had no silkiness, went rough off the tongue, and his lordship shrewdly suspected that it was mixed with Benecarlo, or some of those black wines. This was a common cause, and excited universal attention. The whole company tasted it seriously, and every one found a different fault with it. The master of the house was immediately sent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproached him with the freshness of the beef, while at the same time all the others fell upon him for the badness of his wine, telling him that it was not fit usage for such good customers as they were, and in fine threatening him with the migration of the club to some other house. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promised to turn away; and attested heaven and earth that the wine was the very same which they had all approved of the day before; and as he had a soul to be saved, was true Chateau Margaux. "Chateau devil!" said the colonel with [illegible] "it is your d——d rough Chaos wine." Will Stitch

who thought himself obliged to articulate upon this occasion, said he was not sure it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank down. "If that is all," interrupted the doctor, "let us e'en drink it up then. Or, if that won't do, since we cannot have the true Falernum, let us take up for once with the vile Sabinum. What say you, gentlemen, to good honest Port, which I am convinced is a much wholesomer stomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves Port better than any other wine in the world, willingly seconded the doctor's motion, and spoke very favourably of your Portugal wines in general, if neat. Upon this some was immediately brought up, which I observed my friend and the doctor stuck to the whole evening. I could not help asking the doctor if he really preferred Port to lighter wines? To which he answered, "You know, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that use is second nature, and Port is in a manner mother's milk to me; for it is what my Alma Mater suckles all her numerous progeny with." I silently assented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadversions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were still continued, though at the same time they continued to drink it. I hinted my surprise at this to Sir Tunbelly, who gravely answered me, and in a moving way, "Why, what can we do?" "Not drink it," replied I, "since it is not good." "But what will you have us do? and how shall we pass the evening?" rejoined the baronet. "One cannot go home at five o'clock." "That depends a great deal upon use," said I. "It may be so, to a certain degree," said the doctor. "But give me leave to ask you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you who drink nothing but water, and live much at home, how do you keep up your spirits?" "Why, doctor," said I, "as I never lowered my spirits by strong liquors, I do not want to raise them." Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raising his voice and indignation against the Burgundy and Champaign, swearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without some suspicion of cider and sugar-candy; notwithstanding which, he drank, in a bumper of it, Confusion to the town of Bristol and the bottle act. "It was a damn," he said, "that gentlemen could have no good burgundies and Champaigns for the sake of some ounces of the revenue, the manufacture of [illegible] such sort of stuff." Sir George confirmed the [illegible] adding, that it was scandalous; and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would [illegible] repeal so absurd an act the very first session, [illegible] they did not, they hoped they would receive [illegible] tions for that purpose from their constituents. "To be sure," said the colonel. "What a [illegible] they made about the repeal of the Jew-bill, [illegible] nobody cared one farthing.—But by the [illegible] tinued he, "I think, every body has done [illegible] therefore had we not better have the [illegible] away, and the wine set upon the table?" [illegible] the company gave an unanimous Ay. While this [illegible] doing, I asked my friend, with seeming [illegible] whether no part of the dinner was to be [illegible] again, when the wine should be set upon the [illegible] He seemed surprised at my question, and asked [illegible] I was hungry? To which I answered, [illegible] asked him in my turn if he was dry? To which [illegible] also answered, no. "Then pray," replied I, "[illegible] not as well eat without being hungry, as drink [illegible] out being dry?"—My friend was so struck [illegible] this, that he attempted no reply, but stared [illegible] with as much astonishment as he would have [illegible] at my great ancestor Adam in his primitive [illegible] nature.

The cloth was now taken away, and the [illegible] glasses, and dish-clouts, put upon the table. [illegible] Will Sitfast, who I found was a perpetual [illegible] master, took the chair of course, as the man of [illegible] cation to business. He began the king's [illegible] bumper, which circulated in the same [illegible] without some nice examinations of the [illegible] to day-light. The bottle standing by me, [illegible] called upon by the chairman, who [illegible] though a water-drinker, he hoped I would [illegible] that health in wine? I begged to be excused, told him that I never drank his majesty's [illegible] all, though no one of his subjects wished [illegible] heartily than I did. That hitherto it [illegible]

he that there could be the least relation
wine I drank, and the king's state of
that till I was convinced that impairing
health would improve his majesty's, I was
preserve the use of my faculties and my
ploy both in his service, if he should ever
me for them. I had foreseen the conse-
this refusal; and though my friend had
for my principles, I easily discovered an
tion in the countenances of the company;
heard the colonel whisper to Lord Feeble,
ur is a very odd dog."

AN AUTHOR'S NEW SUIT.

who was on very good terms with
extremely poor and shabby, being in
where he heard a gentleman repeat a
m some of his writings, exclaimed:
u see, he *quotes* me!"— "Yes," said
minister, "and if he was to *waist-coat* you
uld not be the worse for it."

A DRAMATIC MURDER.

gentleman, named Mahon, an *amateur* of
, once took it into his head to play the
or O'Flaherty, in the comedy of *The West*
e acted *like any thing*; and, at the con-
he play, was convinced he could never
e any other than a *pitiful* figure upon the
same night, he supped at a tavern with
friends; where they stayed late, and got
In their way home, one of the company
into custody of the patrole, on a charge
protesting he had seen him commit the
Mahon was confined for the night, and
a justice next morning.—The magistrate
ked of the gentleman, who had given
on whom Mr. Mahon had committed the
, of which he stood accused—whom
ndered?—"A very worthy gentleman,
O'Flaherty," replied the other; "and
with less mercy than you would *a*
sixteen to the litter!"

MR. FOX AND JACK ROBINSON.

The late Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the minister as *manager of the House of Commons*; here there was a general cry of "*Name him! name him!*"—"No," said Mr. Fox, "I don't choose to name him, though I might do it as easily as say *Jack Robinson*." John Robinson was really his name.

CURRENCY.

A drunken fellow carried his wife's bible to pawn for a quartern of gin to the alehouse, but the landlord refused to take it. "What the devil!" said the fellow, "will neither *my word* nor the *word of God* pass current with you?"

SIR GEORGE ROOK.

Sir George Rook, before he was made admiral, served as a captain of marines upon their first establishment; and being quartered on the coast of Essex, where the ague made havoc among his men, the minister of the village where he lay was so harassed with the duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid his accustomed fees. The captain made no words, but the next that died he ordered to be carried to the minister's house, and laid upon the table of his great hall; this greatly embarrassed the poor clergyman, who in the fulness of his heart sent the captain word, "That if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute it with him, but would readily bury *him* and his whole *company* for nothing."

DEAN SWIFT'S INVENTORY

Of household goods, upon his lending his house to the Bishop of Meath, till his palace was rebuilt.

An oaken broken elbow chair,
A caudle cup without an ear,
A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead,
A box of deal without a lid,

A pair of tongs beat out of joint,
A back-sword poker without point,
A pot that's crack'd across, around,
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock without a key,
A wig with hanging quite grown grey,
A curtain worn to half a stripe,
A pair of bellows without pipe,
A dish which might good meat afford once,
An Ovid, and an old Concordance,
A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all,
And thus his *household goods* you have all.
These to your lordship as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend,
They'll serve your lordship for a shift,
Why not—as well as Dr. Swift.

A GOOD FELLOW.

The secretary of a literary society being requested to draw up "*a definition of a good fellow,*" applied to the members of the club, individually, for such hints as they could furnish, when he received the following:—

Mr. *Golightly.*—A good fellow is one who rides blood horses, drives four-in-hand, speaks when he's spoken to, sings when he's asked, always turns his back on a dun, and never on a friend.

Mr. *Le Blanc.*—A good fellow is one who studies deep, reads trigonometry, and burns love songs; has a most cordial aversion for dancing and D'Egville, and would rather encounter a cannon than a fancy ball.

Hon. *G. Montgomery.*—A good fellow is one who abhors moralists and mathematics, and adores the classics and Caroline Mowbray.

Sir *T. Wentworth.*—A good fellow is one who attends the Fox dinners, and drinks the queen's health, who goes to the Indies to purchase independence, and would rather encounter a buffalo than a borough-monger

Mr. *M. Sterling.*—A good fellow is a good neighbour, a good citizen, a good relation; in short, a good man.

Mr. *M'Farlane.*—A good fellow is a bonnie lad, John Hielandman.

Mr. *O'Connor.*—A good fellow is one who talks loud and swears louder; cares little about his head, and less about his neckcloth; loves whiskey, punishes bargemen, and wears nails in his shoes.

Mr. *Musgrave.*—A good fellow is prime-chap, and bang-up.

Mr. *Burton.* A good fellow is one who knows "what's what," keeps accounts, and studies Cocker.

Mr. *Rowley.* A good fellow likes turtle and punch, drinks Port when he can't get Champagne, and dines on mutton with sir Robert, when he can get venison at my lord's.

Mr. *Lozell.* A good fellow is something pounded of the preceding.

Mr. *Oakley.* A good fellow is something quite different from the preceding,—or Mr. Oakley is an ass.

THE LAST DEBT.

"Oh let me die in peace!" Ennenes cry'd
To a hard creditor at his bed side.
"How! die!" roar'd Gripus, "thus you shall not evade!
No, no, sir; you shan't die till I am paid."

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE.

Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, paid his addresses to lady Frances, the Protector's youngest daughter. Oliver was informed of it by a spy; who followed the matter so closely that he pursued Jerry to the lady's chamber, and went immediately to the Protector with this news. Oliver in a rage hastened thither himself, and finding Jerry on his knees, kissing the lady's hand, in a fury he asked what was the meaning of such gesture before his daughter. White answered, "May please your highness, I have a long time courted this young gentlewoman there, my lady's will and mine cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly prostrate

tmende for me." The Protector turning woman cried, "What's the meaning y? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. do you? He is my friend, and I expect at him as such." My lady's woman, who more, with a very low courtesy, replied, he intends me that honour, I shall not e." "Say you so, my lass?" cried call Godwyn; this business shall be , before I go out of the room." Mr. e too far to retreat; the parson came, my lady's woman were married in the e Protector.

HOUSE ON FIRE.

sitting in his study at work, when one urs came running to tell him that the is house must be on fire, as it smoked Oh!" answered the man, "be so good rife, for I do not concern myself at all r-keeping."

FRUIT BASKET.

rying a cradle was stopped by an old lass accosted: "So, sir, you have got fruits of matrimony." "Softly, old , "you mistake, this is merely the fruit

IR WILSON, WHO WAS DROWNED.

i in the ocean drown'd,
less, hapless creature!
e his lifeless trunk was found,
become *salt-Peter*.

FRENCHMAN AND PIGS.

n one day seeing a sow and a litter of d for some time admiring them, till he tunity of popping one under his coat, f with it. This he attempted, but was Hostler, who overtook and seized him his possession. He was taken to Bow- ly committed. When the trial came guilt of the theft being clearly proved, he was found guilty, and asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed? "Me Lor, I vil trouble you attendez two tree verd vat I sal say. I French gentleman, I no understand vat you call de tief dis country. Mais I vil tell you tout d'affair, and you vil find dat I am innocent. Me Lor; I never tief a pig my life time." "Why, it was found upon you." "Oh, certainly, but I was take him vid his own consent." "How do you mean?" "Vy, ven I was see de mamma pig, and *his* childrens, I was very much in love vid dem; and dis little pig, I look his face, I say, you pretty little fellow, will you come live vid me for one month? He says, a week! a week! So I have taken him for a week, dat's all."

WATER DRINKING.

A citizen's lady being once asked to drink a glass of wine, refused, because her physician had put her upon a *regiment*, which was to drink water. Then, madam, said a gentleman present, I presume you belong to the *Cold-stream*.

GEORGE III. AND LORD BATEMAN.

In March, 1781, lord Bateman waited upon the King, and with a very low bow, begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag hounds *turned out*. I cannot exactly answer that, replied the King, but I can inform you, that your lordship was *turned out* about two hours ago. The marquis Caermarthen succeeded him.

THE PROGRESS OF PUPPYISM.

Rough as his native clods, to town
Young Bruin came, a country clown;
His hair, that still defy'd the comb,
Stood like the bristles of a broom:
His coat, of cut, behind, before,
The same as that his father wore,
Was honest drab of Yorkshire growth
With brazen buttons, and so forth;
The cuffs, pull'd lower down, betray'd
How worldly beauty blooms to fade;
His buckskin short, and tho' too strait,
His toes turn'd in, a slouching gait;

With hobnails fortified his feet,
He struck a light along the street.
Now, station'd at a Ludgate door,
The natty prig succeeds the boor;
Like spigot in a cask of beer,
The dawnings of a tail appear;
His locks with many a fiery twirl,
Assume a kind of stubborn curl:
He cleans his teeth, collects a grin,
While frequent soap manures his chin;
To angle ninety strains his feet;
And geometric trips the street,
Lest stockings white receive a smear,
And none but worsted else to wear:
Now, soon as shut his evening shop,
He figures at a half-crown hop;
The ladies leering—well they may—
To see him wriggle it away;
For sure their little hearts must warm
At so much youth, with such a form.
"What sinewy legs and thighs!—O lack!
And what a lovely breadth of back!"
Now vegetates a nobler tail,
Of substance like his father's flail,
While flakes of powder down his waist,
Bespeak the man of growing taste.
His frock balloon or empefor's eye,
With narrow skirts, and collar high.
A button like a full-fac'd moon,
Succeeds the coat of Yorkshire brown;
And now he struts among the belles,
At Dog and Duck, or Bagnige Wells:
In boots, perhaps to hide the dirt,
And justify a coarser shirt;
Or, as more Cynic bards suppose,
With stockings torn, and want of shoes.
But no such reasons I adduce,
Th' equestrian is a dress of use;
Where folk may see, or think they see,
Me and my horse, my horse and me!
His hat, abridg'd from cock'd to round,
With velvet band, and velvet-bound,
Shall live, that fashion on the wane,
To be, perhaps, a square again,
With golden girdle and cockade,
Tho' hat decay, and binding fade.
And now the finish'd youth aspires
To breathe a critic's nobler fires:
The playhouse his nocturnal abbey,
A half-price lounger in the lobby;
He damns, by proxy, o'er his chop,
At Jupp's or Merryfield's old shop,
A piece at which he ne'er appear'd
Or hawks the song he never heard;
And still to swindling knaves mo
Presuming on the fate of wits;
Till all his pence reduc'd to pills,
His thread-bare dress to doctors' b
A dupe to those, and these unpaid,
The prodigal returns to trade,
Abjures the vanities of life,
And makes some ruin'd girl his wi

JOHN KEMBLE'S ONLY FUN.

When it was understood that Sir Jam
afterwards Lord Lonsdale, was to be cr
peerage, as a reward for offering to furn
ment with a seventy-four gun ship,
equipped, at his own expense; a lady
Kemble, "Dear me, sir, what a whim
this seems altogether; I wonder what to
give for supplying a ship; what can the
Mr. Kemble?" "Why, madam," replied M
"I should think he will be called Lonsd

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

The bus'ness of woman, dear Chloe, is
And by love every fair one her minutes a
sure.
"Oh! for love we're all ready," you cry,
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his da
'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing, 'tis h
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is t
True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
And grateful esteem, bids its pleasures a

[illegible] you should stop—but your whimsical sex,
[illegible] romantic ideas to passion annex,
[illegible] mind, by your visions and jealousy worried,
[illegible] less ecstatic, but kinder are hurried.
[illegible] heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
[illegible] care your heart don't get into your head."

HORACE WALPOLE.

THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED.

[illegible] who was quartered in a country town, [illegible] to a ball, was observed to sit sullen [illegible] for some hours. One of the ladies pre- [illegible] desirous of rousing him from his reverie, [illegible] with, "Pray, sir, are you not fond of [illegible]?" "I am very fond of dancing, madam," [illegible] reply. "Then why not ask some of the [illegible] are disengaged to be your partner, and [illegible]?" "Why, madam, to be frank with you, [illegible] one handsome woman in the room."—[illegible] *et cætera*," said the lady, and with a [illegible] left him, and joined her companions, [illegible] her what had been her conversation with [illegible]. "It was too good to be repeated in [illegible]," said she; "lend me a pencil, and I will try [illegible] the outline in rhyme."

[illegible], you rashly vow and swear,
[illegible] dance with none that are not fair,
[illegible] we women should dispense
[illegible] to none but men of sense?"
[illegible]? well, madam, pray what then?"
[illegible], sir, *you'd never dance again.*"

A COPPER CONSCIENCE.

[illegible], on examining a witness of the name [illegible], began with "Halfpenny, I see you're [illegible] for that reason you shall be nailed to [illegible]." "Halfpenny *is sterling*," exclaimed counsel. "No, no," said he, "he's his own conscience, only *copper-*

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

[illegible] Count de Soissons was at play, he [illegible] that hung before him, a man [illegible], whom he resolved to observe attentively. Soon after he felt him cut off mond buckle of his hat: he said not a w pretending to want something, he turned tow sharper, and begged him to hold his card count procured the sharpest knife he could get, he hid under his cloak, and entered the room sharper, impatient to escape, rose to return the but the count begged him to continue. In a fe nutes after he came softly behind him, seized his ears, and cut it off; when holding it out to he said, "Here, sir, restore my buckle, and I restore your ear."

AN INSCRIPTION ON INSCRIPTIONS.

The following lines were written on seeing a rago of rhymes that had been scribbled with a d mond on the window of an inn.

Ye who on windows thus prolong your shames,
And to such arrant nonsense sign your names,
The diamond quit, with me the pencil take,
So shall your shame but short duration make:
For lo, the housemaid comes, in dreadful pet,
With red right-hand, and with a dishclout wet;
Dashes out all, nor leaves a wreck to tell
Who 'twas that *wrote so ill—and lov'd so well.*

RIGHT OF PRECEDENCE.

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were going to be hanged both together at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But, forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?" "Sir," replied the sweep, "I won't keep off; *I have as much right to be here as you.*"

NEAR BOTH SIDES, OR CANDID SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

Writers.

Homer, a great poet and a blind beggar.

Demosthenes, a man of amazing eloquence and cowardice.

Sappho, an elegant poetess and harlot.

Æsop, a philosopher and lump of deformity.

Herodotus, a beautiful historian and great liar.

Aristotle, the prodigy of philosophy, who wrote without understanding himself.

Virgil, a beautiful poet and abominable flatterer.

Horace, an excellent lyric and satiric poet, who indulged in all the vices he satirized.

Cicero, a philosopher and turncoat.

Generals.

Alexander, a great conqueror and drunkard.

Julius Cæsar, a hero and bald-pated whoremonger.

Duke of Vendome, a hero and a sluggard.

Marlborough, a great general, fop, and miser.

English Writers.

Shakspeare, first of poets and a deer-stealer.

Otway, a man of genius and egregious fool.

Johnson, a philosopher and a brute.

Porson, a wonderful scholar and blackguard.

SWIFT'S DESCRIPTION OF A CRITIC.

A true critic is a sort of a mechanic set up with a stock and tools for his trade, at as little expense as a tailor; and indeed there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: thus the tailor's bell is the type of a critic's common place book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose: and it requires at least as many of the one to the making up of one scholar, as of the other to the composition of a man: also the valour of both is equal, and their weapons near of a size. Some account says, that the writings of critics are the mirrors of learning; by which we are to understand literally, that a writer should inspect into the books of the critics, and correct his invention there as in a mirror. siders that the mirrors of the an *brass and fine mercurio*, may per principal qualifications of a true consequently always conclude th and must be for ever the same emblem of duration; and when nished, will cast reflections from without any assistance of a m The true critics may be know swarming about the noblest writ carried merely by instinct, as a r or a wasp to the fairest flower. true critic to be, in the perusal at a feast, whose thoughts and set upon what guests fling awa is apt to snarl most when there

STROUD, ROCHESTER, AN

By a Tourist, in

The people of *Stroud*
Talk long, and talk loud,
And herd in a crowd,
Traducing their innocent ne
While Envy by fits
'Midst the congress sl
Gives a whet to their
And smiles on their scandal
This place, like an ecl
Where the publicans
Is dirty, base, long, foul, a
And the belles flirt ab
With their persons de
In run muslin and second-

Rochester's a town
Of specious renown,
Full of tinkers and tai
And slopmen and sail
And magistrates who often
Coquettes without bea
Old maids past their
And Venus' gay nymphs l

le fans without beds,
d men without heads,
ch poor Britannia is undone;
tortionate bills,
ti-venery pills,
re manufactured in London.
reat Dick Watts* of yore,
eir good name to restore,
(such enormities scorning)
ch travelling wight,
warm couch for the night,
xpence in cash in the morning.

l *Chatham's* a place,
at's the nation's disgrace,
he club and the fist prove the law, sir;
d presumption is seen
direct the marine,
ows not a spike from a hawser.
re the dolts show with pride,
w the men of war ride,
ance's proud first-rates can shiver,
d a fortified hill
the Frenchmen to kill,
id on the banks of the river!

h a town, and such men,
shall ne'er see again,
smuggling's a laudable function;
some high windy day,
y the de'il fly away
e whole of the dirty conjunction.

THE COCKNEY TRAVELLERS.

those cattle salesmen who attend Smith-
m a Monday, and jog on a sorry beast
tive village a hundred or a hundred

ter is a house appropriated for the reception of
llers, over the door of which is the following

Richard Watts, Esq.
r his will, dated 22d August, 1579,
founded this charity,
for six poor travellers,
ho, not being rogues or *proctors*,
may receive gratis for one night,
lodging, entertainment,
and threepence each.

and ten miles from London in a single day, was one Tuesday morning, early, jolting through Holloway, on his weekly route, towards Rutland, he was overtaken by a couple of spruce cockneys, well mounted, and the following dialogue took place: "Well, farmer, and how far do you expect to get to night." "Why, God willing," said the farmer, "I hope to sup with my wife at Great Dolby, near Melton Mowbray."—"And how far do you call that, farmer?"—"Some folks call it a hundred and twelve miles, but as I make short cuts, I shall find it little more than a hundred."—"And how often do you change horses?" bursting into a vehement laugh. "Oh, as to the matter of that," said the farmer, "I never ride but one horse, and I never knew him fail me."—"Well, but, farmer, if that animal enables you to sup a hundred and ten miles from London, ours will carry us with ease to Northampton." "Why," said the farmer, "it may be so, gentlemen, provided you can hold in, and go *slow enough*."—One of them now exclaimed to the other, "The farmer is quizzing us, let us get on Jack," and accordingly spurring their horses, they went full speed up Highgate Hill. Presently the farmer, on passing one of the inns at Highgate, saw the horses of his fellow-travellers fastened at the door, while the gentlemen were refreshing themselves inside. On his approaching Barnet, the cockneys, on a full trot, overtook him."—"Holloa," said one to the other, "here is the d—d farmer got before us;" and then accosting him, asked him, "Whether he thought they should get to Northampton that night?" "Why, it may be so," said he, "provided you can hold in, and go *slow enough*," which provoking a fresh burst of laughter, they proceeded full speed up Barnet Hill, through Barnet. The farmer saw nothing further of them till he reached St. Alban's, where he was saluted from the window of an inn by a torrent of oaths for passing them again. About Dunstable they again overtook him, and the same interchange of sentiments took place, as at Barnet; and after laughing at the farmer's notion of stopping at Great Dolby, they proceeded in their career. At Dunstable, the farmer stopped to bait his horse, as

about fifteen miles beyond that place, overtook the two heroes on foot, each leading his jaded horse, and looking very foolish on the approach of the farmer. The latter now began to laugh in his turn, and the cockney travellers, who still were sixteen or seventeen miles short of Northampton, after lamenting their present condition, asked the farmer the old question, "Whether he thought they would get to Northampton that night?"—"Yes," said he, "gentlemen, I dare say you may, provided you can contrive *to go fast enough.*" He afterwards proceeded in his usual course to Melton Mowbray, and on the following week learnt that our two heroes, after leading their horses several miles, stopped for the night at an inn ten miles short of Northampton.

KISSING AND BITING.

When the court of France waited upon the king, on the birth of the duke of Burgundy, all were welcomed to kiss his hand. The Marquis of Spinola, in the ardour of respect, bit his majesty's finger, on which the king started, when S. begged pardon, and said in his defence, if he had not done so, his majesty would not have noticed him.

MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

An old nobleman having married a young girl, was asked how he could possibly expect at his years to possess the heart of so young a female. He replied, "That he had rather possess a corner of her heart, than the whole heart of an old woman, who was tottering into the grave like himself."

LUCKY PROPHECY.

Judge Burnet was once overturned in a very rough road; upon which the coachman pulled off his hat and asked his master's pardon. "Oh," returned the judge, "never mind, John! you only made good the prophecy, that *the judges shall be overthrown in stony places.*"

A HEIR-LOOM.

Charles Fox, on his canvass for Westminster, went *to a rope-maker* to solicit his vote; on which the *latter produced* a halter, which he told him was at *his service.* Mr. Fox replied, "That he would not by any means deprive him of it, as he [illegible] be a family piece."

ON MR. FOOTE.

Thou mimic of Cibber—of Garrick
Thou fop in Othello! thou cipher
Thou trifle in person! thou puppet
Thou farce of a player! thou rattle
Thou mongrel! thou dirty-face hark
Thou puff of bad paste! thou ginger
Was a Quin, or Delane, the boast
Set up as fit marks for thy envy or
Was a Quin, or Delane, who excel
To be ap'd by a cobbler, who bung
Thou mummer in action! thou coff
Thou mimic sans sense! muck hero
Can the squeak of a puppet present
Or a pigmy, or dwarf, shew a giant
Shall deficience, unpunish'd, aver
Or a sprat, without ridicule, mimic
Can a Foot represent us the length
Where, then, shall such insolence
Contempt were the best, like the
With superior derision, the cur at

O Ireland! too prone to encourage
In trinkets, and novelty, fickle as
O Dublin! alas! to a proverb swell
To receive what is foreign, yet scor
Learn truly to judge 'twixt a F—t
Applaud the good player—but dam

AMATEUR EXECUTION

George Selwyn was introduced
or ordinary, which consisted of
Jack Ketches, of the several pro
and as it is usual there to call the
the towns to which they belong,
another as Monsieur Paris, M
sieur Marseilles, &c.; when the
George's turn, being an Engl
for one of the trade, they named h
Monsieur Tyburn. On which he
begged their pardon, he was no
him, he was only an amateur.

POPE'S LAST ILLNESS.

Pope's last illness, a squabble happened in
r between his two physicians, Dr. Burton
omson, who mutually charged each other
ing the death of the patient by improper
s. Pope at length silenced them by say-
lemen, I only learn by your discourse that
angerous way; therefore, all I now ask is,
lowing epigram may be added, after my
n next edition of the Dunciad, by way of

pistle, forgive all censures past,
last dunce has kill'd your foe at last."

ELKANAH SETTLE, THE CONTEMPORARY AND RIVAL OF DRYDEN.

ose noses, readers, all and some,
tun of midnight work to come,
reason tavern rolling home.
globe, and liquor'd every chink,
great, he sails behind his link;
s bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
ch that is not fool is rogue:
s mass of foul corrupted matter,
nails had spew'd to make the batter.
had given him courage to blaspheme,
ked; but God before cursed him:
could have reason, none has more,
his paunch so rich and him so poor.
he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
of old to pamper up a Jew;
uld he on quail and pheasant swell,
tripe and carrion could rebel?
Heaven made him poor, with reverence
king,
to be poet of God's making;
hold her hand on his thick skull,
righteous blessing—'Be thou dull;
and roar, forbear no lewd delight
fulsome; do any thing but write:
anting make, like thoughtless men;
duty—but for the pen!
thou arsenic in thy drink,
upon live, avoiding pen and ink.'

I see, I see 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane:
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck;
'Tis fatal to thy fame, and to thy neck.
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dares't thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou, whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade:
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so very coarse,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull:
To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil.
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
Thy praises had been satire at the best;
But thou, in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed.
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom:
And for my foes, may this their blessing be
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever, and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself."

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Dean Swift knew an old woman of the name of Margaret Styles, who was much addicted to drinking. Though frequently admonished by him, he one day found her at the bottom of a ditch. The dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her, "Where she thought of going to?" (meaning after her death.) "I'll tell you, sir," said she, "if you'll help me up." When he had assisted her, and repeated his question, —"Where do I think of going to?" said she, "where the best liquor is, to be sure!"

CHARACTER OF THE CELEBRATED DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Bless'd madman! who could every hour employ
In something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both (to show his judgment) in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

DRYDEN.

NEAPOLITAN PLAY.

The argument of one runs as follows: An Englishman appears, dressed precisely as a quaker, his hat on his head, his hands in his pockets, and with a very pensive air, says, he will take that pistol and shoot himself; "For (says he) the politics go wrong at home now, and I hate the ministerial party; so England does not please me. I tried France, but the people there laughed so about nothing, and sung so much out of tune, I could not bear France. So I went over to Holland; those Dutch dogs are so covetous and hard-hearted, that they think of nothing but their money; I could not endure a place where one *heard no sound* in the whole country but frogs croaking, and ducats chinking. *Maladetti!* So I went to *Spain*, where I narrowly escaped a sun-stroke, for the sake of seeing those idle beggar[s] they do condescend to cobble a man's [shoe] must do it with a sword by their side. to Naples therefore, but never a wo[man] one a chase; all are too easily caught who like something in prospect; and th[ere] a country, one can get no fox-hunting after a wild pig, yes, yes, I *must* sho[ot] world is so very dull I am tired of it." prepares matters for the operation, woman bursts into his apartments bef[ore] a moment, and then faints away. [He] lays by his pistol, brings the lady to [life] heard part of her story, sets her in a [chair] More confusion follows: a gentleman ing with rage at a treacherous friend a false mistress; the Englishman gra[bs] to shoot himself. "No, no, replied lian, I will shoot them through, if I c[an] but want of money hinders me fro[m] That, however, is now instantly supp[lied] nerous Briton, who enters into their and punishes the rogue who had bet[rayed] settles the marriage and reconciliat[es] friends, adds himself something to th[e] tune, and concludes the piece with [he] has altered his intentions, and will t[ake] shooting himself, while life may in [be] rendered pleasant to him who will s[pend] service of his fellow-creatures; and these words, that *such are the a[ctions] Englishman.*

THE DAINTY CRIMINA[L]

A criminal at Oporto about to [be] not quit the ladder before they gave A cup of wine being brought, before blew off the froth; being asked w[hy] answered, "Brother, because new w[ine] liver."

LEGITIMACY.

Voltaire said that every sovereign on the thirtieth of January (the anni[ver]sary the First's execution) with a crick in

OF LOTHARIO.

to the present day
ears, have mark'd him gray,
th wasteful hand,
and hastes each ebbing sand,
ck he drew his birth,
of real worth,
at no price,
to vice,
ness, and sought for shame
ood men seek for fame.
at the least defence)
cenity was sense;
decency submit;
r, and where whim was wit;
license had the merit
as spirit;
ere ever held the worst,
ce, always first,
ckle down at taw,
ride a straw,
dull brother peers,
porter's ears,
a midnight cell,
an's oracle;
nion, rogue and whore
iccup out—encore;
ho slumbers there
ur, gives up his chair;
ay th' affrighted moon,
ough the streets at noon;
m her usual way,
blank each day;
eather 'gainst another,
s with his brother;
e the northern wind,
to ride behind;
rs, and to lay them
not to pay them;
hich Nature gives,
hough March* yet lives.

CHURCHILL.

* for his libertinism.

NICHOLAS WOOD, THE KENTISH GLUTTON.

The following circumstances relative to this eccentric fellow are extracted from an old pamphlet, entitled "*Nicholas Wood; the great eater, or the admirable teeth and stomach exploits of Nicholas Wood, of Harrisom, in the county of Kent.*" He is the only tup-mutton, or mutton-monger, betwixt Dover and Dunbar: for hee hath eaten a whole sheepe of sixteen-shillings price, raw, at one meal: pardon me, I think he left the skin, the wool, the hornes, and the bones: but why talke I of a sheepe, when it is apparently knowne, that he hath at one repast, and with one dish, feasted his carkas with all manner of meates. All men will confesse that a hogge will eat any thing, either fish, flesh, fowle, root, or herb; and this same noble *Nick Nicholas*, or *Nicholas Nick*, hath made an end of a hogge all at once, as if it had been but a rabbit-sucker; and presently after, for fruit to re-create his palate, he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons. What say you to a lease or flecke of brawne, new killed, to be of weight eight pounds, and to be eaten hot out of the boare's belly, raw? Was it not a glorious dish? and presently after, instead of suckets, twelve raw puddings. I speak not one word of drinke all this while; for indeed he is no drunkard, hee abhorres that swinish vice: alehouses nor tapsters cannot nick this *nick* with froth; curtoll cannes, tragicall black potts, and double-dealing bombasted jugges, could never cheat him, for one pinte of beere, or ale, is enough to wash downe a hogge, or water a sheepe with him. Two loynes of mutton, and one loyne of veal, were but as three sprats for him: once at *Sir Warrapam Saint Leger's* house, and at *Sir William Sydleye's*, he shewed himself so valiant of teeth and stomache, that he ate as much as would well have served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to have turned bankrupt and breake: but the serving-man turned him to the fire, and anoynted his paunche with greace and butter, to make it stretch and hold, and afterwards being layed in bed, hee slept eight hours, and fasted all the while: which, when the king understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long time as he had lain bedrid with eating.

Pompey the Great, Alexander the Great, Tamberlane the Great, Carlemagne, or Charles the Great, for conquering kingdoms and killing of men (and surely eating is not a greater sin than rapine, theft, manslaughter, and murder:) therefore this noble Catalian doth well deserve the title of Great: wherefore I instile him *Nicholas the Great* (eater:) and as these forenamed Greats have overthrone and wasted countrys and hosts of men, with the helpe of their soldiers and followers, so hath Nick the Great (in his own person) without the helpe or aide of any man, overcome, conquered, and delivered in one weeke, as much as would have sufficed a reasonable and sufficient army in a day, for hee hath at one meal made an assault upon seven dozen of good rabbits, at the Lord Wotton's, in Kent, which in the total is four score, which number would have sufficed a hundred three score and eight hungry soldiers, allowing to each of them half a rabbit.

Bell, the famous idol of the Babylomans, was a mere imposture, a juggling toye, and a cheating bauble in comparison of this *Nicholaitan Kentish Tenterbelly*: the high and mighty duke *All-paunch* was but a fiction to him; Milo, the Crotonian, could hardly be his equal: and *Woolner of Windsor* was not worthy to be his footman. A quarter of fat lambe, and three score eggs, have been but an easy collation, and three well-larded pudding pyes he hath at one time put to foyle; eighteen yards of black puddings (London measure) have suddenly been imprisoned in his *sowsetub*. A duck, rawe, with guts, feathers and all, (except the bill and the long feathers of his wings) hath swam in his whirlpoole, or pond of his mawe; and he told me that three-score pound of cherries was but a kind of washing-meat, and there was no tacke in them, for he hath tried it at one time. But one *John Dale* was too hard for him, at a place called *Lennam*; for the said Dale had laid a wager that he would fill Wood's belly with good wholesome victuals for two shillings, and the gentleman that laid the contrary did wager, that as soon as Noble Nick had eaten out Dale's two shillings, that he should presently enter combate with a worthy knight, called *Sir Loyne of Beefe*, and overthrow him; in conclusion, Dale bought six pots o
the powerful fume wh
robbed him of his rea
lently took away his
of his pericranium,
setting a *nap* of nine
threadbare eyelids, t
beefe, and unexpected

This invincible ale v
quisher, and even our
But there are precedei
Nicholas, that have
and yet themselves be
drinke. We need cit
Great Alexander and
was boundlesse, and
subject, for all the fo
fish from the deepest
pond, foulest ditch,
receipt for fowle of a
eagle, from the titmou
either a coope or ro
himself, a stall for an
for a hogge, a perk fo
storehouse for fruit,
whey, butter-milk, an
perpetual motion, for
or fall, yet his teeth w
are the rendezvous, o
the beasts of the field,
of the sea: and thou
agreeing in nature on
or grinds them to the
they never fall at odds
a hogge, and a duck,
from the sin of nicene
sides he never trouble
meat in, nor doth he k
vermin; he takes so gr
up all safe within hi
and he never stands

Once in my presen
having (as he said) e
lle of pottage, with b

r him to an inne, and after some salutations, I him if he could eat any thing? He gave me ..., quoth that if he had known that any gentle... , home invited him, he would have spared ...ast at home (and with that he told me, as ..., what he had eaten;) yet nevertheless (to ... courtesie) he would shew me some small cast ... for he had one hole or corner in the profun... storehouse, into which he would stow and ... thing that the house would afford, at his ... cost. Whereupon I summoned my hostesse ... knocke upon the table, and two stampe ... her, with my fist and my foote, at which ... her personal appearance with a low cour... inquisitive what lack ye? I presently ...thority of a bold guest upon her, com... all the victuals in the house should be ..., table. She said she was but slenderly ... reason goodman *Wood* was there; but ... or could doe, we should presently have: ...th was displayed, the salt advanced, six ...aten loaves were mounted two stories high ...pier, three sixpenny veal pyes, walled ..., and well victualled within, were pre... the hazard of the *scalado;* one pound of ... (being all fat and no bones) was in a ... at this mighty preparation, one good dish ..., white as alabaster or the snow upon the ...ountains, and in the rear came up an inch... of peck household loaf; all which pro... presently, in the space of an hour, utterly ...nd brought to nothing by the meer and ...n dexterity of our unmatcheable grand ... He courageously passed the pikes, and ... shot; but the house yielded no more, ...ast arose unsatisfied, and myself dis... being thrifty, and saving my money ...

...son of his being now grown in yeares, ... stomach should fail him publicly, ...tation in the mire, it might be a dis... him for ever, and especially in Kent, ... being borne famous, he would be loth to ... for such as he was, he said that he could make a shift to destroy a fat wether in two houres, provided that it were tenderly boiled; for he hath lost all his teeth (except one) in eating a quarter of mutton, bones and all, at Ashford, in the county aforesaid; yet is he very quick and nimble in his feeding, and will riddle more eating work away in two hours, than ten of the hungriest carters in the parish where he dwells. He is surely noble (for his great stomache) and virtuous, chiefly for his patience in putting up *smoke;* moreover, he is thrifty or frugal, for when he can get no better meat, he will eat oxe livers, or a mess of warm ale-grains from a brew-house. He is provident and studious where to get more provision after all is spent, and yet he is bountiful or prodigal in spending all he hath at once: he is profitable in keeping bread and meat from mould and maggots, and saving the charge of salt, for his appetite will not wait and attend the powdering; his courtesie is manifest, for he had rather have one *farewell* than twenty Godbwyes: of all things he holds fasting to be a most superstitious branch of popery; he is a main enemy to Ember weeks: he hates Lent worse than a butcher or a puritan, and the name of Good Friday affrights him like a bull-beggar: a long grace before meat strikes him into a quotidian ague: in a word, he could wish that Christmas would dwell with us all the year, or that every day were metamorphosed into Shrove Tuesdays. In brief, he is a magazine, a storehouse, a receptacle, a bourse or exchange, a Babel or confusion for all creatures.

He is swarthy, blackish hair, hawk-nosed; (like a parrot or Roman;) he is wattle-jawed, and his eyes are sunk inward, as if he looked into the inside of his entrails, to note what customed or uncustomed goods he took in; whilst his belly (like a main-sail in a calm) hangs ruffled and wrinkled (in folds and wreaths) flat to the mast of his empty carcase, till the storm of abundance fills it, and violently drives it into the full sea of satisfaction:

Like as a river to the ocean bounds,
Or as a garden to all Britain's grounds,
Or like a candle to a flaming link,
Or as a single ace unto sise cinque,

So short am I of what Nick Wood hath done,
That, having ended, I have scarce begun;
For I have written but a taste in this,
To show the readers where and what he is.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Sterne's maid servant asked her master leave to go to a public execution. Soon after she set off, she returned all in tears. On her master's asking why she cried, she answered, "Because she had lost her labour, for before she reached the gallows, the man was reprieved."

THE DOUBLE DEALER.

A rector having a horse to dispose of, in order to set him off, turned jockey and mounted him; on which the dealer shook his head and said, "Sir, I advise you, if you want to take us in, to mount into the pulpit; do not mount on horseback."

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast;—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!
"Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day 'knives and
Scissars to grind O!'
"Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the 'squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?
"Was it the 'squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?
"(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine!)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE-GRINDER.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequer
This poor old hat and breeches, as you
Torn in
"Constables came up for to take me
Custody; they took me before the
Justice Oldmixon put me in the
Stocks for
"I should be glad to drink your honour's
A pot of beer, if you will give me
But for my part, I never love to
With

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"*I* give *thee* sixpence! I will see thee
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless

THE FINE ARTS.

A sculptor hearing a cobbler find
sandal on the foot of one of his statues
man's objections so reasonable that he
returned him his thanks. The cobb
consequence to himself from this com
gan to disapprove of the formation
"Hold, my friend," cried the artist,
criticisms should never go above the

NELL GWYNN.

The celebrated Nell Gwynn passing
ford in her carriage at the time when
were much exasperated against the Ca
of Portsmouth, one of Charles the Secon
was mistaken for the latter, and very
by the people, upon which Nell put he
the coach window and exclaimed, "Pr
folks, you labour under a mistake, I
testant w—e."

NEWTON AND DR. STUKELY.

ukely one day, by appointment, visit-
on, when the servant told him he was
one was permitted to disturb him
was near dinner-time, the visitor sat
him. Dinner was brought in—a
der a cover. An hour passed, and
not appear. The doctor ate the
up the empty dish, bade them dress
ther. Before that was ready, the
down: he apologized for his delay,
re me but leave to take my short
ll be at your service; I am fatigued
g this, he lifted up the cover, and
on, turned about to Stukely with
says he, "what we studious peo-
I had dined."

JAMES THE FIRST.

lresses presented upon the accession
4, was one from the ancient town of
ing his majesty might reign as long
, and stars endured. "Faith mon,"
the person who presented it, "if I
reign by candle-light."
e monarch went to Salisbury, one of
urers of those days climbed up the
re of the cathedral, and at the top
ersets in honour of his majesty; who
for a reward, gave him a patent,
ier of his subjects, except the afore-
is heirs male, was prohibited from
for ever.

E BUSY INDOLENT.

s was a man of parts,
in the politer arts,
nt read, with humour writ,
riends pass'd for a wit;
s ease more than his meat,
'd knaves could toil and cheat,
nselves by being great.
the suppliant bow'd,
for their votes the crowd;

Nor riches nor preferment sought,
Did what he pleased, spoke what he thought;
Content within due bounds to live,
And what he could not spend, to give:
Would whiff his pipe o'er nappy ale,
And joke, and pun, and tell his tale;
Reform the state, lay down the law,
And talk of lords he never saw;
Fight Marlborough's battles o'er again,
And push the French on Blenheim's plain;
Discourse of Paris, Naples, Rome,
Though he had never stirr'd from home:
'Tis true he travell'd with great care
The tour of Europe—in his chair;
Was loath to part without his load,
Or move till morning peep'd abroad.
One day this honest idle rake,
Nor quite asleep nor well awake,
Was lolling in his elbow-chair,
And building castles in the air;
His nipperkin (the port was good)
Half empty at his elbow stood,
When a strange noise offends his ear,
The din increased as it came near,
And in his yard at last he view'd
Of farmers a great multitude,
Who that day, walking of their rounds
Had disagreed about their bounds;
And sure the difference must be wide,
Where each does for himself decide.
Volleys of oaths in vain they swear,
Which burst like guiltless bombs in air;
And, "Thou'rt a knave!" and "Thou'rt an oaf!"
Is bandied round with truth enough.
At length they mutually agree
His worship should be referee,
Which courteous Jack consents to be:
Though for himself he would not budge,
Yet for his friends an arrant drudge;
A conscience of this point he made,
With pleasure readily obey'd,
And shot like lightning to their aid.
The farmers, summon'd to his room,
Bowing with awkward reverence came.

In his great chair his worship sat,
A grave and able magistrate:
Silence proclaim'd, each clack was laid,
And flippant tongues with pain obey'd.
In a short speech he first computes
The vast expense of law disputes,
And everlasting chancery suits.
With zeal and warmth he rallied then
Pack'd juries, sheriffs, talesmen,
And recommended in the close
Good neighbourhood, peace, and repose.
Next weigh'd with care each man's pretence
Perused records, heard evidence;
Observed, replied, hit every blot,
Unravell'd every Gordian knot;
With great activity and parts
Inform'd their judgments, won their hearts,
And without fees or time mispent
By strength of ale and argument,
Despatch'd them home, friends and content.

Trusty, who at his elbow sat,
And with surprise heard the debate,
Astonish'd, could not but admire
His strange dexterity and fire,
His wise discernment and good sense,
His quickness, ease and eloquence:
"Lord! sir (said he), I can't but chide;
What useful talents do you hide!
In half an hour you have done more
Than Puzzle can in half a score,
With all the practice of the courts,
His cases, precedents, reports."

Jack with a smile replied, "'Tis true,
This may seem odd, my friend, to you:
But give me not more than my due.
No hungry judge nods o'er the laws,
But hastens to decide the cause.
Who hands the oar, and drags the chain,
Will struggle to be free again
So lazy men and indolent,
With cares oppress'd, and business spent,
Exert their utmost powers and skill,
Work hard; for what? why, to sit still.

They toil, they sweat, they wan
For even sloth prompts to indus
Therefore, my friend, I freely a
All this address I now have sho
Is mere impatience, and no mon
To lounge and loiter as before.
Life is a span, the world an in
Here, sirrah, the other nipperkin

IRISH FLOGGING.

An Irish drummer being employed
ter, the sufferer, as is usual in such
"Strike higher." The drummer
oblige the poor fellow, did as he was
the man still continuing to roar out in
burn your bellowing!" cried Paddy
plaising of you, strike where one wi

THE COBBLER.

A cobbler there was, and he lived in
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kit
No coin in his pocket, no care in his
No ambition had he, nor dums at his
Derry down, down, down, de
Contented he work'd, and thought hi
If at night he could purchase a jug o
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, a
sweet!
Saying just to a hair I have made bo
Derry down, down, &c.
But love the disturber of high and o
That shoots at the peasant as well as
He shot the poor cobbler quite throug
I wish he had hit some more ignoble
Derry down, down, &c.
It was from a cellar this archer did p
Where a buxom young damsel comin
Her eyes shone so bright when she ro
That she shot the poor cobbler quite
Derry down, down, &c.
He sung her love-songs as he sat at h
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Tu

ke, she would flounce and would fleer,
or cobbler quite into despair;
wn, down, &c.
wl that he had in the world,
ay with himself was resolv'd;
ch his body instead of his sole,
died, and the bell it did toll:
wn, down, &c.
will, I advise as a friend,
warning by this cobbler's end:
out of love, for we find by what's

ds all to an end at the last:
rn, down, down, derry down.

JOHN BULL.

I appearance, is a plain, downright,
ow, with much less of poetry about
se. There is little of romance in his
deal of strong natural feeling. He
, more than in wit; is jolly, rather
ncholy, rather than morose; can
o a sudden tear, or surprised into a
he loathes sentiment, and has no
santry. He is a boon companion,
to have his humour, and to talk
id he will stand by a friend in a
and purse, however soundly he may

ject, to tell the truth, he has a pro-
newhat too ready. He is a busy-
, who thinks not merely for himself
for all the country round, and is
isposed to be every body's cham-
inually volunteering his services to
ur's affairs, and takes it in great
ngage in any matter of consequence
is advice; though he seldom en-
endly office of the kind without
g into a squabble with all parties,
bitterly at their ingratitude. He
ons in his youth in the noble science
aving accomplished himself in the
nd his weapons, and become a per-
ing and cudgel play, he has had a

troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours, but he begins, incontinently, to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in their broils. Indeed, he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place, without infringing some of his finely spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with his filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, and cock fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined, and brought upon the parish; and in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is, indeed, the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing; but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beef-steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbours, on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding, the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes, and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent

master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

John, with all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbours represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savours of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak; rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT FISHMONGERS' HALL.

Is that dace or perch?
Said Alderman Birch;
I take it for herring,
Said Alderman Perring.
This jack's very good,
Said Alderman Wood;
But its bones might a man slay,
Said Alderman Ansley.
I'll butter what I get,
Said Alderman Heygate,
Give me some stew'd carp,
Said Alderman Thorp.
The roe's dry as pith,
Said Aldermen Smith.
Don't cut so far down,
Said Alderman Brown;
But nearer the fin,
Said Alderman Glyn.
I've finish'd, i'faith man,
Said Alderman Waithman
And I too, i'fatking,
Said Alderman Atkins.
They've crimp'd this cod dull
Said Alderman Scholey;
'Tis bruised at the ridges,
Said Alderman Brydges.
Was it caught in a drag? Na
Said Alderman Magnay.
'Twas brought by two men,
Said Alderman Venables: Yes, in a box,
Said Alderman Cox.
They care not how *fur* 'tis,
Said Alderman Curtis.
From air kept, and from sun,
Said Alderman Thompson;
Pack'd neatly in straw,
Said Alderman Shaw:
In ice got from Gunter,
Said Alderman Hunter.
This ketchup is sour,
Said Alderman Flower;
Then *steep it in claret,*
Said Alderman Garret.

ANTICIPATION.

A poor cavalier corporal being o wrote this letter to his wife the day b to suffer, thinking it would come execution.

"DEAR WIFE,

"Hoping you are in good healt present writing, this is to let you k day, between the hours of eleven was hanged, drawn, and quartere penitently, and every body thoug hard. Remember me kindly to m children. "Yours, ti

DEFINITION OF A HEAD.

to speak in the gardener's style, is a mere crescence, growing out from between the ike a wen, it is supposed to be a mere ex- st to wear a hat on, to fill up the hollow to take snuff with, or have your hair on.

these heads are manufactured in *wood*, *ste-board*, which is a hint to show there nly be *block-heads*, but also *paper-skulls*. me acquaint us that, upon any fright or spirits fly up into the *head*, and the blood dently back to the *heart*: hence it is compare the human constitution, and the onstitution, together; they supposing the the *court* end of the town, and the heart *ry*; for people in the country seem to things to heart, and people at court only ish to be at the head of things.

ke a mighty bustle about the twenty-four ow many changes they can ring, and how mes they have composed; yet, let us look many millions of mankind, and see if any are alike. Nature never designed several h we see, it is the odd exercise they give es belonging to their visages occasions such for example; we meet in the streets with ople talking to themselves, and seem much ith such self-conversation; some people we g at every thing, and wondering with a of praise; some laughing, some crying. g and laughing are contrary effects, the least of features occasions the difference, it is the muscles to laugh, and *down* to cry. ghter is much mistaken, no person being f laughing, who is incapable of thinking. people, suddenly break aloud into violent h, ha, ha! and then, without any grada- ge at once into downright stupidity.

BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

H. commanded at the battle of Dettingen, n away with him into the French his majesty alighted, and charged the enemy on foot; "for," said the king, "tho' my horse runs away with me, I am sure my legs will not."

SAVING ONE'S BACON.

Mr. C., partner of Miss Bacon at the York Assembly, sat down after the dance in the Love-corner, so called at the rooms, when one of the dancers asked C. why he saved himself, and did not stand up; he answered, "he did not want to save himself, but to save his Bacon."

ON MISS LITTLE.

[Addressed to Miss Little, who was very short in stature, on her marriage.]

When any thing abounds we find
That nobody will have it,
But when there's *little* of the kind,
One and all we crave it.
If wives are evils, as 'tis known,
And wofully confess'd,
The man who's wise will surely own
A *little* one is best.
The God of love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou, too, art *little*, fair as light,
And all that's sweet—*in short!*
O, happy girl! all think thee so,
So thinks the poet's song—
"Man wants but *little* here below,
Nor wants that little *long*."

ACCOMMODATION.

The following curious notice was affixed to the residence of a gentleman, whose premises had suffered much from nightly depredators:—"Those persons, who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, that, if equally agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they would steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present; and as it may be some little inconvenience to get over the palings, the gate is left open for their accommodation.

(Signed) S. SWIFT."

CHASTITY.

An English lady asked the mother abbess of a convent at Paris, if the nuns kept the vow of chastity. "Yes," said the abbess, "I can venture to affirm it. For if it be a crime to cuckold an earthly husband, how much more a heavenly one."

EXTEMPORE GRACE BY BEN JONSON, BEFORE KING JAMES.

Our King and Queen, the Lord God bless,
The Palsgrave, and the Lady Besse,
And God bless every living thing
That lives and breathes and loves the King.
God bless the council of estate,
And Buckingham the fortunate,
God bless them all, and keep them safe,
And God bless me, and God bless Ralph.

The king was mightily inquisitive to know who this Ralph was. Ben told him "It was the drawer at the Swanne tavern at Charing-cross, who drew him good Canarie." We dread lest it should excite the cupidity of our Laureate, when we add that, "For this drollery, his majestie gave him a hundred pounds!"

SINKING AND SWEARING.

Two Jesnits, on their passage to America, were desired by the master to go down into the hold, as a storm was coming on; he told them that they need not apprehend any danger as long as they heard the seamen curse and swear; but if once they were silent, and quiet, he would advise them to betake themselves to prayers. Soon after the lay-brother went to the hatches, to hear what was going forward, when he quickly returned, saying, all was over, for they swore like troopers, and their blasphemy alone was enough to sink the vessel.—"The Lord be praised for it," replied the other, "then we are safe."

WORSE AND WORSE.

Two penitents, in a procession at Lisbon on Ash-Wednesday, were comparing notes about their sins. One said, "he had lain with his mother." "Ay!" said the other, "but that's a mere peccadillo to my crime, for I laid with my grand-mother."

MODERN LONDON.

"Prepare for death, if here at night you roam
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.
In vain, these dangers pass'd, your doors you c
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means* support the sinking la
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring
To rig another convoy for the king.†
A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the
No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Bless'd age! but ah! how different from our

EARLY RISING.

A man had two sons; one rose early wh
other slept soundly. The early riser found a
which the father carried to the sluggard.
ye!" said he, "if you had been up as you
was, you would have found this purse." "Fa
answered the son, "but if the owner o
in bed, as I am, he had not lost it."

* A technical term in parliam
† The nation was then disco
made by George the Second to

RONDEAU.

lack eyes my heart was won:
s wretch was so undone
By two black eyes!
with my suit I came;
s, regardless of her prize,
proper to reward my flame
By two black eyes.

A CONTRAST.

ignate general calling one morning on
lpole, found his servant shaving him.
nversation, Sir Robert said mildly,
it me;" and continued the former sub-
e. Presently he said again, "John, you
as mildly as before: and soon after he
to say it again; when the general
a rage, said, swearing a great oath,
his fist at the servant, "If Sir Robert
cannot; and if you cut him once more,
k you down."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

ıtleman having attempted many ways
uire the affections of a lady of great
was resolved to try what could be done
music, and therefore entertained her
le under her window at midnight; but
servants to drive him away by throw-
im: "Oh, my friend," said one of his
your music is as powerful as that of
draws the very stones about you."

DECENCY AND DANGER.

ning next door to a gentleman's house,
alf hour before he could prevail on his
room, into which she had locked her-
th, she came forth, greatly alarmed, in
nder petticoat, and one long ruffle on
"bless my soul!" cried her husband,
you have been, and knew the next
s fire!" "I can't help it, my dear,"
our own was in flames; I only stopped
[illegible]

AN OVERSIGHT.

A lady of fashion once declaimed to a lady of quality, in public company, against second marriages: the lady whom she addressed had been twice married; and she had recently been married to her own second husband. When reminded of this she exclaimed, "Bless me! my dear, I had quite forgotten it."

FAT FOLKS.

Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakespeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humorously called *Wool-Sack*, *Bed Presser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; Harry, a *Starveling*, an *Eel's-skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bow-case*, and a *Tuck*.

FAT AND LEAN CLUBS.

In a considerable market town, there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance; the room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as not qualified, but if he stuck in the passage and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tons. In opposition to this society, there sprung up another, composed of scarecrows and skeletons; who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. Those factions tore the corporation to pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs, by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

LOSS OF MEMORY.

he count Grammont, who had attached, if not aged himself to Miss Hamilton, abruptly went off France; count George Hamilton, her brother, sued and overtook him at Dover, when he thus dressed him: "My dear friend, I believe you have gotten a circumstance that should take place before ur return to France." To which Grammont replied, True, my dear friend; what a memory I have! I ite forgot that I was to marry your sister; but I ill instantly accompany you back to London, and ectify that forgetfulness."

A DISGUISE.

A remarkably dirty man, soliciting his friend's advice how he should dress himself for a masquerade, received the following answer: "Only just wash your hands and face, put on a clean shirt, and I'll be hanged if any one will know you."

ELEGIAC EXPOSTULATION TO AN UNFORTUNATE TAILOR.

O thou whose visionary bills unpaid,
Long as thy measure, o'er my slumber stream;
Whose goose, hot hissing through the midnight shade,
Disturbs the transport of each softer dream!
Why do imaginary needles wound?
Why do thy shears cut short my fleeting joys?
Oh! why, emerging from thy hell profound,
The ghost of shreds and patches, awful rise?
Once more look up, nor droop thy hanging head;
The liberal linings of that breast unfold;
Be smiles, far brighter than thy buttons, spread;
And nobly scorn the vulgar lust of gold.
Though doom'd by fortune, since remotest time,
No meaner coin of moderate date to use,
Lo! I can well reward with sterling rhyme,
Stamp'd by the sacred mintage of the muse.
Why mourn thy folly, why deplore thy fate,
Why call on every power in sore dismay?
Thy warmest oraisons, alas! are late:
Reflect—didst thou e'er know a poet pay?
Vain from thy shopboard the eternal sigh;
Vain thy devotions from that table rising:
Can guineas from the vacant pocket fly?
Can sorrow fill this empty purse of mine?
Ah me! so long with dire consumption pined,
When shall that purse ill omen'd prosperous
Full as the sail that holds the favouring wind?
Mysterious ministers of money, tell!
Fond man! while pausing o'er that gloomy page
That tells thee what thou art in terms so plain,
O'er the capacious ledger lose thy rage,
Nor of unsettled debts again be vain.
There lords and dukes and mighty princes lie,
Nor on them canst thou for prompt payment call.
Why starts the big drop in thine anguish'd eye?
One honest genuine bard is worth them all.
A common garment such as mortals wear
(Dull sons of clay, the ready prize who get),
Thou mad'st, and lo! it lasted one short year;
But in *my* garment thou shalt ever live.
Time ne'er shall rip one consecrated seam
Of cloth, from fancy's loom all superfine;
Nor shall I cruel haunt thy softer dream,
E'en when I dress thee in a suit divine.
Let sage philosophy thy soul inform
With strength heroic every ill to bear,
Not better broadcloth braves the angry storm
And constant patience is delightful wear.
Be patient then, and wise, nor meanly shun
Beneath despondency's tumultuous blast
The reckoning day may come when least
A joyful day, though miracles are pass

SHORT COMMONS.

A gentleman being at St. Margaret's, on a fast day, observed to another that very few of the members of the house assembled. "Is that to be wondered at other? Why I thought you understood the proclamation better; observe you not requires short commons every where!

A BOTTLE CONJURER.

ntleman, sojourning at a dashing hotel, nbyed at the smallness of the bottles, he high price of wine. One evening, as with a friend in the coffee-room, the er came in, when the gentleman after told him, he and his friend had laid a n he must decide, by telling him what was bred to. Mine host, after some he question, answered, that he was bred "Then," said the gentleman, "I have d that you was bred a packer." "A said the host swelling like a turkey- could induce you, sir, to think I was er?" "Why, sir," said the other, "I n your *wine measures*, for I thought no *ilful packer* could put a *quart* of wine ttle."

A DAY TOO LATE.

ne was so absent as to call and visit a funeral he had attended. He was much irst, but recollecting himself, said "It is for I was there."

REMEDY FOR DULNESS.

reading a tragedy to a friend who was en he had gone through three acts, asked on. "Why really," replied the proctor, t is so full of distress, that I do not see how bly heighten it in the following ones; and ently it will grow flat." "O!" said the me alone for that, I intend in the very ut my hero into the spiritual court."

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

ring borrowed money of an acquaintance, e the sum, making it payable on a Saint's ras not mentioned in the calendar, by e he thought to render the bill invalid the lender, but the business being brought ght the cause being heard, the judge de- t money should be refunded on the day

MODERATE WISHES.

Let Alexander's discontented soul
Sigh for another world's increased control;
Ill-weaved Ambition has no charm for me,
Nor, sordid Avarice, am I slave to thee.
I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country house on Windermere—
A beauteous wife, and sensible as fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care.
I am no glutton—no! I never wish
A sturgeon floating in a golden dish—
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Three guineas for my dinner every day.
What though shrewd Erskine at the bar we view,
As famed as Crassus and as wealthy too;
I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To jump like Ireland, and like Belcher box,
To act as Garrick did—or any how
Unlike our heroes of the buskin now;
To range, like Garnerin, through fields of air,
To win, like V——s, England's richest fair—
I only ask these blessings to enjoy,
And every varied talent well employ,
Thy life, Methuselah! or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.

HODGSON.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET

During the time of Mr. Garrick's performance in Goodman's-fields, the stage rose so much from the lamps to the back scenery, that it was very difficult for a performer to walk properly on it, and unfortunately it was then the custom to introduce their ghosts in a complete suit, not of gilt leather, but of real armour. The dress for this august personage was one night, in honour of Mr. Garrick's Hamlet, borrowed from the Tower, and was consequently rather too ponderous for the ghost of the royal Dane. The moment, therefore, he was put up at the trap door, unable to keep his balance, he rolled down the stage to the lamps, which catching the feathers of his helmet, the ghost seemed in danger of being consumed by mortal fires, till a gentleman rescued from the

"Help! help! the lamps have caught the cask of your spirits, and by G—if the iron hoops fly, the house will be in a blaze." The attendants ran on the stage, carried off the ghost, and *laid him* in a water tub.

THE MIRACLE.

An old mass priest in the reign of Henry VIII. after the Bible was translated, was reading the miracle of the five loaves and two fishes; when he came to the verse that reckons the number of the guests, he paused a little, and at last said they were about *five hundred*; the clerk whispered in his ear that it was *five thousand*. "Hold your tongue, sirrah," said the priest, "we shall never persuade the people it was five thousand."

PERFECTION.

A celebrated preacher having remarked in a sermon that every thing made by God was perfect. "What think you of me?" said a deformed man in a pew beneath, who arose from his seat and pointed at his own back. "Think of you," reiterated the preacher, "why that you are the most *perfect hunchback* my eyes ever beheld."

TAKING COUNSEL'S OPINION.

A pickpocket having been practising his trade in a court of justice, was taken in the fact, and it was deemed the best way to try him without further delay. The fellow demanded counsel, when a gentleman of the bar was allowed him, with whom he retired to a chamber adjoining the court, in order to consult him. The window of the room not being many feet from the ground, the delinquent said, "I think, sir, the most expedient way for me to extricate myself would be to jump out of that window." "Faith it is mine too," said the counsellor, who immediately suffered the fellow to escape. On returning into the court he was asked concerning the prisoner.—"He has escaped," replied the counsellor. "And why did you suffer it without giving the alarm?" reiterated the judge. "For the best of all reasons," replied the other: "I was deputed his adviser, and as we both agreed in opinion, he took his measures accordingly."

LAW.

Law is a crooked lying thing,
The source of every evil,
Allied to plunder and to sin,
And first-born of the devil.

It has no heart, no virtues kind,
No yearnings of compassion;
But gripes as vultures tear the
For feeling's out of fashion.

It plunders honesty and lives
On bowels of the needy;
But robs with smiles the purse
With poverty 'tis greedy.

It has a stomach to devour
The gold of all the nation,
And then to hell would sue for
And offer an oblation.

It is in ev'ry ill so school'd,
It has but one true master,
And truth there's odds if Nick,
Or law itself goes faster.

DEAF AND DUMB.

A fellow, carrying a heavy load, c
now and then "Make way," but
this caution a conceited fellow would
him, whereby his coat was nearly to
On being taken before a magistrate fo
it was deemed, the porter remained
interrogatory, upon which the compl
exclaimed, "Why, the fellow is not
very well this morning." "What did
quired the justice. "He cried out ma
he could bawl," returned the other. "
the magistrate, "he gave you timel
you should have profited by, and then
not have been torn."

AMERICAN LAW.

The following notice appeared in a
"To be sold on the 8th of July, 151
property of an eminent attorney about
business. Note, The clients are rich a

UNLUCKY INSOLVENT.

Co. having directed a letter,
, Esq. if living; if dead, to his
"Sir, or Gentlemen," and
ng heard from Mr. Hardinge
on for settling an enclosed ac-
he must be dead; and if that
as was true, requesting it might
tor; Mr. Hardinge immediately

iphook, what is fear'd by you,
umstance is true;
more afflicting still,
not pay your bill.
I am broken-hearted,
lvent, I departed;
ours, without a farthing,
d self, GEORGE HARDINGE."

ge which these lines have cost,
anking privilege have lost.

CHESTERFIELD.

rd Chesterfield that the French
ople than the English, he hesi-
es: the observer continued to
by adding, "My Lord, the
mselves." "Nay then," re-
confession proves the English

IANTER.—A TALE.

of Bogilis full is this Buke.
Gawin Douglas.

leave the street,
neebors meet,
aying late,
at gate;
it the nappy,
ge happy,

We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Ah! gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony.
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm—
Nae man can tether time or tide—
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles hauding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scot's sonnet;
Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd herael.
Before him Doon pours all her floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, Wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted frae a rope,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,



ake nae sic life bereft,
nains yet stick to the heft;
! horrible and awfu',
n to name wad be unlawfu':
ane glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
mang they grew fast and furious:
bout and louder blew;
n quick and quicker flew;
l, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
dlin swat and reekit,
her duddies to the wark,
at it in her sark!
m, O Tam! had they been queans
ind strapping, in their teens!
, instead o' cheeshie flannen,
-white seventeen hunder linen!
o' mine, my only pair,
e were plush, o' guid blue hair,
gi'en them aff my hurdies,
k o' the bonnie burdies!
ter'd beldams, auld and droll,
hags wad spean a foal,
a' flinging on a cummock,
idna turn thy stomach.
keen'd what was what fu' brawlie,
ae winsome wench and walie,
inlisted in the core,
ken'd on Carrick shore!
beast to dead she shot,
'd mony a bonnie boat,
baith meikle corn and bear,
he country-side in fear,)
ark, o' Paisley harn,
a lassie she had worn,
e tho' sorely scanty,
best, and she was vauntie.—
ken'd thy reverend grannie,
he coft for her wee Nannie,
nd Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
reased a dance of witches!
my Muse her wing maun cour;
ng far beyond her power;
Maggie lap and flang,
ld she was auld strang,)

And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ane caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plunderingherds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* o' the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross,
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake.
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

. . . . . .

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed:

* It is a well-known fact, that witches or any evil spirits have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper wise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he is in with bogles, whatever danger may be in the road, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. BURNS.

THE SAINT AND THE DEVIL.

A very ugly gentleman was requested by a beautiful woman to accompany her a little way, when she led him to a painter's house, and having whispered to the artist, she retired, saying that she would return shortly.—On quitting the chamber the gentleman demanded what he was wanted for. "I thought you knew," replied the painter, "that I am taking that lady's likeness in the character of a saint being tempted by the devil, and she means you to sit for the tempter."

CAPABILITY BROWN.

Mr. Brown, the celebrated gardener and botanist, surnamed *Capability* Brown, being at a nobleman's seat arranging his pleasure grounds, was met on quitting his lordship's mansion by two rows of fine livery servants. As it was then the custom to make a present to each when a visitor left the mansion, upon this occasion, Capability Brown turning round to his lordship produced the following extempore in a whisper.

Of footmen faith you have a score,
They line your passage to the door,
But troth they put me in the dumps
I own, my lord, this alley's good,
Yet I would have it understood,
They had look'd better plac'd in clumps.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

This gentleman writing a letter one evening at a coffee-house, was much embarrassed by an Irish gentleman, who was rude enough to look over his shoulder all the time. "What do you mean," said the Irishman, "do you think I looked at your letter?" "Sir," said Garth very gravely, "I once opened my lips to you."—"Aye, aye, J——s, you have put it down for all that." "It is impossible, sir," said Garth, "as you say you once looked over my letter."

LIES.

A person in prison was asked by a friend what it was for.—"For telling lies," said he. "Telling lies! how is that?" demanded the friend. "Why, telling people I would pay 'em, and not keeping my word."

IMPROMPTU ON THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN [illegible] WITH MISS PATTEN.

May the union cemented on Wednesday at N[illegible]
Be blissful and crown'd with abundance of [illegible]
May the *Foot* ever closely adhere to the *Patt*[illegible]
The *Patten* for ever stick close to the *Foot!*

And tho' pattens are used but in moist dirty [illegible]
May their journey through life be unclouded an[illegible]
May they long fit each other;—and moving [illegible]
May only one *sole* (soul) be still cherish'd be[illegible]

SHORT RECKONING.

"There were a hundred justices," said [illegible] the monthly meeting. "A hundred!" said [illegible] "Yes (said he) do you count, and I will [illegible] There was justice Balance, put down one; [illegible] Hall, put down a cipher, he is nobody; justice [illegible] you may put down another cipher for him; *one*, and *two ciphers*, are one hundred."

A BAD HABIT.

A Frenchman being reprehended for b[illegible] wife severely once every month, made this [illegible] never do it but on the morning when I go [illegible] sion." "And why then?" said the other. "[illegible] am sure of being reminded of every sin [illegible] might forget some were it not for this cus[illegible]

AUSE OF GENUINE SORROW

an taking an apartment, said to the land-
sure you, madam, I never left a lodging
lady shed tears." She answered, "I hope
sir, because you went away without

A QUIET DEATH.

e actor having stabbed himself, in the cha-
onoko, turned himself about two or three
paniel before the fire, to see where he could
afortably down. Two gentlemen in the
truck by the eccentricity of his manner,
bear laughing aloud; on which Whitely
em, cried, "Be quiet, you thieves! can't
n die in *peace*, and be d—d to you!"

ON, THE SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.
A TALE.

possessed a favourite spaniel,
reated maid nor man ill:
which we cannot too much say,
godfather the name of Tray.

urs of service just,
e race of mortals, sought the dust—
to say, the spaniel died:
en was ordered to be made,
as in the church-yard laid,
is pale remains the master cried:
uch his trusty fur-clad friend,
to commemorate his end,
mall blue stone, just after burial,
, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

Tray's Epitaph.

relics of a friend below,
more sense than half the folks I know;
ase, and to no parties prone,
sect, but calmly gnawed his bone;
functions well in every way—
ians, if you can, and copy *Tray*.

the Huntingtonian band,
gospel-hawks that scour the land,
And fierce on all their quarry fall,
Those locusts, that would eat up all,
Men who, with new-invented patent keys
See heaven and all the angels in the skies;
As plain as in the box of showman Swiss,
For little master made, or curious miss,
We see with huge delight the king of France
With all his lords and ladies dance.
This curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaimed, with infinite devotion:
"O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
Fine doings, these, upon my word!
This, truly, is a very pretty thing!
What will become of this most shocking world?
How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurled!
"Oh! by this damned deed how I am hurried,
A dog in Christian ground, indeed, be buried!
And have an epitaph forsooth, so civil:
Egad! old maids will presently be found
Clapping their dead *rum cats* in holy ground,
And writing verses on each *mousing devil*."
Against such future casualty providing,
The priest set off, like Homer's Neptune, striding,
Vowing to put the culprit in the court:
He found him at the spaniel's humble grave;
Not praying, neither singing of a stave;
And thus began t' abuse him, not exhort,—
"Son of the devil, what hast thou done?
Nought for the action can atone—
I should not wonder if the Great All-wise
Quick darted down his lightning all so red,
And dashed to earth that wretched head,
Which dared so foul, so base an act devise.
"Bury a dog like Christian folk!—
None but the fiend of darkness could provoke
A man to perpetrate a deed so odd:
Our inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
And quickly your fine fleece shall shear;
Why, such a villain can't believe in God."
"Softly, my reverend sir," the squire replies,
"Tray was as good a dog as ever died—

No education could his morals mend.
And what, perhaps, sir, you may doubt,
Before his lamp of life went out,
He ordered you a legacy, my friend."

"Did he?—poor dog!" the softened priest rejoined,
In accents pitiful and kind;—
"What! was it Tray? I'm sorry for poor Trav.
Why, truly dogs of such rare merit,
Such real nobleness of spirit,
Should not like common dogs be put away.

"Well, pray what was it that he gave,
Poor fellow, e'er he sought the grave?
I guess I may put confidence, sir, in ye."
"A piece of gold," the gentleman replied.—
"I'm much obliged to Tray," the parson cried;
So left God's cause, and pocketed the guinea.

CUMBERLAND'S INGRATITUDE.

Mr. Cumberland being asked his opinion of Mr. Sheridan's School for Scandal, said, "I am astonished that the town can be so duped! I went to see his comedy, and never laughed once from beginning to end."—This being repeated to Sheridan—"That's d—d ungrateful of him," cried he, "for I went to see his *tragedy* the other night, and did nothing *but* laugh from beginning to end."

THE PRAISE OF POTATOES. A BURLESQUE.

Hail, rare potatoes! hot or cold, all hail!
O quickly come mine appetite's delight!
Whether in oven's fiery concave clos'd,
By bakers' art delicious thou'rt embrown'd
While rills of purple gravy from the pores
Of mighty beef improve the luscious fare.
Whether the dame of culinary skill
Have rudely scalp'd thee o'er, and to the rage
Of warring elements consign thee deep,
Beneath the cope of air-excluding lid
In humid durance plung'd. Or when with steaks
Of marbled vein, from rump of stall-fed steer
Disparted late—slic'd in the shallow pan
I view thee kindly strew'd, how joys my heart!
How flash with eager glance my longing eyes!
Or in the tedious eve, when nipping frost
Reigns potent, 'mid the smould'ring embers
(From subterranean store selected) thou
Of amplest size rotund, of native coat
Yet unbereft—and if my homely board
Penurious, add but few salubrious grains
Of humble salt, I bless the cheap repast!—
But chiefly come at noon-tide hunger's call
When from th' ebullient pot your mealy tri
With happiest art concoct, profusely pour
And be the mass with butter's plenteous
To rich consistence wrought: nor oh! with
The pepper's pungent pow'r, of grateful gla
Beneficent! lest my insatiate claim
Ventose and wat'ry, cause the twinging gri
Of cholic pang abdominal!—And here
Need I relate how when for thee I slight
Thy rival roots and poignant sauces rare
Crown'd with exotic name, my humble
Mock'd with rude insult, wakes the latent
Of witling's fire—a feeble, glowworm ray
That beams, not burns! Nor feels my
taste
(Taste undeprav'd by fashion's varying
Alone the shaft, but person, fortune, fame,
All, all, invidious scann'd, with sneer
And scoff sarcastic.—In *the pudding's* pra
Let others rant loquacious—I despise
The doughy morsel for my fav'rite food.
Give me but this, ye gods! scornful I pass
Each celebrated shop——(*Williams, or*
Or he of Belgic fame—idol supreme
Of city saint in city-hall ador'd!—
By mortals *Hoffman* hight)—where brittle
Multangular—with custards, cakes, and
And lucid jellies nodding o'er the brim
Of crystal vase, in pastry pomp combine
To lure the sense. These, these, unmov'd
While fond I antedate potatoes' charms,
"Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behi

EPITAPH ON A MRS. DEATH.

Here lies Death's wife; when this was sent y
Be not surpris'd should Death himself be dea

DLER'S TWINS.

cal play of "*Henry VIII.*" was
ry-lane theatre, and Mr. John
acted Cromwell, in extolling the
ume to this passage
witness for him
learning that he rais'd in you,
ford!"
ood by, cried out, "D—n me! if
l Wolsey was *married* before!"

IREE INFANTS IN ST. IVES'
CHURCHYARD.

abes no man did ever see,
ighty gave to we;
rised by ager fits,
lies, as dead as nits.

ITY AND GRATITUDE.

e de Namours had charitably
ild. When the child was about
id to her benefactress, "Madame,
grateful for your charity than I
knowledge it better than by tell-
your daughter; but do not be
ay that I am your lawful child,
e daughter."

BRAN'S SHIRT.

college, was called before the
dirty shirt. "I pleaded," said
ar a *clean one*, and I told their
of poor Lord Avonmore, at that
ton. 'I wish, mother,' said
n shirts.'—'*Eleven!* Barry, why
mother, I am of opinion that a
fortable, ought to have *a dozen*.'
one, and I made the precedent

LAIN REASONS.

man one day asked the Duke
, "How happened it that you
—?" "I will tell you, sir,"
ly, "I thought I should not
win it, and so I lost it." "But," added he, turning himself slowly round, "who is the fool that asked me this question?"

AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

As want of candour really is not right,
I own my satire too inclined to bite;
On kings behold it breakfast, dine, and sup—
Now shall she praise, and try to make it up.
Why will the simple world expect wise things,
From lofty folks, particularly kings?
Look on their poverty of education!
Adored and flattered, taught that they are gods,
And by their awful frowns and nods,
Jove-like, to shake the pillars of creation.
They scorn that little useful imp called mind,
Who fits them for the circle of mankind
Pride their companion, and the world their hate;
Immured, they doze in ignorance and state.
Sometimes, indeed, great kings will condescend
A little with their subjects to unbend!
An instance take:—A king of this great land,
In days of yore, we understand,
Did visit Salisbury's old church so fair:
An Earl of Pembroke was the monarch's guide;
Incog. they travelled, shuffling side by side;
And into the cathedral stole the pair.
The verger met them in his silken gown,
And humbly bowed his neck with reverence down,
Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay:
Looking the frightened verger through and through,
All with his eye-glass—"Well, sir, who are you?
What, what, sir?—hey, sir?" deigned the king to say.
"I am the verger here, most mighty king:
In this cathedral I do every thing;
Sweep it, an't please ye, sir, and keep it clean."
"Hey? verger! verger!—you the verger?—hey?"
"Yes, please your glorious majesty, I *be*."
The verger answered with the mildest mien.
Then turned the king about towards the peer,
And winked, and laughed, then whispered in his ear

Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word:
ll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my
lord?"

Then with his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
He kenned the trembling verger o'er again.

"He's a poor verger, sire," his lordship cried:
"Sixpence would handsomely requite him."
"Poor verger, verger, hey?" the king replied:
"No, no, then, we won't knight him—no won't
knight him."

Now to the lofty roof the king did raise
His glass, and skipped it o'er with sounds of praise!
For thus his marvelling majesty did speak:
"Fine roof this, Master Verger, quite complete;
High—high and lofty too, and clean, and neat:
What, verger, what? *mop*, *mop* it once a week?"

"An't please your majesty," with marvelling chops,
The verger answered, "we have got no mops
In Salisbury that will reach so high."
"Not mop, no, no, not mop it?" quoth the king
"No sir, our Salisbury mops do no such thing;
They might as well pretend to scrub the sky."

From Salisbury church to Wilton-house, so grand,
Returned the mighty ruler of the land—
"My lord, you've got fine statues," said the king.
"A few! beneath your royal notice, sir,"
Replied Lord Pembroke—"Stir, my lord, stir, stir;
Let's see them all, all, all, all, every thing.
"Who's this?—who's this?—who's this fine fellow
here?"

"Sesostris," bowing low, replied the peer.
"Sir Sostris, hey?—Sir Sostris?—'pon my word!
Knight or a baronet, my lord?
One of my making?—what, my lord, my making?"—
This, with a vengeance, was mistaking!

"Se-sostris, sire," so soft, the peer replied,
"A famous king of Egypt, sir, of old."
"Poh, poh!" the instructed monarch snappish cried,
"I need not that—I need not that be told.
"Pray, pray, my lord, who's that big fellow there?"
"'Tis Hercules," replied the shrinking peer.
"Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow, hey?

Cleaned stables!—cracked a lion like a flea,
Killed snakes, great snakes, that is a mat
him—
The queen, queen's coming! wrap us w
him."

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Sir Wisky Whiffle is one of those
tering, tip-toe tripping animalculæ of t
flutter about fine women like flies in a
as harmless, and as constant, as their
dangle by the side of beauty, like pa
equipage, as glittering, as light, and
the ladies suffer such things about th
soufflée gauze, not as things of value,
show with; they never say any thi
but, with an eye-glass in their ha
ladies, as if they were a jury of astr
a writ of inquiry upon some beau
imagine themselves possessed of th
snake, who can, as it is said, fasc
that every fine woman must, at firs
arms.—"Ha! who's that, Jack?
woman; 'pon honour, an imme
Who is she? she must be one
come-atable, 'pon honour." "
stranger that overheard him, "
she's a lady of strict virtue."—
at her again; ay, ay, she may
for, now I look at her aga
devilish ungenteel about her."

LORD MANSFIE

Court of Requests.—Wi

This was a case which, b
was considered of no small
to the auditors, in the cours
no small merriment.

Mr. Williams, who is
barber, but in more refin
perruquier, appeared in th
and obtained a summons



o Mr. Reeves, an attorney in Tottenham-
l, calling upon him to attend on a given
ow cause why he should not pay a debt of

illiams, who spoke with a sort of lisping
arrulously addressed the Commissioner:
" he said, " been a hair-dresser, man and
nty-eight years. He had served his time in
, where he had the honour of making wigs
f the greatest men as ever lived—of all
s and of all ranks—judges, barristers, and
—churchmen as well as laymen—illiterate
ll, as literate men; and among the latter,
rank the immortal Dr. Johnson: but of all
e had ever set comb to, there was none on
so much prided himself as a full state wig
ad made for Lord Mansfield; it was one
est proofs of his genius: it had excited
ommendation of his master, and the envy
ther shopmates; but, above all, it had
y, even delighted, the noble and learned
lf. Oh! gemmen," exclaimed Mr. Wil-
you had known what joy I felt when I
s noble Lordship on the bench with that
head!" (in an under tone, but rubbing his
.ecstacy.) " Upon my say so, I was
three days after!"

missioner—What has this wig to do with
n's debt

iams—A great deal · that's the very bone
n.

missioner—Doubtless; but you must come
w, if you can, as soon as possible.

ams—I will. Well, as I was saying—
leave off?—Oh! when I was fuddled.

missioner—I hope you have left off that
ng, good man.

iams—Upon my say so, I have, trust
I was a saying, to make a long story
ame of time I left my master in the
up for myself, and did a great stroke of
y. I could tell you such a list of customers.

Commissioner—Never mind, we don't want your list—go on.

Mr. Williams—Well, then, at last I set up in Boswell-court, Queen-square, Lawk me! what alterations I have seen in that square, surely in my time. I remember when I used to go to shave old Lord——

Commissioner—For God's sake, do come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—Well, I will. Where was I? Oh! in Boswell-court—[Commissioner, aside: I wish you were there now.]—Well, then, you must know when Lord Mansfield (God rest his soul!) died, his wig—the very, very wig I made—got back to my old master's shop, and he kept it as a pattern for other judge's wigs: and at last who should die but my master himself. Ay, its what we must all come to.

The Commissioner—Go on, go on man, and come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams—I will, I will. Well, where was I? Oh! in my poor master's shop. Well, so when he died, my mistress gave me—for she knew, poor soul! how I loved it—this identical wig; and I carried it home with as much delight as if it had been one of my children. Ah, poor little things! they're all gone before me.

The Commissioner—Come, if you don't cut this matter short, I must, and send you after them.

Mr. Williams—Dearee me! you put me out. Well, as I was a saying, I kept this here wig as the apple of my eye; when, as ill-luck would have it, that ere Mr. Lawrence came to my shop, and often asked me to lend it to him to act with in a play—I think he called it Shycock, or Shylock, for he said he was to play the judge. I long refused, but he over persuaded me, and on an unlucky day I let him have it, and have never (weeping and wiping his little eye with his white apron) seen it since.

The Commissioner—And so you have summoned him for the price of this wig?

Mr. Williams—You have just hit the nail on the head.

The Commissioner—Well, Mr. Lawrence, what have you to say to this?

Mr Lawrence (with great pomposity)—Why, sir, I have a great deal to say.

The Commissioner—Well, then, sir, I desire you will say as little as you can, for there are a great many persons waiting here whose time is very precious.

Mr. Lawrence—Not more precious than mine, I presume, sir. I submit that this case is in the nature of an action of trover, to recover the possession of this wig; and this admitted, sir, I have humbly to contend, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited; for, sir, you will not find one word of or concerning a wig in his declaration. The plaintiff must not travel out of his record.

Commissioner—What record?

Mr. Lawrence—The record in Court.

Commissioner—We have no record.

Mr. Lawrence—You have a summons, on which I attend to defend myself; and that is, to all intents and purposes, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, a record similar to, and of the essence of a record in the Court above.

Commissioner—Sir, we are not guided by the precedents of Courts above here. Our jurisdiction and our powers are defined by particular Acts of Parliament.

Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I contend, according to the common law of these realms, that I am right.

Commissioner—I say, according to the rules of common sense, you are wrong.

Mr. Lawrence—Sir, I have cases.

Commissioner—Sir, I desire you will confine yourself to this case.

Mr. Lawrence—What says Kitty upon the nature of these pleadings?

The Commissioner—And pray who is Kitty?

Mr. Lawrence—The most eminent pleader of the present day.

The Commissioner—I never heard of a woman being a special pleader.

Mr. Lawrence—He is not a woman, sir; he is a man, sir, and a great man, sir—and a man, sir——

The Commissioner—Do you mean Mr. Chitty.

Mr. Lawrence—I mean the gentleman you call Chitty, and most erroneously so call him; you ought to know that the *CA* in Italian is [illegible] English K; and Mr. Kitty, by lineal descent, Italian. It is a vulgar error to spell his name with *y* final, it ought to be *i*, and then it would sound Kittee.

The Commissioner—I should rather take Chitty's authority for this than yours.

Mr. Lawrence (in anger)—Sir, do you insult me?

The Commissioner—Sir, I will bring you to a short issue. Did you borrow this wig?

Mr. Lawrence—I did.

The Commissioner—Do you choose to pay for it?

Mr. Lawrence—It is destroyed.

The Commissioner—How destroyed?

Mr. Lawrence—It was burnt by accident.

The Commissioner—Who burnt it?

Mr. Lawrence—I did, in performing my duty as the *Judge* in Shakspeare's inimitable play of the Merchant of Venice. While too intently reading the pleadings of *Portia*, the candle caught the wig, which with difficulty, escaped having my eyes burnt out.

The plaintiff here uttered an ejaculation of suffering, something between a groan and a curse.

The Commissioner—Well then, sir, as I before told you, you are responsible for the wig which was intrusted to your care; and, without hearing more, I order and adjudge that you pay to the plaintiff the sum of 39*s.* 11½*d.*, which is the sum he has sworn it is worth.

Mr. Williams—Swear! Lord love you, sir, it was worth a Jew's eye. Indeed, nothing can compensate me for its loss.

Commissioner—I cannot order you to pay Mr. Williams, unless Mr. Lawrence and his friend Shylock to part with one of their eyes. I order you such a sum in monies numbered as he has sworn this wig is fairly and honestly worth.

A long dispute followed, as to the value, when Mr. Williams ultimately agreed to pay costs, and the parties were dismissed grumbling at each other.

A SET-DOWN.

day in company with a young cox-
with some conceited gesticulation,
ent air, said, "I would have you to
I set up for a wit." "Do you,
Dean, "then take my advice, and

IKENESS; OR, MY COUSIN.

tind, and my lady all fair,
l fetters were link'd;
is wanting, and that was an heir,
night not be extinct.
last, and a sweet rosy boy,
he truth we'll record;
ook'd, but to lessen the joy,
is *not like—My lord.*
beauty, the christening came,
'd friends by the dozen:
, O yes, ev'ry gossip could name,
er ladyship's *cousin!*
moment her cousin came in,
ll pleasing and grace!
id, his nose, and his sweet dimpled

uld easily trace.
iling; the captain smil'd too;
no likeness could see:
ay my lady, affirm'd to be true,
the captain agree.
s, would again view the child:
iking wise, hemm'd and haw'd;
eir folly, (by fancy beguil'd,)
s just like—my lord!
fix'd to go down to the grove,
y, good-humour'd and kind,
ther's age might an hindrance prove,
to leave him behind.
l, all our friends are inclin'd to be

ot have more than a dozen."
nd my lord, "let your grandfather

well dispense with *my cousin.*"

MISERIES OF AN AMERICAN STAGE-COACH.

"After all," says Madame de Stael, "it is a melancholy pleasure to travel." My dear Corinna, what an expression! "a pleasure to travel!" You might as well have said, "D'abord ce n'est qu'un triste plaisir que de se faire ARRACHER LE DENT!" However pleasant it might be to you to roll in your baronial travelling carriage from Geneva to Paris, to meet the incense of your adoring *beaux esprits*, I can assure your illustrious shade, that the American stage-coach is quite another affair. The very genius of inconvenience seems to have invented them, and to continue his ungracious assistance to arrange their evolutions.

Misery 1st. PACKING.

2. After a sleepless night of anxiety, on the eve of the fatal day, mixed with the interesting reflections—is every thing right in my valise?—Will Mary remember to wake me at four?—where did I "*pack*" my shaving apparatus? &c.—you drop into a perturbed sleep, which in half an hour is broken by the appalling cry—"*The stage is come, sir.*" You wake with aching head and low spirits, and would give every thing in the world, except your already paid passage-money to sleep till nine.

3. Getting into the coach in the dark, treading on the feet of the peevish, sleepy, occupants—you are stuck upon the midst of the narrow, tottering, *middle* seat, with no back to lean against, and two or three trunks already in possession of the place destined for your legs. A sick child is awaked by your entrée, and the mother opens an octave higher than concert pitch, to drown his cries and aid in waking him thoroughly. After keeping you in this state half an hour, the coachman drives on, and you are greeted with the muttered "*d—n*" of your opposite male fellow-passenger, as you pitch against him, and the whining "*dear me! luddy mercy*" of the "LADIES," (to use the coachman's hyperbolical compliment to the gingham draped travellers,) on whom in turn you recoil.

4. A breakfast at a poor tavern. Domestic coffee

sweetened with maple sugar; heavy, coarse bread—tough, cold ham. No napkins, no salt-spoons, no egg-cups, no toast, no nothing. You have now a view of your fellow-passengers, who are to bear you company throughout a long summer's day. And first of the "*ladies*,"—the sick child's cross mother—a red, fat, snuff-faced widow, and two old maids with faded silk gowns and gold necklaces. The men ignorant and presuming, wrangling about manufactures and politics, and treating their salivary glands to a profusion of tobacco. You have a fine time to reflect on your folly, in leaving the charming, cheerful breakfast at C——'s, the strong, hot amber of the coffee, the light French rolls, the Vauxhall ham, and, above all, the rosy, laughing girls, blooming and giggling from their morning slumbers, and full of the amusements and sports of the day,—"a longing, lingering look behind!"

5. As you are about to mount the mud-fleckered coach, you look with tardy prudence for your valise. *Remember*, at this convenient season, you *forgot it*. You thus endure, like the man in the play, not only disgrace and inconvenience, but positive loss. Forced to open your heavy, large, close-packed trunk twenty times a day, for want of the valise as a tender. Your imagination dwelling on it with nervous tenacity. So neat a *valise*—so convenient—all my dressing articles—the very *valise* I had abroad—how could I lose my *valise?* &c. &c.

6. A rough, stony road, wooden springs to the carriage, the horses, as well as the driver, in *spirits*, or deep clinging mud, lazy driver and tired horses—long stages of twelve or fifteen miles, with a heavy load.

7. Wishing to make a cross-cut, you are told that, at the next village, you will certainly find horses. Arrive, and while seeking the landlord, let the former stage drive off. Find *out* that there are no horses *in*. Perquisitions reluctantly and indolently made for you at the Doctor's, Squire L.'s, &c. unsuccessful, it being the landlord's interest to detain you, and hence

8. A day at a country tavern, no books, amusements, or company. (See Washington Irving's Stout Gentleman.) No good wine—no agreeable prospect—no pleasant scenery—no p
The day seems like a little etern
"Nothing there is to come,

9. Arrive at your destinat
corkscrewed up five pair of s
dark chamber, with two beds.
under the artful pretence of
pitcher, but returns not:—no be
bar—every one busy with the p
their new coats and smooth ch
your muddy travelling frock a
you for your own servant, and m
—dressing to go out—find that e
is precisely at the *nadir* of your
quite so *handy* as an elephan
wrinkles—cravats yellow—qu
dandies in the reading and ba
whom you have cards at home
country to stay a fortnight—little
dit—see a fine girl in the str
yankee coat instead of falling in l
de raison—find the reverse of t
prophet in his own country true
the table d'hôte—quarrel—no
note—make your dying arrang
leave them with—bound over to
friend to be bail—get into the co
thing worse than before, becaus
riosity to gratify, and have tired
into a state of querulous despo
home, and learn that in your ab
failed, and your mistress married

WHAT'S AN EPIC

The first known English

A student at his book so pla
That wealth he might hav
From book to wife did flete
From wealth to wo to run.
Now who hath paid a frater
Since juggling first began
In knitting of himself so *fas*
Himself he hath *undone*.

ISTRATIVE PREACHING,

reaching a charity-sermon, February
urch in the city, during his discourse
pocket a newspaper, and read out
g paragraph, viz.—On Sunday, the
, two ponies ran on the Uxbridge
a for twenty guineas, and one gained
a head; both ponies ridden by their
nother paragraph of the like kind,
Romford road, on a Sunday. He
for reading part of a newspaper in
e believed it was the first instance
he sincerely wished that there never
a for the like again. He then pointed
in of Sabbath breaking.

one of the fanatics of Cromwell's
on Psalm cvii. 7.—"He led them
t way, that they might go to a city
told his audience that God was forty
rael through the wilderness to Ca-
s not forty days' march; but that
great way about. He then made a
cushion, and said that the Israelites
ledom cum crankledom."

a mosque began the history of Noah
rom the Koran:—"I have called
etting the rest of the verse, repeated
ver and over. At length one of his
t, "If Noah will not come, call

LOFESSIONAL DUTIES.

oneer, one Samuel Stubbs,
er execution with his hammer,
y his puffing clamour,
nd Magog with their clubs,
t Fee-fa-fum of war,
avian Thor,
mallet, which (see Bryant's
fell'd stoutest giants:
knock'd down houses, churches,
of oak, and elms and birches,
With greater ease than mad Orlando
Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own
Lot by knocking others down;
And had he been content with shaking
His hammer and his hand, and taking
Advantage of what brought him grist, he
Might have been as rich as Christie;—
But somehow when thy midnight bell, Bow,
Sounded along Cheapside its knell,
Our spark was busy in Pall-mall
Shaking his elbow,—
Marking, with paw upon his mazzard
The turns of hazard;
Or rattling in a box the dice,
Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore
To Stubbs; for often in a trice,
Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay
All that his hammer brought him in the day,
And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, our wight,
What he had done by day undid at night,
No wonder, therefore, if, like her
He was beset by clamorous brutes
Who crowded round him to prefer
Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest
Bill for many suits—of raiment,
And naturally thought he had the strongest
Claim for payment.
But debts of honour must be paid,
Whate'er becomes of debts of trade;
And so our stylish auctioneer,
From month to month throughout the year,
Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges
Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges,
When in the latter mood one day
He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay,—
"But when?"—"Next month.—You may de
pend on't
My dearest Snipps, before the end on't—
Your face proclaims in every feature,
You wouldn't harm a fellow-creature—

You're a kind soul, I know you are Snipps."
'Ay, so you said six months ago,
But such fine words, I'd have you know
Butter no parsnips."
This said, he bade his lawyer draw
A special writ,
Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it
Up with the utmost rigour of the law.
This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs,
That is to say,
In a civic way,
Where business interposes not its rubs;
For where the main chance is in question,
Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,
Pylades and Orestes break,
And Alexander cuts Hephæstion;
But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,
Tenfold politeness makes amends.
So when he met our Auctioneer,
Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his
Writ, and said with friendly leer,
"My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice;
In this affair I hope you see
No censure can attach to me—
Don't entertain a wrong impression;
I'm doing now what must be done
In my profession."——
"And so am I," Stubbs answered with a frown,
So crying "Going—going—gone!"
He knock'd him down!——

POETICAL BALANCE.

An Italian poet presented some verses to the pope, who had not gone far before he met with a line too short in quantity, which he observed. The poet submissively entreated his holiness to read on, and he would probably meet with a line that was a syllable too long, so that that account would be balanced.

THE FROLICSOME DUKE, OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

The following story is told of Philip the Good, *Duke of Burgundy*, by an old English writer. "The said duke, at the marriage of I
to the King of Portugal, at Brug
which was solemnized in the depth o
as by reason of unseasonable weather
ther hawk nor hunt, and was now t
dice, &c. and such other domestic s
ladies dance; with some of his court
the evening walk disguised all abo
so fortuned, as he was walking lat
found a country fellow dead drunk
bulk; he caused his followers to b
palace, and there stripping him of
and attiring him after the court f
wakened, he and they were all ready
his excellency, and persuade him th
great duke. The poor fellow, admir
there, was served in state all day lo
he saw them dance, heard music,
of those court-like pleasures: but la
he was well-tippled, and again fast a
his old robes, and so conveyed him t
they first found him. Now the fell
them so good sport the day before,
when he returned to himself; all th
how he looked upon it. In conclu
little admiration, the poor man to
had seen a vision; constantly believ
otherwise be persuaded, and so the

Now as fame does report, a yo
court,
One that pleases his fancy with frol
But among all the rest, here is one
Which will make you to smile w
true jest:
A poor tinker he found lying drunk
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a
The duke said to his men, William,
Take him home to my palace, we'll s
O'er a horse he was laid, and with
To the palace, altho' he was pooth
Then they stript off his clothes, both
hose.
And they put him to bed for to take

l'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
re him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
f soft down, like a lord of renown,
y him, to sleep the drink out of his crown.
ning when day, then admiring he lay,
he rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

something late, in his rich bed of state,
knights and squires they on him did wait;
amberlain bare, then did likewise declare,
o know what apparel he'd wear:
aber arrar'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
d how he to his honour was rais'd.
m'd something mute, yet he chose a rich

traightways put on without longer dispute;
on his side, which the tinker oft eyed,
l'd for to swell him no little with pride;
to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
ver did see me so fine in her life.

enient place the right duke his good grace,
his behaviour in every case.
of state on the tinker they wait,
ounding before him; thought he, this is

our or two, pleasant walks he did view,
anders and squires in scarlet and blue.
was drest, both for him and his guests;
'd at the table above all the rest,
air or bed lin'd with fine crimson red,
golden canopy over his head
his meat the music play'd sweet,
oicest of singing his joys to complete.
nker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
and sherry, and tent superfine.
honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
n began for to tumble and roll
hair to the floor, where he sleeping did

times drunker than ever before.
ake, did ordain, they should strip him

him his old leather garments again:

'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carried him straight where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.
For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream:
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.
Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloke,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke,
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the countries round,
Crying, old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my dutchess attend.
Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace;
I was never before in so happy a case.

GLOVES AND ARMS.

A very brave soldier had both his arms carried off in a battle; his colonel offered him half a crown: "Undoubtedly, colonel," replied the soldier, "*you think I have only lost a pair of gloves.*"

THIEF OUTWITTED.

A citizen missed two pounds of fresh butter, which was to be reserved for himself. The maid, however, had not only stole it, but fastened the theft upon the cat; averring, moreover, she caught her in the act of finishing the last morsel. The wily cit immediately put the kitten into the scales, and found it to weigh

but a pound and a half! This city mode of accurate reasoning being quite conclusive, the girl confessed her crime.

A CONNOISSEUR

Though born in this kingdom, he has travelled long enough to fall in love with every thing foreign, and despise every thing belonging to his own country, except himself. He pretends to be a great judge of paintings, but only admires those done a great way off, and a great while ago; he cannot bear any thing done by any of his own countrymen, and one day being in an auction room where there was a number of capital pictures, and among the rest an inimitable piece of painting of fruits and flowers; the connoisseur would not give his opinion of the picture until he had examined his catalogue, and finding it was done by an Englishman, he pulled out his eye-glass, "O Sir," said he, "these English fellows have no more idea of genius than a Dutch skipper has of dancing a cotillion; the dog has spoiled a fine piece of canvas; he's worse than a Harp-alley sign-post dauber; there's no keeping, no perspective, no fore-ground; why there now, the fellow has attempted to paint a fly upon that rose-bud; why its no more like a fly than I am like an a—" But as the connoisseur approached his finger to the picture, the fly flew away.—His eyes being half closed, this is called the wise man's wink, and shows he can see the world with half an eye; he has so wonderful a penetration, so inimitable a forecast, he always can see how every thing was to be—after the affair is over.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by fate,
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numscull, how goes
York?"
"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you.
But on four legs instead of two,"
"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below the
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend
"Yees—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite facetious,"
The counsel cried with grin sardonic—
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing—
Now, farmer, do for once speak true!
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no; we've got our share
But not so many as when *you* were the

NATIONAL ANTIPATHY.

An Indian, being condemned to die by
niards, (who had already caused the
millions of men, in their conversion,) was
by a Franciscan friar, to turn Christian,
would go to heaven. "Are there any
there?" inquired the heathen. "Yes,
friar,) it is full of them."—"Nay, then,
Indian,) I prefer going to hell, rather
any more of their company."

ISLINGTON WORTHIES.

. Quick, who can scarcely walk,
ite a decided tawny ;
s is supported by milk and chalk,
s Hogg is too lean to be brawny ;
's a flourishing Acton's Rod,
s a garden-painter,
of Britain has never trod,
s Rose than a lily is fainter.

: an arch has never made,
ver beaten an anvil ;
s nought of the floury trade,
kstill will never be stand still ;

heard in a public house,
as prim as a quaker ;
fister Lion, he squeaks like a mouse,
! Mistress Stiff is a shaker.

is fair, and Miss Black is red,
r Blunt is civil ;
a was never bred,
l's a very "devil."

all by parrying law,
ie'er wound a reel.
used nor set a saw,
withstood a meal.

s, keeps a house for beer ;
e's a godly fellow,
of Cobbett, he will appear
id bones, though sallow ;

:h has never sown,
vas ne'er enlisted,
irprise, is lusty-grown,
Roper's still untwisted.

s never fledged their wings,
lows never travel,
r Starling ever sings,
e is as soft as gravel.

v Jay completely dumb,
low Cross good-natured ;
fandy without a thumb,
e human featured.

Here's Mr. Fox without a tail,
Thomson, who is no poet,
Cooper who cannot make a nail,
And Sell who will not sell it.

Draper has never dealt in cloth,
Excepting his profession,
Armstrong has never killed a moth,
Or Garret kept possession.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, have ne'er
Been scribes in sacred writ ;
Water's so dry, he covets beer,
And Lack entraps with wit ;

Jolly is sick, Gay is sad,
Badger's a gentle fellow ;
Good, like his name, is rarely bad,
Or Pearman ever mellow.

I've hosts of others left in store—
Anon, I'll ring their changes,
When memory flings their pleasures o'er,
And fancy round them ranges ;

For Islington contains such folks
As love with friends to mingle—
To please the married with the jokes,
And marry all the single.

BELL RINGING.

A poor Swiss, who was in the mad-house of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish church ; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At lenght he sought the governor, and said to him, "I come, sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells ; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head ; I cannot do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours, and he died ringing the bells.

COOKE THE COMEDIAN AND THE DIRTY BEAU.

After performing one evening at Manchester, Cooke repaired to a small tavern near the theatre, in company with a friend; mirth and good-humour prevailed till twelve o'clock, when his friend perceiving, as he thought, a something lurking in his expressive eye which foretold a storm, he anxiously endeavoured to get him home before it burst forth. The importunity of his friend, instead of having the desired effect, precipitated what he had foreseen; with a haughty, supercilious look, he said, "I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel! you canting, methodistical thief! Am I, George Frederick Cooke, to be controlled by such a would-be puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian!"—then pulling off his coat, and holding his fist in a menacing attitude, "Come out," said he, "thou prince of deceivers! though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not remove me—come out, I say!" With some difficulty he was pacified, and resumed his coat. There was a large fire in the room, before which stood a figure with his skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of buckism, very deficient in cleanliness and costume; his face was grimy, and his neckcloth of the same tint, which nevertheless was rolled in various folds about his throat; his hair was matted, and turned up under a round greasy hat, with narrow brims, conceitedly placed on one side of his head. Thus equipped, the filthy fop straddled before the fire, which he completely monopolized. At length he caught the eye of Cooke, who in silent amazement, for the space of half a minute, examined him from top to toe; then turning to his friend, he burst into a horse laugh, and roared out, "*Beau nasty, by Heaven!*" Perhaps intimidated by Cooke's former bluster, this insensible puppy took little notice. Cooke now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his own coat in imitation of the *beau*, turned his back to the fire. "Warm work in the *back settlements*, sir," said he; then approaching still nearer, *as if* he had some secret to communicate, whispered, *though loud enough* for every one to hear, "Pray, sir, how is soap?" "Soap!" "Yes, sir, soap—they say it is coming down." "I am glad of it." "Indeed, sir, you have cause, if one may judge from your appearance." Here was a general laugh, which the *beau* seemed not to regard, but nodding his head and hitting his boots with a small rattan, rang the bell with an air of importance, and inquired if he could have a "*veal kitlet*, or a *mutton chip*?" "What do you think," said Cooke, "of a *roasted puppy*? Because," taking up the poker, "I will spit you and roast you in a minute." This had a visible effect upon the dirty *beau*; he retreated towards the door, Cooke following with the poker. "Avaunt and get my sight; thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwashed; avaunt! avaunt! I say:"—then replacing the poker and returning to his seat, he continued, "Now I am a man again."

DOMESTIC JARS.

The following curious advertisement appeared in an American paper: "Whereas I, Daniel O., through misrepresentation, was induced to put away my wife, Rhoda, in the papers: now I beg leave to inform the public, that I have again taken her, and after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner; so that every thing, as usual, goes on like clockwork."

"Divorc'd like scissars rent in twain,
Each mourn'd the rivet out:
Now whet and rivetted again,
They'll make the old shears cut."

GRACE MAL-A-PROPOS.

A milliner's apprentice being obliged to wait on a duchess, was fearful of committing some error in her deportment. She therefore went to consult a friend as to the manner in which she should address this great personage: who told her that when she came before the duchess she must say her grace, and so forth. Accordingly away went the girl, and being introduced, after a very low courtesy, she said, "For what I am going to receive the Lord make me truly thankful." To which the duchess said, *Amen!*

ɹER AND THE BARN.
ıh gave up the ghost,
ers in the silent tomb
› rule the roast,
oul away to *kingdom come.*
his glimmering eyelids closed,
e composed,
lbrim, like a hopeful heir,
r's will and dropped the onioned

eful thing,
n handkerchief so white!
from etiquette's soft spring,
pretty sight—
with mutes and undertakers;
vs foam, like ocean's breakers.
lab, in Irish knell,
e and will 'gan yearn;
of half a barn
iah,
›nce the dismal yell,
:ning eyeballs glow with ire.
ithe Cupid's golden dart,
›hawk Jealousy's cursed poison,
young squire should start
-weeping eyes on
bour Hezekiah,
ıd his arms of prime Miss Dinah.
o'er his frantic face,
idously against the grain,
with a grace,
ly in the ground was lain.
:t to his rival,
sure, was wonderous civil)
ı a style so warm,
I find part of a barn,
ed thee by my honoured sire—
thy stars will be so kind,
› western wind,
a part I make a fire!"

ARRICK'S ACTING.

ld once said to Mr. Garrick, ın actor every where but upon the

KEEPING A SECRET.

Dr. Paul Hiffernan, an author of no celebrity, but kept in countenance by Garrick, sober or drunk never revealed his residence: he frequented the coffee-houses, and had his letters addressed there, but he ever adroitly evaded letting any one know where he lodged. The wits and wags of the day tried every expedient, but in vain. Mr. Dossie, secretary to the Duke of Northumberland, used to spend his evenings at Slaughter's coffee-house, and he had the eccentric, or odd way of insisting upon seeing the last of the company home; and, as Hiffernan was no starter from the bottle, they were frequently the last. The latter, however, had the address to defeat his friend's politeness; for finding that "apologies," and "declining the friendly office," "that he lodged a long way off," &c., all in vain, he then fairly set out towards the city. Dossie persisted till he had got to St. Paul's church-yard: "Pray, doctor, do you live much farther?"—"Oh yes, sir!" says the doctor, "and on that account I told you it would be giving you a great deal of trouble." This revived the other's civility, and on they marched till they reached the Royal Exchange. Here the question was asked again, when the doctor, who found him lagging, and thought he could venture to name *some* place, replied, that "he lived at Bow." This answer decided the contest; Mr. D. confessing he was not able to walk so far, and wishing the doctor a good night, walked back to his lodgings, near Charing Cross, with great composure. And as soon as Mr. Dossie had fairly got the start, Dr. Hiffernan walked home to his own lodgings, in one of the little courts in St. Martin's Lane.

BOWELS OF COMPASSION.

Caroline, queen of George II. died of a mortification in her bowels, and her body was twisted with towels; the usual method practised in that disorder. As she would not be reconciled to her son even on her death-bed, the circumstance gave rise to the following lines:

Here lies wrapt up in twenty towels,
The only proof that Caroline had bowels.

TORYISM.

Lord Chesterfield, on seeing a lady who was a reputed jacobite, adorned with orange ribands, at the anniversary ball at Dublin, in memory of king William, thus addressed her extempore:

Thou little tory, where's the jest
To wear those ribands in thy breast;
When that same breast, betraying, shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose.

PUFFING BURLESQUED.

The following whimsical account of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance in Dublin, is extracted from an old Irish newspaper.—"On Saturday, Mrs. Siddons, about whom all the world has been talking, exposed her beautiful, adamantine, soft, and lovely person, for the first time, at Smock-Alley Theatre, in the bewitching, melting, and all-tearful character of Isabella. From the repeated panegyrics in the impartial London newspapers, we were taught to expect the sight of a heavenly angel; but how were we supernaturally surprised into the most awful joy, at beholding a mortal goddess. The house was crowded with hundreds more than it could hold, with thousands of admiring spectators, that went away without a sight. This extraordinary phenomenon of tragic excellence! this star of Melpomene! this comet of the stage! this sun of the firmament of the Muses! this moon of blank verse! this queen and princess of tears! this Donnellan of the poisoned bowl! this empress of the pistol and dagger! this chaos of Shakspeare! this world of weeping clouds! this Juno of commanding aspects! this Terpsichore of the curtains and scenes! this Proserpine of fire and earthquake! this Katterfelto of wonders! exceeded expectation, went beyond belief, and soared above all the natural powers of description! She was nature itself! She was the most exquisite work of art! She was the very daisy, primrose, tuberose, sweet-brier, furze-blossom, gilliflower, wallflower, cauliflower, aurica, and rosemary! *In short*, she was the bouquet of Parnassus! Where *expectation* was raised so high, it was thought she *would be injured* by her appearance; but it was the *audience who were injured*: several fainted before the curtain drew up! but, when she cu scene of parting with her wedding-ring, sight was there! the very fiddlers in the "albeit, unused to the melting mood," like hungry children crying for their breakfast; and when the bell rang for music be acts, the tears ran from the bassoon player such plentiful showers, that they choked stops, and making a spout of the instrume in such torrents on the first fiddler's book, seeing the overture was in two sharps, the the band actually played in one flat. But and sighs of the groaning audience, and th corks drawn from the smelling-bottles, pro mistake between the flats and sharps being One hundred and nine ladies fainted! two into fits! and ninety-five had strong hyste world will scarcely credit the truth, when told that fourteen children, five old women dred tailors, and six common-councilmen, tually drowned in the inundation of tears from the galleries, the slips, and the bo crease the briny pond in the pit; the water fee: deep, and the people that were oblige upon the benches, were in that position a ankles in tears! An act of parliament playing any more will certainly pass."

THE CHURCHWARDEN, OR THE LEAST OF A TALE.

The phrase "eating a child," is probably terious import to many persons, though per understood by those versed in the dialect parochial officers. To assist the uninitia lowing story, founded on fact, may be illustration.

At Knightsbridge, at a tavern called the Churchwardens, overseers, a jolly clan,
Ordered a dinner, for themselves and f
A very handsome dinner, of the best:
Lo! to a turn the different joints were dr
Their lips, wild licking, every man cou
Loud was the clang of plates, and knives,
Delightful was the sound of claret corks,

so close and lovingly the bottle :
're club, and *jen' sais quoi*,
ce of honest corks ye know,
p-blushing from the generous pottle.
to listen and to see,
s as busy as a bee—
:ipped like harlequin so light ;
rine, removal swift of dishes,
ing all their wishes—
nan voracious as a kite,
he trencher-heroes hate
t keep them from the plate,
eys on a running horse
k-asses that cross the course.
id reason too ; for mind,
gs, demandeth *mouth* and *wind* :
ire weakeneth *wind* and *jaws*,
gormandizing cause. [sung,
nmed, and swilled, and laughed, and
, and clapped, and roared, and rung,
:s of tables, chairs, and glasses,
, in honour of their lasses,
me was toasted all the time—
lecent—it had been a crime,
icate and sacred names,
indeed with whores and flames :
'ere crammed unto the chin,
ith wine had filled his skin,
ndlord with a cherub smile :
one he lowly bowed,
y—honoured—vastly *proud*—
owed again in *such* a style !
i liked the dinner and the wine :"
smen answered, " Very fine
ner, Larder, to be sure."—
dlord, laden deep with bliss,
s so humble almost kiss
or.
d tone—a tone of gravity,
l full of smiles and suavity,
ttle, the churchwarden, call—
arder," said soft Mister Guttle,
e and fox-like face so subtle—
le word or two, that's all."

Forth ran th' obedient landlord with good will,
Thinking most naturally upon the bill.
" Landlord," quoth Guttle, in a soft aly sound,
Not to be heard by any in the room,
Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound,
" Do you know any thing of Betty Broom ?"
" Sir ?" answered Larder, stammering—" Sir ? what sir,
Yes, sir, yes—yes—she lived with Mistress Larder ;
But may I never move, nor never stir,
If but for *impudence* we did discard her !
No, *Mister* Guttle—Betty was too brassy—
We never keep a *servant* that is saucy."
" But, landlord—Betty says she is with child."
" What's that to *me* ?" quoth Larder, looking wild—
" I never kissed the hussy in my life,
Nor hugged her round the waist, nor pinched her cheek ;
Never once put my hand upon her neck—
Lord, sir, you know that I have got a wife.
Lord ! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—
I would not touch her with a pair of tongs :
A little puling chit, as white as paste ;
I'm sure that never suited with my taste.
But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*
I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,
My wife hath got the cursed'st keenest nose,
Why, zounds, she would have catched me in a crack ;
Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—
Curse her ! she always watched me like a cat.
Then, as I say, Bet did not hit my taste
It was impossible to be unchaste :
Therefore it never can be true, you see—
And mistress Larder's *full enough* for *me* !"
" Well," answered Guttle, " Man, I'll tell ye what—
Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting :
Whether Miss Betty hit your *taste* or not,
There's good *round* proof enough that you've been *tasting*.
And, Larder, you've a wife, 'tis very true,
Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew ;

But Betty *was not* a bad piece of stuff."—
Well, *Mister* Guttle, may I drop down dead,
ever once I crept to Betty's bed?
And that, I'm sure, is swearing strong enough."
But, Larder, all *your* swearing will not *do*,
If Betty swears that she's with child by *you*.
Now Betty came and said she'd *swear* at once—
But *you* know best—yet mind, if Betty'll *swear*,
And then again! should Mistress Larder *hear*,
The Lord have mercy, Larder, on thy sconce.
Why, man, were this affair of Betty told her,
Not all the devils in hell would hold her.
Then there's your modest stiff-rumped neighbours all—
There'd be a pretty kick up—what a squall!—
You could not put your nose into a shop—
There's lofty Mrs. Wick, the chandler's wife,
And Mrs. Ball, the butcher's imp of strife,
With Mrs. Bobbin, Salmon, Muff, and Slop,
With fifty others of such old *compeers*—
Zounds, what a hornet's nest about thy ears!"
From cheerful smiles, and looks, like Sol, so bright,
Poor Larder fell to looks as black as night;
And now his head he scratched, importing guilt—
For people who are innocent *indeed*,
Never look down, so black, and scratch the head;
But, tipped with confidence, their noses tilt,
Replying with an unembarrassed front
Bold to the charge, and fixed to stand the brunt—
Truth is a towering dame—divine her air;
In native bloom she walks the world with *state*:
But falsehood is a meretricious fair,
Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;
Dares not look up with resolution's mien,
But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;
For ever haunted by a doubt
That all the world will find her out.
Again—there's honesty in *eyes*,
That shrinking show when tongues tell lies—
With Larder this was verily the case:
Informers were the eyes of Larder's face.
"Well, sir," said Larder, whispering, hemming, ha-ing,
Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—
"This is a damn'd affair, I can't but say—
Sir, please to accept a note of twenty pound,
Contrive *another* father may be found;
And, sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay."
Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty;
For who, alas! would wish to make a
Guttle next morning went and talked to
When Betty swore the bantling to *another*.

F. FU

WONDERS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Writing elephants!—Cælius Rhod
elephants have been sometimes known to

Large tortoises.—Diodorus Siculus
the tortoises in the Indian sea are so
people sail in their shells on the rivers,
little cock-boats.

A bull changing his colour like the
Macrobius describes a wonderful bull
Hermynta, that the people worshipped,
his colour every hour in the day.

A Woman becoming a man.—Pliny
Cicero de Divinatione,) that Lelia Co
woman, was turned into a man upon
marriage.

Large ants.—Rhodius says, the
larger than foxes.

Women more modest when dro
Pliny tells us, that a dead body in
be a man, in rising, hath his face
heaven; but, if it be a woman, she
face downward.

Some men walk after their
Averroes de Med. said, that he
patient, who, having his head
and fro, for a small while, in sig
It is also written of Dionysius A
his head was smitten off, he
Some say it was a league and
his execution. St. Denys did
monstrated by St. Augustine,
resurrection!

…ox.—Livy gravely relates, that an ox, …ket, cried out—"Rome! take care of …

dogs.—Pliny, in his 6th book, tells us, …oke when Turquin was driven from the …

rook.—Suetonius says, a rook exclaimed …l, when they were going to assassinate *Estai panta kalon.*"—Well done.

locks with a razor.—Livy says, that king …ring the powers of an augur, desired him …tatoes in two with a razor as a proof of …hich he did!

…ntleman who drank no liquid.—Pliny, in History, tells of a gentleman, whose name …ictor, at Rome, who, having been pre…d drink largely, in all his old age forbore …ll.

…g fifty-seven years of his life in sleep.—…f Epimenides the gnostic, who, when a …earied with heat and travel, laid himself …certain cave, and there slept fifty-seven …awaking, he marvelled (like Nourjahad) …changes he observed in the world.

dogs' heads and tails, and fountains of …—Pliny tells of men in India with dogs' …rs with only one leg, though perfect …swiftness of foot; of a nation of pigmies; …lived by the smell; of tribes who had …in their forehead; and of some whose …wn to the ground.—Ctesias, as cited by …s of fountains of liquid gold, and of men …India—true we ought to remember, that …archon, a Spanish voyager, of undoubted …men with tails on the coast of Califor…at several others have seen men with …

Monboddo rejoiced at this testimony, …rchon tells us that these tails were dis…be fictitious; and we are also assured, …-headed men were found to wear vizards. …ains of gold, the Indian legends say so …, and so they are credited as re…

…one hundred and twenty feet long.—…mus says, that the artillery of Regu…lus, in Africa, had to contend with, and at length killed, such a serpent by stoning him; the serpent's hide was sent to Rome.

A man born laughing.—Pliny says, that Zoroaster laughed the same day wherein he was born; and that the brain of this young philosopher so panted and beat, that it would raise up the hands of those who laid them on his head.

Triton.—Pausanias relates a story of a monstrously large triton, which often came on shore in the meadows of Boeotia. Over his head was a kind of finny cartilage, which, at a distance, appeared like hair; the body covered with brown scales; and nose and ears like the human; the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth, like those of a panther; the eyes of a greenish hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a shelly substance. This monster, whose extremities ended in a tail, like a dolphin, devoured both men and beasts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra at last contrived his destruction. They set a large vessel, full of wine, on the sea-shore; Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound sleep; in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus: where, says Pausanias, it continued a long time.

Five hundred thousand wild beasts killed in the Coliseum.—Historians say, that on the first day of the opening of the Coliseum, at Rome, Titus produced five hundred thousand wild beasts, which were all killed in the arena.

WOMANHOOD, IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER.

Right welle of lerned clerkis it is said,
That womanhood for man his use is made;
But naughtie man liketh not one or soe,
But wisheth aye unthriftilie for moe.
And when by holy church to one he's ty'd
Then for his soul he cannot her abyde:
Thus when a dogge first lighteth on a bone,
His tayle he waggeth, gladde therefore y growne,
But if thilke bone unto his tayle you tye,
Pardie, he feareth it, awaie doth flie.

THE TURNCOAT.

Buck, the player at York, being asked how he came to turn his coat twice; replied, smartly, "that one good turn deserved another!"

THE LOST CORKSCREW.

When Oliver Cromwell and some of his saints
Were over a bottle, quite free from restraints,
The corkscrew by accident fell from the table,
And to find it at first the drunk guests were unable,
When as Noll got impatient, and went on his knees,
A messenger entered, and said, "If you please,
The kirk's deputation would wish to be heard."
"Not at present (cried Noll) we are seeking the Lord."
Then observed to his friends, "They are not without merit
Who seek the means humbly to get at the spirit."

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.

The walk of a deceased blind beggar, (in a charitable neighbourhood,) with his dog and staff, were actually advertised for sale in the newspapers of 1804.

"A person, in his twenty-sixth year, tired of the dissipation of the great world, is forming a comfortable establishment in one of the least frequented quarters of the city. His domestics are a coachman, cook, three footmen, and a chambermaid. He is in search of a young girl, of good family, to improve this honourable situation: she must be well educated, accomplished, and of an agreeable figure, and will be entertained in the quality of *demoiselle de compagnie* (female companion.) She shall receive the utmost attention from the household, and be as well served, in every respect, or better, than if she were its mistress!"—*Paris Papers.*

"Wanted immediately, fifteen hundred or a thousand pounds, by a person not worth a groat; who, having neither houses, land, annuities, or public funds, can offer no other security than that of simple *bond, bearing* simple interest, and engaging the *repayment of the* sum borrowed in five, six, or seven *years, as* may be agreed on by the parties. Whoever this may suit, (for it is hoped it will by directing a line for A. Z. in Ro immediately replied to, or waited o necessary."—*St. James's Chronicle.*

"Lately published, the trial of which it is manifest that (the then tice Jefferies had neither learning manners, but more impudence than (as was said of him by king Charle abusing all those worthy citizens Papillon and Mr. Dubois, calling factious, pragmatical, sneaking, sniveling, prick-eared, crop-eared, rascals and scoundrels, as in page be seen. Sold by Michael Janeva sellers."—*St. James's Chronicle,*

"Wanted a person to take care patience is inexhaustible, whose whose vigilance is unwinking, who ing is boundless, whose industry whose neatness is unparalleled."—

NATHANIEL LEE'S RHA

When Nathaniel Lee, the cel was confined in Bedlam, Moorf following lines on the walls of his

Oh! that my lungs could bleat lik
That e'en with bleating, they
itch;
And grow as mangy as the Irish
T' engender whirlwinds for a s
Not, that a dry dead herring flare
To swing a tythe pig in a cat s
Because the great hail-stones whi
By lessening of their price, mig
I grant, that drunken rainbows,
Snort, like to flesh-hooks, in fa
Which made him laugh, to see a
For creeping puddings only pl
The reason's plain; for Charon's
Running a tilt with the subjun
Beckon'd to Basil Grove; and ga
To fatten padlocks with Antare

ERICAL SIN.

is discourse on the heinous sins of
randing one's neighbours, unluckily
al over the pulpit; when a wag re-
had omitted to mention the most
that of *over-reaching!*

E MOTHER LIKE CHILD.

gentleman was one day at a dinner,
ne fell on the breeding a good racer,
gh bred race horse on the male side
," said he, "without they have it
side also, I am sure they will be
Ye'll all allow that I have com-
my wife is a great fool, and my
r her."

AILOR BOY AT PRAYERS.

, whom God nor demon scares,
el and pray, who swore his prayers,
nd him pleased and grinning,
lawyer on the shoulder,
was ever bolder,
a novel mode of sinning:
et would be reckoned rare,
at blood game infidels can dare;
nory brings a fact,
it an English tar would act.
n Sundays, prayers are given;
:ked, sailors think of heaven,
in a storm;
d no brandy to get drunk.
a miserable funk,
ey to th' Almighty to reform,
only once, once more,
to clap a foot on shore.
or gentle airs,
k-days pester heaven with prayers;
he Jacks a common saying, [ing."
o danger, there's no need of pray-
were met
nan preach and pray,
o willing to forget
ing handing out, had stolen away;
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawled to take a nap, into a cask.
The boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The boatswain's cat, sagacious smelt him out
Gave him a clawing to some tune—
This cat's a cousin-german to the knout.
"Come out, you sculking dog," the boatswain cried,
"And save your damned young sinful soul."
He then the moral-mending cat applied,
And turned him like a badger from his hole.
Sulky the boy marched on, and did not mind him,
Altho' the boatswain flogging kept behind him:
"Flog," cried the boy, "flog—curse me, flog away—
I'll go—but mind—deuce take me if I'll *pray*."

COMPULSORY TEARS.

A countryman in the north of England had been so unkind a husband, so severe a father, so rigid a master, and so bad a neighbour in general, that not a tear was shed at his funeral. The sexton observed, that he had officiated in that capacity forty-five years, and that an instance of the sort had never happened before, and that it might not disgrace the village, he seized a litttle boy and lugged his ears most severely, which soon produced the desired effect of tears.

THE SECRET.

In a fair lady's heart, once, a secret was lurking,
It toss'd and it tumbled, it long'd to get out,
The lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,
And tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt.
But honour look'd gruff on the subject, and gave it
In charge to the teeth, so enchantingly white;—
Should the captive attempt an elopement to save it,
By giving the lips an admonishing bite.
'Twas said, and 'twas settled, and honour departed,
Tongue quivered and trembled, but dared not rebel,
When right to its tip, secret suddenly started,
And half, in a whisper, escaped from its cell.
Quoth the teeth, in a pet, we'll be even for this,
And they bit very smartly above and beneath,
But the lips at that instant were bribed with a kiss,
And they popt out the secret in spite of the teeth.

EASE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

A man very much in debt, being reprimanded by his friends for his disgraceful situation, and the *anxiety* of a debtor being urged by them in very strong expressions: "Ah! that may be the case," said he, "with a person who *thinks of paying*."

THE DEVIL'S RAMBLE ON EARTH.

[The late Professor Porson being once solicited in company to give some jocular proof of his abilities, complied by producing the following lines.]

From his brimstone bed at break of day,
The devil's a walking gone;
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock there goes on.
And over the hill, and over the dale
He rambled, and over the plain:
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.
"And pray now, how was the devil drest?"
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat it was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind, which his tail went through.
He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill by his own stable;
And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel
He saw an apothecary on a white horse,
Ride by on his avocations,
The devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of death in the Revelations.
He stept into a rich bookseller's shop,
Said he, "We are both of one college
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once
Hard by the tree of knowledge."
He saw school-boys acting prayers at morn,
And naughty plays at night.
And, "Oho, Mr. Dean," he shouted, "I ween
My own good trade goes right."
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

Down the river did glide with wind and tide
A pig, with vast celerity;
And the devil grinn'd, for he saw all the while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought the smile,
Of England's commercial prosperity.
As he pass'd thro' Cold-Bath-Fields, he saw
A solitary cell;
And the devil he paused, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade;
Nimbly, quoth he, do the fingers move
If a man be but used to his trade.
He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man
With but little expedition;
Which put him in mind of the long debates
On the slave trade abolition.

He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind,)
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind;
The devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and his creeping things
Went up into the ark."

Sir Nicholas grinn'd, and switch'd his tail
With joy and admiration;
For he thought of his daughter Victory,
And his darling babe Taxation.
He saw General Gascoigne's* burning face,
Which put him into consternation;
So he hied to his lake, for, by a slight mistake
He thought 'twas a general conflagration.

OUT OF PLACE.

When the beau-monde held their concerts and balls
ed tents upon the leads of the houses, it was
to a person, who not approving of it, said that
making too great an encroachment upon the

* This gentleman had been very facetious, which
some proof of the Professor's poetical talents.

DE LONGFELLOW'S INN.

lines are written on a pane of glass at
ith Wales. The proprietor's name is

's name is most justly his due,
long his bill, which is very long too;
ere your horse to the stable is led,
s rubbed down, and much longer till

nay you sit in a comfortless room,
en long *dirty*, your dinner shall come;
told-tale that your host will relate,
hilst complaining, how long people

fellow long ere he see me again,
re I long for *Tom Longfellow's* inn.

T MOOR OF FLEET STREET.

have heard of Tom Moor, the linen-
-street. His father, when he died,
ient fortune, and a shop of excellent

anding at the door one day, a coun-
to him with a nest of jackdaws, and
ays, "Measter, wool he buy a nest
o; I don't want any."—"Measter,"
, "I'll sell them all cheap; you shall
nest for noinpence."—"I don't want
Tom Moor, "so go about your busi-

was walking away, one of the daws
ead, and cries, "Mawk, mawk."—
ys Tom Moor, "the bird knows my
countryman, what will you take for
Whoy, you shall have him for three-
Moor bought him, had a cage made,
p in the shop.
en took much notice of the bird, and
ly tap at the bottom of the cage, and
you little are you?" and immedi-
m Moor of Fleet-street."
e the jackdaw learnt these words; and
little or water, would strike his bill
s, turn up the white of his eyes, cock
his head, and cry, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street. Tom Moor of Fleet-street."

Tom Moor was fond of gaming, and often lost large sums of money; finding his business neglected in his absence, he had a small hazard-table set up in one corner of his dining-room, and invited a party of his friends to play at it.

The jackdaw had by this time become familiar; his cage was left open, and he hopped into every part of the house, sometimes he got into the dining-room, where the gentlemen were at play; one of them being a constant winner, the other would say; "Damn it how he nicks 'em;" the bird learnt these words also, and adding them to the former, would call, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street; damn it how he nicks 'em."

Tom Moor, from repeated losses and neglect o business, failed in trade, and became a prisoner in the Fleet; he took his bird with him, and lived on the master's side, supported by his friends in a decent manner. They would sometimes ask, "What brought you here?" when he used to lift up his hands, and answer, "Bad company, by G—d." The bird learnt this likewise, and at the end of the former words would say, "What brought you here?" and to imitate his master, lift up his pinion, and cry, "Bad company by G—d."

Some of Tom Moor's friends died, others went abroad, and by degrees he was totally deserted, and removed to the common side of the prison; where the gaol-distemper had broken out; he caught it, and in the last stage of life lying on a straw-bed, the poor bird, who had been two days without food or water, came to his feet, and striking his bill on the floor, called out, "Who are you? who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street. Damn it how he nicks 'em, damn it how he nicks 'em. What brought you here? what brought you here? Bad company, by G—, bad company, by G—."

Tom Moor, who had attended to the bird, was struck with his words, and reflecting on himself, cried out, "Good God! to what a situation am I reduced! *My* father, when he died, left me a good fortune and

n established trade; I have spent my fortune, ruined
ny business, and am now dying in a loathsome goal,
and to complete all, keeping that poor thing confined
without support: I'll endeavour to do one piece of
justice before I die, by setting him at liberty."

He made shift to crawl from his straw-bed, opened
the casement, and out flew the bird. A flight of
jackdaws from the Temple was going over the gaol,
and Tom Moor's bird mixed among them. The gar-
deners were then laying the plats of the Temple gar-
dens, and as often as they placed them in the day,
the jackdaws pulled them up by night. They got a
gun, and attempted to shoot some of them; but being
cunning birds, they always placed one as a watch in
the stump of a willow tree; who, as soon as the gun
was levelled, cried "Mawk, mawk," and away they all
flew, so that the men could never shoot one of them.

The gardeners were advised to get a net, and the
first night it was spread, they caught fifteen; Tom
Moor's bird was amongst them. One of the men took
the net into the garret of an uninhabited house, fastens
the door and windows, and turns the birds loose.
"Now," says he, "you black rascals, I'll be revenged
on you." Taking hold of the first at hand, he twisted
his neck, and throwing him down, cries, "There goes
one." Tom Moor's bird, who had hopped upon a
beam in one corner of the room unobserved, as the
man laid hold of the second, calls out, "Damn it how
he nicks 'em." The man alarmed cries, "Sure I
heard a voice! but the house is uninhabited, and
the door fast: it could not be imagination." On lay-
ing hold of the third, and twisting his neck, Tom
Moor's bird again says, "Damn it how he nicks 'em."
The man dropped the bird in his hand, and turning
to where the voice came from, seeing the other with
his mouth open calls out, "Who are you?" to which
the bird answered, "Tom Moor of Fleet-street. Tom
Moor of Fleet-street."—"The devil you are; and
what brought you here?"—"Bad company, by G—."
Bad company, by G—." The fellow, frightened
almost out of his wits, opened the door, and ran
down stairs out of the house, followed by all the
birds, who by this means saved their lives, and gained
their liberty.

THE SICK LADY AND THE ALMANAC

A poor old woman with a diarrhœa,
Brought on by slip-slop tea and rot-gut bee
Went to Sangrado with a woful face;
And, hawking twice or thrice, to clear he
She told him in a plaintive note,
Her case!

* * * * *

Disease had brought her to a doleful st
Her legs seemed tottering with a lifeless
Her bosom panted for the lack of brea
Her voice seemed echoing from the vi
Her sunken orbs of light but dimly sh
A gasping spectre! hardly skin and b
The doctor being in a wonderous hur
To still a lady in hysteric flurry,
Could hardly stop to hear pale mise
So, jumping in his coach, he bawled
Howe'er, to keep the dame from di
From the sharp gripe of grinning
He told her thar she need but hurr
And boil some bole ammoniac i
Then call upon him in a day or tw
And let him know
If things went better, or in stat
The dame, obedient to the docto
Came when the time prefixed
Health seemed to triumph o'er
But still she seemed a little
Sangrado felt her pulse, and to
Then asked her if she'd done a
"Zook, Sir, for tho'f I sent my
From house to house, amongst
To beg a Moore's Almana
He could not geet un, after a
And zo—I took and boiled th
And, praise the Lord h'it's do

TRANSLA

Dryden's translation of
by a bishop, Lord Chesterfi
indeed excellent, but every
tion, except a bishop."

ERASMUS AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

the arrival of the great reformer Erasmus in
nd, it was the wish of several eminent literary
s that a meeting between him and Sir Thomas
the celebrated author of Utopia, should be con-
in such a manner that neither party should sus-
ls being in the company of the other.
the period alluded to, the hospitality of the
ayor of London was uniformly extended to all
attainments in learning rendered them com-
converse in Latin. How different is the
the Latinist in the present day!

mpora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

o therefore agreed that at this *seat* of the
these two distinguished scholars should meet.
ion ensuing, a dispute arose between them
contested doctrine of transubstantiation,
olemical skill evinced in the controversy
utual astonishment. At length Erasmus,
ing a suspicion of the character to whom he
ed, exclaimed, "*Aut Morus es, aut nullus;*"
Sir Thomas replied, "*Aut Erasmus es, aut*
." So much was More delighted with the
his illustrious antagonist, that he gave him
tion to his country seat, at which Erasmus
considerable time. In the course of the ar-
the Lord Mayor's table, on the subject of
esence, Sir Thomas had urged that the
saving influence to the heretic, in partak-
sacred elements, was no proof against
ation, since it was by the *faithful only*
y and blood of Christ were verily and in-
ed received in the Lord's Supper; and
ith was itself the great instrument in the
f the said elements to the receivers.
mas's stay at Sir Thomas's residence, he
y pressed by the latter to accept of some
gard and remembrance. Erasmus had
bject of his choice on a favourite horse
t remembering his sophistry in the de-
, instead of acquainting the chancellor
ct, he rode off with the steed the day
of his departure from Sir Thomas's, leavit
following note for his host.

Quod mihi dixisti,
De corpore Christi,
Crede ut edas, et edes;
Sic tibi rescribo,
De tuo palfrido,
Crede ut habeas, habes!

MR. AND MRS. VITE.

A vorthy cit ven Vitsunday,
Vith vife rode out in von horse chay,
And down the street, as they did trot,
Says Mrs. Vite, I tell you vot,
Dear Villiam Vite 'tis my delight,
Ven our veek's bills ve stick 'em,
That side by side ve thus should ride
To Vindsor, or Vest Vickham.

My loving vife, full vell you know
Ve used to ride to Valthamstow,
But now I thinks its much the best
That ve should ride tovards the vest,
If you agree dear vife vith me,
And vish to change the scene—
Then, ven the dust excites our thirst,
Ve'll stop at Valham Green.

Vell then, says Mrs. Vite, says she,
Vat pleases you must sure please me:
But veekly vorkings all must go,
If ve this day go cheerful through;
For vell I loves the voods and groves,
They raptures put me in;
For, you know Vite, von Vitsun-night,
You did my poor heart vin!

Then, Mrs. Vite, she took the vip,
And vack'd poor Dobbin on the hip,
Vich made him from a valk go fast,
And reach the long vish'd sign at last;
So ven they stopt, out vaiter popt,
Vat vould you vish to take?
Said Vite, vith grin, I'll take some gin,
My vife takes vine and cake.

Ven Mrs. Vite had took her vine,
To Vindsor on they vent to dine;
Ven dinner done now Vite did talk,
My darling vife ve'll take a valk;
The path is vide by vater side,
So ve vill valk together,
Vile they gets tea for you and me,
Ve vill enjoy the veather.

Some vanton Eaton boys there vere,
Vich marked for vaggery the pair;
Mrs. Vite cried out, vat are you arter?
Ven in they put Vite in the vater;
The vicked vits then left the cits,
And Vite the vaves sunk under;
She vept, she bawl'd, she vail'd, she squall'd,
Vill not one help I vonder.

Her vimpering vords assistance brought,
And vith a boat-hook Vite they sought,
Mrs. Vite, with expectation big,
Thought Vite was found, but 'twas his vig.
Vite vas not found, for he vas drown'd;
To stop her grief each bid her,
Alas! she cried, I vas a bride,
But now I is a vidder.

CONSUMMATE EPICURISM AND COARSE MANNERS OF QUIN.

Quin dining one day with the duchess of Marlborough, her grace, to his great surprise, helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch of venison which stood near her. "What!" said Quin, "and does your grace eat no fat?" "Not of venison, sir." "Never, my lady duchess?" "Never, I assure you." Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, the epicure exclaimed, "I like to dine with such fools."

JEW'S JOURNAL FOR THE WEEK.

Sunday—No business to be done—de Christians all out making holiday—waited at home for Levi: he never come—took a walk in St. George's fields—put me in mind of Newgate—called dere—supped and smoked a pipe with one of our peoples.

Monday—At 'Change till two—man in red coat wanted to borrow monies—did not like his looks—in de afternoon called in St. James's-street home—very bad luck—thought to have something dere.

Tuesday—Went to de west end of de bought some old clothes—took in—gave for de breeches, thinking I felt guinea in there by mistake—only done to cheat me—de world but counterfeit halfpenny—old to Levi—took him in de same way—

Wednesday—Went to St. James's-street de devil is in de man—not at home—me scolded me about de breeches—not mind went to *poff* at de auction—very well pa to *poff* at anoder in the evening—found obliged to sneak off—found a pair of coat-pocket—*dropped in by accident*—Mr. Polishplate, de silversmith—

Thursday—On 'Change—met de de white wig—wanted more monies—very good securities—like white wig—advertisement to de newspaper, crooked letter dat—always sure to bring

Friday—Found a watch in my coat pocket *ped in by accident*—made some met my good friend Mr. Smash—eat he was a bankrupt—arrested him owed me—went home, and prepared

THE ROCHDALE VICARS, OR FISH, FLESH AND FOWL.*

The Arch-cook at Lambeth, three dozen
To please us at Rochdale;—how kind
The first was plain Wray, with a sauce
The second was venison Hind.
The next that he sent was a very fine Drake
A dainty nice fowl in its way:
On the clerical chairman, no comments
For a brute is the best judge of Hay.
We have had a full feast of *Fish, Flesh*,
But alas! they have all passed away
The parish of Rochdale, now grumble
For no one can relish Old Hay

* "*Wray, Hind, Drake*, and *Hay*" are the four successive vicars of Rochdale.

FOR STAYING FROM CHURCH.

id in his way
ople say,
'd from church and station
ongregation,
ade the remark,
e ask'd his clerk,
se assign
ace divine,
he's not unwell;
infidel!
t Socinianism
aticism,
a us thus away
the flock astray?"
l the clerk—"'tis worse
greater curse."
Socinianism,
Deism?"
at," replied the clerk,
l is in the dark."
, it cannot be;"
sir, I agree."
t Atheism sure.
the apostate's cure."
in, Sir, I confess
t to guess,
or schism,
-Rheuma—*tism*."

OF A COUNTRY THEATRE.

scenery, an empty exchequer, and
re, a country manager must still
nd his importance. It would in-
e to bring before you all the mi-
, for, alas! they are numberless!
that we introduce you to Manager
notoriety, collecting a new com-
medians to provincialize, *alias*
his stage of six deal boards, and
es. Behold him at his morning
with importance and swelling
ing in a high wind!"—"Ahem!
Timothy!—this is my court of Apollo, my morning nuisance, my—why Timothy, I say!—Oh! here you come sir, crawling in, like the half-price on a rainy evening! Well sir, who waits? Any body wanting the manager?"

"Oh, yes! lots of them, sir; there's a *one-armed* man inquires if you want *another hand*—a *wooden-legged* gentleman to play the *Lame Lover*—a real Blackamoor for *Othello*, four *Romeos*, one *Harlequin*, three *Fools*, and a French marquess to come out in *Richard*."

"All waiting now, eh Timothy?" "Yes, sir." "Then tell the one-armed man to take to his heels, and the wooden-legged gentleman to *hop the twig*, and skip to another *branch*. *Harlequin* and the *Romeos* may keep the *Fools* company; and send me up the Blackamoor and the French gentleman, one at a time."

The man of colour having made his *entré*, after much grinning and gesticulation, thus addressed the astonished manager—"You massa Jonkoo man?—keep play-house, show fine tragedy?"

"Massa Jonkoo man!—why—Oh! that's blacky language for an acting manager, I suppose!—I am, sir, at your service—you wish to appear in *Othello*, I understand, and to do you justice, you'll look the part certainly."—"Iss, massa, blacky all through through; no come off, when hug! Now me show how act, massa, Othelly speech to him father-in-law."

"What with that cursed twang, fellow?—Do you imagine the noble Moor spoke after that fashion?—however, e'en let's have it." Upon which Chingaree assumed what might be an elegant attitude among his native tribes, and thus commenced the famous oration to the Venetian Senate.

"Most potented sir reverences!
My very good massas! dat I take away
Old buckra man him daughter,
It all true, true, no lie was;
Den she marry, I make her my chumchum,
Dat all I do, cause I do no more was!"

The manager could listen no longer. "Well, sir, if *Othello* did harangue in that fashion, he might well

say—"Rude am I in speech!" "Oh! the more angel he, and you the blacker devil!" You may begone, fellow, for much as the public like novelty, they never could endure your abominable chumchum; and the greatest favour you can do me, is to make your exit as fast as possible." *Othello* having followed the manager's advice, was very speedily succeeded by the French gentleman, whose ambition was to enact *Richard, Duke of Glo'ster*. "Aha! sare, je suis, I am come to surprise you—I shall astonish the town, ma foi!—De play has never been personée—it was never performé, as I shall perform it—Mais, vous êtes silent—to all dis you say nothing!"

"Then I will say that I shall be extremely happy to have a specimen, Monsieur!"

"Ecoutez-vous, shut your mout, listen, and you shall hear—I speak wid your tongue en perfection, je parle Inglish just like un Inglishman. Aha, sare, je commence wid de beginning. *Richard* enter solo, all alone by himself! He speake de grande soliloque, attendez moi, look at me

"———Now is de winter of our uneasiness
Made into summer by York little boy,
Dat is, vat you call, de son of York!
And de dark cloud, which stick at top
Of de house, is in de bottom of de sea,
Dead and buried! But as for me, aha!
I have de hump on my back, I have
De bandy leg, I am unfashionable, and
For all dis—de dog he bark bow wow at me
As I walk by him!

"Monsieur, sare, dat is suffisant, I hope—dat is quite enough."

"Quite enough, sir, and as I fear the audience would think it a great deal too much, I must now bid you good morning!"

SINGULAR CHARITY.

A Russian countess being persecuted by her creditors for debt, on the porter's acquainting her excellency that the poorer class attended at the gate; she ordered the servant to throw out a bag of copper money among them, and while they were scrambling for it to let loose a bear at them.

BENEFIT OF WIGS.

At a peruke-maker's on the London-r was formerly a sign, with Absalon hanging and David lamenting over him, under these lines:

Oh! Absalon, my son, my son,
If thou hadst worn a wig
Thou hadst not been undone.

PHISIOGNOMY OF A TEA-TABLE.

A head full charged for *fun* exhibits half-foolish face; what a great many sp can put on, and what a great many people stage can't put off. The owner always l he says himself, and he imagines a mar always be upon the broad grin; and when company he is always teazing some one to b ing, *Now you, Master what do you call say something to make us all laugh; c be comical a little.* But if there is a will speak, he will threaten to *tell* you *make you die with laughing*, and he *it is the most bestest and most* comi *that ever you heard in all your born* always interlards his narration with *saying, says I, and so as he was a saying says he to me, and I to him, and he to did ever you hear any thing more in born days!* But after he has courte tion, not finding any person even to says, struck with the disappointment, sad face himself, and looking round pany, he says, *It was a good story it too: why then, so, and so, and so, all, gentlemen.*

A QUAKER ANSWERED.

Aminadab, with phyz demure,
Knocked at Mr. Owen's door;
With widen'd mouth and lengthen'
He asked, "Is friend O——n with
Now John, who dearly lov'd a joke
In tone, like that the Quaker speaks,
With bow most reverently low,
As drawlingly, replied "N——o."



UT'S ANNOTATIONS ON SHAKSPEARE.

layhouse as other folks do,
d I saw such a hubbub baboo:
ing, and screeching—but this here my

ie story—the short and the long—
the Third that I saw, you must know,
was such a tragical show—
and poor babes—but Richmond so

ho died and said nothing at all.
seed, O dear and O lack!
ealled Othello, like sweepers was

ife that was fair as a rose;
e morning to blow his black nose,
for a wiper—which she told him was

y this sooty-like general crost,
a pillow, and swore it should fall
nd for a woman she said little at all.
t of Venice I stared with amaze,
bearded Jew a nation sight pays
f flesh—nor could he once rest
mp-steak from another man's breast.
o fine, spurred on by his wife,
ld king with the end of a knife,
told his fate, in a sort of a bawl,
ched like men—he'd say nothing at

saw, the next heir to a crown,
lady with stockings half down;
a ghost, and he jumped in a grave,
tilled, and died, most woundily brave.
Romeo I saw by the moon,
in the morning, and married at noon;
nd—her husband for poison made

ake—they kissed—and said nothing

ON A WIFE.

r wife, without bed or blanket;
ner nail: God be thanked.

MR. CURRAN AND THE PEASANT.

Mr. Curran, in some way or other, generally contrived to throw witnesses off their centre, and he took care they seldom should recover it. "My lard—my lard"—vociferated a peasant witness, writhing under this mental excruciation—"My lard—my lard, ——I can't answer you little gentleman, *he's putting me in such a doldrum.*"—"A doldrum! Mr. Curran, what does he mean by a doldrum?" exclaimed Lord Avonmore. "O! my lord, its a very common complaint with persons of this description—its merely a *confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart.*"

WHICH ROAD?

All you that stop this stone to see,
Pray mark my steps and follow me.

Underwritten on the Tombstone.

To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I knew the road you went.

TWO OF A TRADE.

A physician being summoned to a vestry, to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, that the latter indignantly replied, "Sir! I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of yours!*"

A MERRY MAN.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged years play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

CLARET MATCH.

When Mr. Rigby was in Ireland, he was challenged by a nobleman to a match at drinking claret, for twenty guineas. Mr. Rigby at first declined it; but finding the Irishman triumph in his unwillingness to engage, he was at last provoked to accept it. Two dozen of claret were introduced; the first dozen went off well, but upon entering on the second, the nobleman's tongue began to falter, and he fell under the table. Mr. Rigby called up the landlord, had the peer put to bed, and then finished the remainder of the liquor with his host. Next day, meeting his antagonist, his lordship acknowledged he had lost, and was going to pay the twenty guineas. "No, my lord," said Rigby, "it was two to one against you; and you know the odds in liquor always lose, where the bubble is not barred."

THE PETITION OF I.

In 1759, Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, "To David Garrick, Esq. the Petition of I, in behalf of herself and sisters." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with mispronouncing some words including the letter I; as furm for firm, vurtue for virtue, and others; on which occasion Garrick wrote the following epigram.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better,
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen!
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

PREVENTIVE OF JEALOUSY.

A beautiful young lady having called out an ugly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy."

KNIGHTS OF THE SCRIP.

Composed by Mr. Curran, on his installation as Grand Prior of the Order.

When Saint Patrick our order created,
And called us the Monks of the Screw,
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain
With liquor the best in the sky,
And he swore by the word of his saintship,
That fountain should never run dry.

My children, be chaste till you're trapped,
While sober, be wise and discreet—
And humble your bodies with fasting,
Whene'er you've got nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the convent,
Except on a festival, found—
And this rule to enforce, I ordain it
A festival—*all the year round.*

THE BACHELOR'S EXCAVATION.

This can be no trick: the conference
borne.—They have the truth of
seem to pity the lady; it seems
have their full bent. Love me! why
quited. I hear how I am censured; the
bear myself proudly, if I perceive the
her: they say too, that she will rather
any sign of affection.—I did never
—I must not seem proud. Happy are
their detractions, and can put them
They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a
them witness; and virtuous;—'tis
prove it; and wise, but for loving
it is no addition to her wit;—nor
of her folly, for I will be horribly
I may chance have some odd quirks
wit broken on me, because I have
against marriage;—but doth not
A man loves the meat in his youth
endure in his age: Shall quips, a

aper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the of his humour? No: the world must be peo- When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did nk I should live till I were married.—Here Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I some marks of love in her.

ON THREE WIVES.

Though marriage by most folks
Be reckoned a curse,
Three wives I did marry,
For better or worse.
The first for her person,
The next for her purse—
The third for a warming-pan,
Doctress, and nurse.

METHODIST SERMON.

floor of the world is filthy, the mud of Mam- its up all your upper-leathers, and we are all e and souls. Brethren, the word brethren comes m tabernacle, because we all breathe therein; are drowzy I'll rouze you, I'll beat a tatoo he parchment case of your conscience, and I'll the Devil like a whirligig among you. Now I ask you a question seriously: Did you ever y body eat any hasty-pudding? What faces ake when it scalds their mouths, phoo, phoo, what faces will you all make when old Nick you? Now unto a bowl of punch I compare fury; there's the sweet part of it, which is the moon; then there's the largest part of it, that's e insipid that comes after, and that's the wa- ion there's the strong spirits, that's the hus- ; then there's the sour spirit, that's the wife. u don't mind me, no more than a dead horse does f spectacles, if you did, the sweet words which would be like a treacle posset to your palates. know how many tailors make a man? Why llow many half a man? Why four journey- an apprentice. So have ye all been bound to Madam Faddle, the fashion-maker; ye have e times out, and now you set up for your- ly bowels and my small guts groan for you; on the house-top is caterwauling, so from the top of my voice will I be bawling,—put—put some money in the plate, then your abomination shall be scalded off like bristles from the hog's back, and ye shall be scalped of them all as easily as I pull off my periwig.

ENGLISH SIR-LOIN.

The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles the Second, who dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. On being told, he said, "For its merit then I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir-Loin."

In a ballad of "The new Sir John Barleycorn," this circumstance is thus mentioned:

"Our Second Charles of fame facète,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleas'd, o'er the meat,
Arise, thou fam'd *Sir*-Loin."

In another ballad, "The Gates of Calais," it is thus noticed:

"Renown'd *Sir*-Loin, ofttimes decreed,
The theme of English ballad;
On thee our kings oft deign to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
Then, how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup maigre, frogs, and salad!"

MAN IN LOVE.

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content: to relish a lovesong, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A,B,C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;* to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.† You were wont, when you laughed to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

* Under a regimen. † Allhallowmas.

LAMENTATIONS OF AN OLD SHOE.

Thro' all my days, I've sore been press'd,
And trampled under feet;
Stranger alike to joy and rest,
Or liberty so sweet!
At length I'm gone, and quite decay'd,
And nought can me condole;
For he, whose power and wisdom made
Me—cannot save my sole.

A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY ONE.

In 1813, a sailor, who had just returned from India, with more money than he well knew what to do with, took up his residence at a public house in Chelsea, and spent his time and his money in the following manner. He walked out before breakfast in the morning, and the first persons he met of the labouring class, both men and women, he hired for the day. He then brought them to the house, and first paying them their wages, ordered each a couple of glasses of shrub and brandy, by way of a whet for breakfast, which consisted of hot rolls, toast, bread and butter, tea, coffee, eggs, beef-steaks, and brandy. The remainder of the day, till dinner, he kept them singing, dancing, drinking, &c.

At one o'clock, the sailor had dinner served up, which consisted of good roast beef, boiled legs of mutton, plumb pudding, and porter; and after dinner, there was plenty of port wine, and other liquors. The wine was brought by a dozen bottles at a time. This social tar never hired the same persons to be merry a second day, but had a fresh party every morning; and his company, each day, was limited to twelve persons, besides the musician.

SINGULAR INTERMARRIAGE.

Mr. Hardwood had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Coshick: his Coshick had a daughter by his first wife whom old Hardwood married, and by her had a son: therefore John Coshick's second wife could say,

My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother;
My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to
my brother.

NO GRUMBLING.—A TALE.

An odd whim once possessed a country squire that he would not hire any servant whatever, unless ten pounds should be deposited between the master and servant, and the first that grumbled at any thing was to forfeit the money. Being in want of a cook man, not one round the country would venture after the place, but at length one Thomas Winterton being acquainted with the oddity of the squire's whim, resolved to accept of the place, and, on application, was admitted into the family.

Thomas was greatly surprised, after living about two months, that nothing was allowed for breakfast, dinner, or supper, but bread and cheese small beer; being heartily tired of this kind of he applied to the cook, "Cookee," says Thomas, it the standing rule of this family, to feed the vants on nothing but bread and cheese?" "What says the cook, "do you grumble?" "No, by means, cookee," replied Thomas, being forfeiting the money; but recollecting his master was stocked with fine deer, he took a musket, a fawn, skinned it, and brought it to the cook. cookee," said Thomas, "take and roast this me immediately, for I have an acquaintance to come down from London to pay me a visit." cook seemed to object to it, having dress directly for her master. "What!" says "cookee, do you grumble?" "No," replied so the fawn was roasted.—The appointed that the master ordered dinner, and coming to his table, occasioned him to to know the reason of it; the cook squire with Thomas's proceedings, who, hurry, bolted down stairs into the kitchen, found Thomas very busy in basting the got you that fawn?" said the squire.—" replied Thomas.—"Where?" asked the your park," replied Thomas.—"By whose quoth the squire.—"Do you grumble?" says —"No, Thomas," said the squire, and immediately wrote a letter to a gentleman near six miles from the house, and ordered

ld carry it immediately. Poor Thomas was mply, though with a sorrowful heart to awn. After his departure, the squire awn, when dressed, to be brought to his was done accordingly. On Thomas's re- d himself tricked out of the fawn; and to his mortification, bread and cheese r, his old diet.—A little while after, the rders to Thomas to get his carriage, the horses and harness, well cleaned. d the order, and on the road from the squire's house, he met a man with a rt, drawn by two fine jack-asses. Tho- pon an exchange, the horses for the asses, btained, he cut all his master's fine har- e Arabian poneys, as he styled them. completed, he drove boldly up to the nocked at the gate; the porter perceiv- igure his master's equipage cut, burst moderate fit of laughter.—Shortly after e, and seeing his carriage so beauti- with cattle, was struck with astonish- y, what the devil," quoth the squire, t harnessed to my carriage?" "I will l Thomas. "As I was driving from the gate, I met a fellow driving a sand f these two fine Arabian poneys, and o be fond of good cattle, I gave your e two fine creatures; they draw well, nament to your carriage." "D——n ornaments too," said the squire, "why ad!"—"What!" cries Thomas, "do "—"Grumble!" quoth the squire, hink it's high time to grumble: the ppose, my carriage is to be given away ."—On Thomas's procuring the horses him his wages and forfeit money, being f the oddity of his whim, and declared he London coachman, was the drollest st with.

THE DELUGE.

Browne hearing a person oppugn the ge, replied—"That there was a deluge once, seems not to me so great a miracle, as that there is not one always."

AMENDE HONOURABLE.

From a Lincoln Mercury for February, 1806.

Whereas I Benjamin Birch,
Of Boston town (and near the church,)
At Stamford market, o'er the bowl,
Got drunk and slandered neighbour Cole:
For which he hath, to my vexation,
By law compelled this declaration:
That I, without just cause or reason,
Made use of words as bad as treason;
I therefore do his pardon ask,
A most unpleasant, painful task;
But as I own I was to blame,
Why *dang* it then I'll sign my name.

Boston, Jan. 7, 1806. *B. Birch.*

A SEASONABLE HINT.

Dean Cowper of Durham, who was very economical of his wine, descanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, he remarked, that the poor fellow could see no more than "that bottle." "I do not wonder at it at all, sir," replied Mr. Drake, a minor canon, "for *we* have seen no more than "that bottle," all the afternoon."

THE TAILOR'S DREAM.

At Hippocrene's fount I would fain take a sip
Of wit from the clear-flowing stream,
To sing of a luckless descendant from Snip,
Who fell ill, and was mournful as hen with the pip,
Because of an ominous dream.

He dream'd that the angel, who pilfering watches,
Expos'd a large cloth to his view,
And, as he show'd this collection of patches,
Compos'd of the pieces he'd cribb'd by small snatches,
That he beat him black, yellow, and blue.

Poor Snip, though asleep, with Stentorian might,
'Gan to bellow and hideously roar;
And awoke from his dream in a terrible fright,
Devoutly determin'd, from that very night,
He'd be honest, and ne'er cabbage more.

ttach d to his trade, like a thorough-pac'd varlet,
: soon found *a reason* to cheat—
an officer ordering a new suit of scarlet,
the patch-work I saw, there was none," cried
the varlet,
So I'll crib some *to make it complete.*"

LATE HOURS.

" Mr. Pitt," said the duchess of Gordon, " I wish
u to dine with me at *ten* this evening." " I must
:cline the honour," said the premier, " for I am
ıgaged to sup with the bishop of Lincoln at *nine.*"

FATE OF GENIUS.

Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves;
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes;
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves.
Thus birds for others build the downy nest;
Thus sheep for others bear the fleecy vest;
Thus bees collect for others honeyed food;
Thus ploughs the patient ox for others' good.

FAULKNOR AND DEAN SWIFT.

When Faulknor returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of Swift's works, he went to pay his respects to the dean, dressed in a laced waistcoat, bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him as a perfect stranger. " Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?"— " I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately after my arrival from London." " Pray, sir, who are you?"—" George Faulknor, the printer." " You most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of. George Faulknor, the printer! Why, you are the trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars I do not send you to the house of correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and, having changed his dress, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, *on his return*, went up and shook him by the hand *with the utmost cordiality.* " My good friend, *George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned.*

Here was an impudent fellow in a [illegible]
who would fain have passed for you; but I soon sent
him packing with a flea in his ear."

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

A fellow having been adjudged, on a [illegible]
perjury, to lose his ears; when the executioner
to put the sentence of the law in force, he found
he had been already cropped. The [illegible]
a little surprised. " What," said the [illegible]
all the *sang froid* imaginable, " am I [illegible]
nish you with ears every time you are [illegible]
me?"

BEGONE DULL CARE.

Come fill the bowl!—oh! fill it up—
Shun schoolmen's lore to night:
The well, Truth dwells in, as the [illegible]
That sparkles ruby-bright.
Count not the minutes as they [illegible]
Nor at old Time repine;
But shake the sands from out his [illegible]
And fill it up with wine.

A POETICAL NIGHT.

Piron, the celebrated satirist, and [illegible]
two congenial spirits, after spending [illegible]
great hilarity at the house of a lady, [illegible]
her *bel esprit*, took their departure [illegible]
foot. On reaching the corner of La [illegible]
Piron proposed to take leave of his [illegible]
way hence lay by the Fauxbourg St. [illegible]
theirs lay in the opposite directions [illegible]
St. Eustache. The two friends, [illegible]
hear of parting; they pressed to be [illegible]
Piron to his own door, expatiating [illegible]
which a solitary individual, at [illegible]
night, was in, of being way-laid by [illegible]
forced their representations, by a [illegible]
unfortunate persons, pillaged and [illegible]
was not to be frightened; he persisted [illegible]
and, as an excuse for his obstinacy [illegible]
he had a piece of verse in his head [illegible]
to compose by the way. " But you

t poets don't go in such noble suits you have on; the first rogue you ry appearances, will take you for a and will attack and kill you for the hes and money. How melancholy r that——" "Ah! gentlemen," in- briskly, "it is my clothes then that t, and not me. Why did not you In the twinkling of an eye, off went t, and throwing them to Gallet and from them with the rapidity of light- oment lost in surprise at this fantas- ie two friends ran after him, calling God's sake to stop," that "he would cold." Piron, however, paid no treaties, and being a good runner, a head, that they began to think of suit; when, to their astonishment, returning on his steps, accompanied ce. "Ah!" exclaimed the sergeant whom Piron had told a wonderful stripped and robbed, "there are the have the clothes in their hands." Piron, "the very men." The guard ld of them, restored to Piron his the astonished friends, that they the commissary, to answer for the wished to explain, very seriously, stood, but the sergeant would not ollé, who entered more into the hu- ne, being ordered to deliver up a vore, thus parodied the words of the the tragedy of that name, as he sur- pon into their hands:

"Prenez,
os mains ce que toute la terre
ois terrible à l'Angleterre.
ue douleur que j'en puisse sentir,
e perte, il faut y consentir."

ty now proceeded towards the house of the district. Piron, who was at nd by the side of the sergeant, whom y comically by the way, as to what would be done with the two robbers? The sergeant, with unaffected gravity, replied, that at the very least they would be hung, though *worse* might happen to them. After amusing himself in this strain for some time, Piron, afraid of pushing the adventure too far, changed his tone, represented the whole affair as a mere frolic, and claimed the two prisoners as two of his best-friends. "Ah! ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "you are a fine fellow truly; now that you have got your clothes back, the robbers are honest people, and your best friends. No, sir, you must not think to dupe us in this way." The party had now reached the house of the commissary, who was in bed, but had left his clerk to officiate for him. The sergeant began to make his report of the affair to this commissary-substitute, but was so often interrupted by the pleasantries of Piron, that he could not get through with it. Piron then addressing the clerk described, in its true colours, the midnight adventure of himself and friends; but the clerk proved as slow of belief as the sergeant; treated the whole story as a fiction, and the narrator as an impostor. Taking up his pen, he prepared to go into an examination of the matter, with all the formality required in the gravest proceedings, and ordered Piron to answer distinctly the questions he would put to him.

Piron. "As you please, monsieur, only make despatch; I will assist, if you like, to put the process-verbal into verse."

Clerk. "Come, sir, none of your nonsense, let us proceed. What is your name?"

P. "Piron; at your service."

C. "What is your occupation?"

P. "I make verses."

C. "Verses! what are verses? Ah! you are making game of me."

P. "No, sir; I do make verses; and to prove it to you, I will instantly make some on yourself, either for or against you, as you please."

C. "I have already told you, sir, that I will have none of this verbiage; if you persist, you shall have cause to repent it."

The clerk now turned to Gallet, and having de

tained his name, thus proceeded to interrogate him:

C. "What is *your* profession? what do *you* do?"

G. "I make songs, sir."

C. "Ah! I see how it is, you are all in a plot; I must call up the commissary. He will show you what it is to make a mockery of justice."

G. "O, pray, sir, do not disturb the repose of M. Commissary; allow him to sleep on; you are so much awake, that, without flattery, you are worth a dozen commissaries. I mock not justice, believe me; I am indeed a maker of songs; and you, a man of taste, must yourself have by heart the last which I wrote, and which has been for a month past the admiration of all Paris. Ah, sir, need I repeat,

'Daphnis m'amait,
Le disait,
Si joliment,
Qu'il me plaisait
Infiniment!'

"You see, sir, that I do not impose upon you. I am really a sonneteer; and what is more, sir, (making a profound reverence to the clerk,) a dealer in spiceries, at your service, in the Rue de la Truanderie."

Scarcely had Gallet finished, when Collé began:

"I wish," said he, "to save you the trouble of asking questions. My name is Charles Collé, I live in the Rue du Jour, parish of St. Eustache; my business is to do nothing; but when the couplets of my friend here (pointing to Gallet) are good, I sing them."

Collé then sung, by way of example, the following smart anacreontic:

Avoir dans sa cave profonde
Vin excellent, en quantité;
Faire l'amour, boire à la ronde,
Est la seule félicité,
Il n'est point de vrais biens au monde,
Sans vin, sans amour, sans gaieté."

"And," continued Collé, "when my other friend *here (pointing to* Piron) makes good verses, I declaim them;" to illustrate which, he, with equal felicity, repeated the following appropr Piron's *Callisthenes*:

"J'ai tout dit, tout, seigneur; cela Qu'on me mene à la mort, je n'ai p

As he finished these words, Col of a genuine tragedy-hero, strutted bidding them "*lead on.*" So bu sion to the examination, called for of laughter. The clerk alone, f grew pale with rage, and denounc to awake the commissary. "Ah Piron, in a tone of raillery, "do persons of family."

The commissary was in so prof some time passed before he m Piron and his friends, however, action to cool; but kept the guar of laughter with their drolleries. missary was announced. "Wha about?" demanded he, gruffly. " addressing himself to Piron; "you "What are you?" "A poet." " sir, a poet, the most noble and s sions. Alas! where can you have that you have not heard of the p nothing of your clerk being ignor quality; but what a scandal for a like you M. Commissary, not to ron, author of *Fils Ingrats*, so all Paris; and of *Callisthenes*, so I have shown to the public by prove it to a demonstration."

Piron would have gone on far ading strain, but the commissary pleasantly observing,

"You speak of plays, M. Pir that Lafosse is my brother; that ones, and that he is the author there is a man of great genius." replied Piron, "for I too have a fool, although he is a priest, a *tragedies.*"

y either felt not the smart of this
he good sense to conceal it. After
ries, he saw into the real character
ted Piron to relate it at length, and
on of all present but his sagacious
elieved, but laughed most heartily at
nissed the three friends, not with a
a polite invitation to dine with him
the day following. "Ah! my
ed Piron, as he left the office, "no-
ranting to my glory; I have made
s laugh."

FIE ON DOLLY'S CHARMS.

nb a lover lies,
rly sacrifice
elenting eyes:
arms poor Damon burn'd—
uel maid return'd:
nc'd in May-day pride,
n, and Dolly died;
ies by Damon's side.
arted then, ye fair!
less fate beware!
better go to bed
han one who's dead!

AUSE AND EFFECT.

lling one day on a gentleman who
y afflicted with the gout, found, to
disease gone, and the patient re-
wery over a bottle of wine. "Come
xclaimed the valetudinarian, "you
taste this bottle of Madeira; it is
hat has just been broached." "Ah!"
, "these pipes of Madeira will never
ause of all your suffering." "Well,
e gay incurable, "fill up your glass,
ave found out *the cause*, the sooner
e better."

AMY AND TRIGAMY.

ght an action against her husband
s was set aside by her proving a
married three wives, and she was

MISMANAGEMENT.

An idler who had more wit than money, went to an inn in Smithfield, during a market-day, and seeing a country farmer with a tankard of mulled wine before him, entered into conversation with him, and after enumerating several extraordinary things he could do, said, he could drink the exact quantity of a wine glass from the full tankard, and neither more nor less; the farmer expressed some doubts, when, to prove it, the fellow said, "I do not like to lay heavy wagers, but I will just bet you a penny I do it." The farmer agreed; when the stranger took the tankard, and drinking the whole off at a draught, turned to the farmer, and said, "I own, sir, I have lost, there is my penny."

JOHNSONIAN MAXIMS.

It has been said of Dr. Johnson, by his biographer, that many a day did he fast, many a year did he abstain from wine; but when he eat, it was voraciously; when he drank, it was copiously. The doctor, however, was not insensible to the pleasures of the table, or the relative effect of liquors, which he thus fixed; claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes. Mr. Burke, on hearing the doctor thus apportion liquors, said, "Then let me have claret, I love to be a boy, to have the careless gaiety of boyish days." "I should drink claret too," replied Johnson, "if it would give me that; but it does not; it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You and I would be drowned in claret, before it would have any effect on us."

LOQUACITY.

The abbé Raynal and the abbé Galignani, who were both incessant talkers, were invited to the house of a mutual friend, who wished to amuse himself by bringing them together. Galignani, who began the conversation, engrossed it so thoroughly, and talked with such volubility, that Raynal could not find the least opening to introduce a word; but turning to his friend, said in a low voice, "*S'il crache, il est perdu.*"

ALL IN ONE STORY.

One day, behind my lady's back,
My lord attack'd her maid,
And stole a kiss, which she repaid,
And gave him smack for smack.
Pert with such freedoms, "Pray," (said she)
"Who kisses with the greatest glee?
Is it my lady, is it I?"—
"'Tis you no doubt," he made reply.
"Why, in good faith, it must be true,"
Resum'd the wanton dame;
"For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,
All say the very same."

DROPPING THE KING.

At one of the literary entertainments of Frederick the Great, in order to promote free conversation, he reminded the circle that there was no monarch present, and that every one might think aloud. The conversation soon turned upon the faults of different governments and rulers, and general censures were passing from mouth to mouth, with that freedom which such hints were calculated, and apparently intended to inspire. But Frederick suddenly put a stop to the topic, by saying, "Peace, peace, gentlemen, have a care, the king is coming; it may be as well if he does not hear you, lest he should be obliged to be still worse than you."

GENIUS DEFINED.

A wit being asked what the word *genius* meant, replied, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question; but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

NO ALTERNATIVE.

A porter passing near Temple-bar, with a load on his shoulders, having unintentionally jostled by a man who was going that way, the fellow gave the porter a violent box on the ear, upon which a gentleman passing exclaimed, "Why, my friend, will you *take that?*" "Take it," replied the porter, rubbing *his cheek*, "don't you see he has given it me."

CARDS AND CH

Cards were invented about t
vert the melancholy of Charles V
classes of whose subjects were i
sented by the four suits. By th
signified the *gens de chœur*, ch
tics; the pike heads or ends
ignorantly term spades, typified
tary part of the nation; the *car*
or tiles,) by us designated diam
zens and tradesmen; the trefoi
to the husbandmen and peasant
have all their appropriate signifi
of France had not been attacke
hundred years ago, how would
dowagers, and old maids, and
driacs, and whist-players, have
cut away time! What must ha
of the long winter evenings, fr
and piquet down to the preser
and écarté? The city must h
in a mouth-quake of yawns, a
all perished of ennui. Chess
rather a study, which also ow
having been devised for one
sun and uncles to the moon o
be brought to understand an
nomy until these hieroglyph
him, and all the various estab
ther with their attributes an
dowed forth in the figures and
representatives. We have n
an expedient devised for our
princes, who being too indole
his alphabet by the ordina
servants were placed in atte
each a huge letter painted u
as he knew not their names,
them by their letter whenev
their services, which in due
quisite degree of literature fo
functions.



ND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Part the First.

:ing, would ride a hunting
rest so pleasant and faire;
ipping, and dainty does tripping;
r wood his nobles repair;
were unbound, all things prepar'd
ie same, with good regard.

a day rode the king pleasantlye,
:es and nobles eche one;
id hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
:ning fore'd all to turne home.
g fast, he had lost quite
: wood, late in the night.

earilye, all alone, up and downe,
ler he mett at the last:
vay unto faire Nottingham;
iller, I mean not to jest,
I thinke, sooth for to say,
ye ride out of your way.

ıou think of me, quoth our king

ment on me so briefe?
the miller, I meane not to flatter

ee but some gentleman thiefe;
n the darke; light not adowne,
cracke thy knave's crowne.

ıe much, quoth the king, saying

n; lodging I lacke.
h th' miller, one groat in thy purse;
ice hanges on thy backe;
harge all that I call,
, I will pay all.

: man, then quoth the miller,
all-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.
ioth the king, that was I ever.
the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.
e; ere hands we will shake,
est men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along into the miller's house,
Where they were seething of puddings and souse:
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came hee in soe simplye a house.
Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
Quoth our king, look your fill, and do not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth;
Yet its best; husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no run-away? prythee, youth, tell;
Shew me thy passport, and all shall be well.

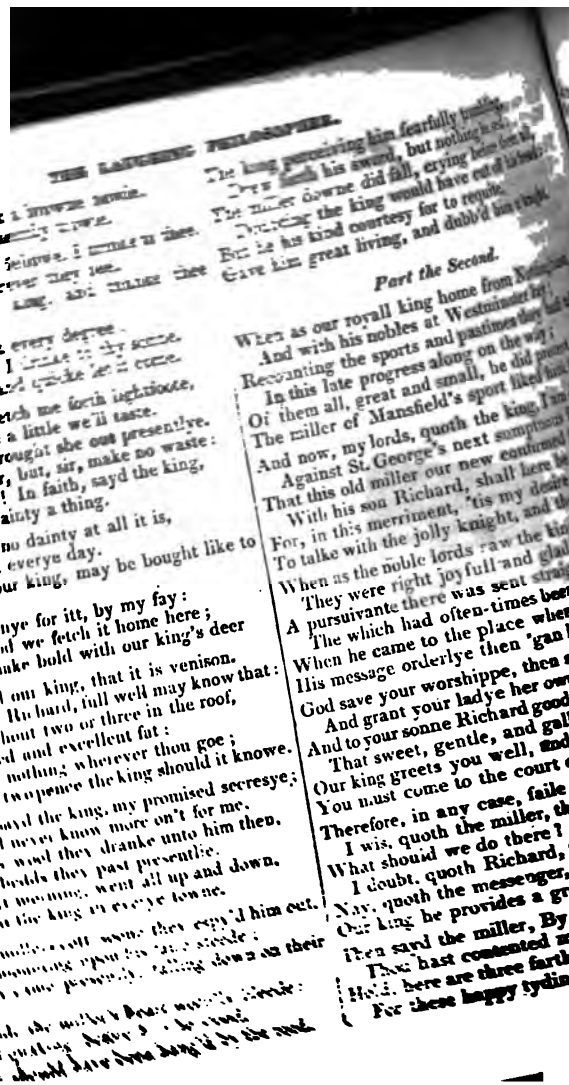
Then our king presentlye, making lowe courteye,
With his hatt in hand, thus he did say;
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall he:
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheetes likewise, quoth shee,
Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or, art thou not troubled with the scabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?
Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings and good apple-sauce,



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he said,
The miller downe did fall, crying before for mercy,
Thinking the king would have cut off his head.
But he his kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

When as our royall king home from
And with his nobles at Westminster he
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had
In this late progress along on the way;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him
And now, my lords, quoth the king, I
Against St. George's next sumptuous
That this old miller our new
With his son Richard, shall here be
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the
When as the noble lords saw the king
They were right joyfull and glad
A pursuivante there was sent straight
The which had often-times been
When he came to the place where
His message orderlye then 'gan he
God save your worshippe, then
And grant your ladye her
And to your sonne Richard good
That sweet, gentle, and gall
Our king greets you well, and
You must come to the court
Therefore, in any case, faile
I wis, quoth the miller, this
What should we do there? I
I doubt, quoth Richard, t
Nay, quoth the messenger,
Our king he provides a gre
Then sayd the miller, By
Thou hast contented my
Hold, here are three farthi
For these happy tydings

how mee; tell to our king,
mastershipp in everye thing.

led at their simplicitye,
ıy legge, tooke their reward;
ş with great humilitye,
rt againe he repair'd;
ace, merry and free,
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away, thus gan the miller say,
ices and charges indeed;
ı be brave, tho' we spend all we

ents we have great need:
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fidles, and twentye things more,

th his wife, why should you frett

e att no charges for mee;
trim up my old russet gowne,
else as fine as may bee:
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annells as we shall provide.

sort rode they unto the court;
Richard rode foremost of all,
hap, a cock's feather in his cap;
l downe to the king's hall:
with hands on his side:
Marian, did mince at that tide.

ples, that heard of their coming,
ut knight with his brave traine;
quoth he, with your gay lady:
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ye, How should I forget thee?
ı bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
ard. and by the same token,
ing didst make the bed hot,
happy knave, then quothe the

king, or else go sh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The miller's wife did soe orderly stand,
A milk maid's courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
But then said our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your lightfoot I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate, and then to betray it.

What art thou angrye? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small;
Zounds, a black pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our kyng, that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eat.
With that Dick strait arose, and plucked one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:
'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
Unto their places the king did advance:
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in every degree.
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.
A faire veu'son pastye brought she out presentlye.
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste:
Here's dainty lightfoote! In faith, sayd the king,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
For we doe eat of it everye day.
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our king's deer

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed and excellent fat:
But, pr'ythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not for twopence the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promised secresye;
The king shall never know more on't for me.
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;
Which made the miller's heart wofully bleede:
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

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Drew forth his sword, but neth
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The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thankes for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, sir, with the red head:
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;
Take heed now you steal no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view,
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

DEFINITION OF LAW.

Law is—law,—Law is—law, and as in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired.—Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad, when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

HUMANE JURYMAN.

"Look at the juryman in the blue coat," said one of the Old Bailey court to Justice Nares; "do you see him?" "Yes," "Well, we shall not have a single conviction to day for any capital offence." The observation was verified. The juryman was Mr. Phillips of St. Paul's church-yard, afterwards sheriff; and during his shrievalty no execution took place.

TOO LATE.

An appointment was made with an astronomer, to be at his observatory, there to see an eclipse. The *good company*, considering celestial and terrestrial *engagements in the* same light, attended the philosopher, and, after chatting some time, at last recollected *their business*, and begged to see the eclipse. I am sorry, says the doctor, that I could not prevail sun and moon to wait for you,—the eclipse w long before your arrival.

EPILOGUE TO A WOMAN KILL'D WITH KIN

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and
Taste it, quoth one: he did; Oh, fie! (
This wine was good; now't turns too sou
Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest, it drank too flat:
The third said, it was old; the fourth too n
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness like
Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one h
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet,
Unto this wine do we allude our play:
Which some will judge too trivial, some
You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we
Excuse us, then; good wine may be
When every several mouth hath

GARRICK AT LAW.

The following *jeu d'esprit*, from the pen Garrick, was sent by him to Mr. Counsellor at a time when Garrick was involved in respecting the possession of a house at Ha

David Garrick to Mr. Hotchkis, his coun friend.

On your care must depend the success
The possession I mean of the house in
Remember, my friend, an attorney's
And the worst of his tribe, tho' the best
In law, as in life, I well know 'tis a
That the knave should be ever too hard
To this rule one exception your client
That the fool may for once kick the k
doors.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A very respectable gentleman once Westminster Hall, to justify bail. The

[redacted]

...e very witty upon him, opened upon
...owing extraordinary manner:
...is there not a certain lady who lives

...there is."
...is; and I suppose, if the truth were
...dy has been very expensive to you?"
...that lady has been very expensive to

...uppose you have had children by that
...y too have cost you a good deal of

...y have."
...you have come here to justify bail to a
..."

...I thought he had now done enough to
...nfidence of the court being placed in
...; when the latter raising his voice, in-
...d, "It is true, Mr. Counsellor, that
...lives with me, but that lady is my wife;
...married these fifteen years, and have
...whoever has a wife and children will
...ensive."

...URTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

...a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping
...weet-hearting, a sunshine holiday in
But when once through matrimony's
weather becomes wintry, and some
seized with a cold aguish fit, to which
...es the name of indifference. Court-
...ship's running footman, but seldom
...stocking thrown; it is too often car-
...the two grand preservatives of matri-
...ship, *delicacy* and *gratitude*. There is
...stemper very mortal to the honey-moon,
ladies sometimes are seized with, and
...physicians call it *sullenness*. This
...erally arises from some ill-conditioned
which the lady has been hurt; who
...her elbow upon the breakfast table,
...ng upon the palm of her hand, her eyes
...upon the fire, her feet beating tat-too

time;—the husband [redacted] while biting his lips, pulling down his ruffles, stamping about the room, and looking at his lady like the devil. At last he abruptly demands of her, "What's the matter with you, madam?" The lady mildly replies—"Nothing." "What is it you do mean, madam?"—"Nothing." "What would you make me, madam?"—"Nothing." "What is it I have done to you, madam?"—"O—h—nothing." And this quarrel arose as they sat at breakfast: the lady very innocently observed, "She believed the tea was made with Thames water." The husband in mere contradiction insisted upon it that the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River.

NINE PINS.

The late Earl of Londadale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine members every parliament, who were facetiously called, "Lord Lonsdale's nine pins." One of the members thus designated having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House loud and continued cheers. Mr. Fox entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering? "O, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan, "only Burke has knocked down one of Lord Londsdale's nine pins."

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Written on the Cross of St. Paul's.

The man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *ball*.
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On *mortal* crowds.
Seen from these skies,
How small these emmets in our eyes!

Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear! what a hustle
And bustle!
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.
Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,
That should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!
And what is life! and all its ages—
There's seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em,
Although like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be as near the sky,
——Fourteen hands high.
What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad
channel?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Ah me! hence I could read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross and *ball*.

PURITY OF ELECTION.

The day of election is madman's holiday, 'tis the *golden day* of liberty which every voter, on that day, *takes to* market, and is his own salesman; for man *at that time* being considered as a mere machine, is acted upon as machines are, and to make his wheels move properly, he is properly greased in the fist. Every freeholder enjoys his portion of equal insanity; he'll eat and drink with every body without paying for it, because he's bold and free; then he'll knock down every body who won't say as he says, to prove his abhorrence of arbitrary power, and preserve the liberty of Old England for ever, hum!

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I veer
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance,
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things I saw,
And I became a tory,

l confoundate base
d their moderation
ht the church in danger was
prevarication.
his is law, &c.

rge in pudding time came o'er,
derate men look'd big, sir;
cat-in-pan once more,
became a whig, sir;
preferment I procur'd
r new faith's defender;
t every day abjur'd
e and the pretender.
his is law, &c.

ous House of Hanover,
testant succession;
do allegiance swear—
ey can keep possession:
faith and loyalty,
more will falter,
e my lawful king shall be—
e times do alter.
his is law I will maintain
til my dying day, sir,
whatsoever king shall reign,
be the vicar of Bray, sir.

, PREACHED BY SAM QUACO, A BLACK YMAN, NATIVE OF JAMAICA.

rn ob a woman hab long time to lib,
day too much; he grow up like a
lown like a bannana. Pose a man do
d; pose de man do bad, he get bad.
l, he go to da place call him Glolio,
tan upon a top, and debble on a bot-
bad, he go to da place call him Hell,
rn like a pepper cod; he call for
nobody give him drop a wara to
ongue. Tan, breren, you know one
s Sampson, he kill twenty tousand
the jaw bone jackmorass. Tan you
call Jonass, he swallow whale; he
hallow for fish; and tora man, he call
him King George, he hab tora side wara, he hab
tidg on he head, call him crown, and a grand ting,
all sam com basket; so breren, Goramity bless you
all.—AMEN.

EPILOGUE TO TYRANNIC LOVE.

Spoken by Nell Gwyn, when she was to be carried off dead by the Bearers

To the Bearer.

Hold! are you mad, you d—d confounded dog?
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil:
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil;
For after death, we sprites have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human creatures:
And therefore I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to't; you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
Oh poet, d—d dull poet! who could prove
So senseless to make Nelly die for love?
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheesecake time!
I'll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
T' excuse his godly, out-of-fashion play;
A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd and be thought devout.
But farewell, gentlemen; make haste to me;
I'll be sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:

Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a slattern;*
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine.†

DRYDEN.

* Her real character.
† The character she represented in the play.

JONAS, THE JEW CONJUROR.

Among the many characters that have played upon the passions of the public, *Jonas*, or the card-playing conjuring Jew, cut a figure in his way. He could make matadores with a snap of his fingers, command the four aces with a whistle, and get odd tricks—— but there are a great many people in London, besides this man, famous for playing odd tricks, and yet no conjurors neither. This man would have made a great figure in the law, as he was so dexterous a conveyancer. But the law is a profession that does not want any jugglers. Nor do we need any longer to load our heads with the weight of learning, or pore for years over arts and sciences, when a few months practice with pasteboard pages can make any man's fortune, without his understanding a single letter of the alphabet, provided he can but slip the cards, snap his fingers, and utter the unintelligible jargon of *presto, passa, largo, mento, cocolorum, yaw*, like this Jonas.——The moment he comes into company and takes up a pack of cards, he begins—" I am no common slight of hand man; the common slight of hand men they turn the things up their sleeves, and make you believe their fingers deceive your eyes. —Now, sir, you shall draw one card, two cards, three cards, four cards, five cards, half a dozen cards, you look at the card at this side, you look at the card at that side, and I say blow the blast; the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw; and now, sir, I will do it once more over again, to see whether my fingers can once more deceive your eyes; I'll give any man ten thousand pounds if he does the like— You look at the card of this side, you look at the card on that side, when I say blow the blast, the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw;" but this conjuror at length discovering that most practitioners on cards, now-a-days, know as many tricks as himself, and finding his *slights* of *hand* turned to little or *no account*, now practises on *notes of hand* by *discount*, and is to be found every morning at twelve *in Duke's*-place, up to his knuckles in dirt, and at *two at the Bank* coffee-house, up to his elbows in *money*, where these locusts of society, over a dish of coffee and the book of interest, supply the wants of necessitous men, and are sure to ha had they even the cunning of a——Fet.

MISERIES OF MATRIMONY

What, what is Marriage! Harris, Printer,
Assist me with a definition.
" Oh!" cries a charming silly fool,
Emerging from her boarding school,
" Marriage is—love, without disguises.
It is a—something that arises
From raptures and from stolen glances,
To be the end of all romances;
Vows—quarrels—moonshine—babes—
I must not have you see me blush."
" Pshaw!" says a modern moulish wife,
" Marriage is splendour, fashion, life;
A house in town, and villa shady;
Balls, diamond bracelets, and ' My Lady!'
Then for Finale, angry words,
' Some people's'—' obstinates,'—' absurds!'
And peevish hearts and silly heads,
And oaths, and ' bêtes,' and separate beds!"

An aged bachelor, whose life
Has just been " *sweeten'd*" with a wife,
Tells out the latent grievance thus:
" Marriage is—odd! for one of us
'Tis worse a mile than rope or tree,
Hemlock, or sword, or slavery;
An end at once to all our ways,
Dismission to the one-horse chaise;
Adieu to Sunday can and pig,
Adieu to wine, and whist, and wig;
Our friends turn out—our wives are clapt in,
'Tis ' exit Crony,'—' enter Captain.'
Then hurry in a thousand thorns,
Quarrels and compliments—and horns!
This is the yoke,—and I must wear it;
Marriage is—Hell, or something near it."

" Why, Marriage," says an Exquisite
Sick from the supper of last night,
" Marriage is—after one by me!
I promised Tom to ride at three.—



nd I'm rather light
ry'd—and chocolate
pagne!—to plaguy sour,
lach in an hour;
ally though, 'twas hard
nd on a card;
chess!—three revokes!
ll the Abbey oaks;
thousand more;
nd! a cursed bore!"

hears the blockheads groan,
from his throne,
self-reviling tears,
us in Folly's ears!—
of heart and head!
your nuptial bed,
nd, but Guilt and Sin,
lly, force them in;
s is seated Care,
the scoffer there;
h is feebler grown,
uench'd it was your own;
unthinking elves!
e me for yourselves!"

HAVE PATIENCE.

tryman, who had in his person all
igour which a rustic life affords, and
of thirty-two, having, three years
n honest maid, of whom he always
ly fond, was attending her corpse at
any heavy sighs and floods of tears.
: funeral-service, as they began to
r the earth, he wrung his hands, tore
is ready to throw himself into the
coffin, vehemently exclaiming that
rive her.—It happened that a buxom
parish, whose name was *Patience*,
and on whom the honest country-
cast a wistful look, who seeing him
grieving so much for the loss of his
concern said to him, "John, John,
—The honest countryman turning
round, and seeing who it was that spoke to him, in a
fit of ecstasy replied, "Egad, so I will, to-morrow, if
thou wilt have me."

PROLOGUE TO THE INCONSTANT.

Like hungry guests a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks:
The founders you: the table is the place:
The carvers we: the prologue is the grace:
Each act a course; each scene a different dish:
Tho' we're in *Lent*, I doubt you're still for flesh;
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough;
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
Wit, is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat; a battle's a sirloin:
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
Bawdy's fat venison, which, tho' stale, can please:
Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your d—d French
cheese.
Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage;
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
A pastoral's whipt cream; stage whims, mere trash;
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer;
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear:
Wild fowl is lik'd in playhouse all the year.
Yet since each mind betrays a different taste,
And every dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favour crav'd, up let the music strike:
You're welcome all—Now fall too where you like.

FARQUHAR.

RECOVERY OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

A nobleman whose son was a hard drinker, and had
been cutting down all the trees upon his estate, in-

quired of Charles Townshend, who had just returned from a visit to him, "Well Charles, how does my graceless dog of a son go on?" "Why, I should think, my lord," said Charles, "he is on *the recovery*, as I left him *drinking the woods*."

LEARNED APOTHECARY.

In an Act of Parliament made in 1815, entitled "An Act for the better regulating the practice of Apothecaries," there is a very salutary clause, which enacts, "that from and after the first day of August, 1815, it shall not be lawful for any person (except persons already in practice as such) to practise as an apothecary in any part of England or Wales, unless he or they shall have been examined by the Court of Examiners of the Apothecaries' Company, and shall have received a certificate as such."

The first conviction under this Act took place at the Staffordshire Lent Assizes of 1819, before Sir William Garrow, when the Apothecaries' Company brought an action against a man of the name of Warburton, for having practised as an apothecary without being duly qualified. The defendant it appeared was the son of a man who in the early part of his life had been a gardener, but afterwards set up as a cow leech. The facts were stated by Mr. Dauncey for the prosecution, and supported by evidence.

Mr. Jervis, for the defence, called the father of the defendant, Arnold Warburton, to prove that he had practised as an apothecary before the passing of the Act.

Cross-examined by Mr. Dauncey.

Mr. Dauncey. Mr. Warburton, have you always been a surgeon?

Witness appealed to the judge whether this was a *proper answer*.

The Judge. I *have not heard any answer*: Mr. Dauncey has put a question.

Witness. Must I answer it?

Judge. Yes: why do you object?

Witness. I don't think it a proper *answer*.

Judge. I presume you mean question, and I differ from you in opinion.

The witness not answering, Mr. Dauncey [illegible] —Have you always been a surgeon?

Witness. I am a *surjeat*.

Dauncey. Can you spell the word you mentioned?

Witness. My lord, is that a fair answer?

Judge. I think it a fair question.

Witness. "S y u r g u n t."

Mr. Dauncey. I am unfortunately hard of hearing; have the goodness to repeat what you said, sir.

Witness. "S u r g e n d."

Mr. Dauncey. S—, what did you say next?

Witness. "S y u r g u n d."

Mr. Dauncey. Very well, sir, I am satisfied.

Judge. As I take down the word erroneously, favour me with it once more.

Witness. "S u r g u n t."

Judge. How, sir?

Witness. "S e r g u r d."

Judge. Very well.

Mr. Dauncey. Sir, have you always spelt what you say? that word, I mean, which just now you spelt? (A long pause.)

Mr. Dauncey. I am afraid, sir, you do not take so much time to study the cases which are before you, as you do to answer my questions. I do not, sir." "Well, sir, will you please to spell it?" (A long pause, but no reply.)—"Pray, sir, were you originally, *Doctor* Warburton?"

Witness. "S y u r g e n d."—When you came to business, what was that business? Was you a gardener, Doctor Warburton?"—"S u r g [illegible] "I do not ask you to spell that word again, before you were of that profession, what was it —"S e r g u n t."

Mr. Dauncey. My lord, I fear I have no *spell* over this poor man, which he cannot [illegible]

Judge. Attend, witness; you are not to the questions put to you. You need not word any more.

Mr. Dauncey. When were you a gardener?

Witness. I never was.—The witness [illegible]

[redacted]d himself in gardening; he first [redacted]er was a farmer. He (witness) [redacted]rmer fifteen or sixteen years ago; e he had then learnt that business "Who did you learn it of?"—"Is stion, my lord?" "I see no objec- hen I will answer it; I learnt of other-in-law; he practised the same h doctors, and they were regular

Where did they take their degrees?

n't believe they ever took a degree. hey regular physicians?—"No! I e not, they were only doctors."— were they doctors in law, physic, or ey doctored cows, and other things, well." "Doubtless, *as well:* and have doctored brute animals *as well* es?"—"I have."

ess. "Did you ever make up any prescription of a physician?"—"I you understand the characters they ruples, and drachms?"—"I do not." ot make up their prescriptions from ." I cannot, but I can make up as my way, as they can in theirs." a does an ounce bear to a pound?"— ere are 16 ounces to the pound, but any regular weight, we mix ours by you bleed?"—"Yes." "With a ncet?"—"With a lancet." "Do the vein or from the artery?"— "There is an artery somewhere ; what is the name of that artery?" nd to have as much learning as some you tell me the name of that

which you mean." "Suppose, then, ou to bleed my servant or my horse d) in a vein, say for instance in the so should you bleed him?"—"In se."

[redacted]EASURES OF BRIGHTON.

A new Song by the Civic Visitants.

Here's fine Mrs. Hoggins from Aldgate,
Miss Dobson and Deputy Dump,
Mr. Spriggins has left Norton-Falgate,
And so has Sir Christopher Crump.
From Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Wapping,
Miss Potts, Mr. Grub, Mrs. Keats,
In the waters of Brighton are popping,
Or killing their time in its streets.
And it's O! what will become of us?
Dear! the vapours and blue-
Devils will seize upon some of us
If we have nothing to do.

This here, ma'am, is Sally, my daughter,
Whose shoulder has taken a start,
And they tell me, a dip in salt water
Will soon make it straight as a dart:—
Mr. Banter assured Mrs. Mumps,
(But he's always a playing his fun,)
That the camel that bathes with two humps,
Very often comes out with but one.
And it's O! &c.

And here is my little boy Jacky,
Whose godfather gave me a hint,
That by salt-water baths in a crack he
Would cure his unfortunate squint.
Mr. Yellowly's looking but poorly,
It isn't the jaundice, I hope;
Wou'd you recommend bathing? O surely,
And let him take——plenty of soap.
And it's O! &c.

Your children torment you to jog 'em
On donkeys that stand in a row,
But the more you belabour and flog 'em,
The more the cross creatures won't go.
T'other day, ma'am, I thump'd and I cried,
And my darling, roar'd louder than me,
But the beast wouldn't budge till the tide
Had bedraggled me up to the knees.
And it's O! &c.

* * * *

We have pored on the sea till we're weary,
And lounged up and down on the shore
Till we find all its gaiety dreary,
And taking our pleasure a bore.
There's nothing so charming as Brighton,
We cry as we're scampering down;
But we look with still greater delight on
The day that we go back to town.
For it's O! what will become of us?
Dear! the vapours and blue-
Devils will seize upon some of us
If we have nothing to do.

SAINT PETER AND THE BLACKSMITH.

In Roman Catholic countries it was a very ancient custom for the preacher to divert his congregation in due season with what is termed an Eastern tale, which was received by the auditors with peals of Eastern laughter. During Lent the good people had mortified themselves and prayed so much, that they began to be discontented and ill tempered; so that the clergy deemed it necessary to make a little fun from the pulpit for them, and thus give as it were the first impulse towards the revival of mirth and cheerfulness. This practice lasted till the seventeenth century. The following is by the Rev. Father Attansy.

Our Lord was journeying with St. Peter and had passed through many countries. One day he came to a place where there was no inn, and entered the house of a blacksmith. This man had a wife who paid the utmost respect to the strangers, and treated them with the best that her house would afford. When they were about to depart, our Lord and St. Peter wished her all that was good, and heaven beside. Said the woman: "Ah! if I do but go to heaven, I care for nothing else." "Doubt not," said St. Peter, "for it would be contrary to scripture if thou shouldst not go. Open thy mouth. Did I not say so? Why, thou canst not be sent to hell, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth—for thou hast not a tooth left in thy head. Thou art safe enough; be of good cheer." Who was so overjoyed as the good woman? Without doubt she took another cup on the stre assurance.

But our Lord was desirous to testify the man also, and promised to grant him "Well," said the smith, "I am heart you, and wish, that if any one climbs behind my house, he may not be able without my leave." This grieved St. tle, for he thought that the smith ought wished for the kingdom of heaven. with his wonted kindness, granted his smith's next wish was that if any on his anvil, he might not be able permission: and the third, that if a his old fine, he might not get out w St. Peter said, "Friend smith, dost. These are all wishes that can vantage. Be wise, and let the re everlasting life with the blest in h was not to be put out of his way, "My fourth wish is, that my gra to me for ever; and that whene no power or force may be able t Thereupon our Lord went his and the smith lived some years woman. At the end of this peared, and summoned him to a moment," said the smith; " clean shirt, meanwhile you pears on yonder tree." Deat but he could not get down a submit to the smith's terms, before he returned.

When the twenty years w peared and commanded him and St. Peter, to go along Peter too," said the smith; anvil, for thou must be tire to cheer me, and take lea be with thee presently." again from his seat, and w smith another delay of tw When these had elap would fain have dragge



llow !" said the latter, "that would do. letters and whiter than thou with thy blance. But if thou art such a conjurer e that thou hast any power over me, let u canst get into this old rusty flue." No than the old one slipped into the flue. d his men put the flue into the fire, then the anvil, and hammered away at the old nercifully. He howled, and begged, and at last promised that he would have with the smith if he would but let him

the smith's guardian-angel made his ap- The business was now serious. He was . The angel conducted him to torment. he had so terribly belaboured, was just g the gate; he looked out at the little quickly shut it again, and would have with the smith. The angel then con- o the gate of heaven. St. Peter refused n. "Let me just peep in," said the I may see how it looks there." No he wicket opened than the smith threw d said: "Thou knowest it is my property, and fetch it."—Then slipping past, he self down upon it and said: "Now I am y own property; I should like to see ave me away from it." Thus the smith en at last.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

makes this distinction between tragedy In comedy, the plot turns on marriage; t turns on murder. The whole intrigue, nd the other, turns on this grand event; arry? will they not marry? will they ll they not murder? There will be a mar- will be murder; and this forms act the will be no marriage; there will be no this gives birth to act the second. A marrying and of murdering is prepared act. A new difficulty impedes the mar- murder, which the fourth act discusses. marriage and the murder are effected t of the last act.

ON THE LATE LORD ELLENBOROUGH TERMING [illegible] A VENIAL OFFENCE.

When Mrs. Pot behav'd amiss,
And ask'd poor Joseph for a kiss,
  Fearing the snare of vice,
He held his passions in command,
He left his garment in her hand,
  And mov'd off in a trice.
Said he (which some will think but odd)
"I cannot sin against my God,
  My conscience, and my friend."
The virtuous youth felt honour's tie
Uniting with firm piety,
  Which truth must still commend.
But had he listen'd to our bench,
He would have gratified the wench,
  Who made such kind advances:
Venial the sin, and none the shame,
So very willing was the dame,
  And such the *circumstances*.

BEQUEATHING THE AGUE.

A farmer, in a parish not far from Liverpool, had been sorely afflicted with the ague for between two and three years; it was sometimes quotidian, sometimes tertian, and for a long time together quartan. This lingering strange disorder had, in short, reduced this poor man to a perfect skeleton; his spirits were exhausted, and nature seemed to be quite worn out; he expected nothing but death; yet as he was, when in health, a jocose merry man, he thought he would appear jocular in his will, which his friends advised him to make. After bequeathing some small legacies, he says, "*Item*, I give and bequeath these plaguy ague fits to Mr. ——, the parson of the parish." Whether it was by making this bequest that the fits left him, our readers are at liberty to guess; but leave him they did, and the next day seized upon the poor parson, and handled him severely. The parson, on being told that his neighbour J—— had bequeathed them to him in his will, was so much exasperated that he would not speak to the poor man for some years after.

THE WIFE.

Does fortune smile, how grateful must it prove,
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
Or does she frown, the fair, with softening art,
Will soothe our woes or bear a willing part.

WYCHERLEY'S PLAIN DEALING.

Wycherley being at Tunbridge for the benefit of his health, was walking one day on the Wells Walk with his friend, Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, and just as he came up to a bookseller's shop, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came to a bookseller's, and inquired for the "Plain Dealer." "Madam," said Mr. Fairbeard, "since you are for the 'Plain Dealer,' there he is for you, pushing Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing; for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be compliment said to others, would be plain dealing spoken to her." "No, truly, sir," said the countess, "I am not without my faults, any more than the rest of my sex; and yet I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it, than when it tells me of them." "Then, Madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "you and the Plain Dealer seem designed by Heaven for each other." In short, Wycherley walked with the countess, waited upon her home, visited her daily while she was at Tunbridge, and afterwards, in London; where, in a little time, a marriage was concluded between them.

SECRECY.

Kiss me again! there's no one near!
"Nay, nay, you'll kiss and tell, I fear;"
Well, kiss me, dear, until I die,
You're sure, then, of my secrecy.

FLESH AND BONE.

Nay, woman is not the soft sex, my dear Fan,
Or why is her heart hard as stone?
Pray tell me, was Eve form'd of flesh, like the man?
No, no, she was form'd of the bone.

ORIGIN OF CLUBS.

[illegible] really the owners of ale-houses and taverns [illegible] really it appears that they and their families do live exceedingly well out of the tion of social souls, who meet together, [illegible] time, at noon and at even, to celebrate of Bacchus, in companies, perhaps to another in countenance; and when we [illegible] sums are annually expended in the whereby the cares of life are temporarily deep potations, it becomes a question system of going to clubs, among people of is not worthy of some attention. We all well that the revenues flourish wonderfully this good fellowship of malt-and-sp citizens, and that they have friendly soci where, under the pretence of laying by a week, to help them to be buried they spend another shilling on the back

In the year 1745, was published "A complete and humorous Account of all able Clubs and Societies in the Cities of Westminster, from the Royal Society & Lumber Troop, &c." It is dedicated "T ferous and sublime Lunatic, the Em Moon; Governor of the Tides; Correct Constitutions; Corrupted Metropolitan ing Cities, and Principal Director of Sh most subject to Mutation." He then, a dissertation on Clubs in general, descri of his day; viz.—the Virtuoso's Club— of the Order of the Golden Fleece— Club—the Man-killing or (Dueling) C Surly Club—the Atheistical Club—C Faces—the Split-farthing Club—the Cl Shopkeepers—the Man Hunter's Club— Club—the Beau's Club—the Wrangling farthing Club—the Quack's Club, or Society—the Weekly Dancing Club—th cier's Club—the Lying Club—the Beg the Chatterwit Club—the Florist's Cl den's Cellar Club—the Mully's Club Smoking Club—the Market Women's Thieves' Club—the Small Coal Man's M the Kit-kat Club—the Beef Steak Club

The Virtuoso's Club.—Part of the [illegible]



b were the conveying of Hampstead
of London, by subterraneous pipes,
f all sickly families. To make sea-
bring fowls to be cheaper than
—a nuptial calendar exactly calculated
of London, wherein a married man
time, and see how often he has been
hich is added a very useful table, by
liscover the who, how, where, and the
w art of cookery, by that excellent
potato kitchen, called by some a
others a *dogstarver*; by the use of
ay stew a leg of beef at a half-penny
lesh is dissolved into strong broth, and
ne as soft as butter'd apple pie. This
philosophical, that if a member who
ould not give a reason for the blue-
e, he would undoubtedly be expelled.

Club.—This club was established by
an, who, having steered an improper
aits of pleasure, and having observed
t several others had unluckily fallen
n fashion of flat faces, pleased him-
g together all these imperfect vizards
s and snuffling society. It was rather
y one of the society, that if by chance
ll together by the ears, they would
h before they'd have bloody noses;
had a young pig for dinner, the snout
t off, by way of compliment, by the

ling Club.—This was a club of duel-
s, and none were admitted that had
man. It is needless to say they were
ur, and to prove it, their limbs and
o lopped and scratched, that they
Elgin marbles. Blood, wounds, bul-
ter were the topics of their conversa-
ator says, "The president of this club
e killed half a dozen men in single
s for the other members, they took
nding to the number of their slain.
rise a side table for such as had only
drawn blood. This club, consisting only of *men of honour* however, did not continue long; most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution."

The Surly Club was established near Billingsgate to keep up the genuine vernacular—the vulgar tongue. Coachmen, watchmen, carmen, and such like, met like gentlemen once a week, to exercise in the art or mystery of fine language, that they might not be at a loss to abuse those whom they drove, &c. If any of these members had by mistake uttered a civil expression, or was suspected to be corrupted with good manners, he was looked upon as an effeminate coxcomb, who had sucked in too much of his mother's milk, and was most likely expelled. By this society was erected the bumping post at Billingsgate, to harden the latter ends of the members once a year, in order to prevent a cowardly fear of being kicked, by being thus used to it.

The Club of Ugly Faces.—This society consisted of those to whom nature had been exceedingly unkind. The first member had a nose of immense magnitude; the second a chin like and as long as a shoe-horn; the third, disfigured with a mouth like a gallon pot, when both the sides are nearly squeezed together; a fourth, with eyes like a tumbler, and one bigger than the other; a fifth, with a pair of convex cheeks, as if like Eolus, the god of the winds, he had stopped his breath for a time, to be the better able to discharge a hurricane; a sixth with as many wens and warts as there are knots and prickles upon an old thorn-back; a seventh, with a pair of skinny jaws that wrapped over in folds like the hide of a rhinoceros, and that with a tusk strutting beyond his lips, as if he had been begot by a man-tiger; a ninth, with a hare-lip that had drawn his mouth into several corners; the tenth, with a huge "Lauderdale" head, as big in circumference as the golden ball under St. Paul's cross, and a face so fiery, that the ruddy front of the orbicular lump which stood so elevated upon his lofty shoulders made it look like the flaming urn on the top of the monument, &c. &c. and such like who might resemble barbers' blocks in expressive

miscarry, or frighten children into fits. And it was proposed that every new member should, upon his inauguration, make a speech in favour of Æsop, whose portrait should hang over the chimney: and also that they should purchase the heads of Thersites, Duns Scotus, Scarron, (who compared his body to the letter Z,) and Hudibras, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

The Split-farthing Club was an assemblage of misers who met to consult how they might improve their riches, by punishing their bellies, and pinching others by usury. One would applaud the frugality of the former, who never wore any other clothes, than what was made of the wool that he picked off the hedges. Another would extol the prudence of the citizen who kept a load of faggots in his house, to warm his servants in cold weather, by handing them up stairs and down between the garret and the cellar. Thus went their conversation. Their dresses seemed to be made in the days of Robin Hood, and their stockings almost darned as much as the good housewife's hose in the library at Oxford, which has not enough left of the first knitting to show its original contexture. This society had such a starved appearance, that it was suspected there was not an ounce of fat among the whole.

ing, and who never parted till six

The Kit-Cat Club.—"This clu
"generally mentioned as a set of
the patriots that saved Britain."
conviviality, and the encourage
lettres, the place of rendezvous wa
in Shire-lane, Temple Bar; after
topher) Cat got up in the world,
Strand; for a young lady to be to
ing beauty of the day at this club
for life. Jacob Tonson the book
principal share in the formation
with all the portraits, and all pai
Kneller. Ned Ward describes it
nious society of Apollo's sons, w
have been the grand monopolizers
commodities in this flighty age, v
had the first honour to be forwar
ous mortal, chief merchant to the
times of piracy, both bookseller
having, many years since, con
kindness for one of the brethren
nity, then living at the end of B
Inn Lane, where, finding out the
ing his neighbour Boccai's (Jacob
seller) palate, had by his culin

this time Bocai, who had always a
ds his own interest, having wriggled
e company of a parcel of poetical
who had just weaned themselves of
versity, and by their prolific parts and
owments had made themselves the
late bountiful Mecænas, who had
used to be an indulgent father to the
hood, who had united themselves in
were as yet unprovided for; so that
eir youth and the narrowness of their
had a fair prospect of feathering his
profitable chaps. Besides the happy
those sons of Parnassus, it gave him
nity of promoting the interest of his
r, so skilled in the fortifications of
ies, and custards; so that Bocai, to
lf with his new set of authors, invited
tion of oven-trumpery at his friend's
hey were nobly entertained with as
of pastry delicacies as ever were seen
up of a Lord Mayor's feast, upon the
phs. There was not a mathematical
uclid's Elements" but what was pre-
le in baked wares, whose cavities were
atable varieties, fit for gods or poets;
cook such a mighty reputation among
customers, that they thought it a scan-
that so heavenly a banquet should go
oetry, where the ornamental folds of
eese-cake, and the artful walls of every
deserved to be immortalized: they
scarcely demolish the embellished
eon pie, without a distich; or break
dry tunics of a puff-paste apple tart,
epigram upon the glorious occasion.
being Christopher, for brevity called
being the Cat and Fiddle, thus was
a quaint denomination from puss and
from thence they called themselves the
Bocai was resolved to venture at all the
le else but pies for poetry, well consi-
is advantage, that what the publisher

returned, his friend the pastry-cook took off his hands at a better price than the trunk-maker; so that the poetical fraternity had most of their pies bottomed with their own productions, which proved so considerable an advantage to all chance customers, that whoever came in for a twopenny tart was assured to have a pennyworth of wit, or at least poetry, given into the bargain, that when they had emptied the shell, they might have taught their children to read upon the bottom-crust as well as a horn-book.

The George's Club.—There was formerly a club called the George's Club, consisting of members whose Christian names were George, who used to meet at the sign of the George, and on St. George's day; and always swore, when they did swear, by George.

The Humdrum Club was entirely made up of gentlemen of very peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together to smoke their pipes and say nothing till midnight.—*The Mum Club* was of a similar nature, being as great enemies to noise, as inveterate smokers.

The Sighing Club consisted of certain gentlemen *inamorato*s getting together into a society, where they, being totally absorbed in the contemplation of their several mistresses, had full liberty to talk to themselves and sigh. Each of these had a bit of ribbon, a lock of hair, a netted purse, or a garter, which they mused over and addressed from time to time, as gifts or relics stolen from or received from their idols. He who was remarked to apostrophise the most passionately and loudly was elected president. No one was admitted without a poem in praise of his mistress. A member who did not sigh fives times in a quarter of an hour was looked upon with suspicion; and a member giving a direct answer to a question, looked on as so absurd as to run the risk of expulsion: a *complete* absence of mind showed the best member. This distracted society always existed; but as the dulcineas relented, the old members made place for the new.

The Everlasting Club.—The Everlasting Club consisted of a hundred members, who divided the week

twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sat day and night from one end of the year to another; no party persuming to rise till they were relieved by those who were in course to relieve them. By this means the Everlasting Club never wanted company; for though a member was not on duty himself, he was sure to find some who were; so that if he was disposed to take a whet or lunch, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he went to the club, and found a knot of friends to his mind. It was a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for, as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man was to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table till his successor is in reality able to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man. This club was instituted about the time of the civil wars, and lasted till the great fire, which burnt them out and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, (which was demolished in order to stop the fire,) and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated orders from the club to withdraw himself. This steward was frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon as a far greater man than the famous captain, mentioned by Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but, after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century.—It appears by their books in general, that since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand pipes of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and one kilderkin of *small beer*; also a great consumption of cards. A fire was constantly kept up to light their pipes. They had an old woman, in the nature of a vestal, whose business it was to *cherish and perpetuate* the fire from generation to *generation*.—*Spectator*.

The Smithfield Club was a very [illegible] fraternity. The object of the [illegible] and which had noblemen in the [illegible] duce a beef-steak of two yards [illegible] width of fat encircling it, at Christmas [illegible] of oil-cakes and other extraneous and [illegible] of feeding oxen and sheep, to render [illegible] as near the elephant standard as [illegible] that they were brought to the club in [illegible] only ride they had in their lives, like [illegible] of old to Tyburn.

The Four-in-hand Club was at [illegible] by certain young noblemen and gentle[illegible] cash than consequence. To ape the [illegible] *acmé* of their delight: they therefore [illegible] elbows, had a front tooth extracted to [illegible] *artem*, and dressed themselves with [illegible] sized buttons, and sixteen strings to the [illegible] equipped and accomplished, they met [illegible] and the string of noble Jehus performed [illegible] to Salt Hill and Bedfont, and all the [illegible] It is needless to say that the horses [illegible] that the carriages were elegant, and the [illegible] being *empty*, was of a piece with the [illegible] Four-in-hand Club.

CONSOLATION FOR MANAGE[illegible]

Handel's early oratorios were but [illegible] That great composer would himself, [illegible] joke upon the emptiness of the house, [illegible] "would make de moosic sound all de[illegible]

WOODEN HEADS.

The phrase of wooden-heads is no [illegible] cal; some people fit up wooden [illegible] makers become book-makers, and a [illegible] parade of much reading, by only the [illegible] timber-merchant: a student in the [illegible] furnished with a collection of law [illegible] *whipping post*; Physical Dictionaries [illegible] *Jesuits'-bark*; a Treatise upon Duels [illegible] the History of Opposition in worm-[illegible] Works in cedar, his Commentators [illegible] the Reviewers in *birch*, and the Histo[illegible] in heart of *oak*.



FLYING COLOURS.

were at a coffee-house, when the
pon Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting,
that his tints were admirable, but
Sir Joshua, who was in the next
at, and accosted them thus, with a
emen, I return you many thanks
f with *flying* colours."

DLING *versus* STILES.

the law, and have not perused this
eminently useful as a precedent;
about to make their wills, will see
eing as explicit as possible, par-
lour of the horses they have to be-

Case argué en le Common Banke
s Justices de mêmes le Banke, en
lu Raygne de Roy Jacques, entre
adling, Plant., et *Peter Styles*,
ction propter certos Equos colora-
, PIED HORSES, post. per le dit
s le dit *Peter*.

Case.—Sir John Swale, of Swale
e, fast by the River Swale, Knt.,
and testament; in which, among
s this, viz. "Out of the kind love
bear unto my much honoured and
atthew Stradling, gent., I do be-
aid *Matthew Stradling*, gent. *all*
ite horses." The testator had six
hite horses, and six pied horses.
debate therefore was, whether or
w Stradling should have the said
ue of the said bequest.
t. — Atkins, apprentice pour le
ible que le plaintiffe recovera.
it seemeth expedient to consider
s of horses, and also what is the
; and so the argument will con-
self in a two-fold way; that is to
t and the substantial part. Horses
are the substantial part, or thing bequeathed: black and white, the formal or descriptive part.

Horse, in a physical sense, doth import a certain quadruped or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and regular disposition of certain proper and convenient parts, is adapted, fitted, and constituted for the use and need of man. Yea, so necessary and conducive was this animal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, that sundry and divers acts of parliament have, from time to time, been made in favour of horses.

1 Edw. IV. makes the transporting of horses out of the kingdom no less a penalty than the forfeiture of 40*l.*

2 & 3 Edw. VI. takes from horse-stealers the benefit of their clergy.

And the statutes of 27 & 32 Hen. VIII. condescends so far as to take care of their very breed; these, our wise ancestors, prudently foreseeing, that they could not better take care of their own posterity, than by also taking care of that of their horses.

And of so great esteem are horses in the eye of the common law, that when a knight of the bath committed any great and enormous crime, his punishment was to have his spurs chopped off with a cleaver, "being (as Master Bracton well observeth) unworthy to ride a horse."

Littleton, sec. 315, saith, "If tenants in common make a lease, reserving for rent a horse, they shall have but one assize; because, saith the book, the law will not suffer a horse to be severed: another argument of what high estimation the law maketh of a horse."

But as the great difference seemeth not to be so much touching the substantial part, horses; let us proceed to the formal or descriptive part, viz. what horses they are that come within this bequest.

Colours are commonly of various kinds and different sorts: of which white and black are the two extremes, and consequently comprehend within them all other colours whatsoever.

By a bequest, therefore, of black and white horses, grey or pied horses may well pass; for when two

extremes, or remotest ends, of any thing devised, the law, by common intendment, will intend whatsoever is contained between them to be devised too.

But the present case is still stronger; coming not only within the intendment, but also the very letter of the words.

By the word black, all the horses that are black are devised; by the word white, are devised those that are white; and by the same words, with the conjunction copulative "and" between them, the horses that are black and white, that is to say, pied, are devised also.

Whatever is black and white, is pied; and whatever is pied, is black and white; ergo, black and white is pied; and vice versa, pied is black and white.

If therefore black and white horses are devised, pied horses shall pass by such devise; but black and white horses are devised; *ergo* the plaintiff shall have the pied horses.

Pour le Defend.—Catlyne, Serjeant, moy semble, al'contrary. The plaintiff shall not have the pied horses by intendment; for if by the devise of black and white horses, not only black and white horses, but horses of any colour between these two extremes, may pass; then not only pied and grey horses, but also red or bay horses should pass likewise, which would be absurd, and against reason. And this is another strong argument in law, Nihil quod est rationem, est licitum; for reason is the life of the law, nay the common law is nothing but reason; which is to be understood of artificial perfection and reason gotten by long study, and not of man's natural reason; for Nemo nascitur artifex, and legal reason est summa ratio; and therefore, if all the reason that is dispersed into so many different heads, were united into one, he could not make such a law as the law of England; because, by many successions of ages, it has been fixed and refixed by grave and learned men; so that the old rule may be verified in it; *Neminem oportet esse legibus sapientiorem.*

As therefore pied horses do not come within the intendment of the said bequest, so neither do they within the letter of the words.

A pied horse is not a white horse, nei[ther] horse a black horse; how then can pied [be] under the words of black and white [horses]

Besides, where custom hath adapted determinate name to any one thing, in feoffments and grants, that certain [words] made use of, and no uncertain circumlo[cu]scriptions shall be allowed; for certainty [is] of right, and the mother of justice.

Le rest del argument je ne pouvois ap[pre]disturb en mon place.

Le Court fuit longement en doubt de [ce] et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgment fuit donné pour le Pl. nisi [&c.]

Motion in arrest of judgment; [that] horses were mares; and thereupon [it] prayed.

Et sur ceo le court advisare vult.

The above case with its law, Fr[ench] decorations, as evidently unlike the [law] as it was unlike English, was thus [re]ported by Mr. Fortescue, afterwards [a] intimate friend of Pope and Swift; and [in]serted in their "Martinus Scribleru[s]."

WILLIAM VICKS,

Or, Do as other people do.

Von Villiam Vicks, as I've heard tell
A wintner vas at Clerkenvell:
His vife she vas a vixen vile,
And oft poor Vill she vould revile;
For, ever vanting something new,
She'd cry, "Dear Vill, I vish as you
You'd *do as other people do!*

"There's neighbour Vite's, they [have]
And vhen they vants to dash away,
And vie with all the beaux and belles
Avay they vhip to Hornsey Vells;
Then, since ve all vant something [new]
Dear Villiam Vicks, I vish as you
You'd *do as other people do!*"

"Vat now," says Vill, "vat vant [you]
"Vy Vill, I vow it makes me [sweat]



dirt and filth!
uld save my health;
ith charming woo!
I wish as you
ople do!"

ht—and Madam now
nd servants too;
nooth and sleek,
es thrice a week;
mpatient grew,
he, "you know that you
ple do!"

run wery brief,
nother leaf;
—the house was sold—
es, too, we're told:
scream'd, "vat shall we do?"
cks, "you know that you
ple do!"

his change of life,
poor Vicks's vife—
his affairs,
is loss he bears;
im "How d'ye do!"
to tell you true,
do!"

L WELCOME.

Jesuit, was preaching at the
e words: *Hast thou not poured
dled me like cheese?* Job x. 10.
his discourse the news came
landed, and the congregation
n. On which he said he would
e, "Come life, come death,
ne devil!"

NTILATION.

"That his pieces were the
theatre at Drury-lane; for as
ere played, the audience di-

CLERICAL CHASTISEMENT.

A clergyman once quarrelled with a country squire, who said, "Doctor, your gown is your protection." "It is so," replied the parson, "but it shall not be yours." He then pulled it off, and thrashed the squire soundly.

HARMONY OF NATURE.

Horace Walpole, telling his nurseryman that he would have his trees planted irregularly, he replied, "Yes, sir, I understand; you would have them hung down—somewhat *poetical*."

LACONIC REFUSAL.

Clifford, countess of Dorset, having been applied to by her secretary to be allowed to recommend a person to her for member for Appleby, wrote the following reply:

"I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject;—your man sha'nt stand.

"Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery."

GRIEVANCES OF A CREDITOR.

Z. Y. owes me a bill. I send it in, we shall suppose, the 1st of July. Now mark the excuses in succession.

July 1.—"Oh! this is Mr. Mercer's bill—Call again any day next week."

July 9.—"Not at home."—"When will he be at home?"—"Any time to-morrow."

July 10.—"Has a gentleman with him," wait an hour—"Oh! ah! this is the bill—ay—hum—look in on Monday."

Monday.—"Not at home, gone to 'Change."

Thursday.—"Leave the bill, and I will look it over."

20.—"There seems to be a mistake in the bill; I never had *this* article—take it back to your master, and tell him to examine his books."

24.—"Just gone out."

29.—"I am busy now; tell your master I'll call on him as I go into the city."

August 16.—"Bless me! I quite forgot to call. The bill is not discharged—bring me a receipt any time to-morrow or next day."

17.—"Gone to Margate, and wo'nt be home till next month."

Sept. 12.—"What! did I not pay that bill before I went out of town? Are you going farther?"—"Yes."—"Very well; call as you come back, and I'll settle it."—Calls, and he is gone to dinner at Clapham.

16.—"Plague of this bill! I don't believe I have as much cash in the house—Can you give me change for a £100 note?"—"No."—"Then call in, as you pass, to-morrow."

18.—"Not at home."

25.—"*Appoint a day!* Damme what does your master mean? Tell him I'll call upon him, and know what he means by such a message."

October 14.—"What! no discount!"—"Sir, it has been due these two years."—"There's your money then."—"These guineas are light."—"Then you must call again; I have no loose cash in the house."

And here ends the payment of £9. 14*s*. 6*d*. with three of the guineas light.

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A roguish old lawyer was planning new sin,
As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout,
The mails and the daylight were just coming in,
The milkmaids and rushlights were just going out:

When a chimney-sweep's boy, who had made a mistake.
Came flop down the flue with a clattering rush,
And bawl'd, as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
"My master's a coming to give you a brush."

"If that be the case," said the cunning old elf,
"There's no moment to lose—it is high time to flee;
Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself,
If I wait for the Devil, the Devil take me!"

So he limp'd to the door without mayhe [illegible]
But Old Nick was too deep to be [illegible]
For the knave broke his neck by a [illegible]
stairs,
And thus ran to the Devil by running [illegible]

HIBERNICISM.

I will be ruined, said a Dublin [illegible]
English friend. "I am sorry for it," [illegible]
"but if you *will* be ruined, you know [illegible]
prevent it."

AMERICAN STAGE COACH DIALO[illegible]

Q. Where are you going, middle [illegible]
Q. Do you keep at Boston.—A. No.
Q. Where do you keep?—A. Fa[illegible]
Q. Have you been a lengthy time [illegible]
say?—A. Seven days.
Q. Where did you sleep last night?—[illegible]
street.
Q. What number?—A. Seven.
Q. That is Thomas Adonis's house?—[illegible]
my son's.
Q. What, have *you* a son?—A. Yes[illegible]
ters.
Q. What is your name?—A.—W[illegible]
———, *I guess.*
Q. Is your wife alive?—A. No; [illegible]
guess.
Q. Did she die slick right away?—[illegible]
any manner of means.
Q. How long have you been marri[illegible]
years, *I guess.*
Q. What age were you when you [illegible]
A. *I guess* mighty near thirty-three.
Q. If you were young again, *I gu*[illegible]
marry earlier?—A. No; *I guess* [illegible]
mighty grand age for marrying.
Q. How old is your daughter?—A.
Q. *I guess* she would like a husb[illegible]
she is mighty careless about that.
Q. She is not awful, (ugly,) *I gu*[illegible]
guess she is not.
Q. Is she sick?—A. Yes.



sickness?—A. Consumption.
n of that; you have got a doctor,
have.
trader?—A. Yes.
n *boss?*—A. Yes.
ts kedge (brisk?)—Yes; I expect
y.
get in business?—A. I planted
nis sponsor for a thousand *dollars:*
within time; and he is now pro-

TINACY IN GRAIN.

, but so perverse,
'd her in her hearse;
ıper was in vain;
'd against the grain.
ihe went in dudgeon,
ver for a gudgeon;
far to hook a bite,
ill, went down outright,
aw, but, in his fright,
hobble to the river,
lrowning to deliver;
l for some assistance,
Tom from no small distance
k, and found their master
the sad disaster.
ı in rapid force,
things went of course;
put their boat-hooks down,
an, to hitch her gown;
began their search,
e'd fallen off the perch.
ou are," exclaim'd old Robin,
e tide your hooks to bob in;
' said patient Bob;
re a fruitless job:
the place, where fate
e of my dearest Kate;
ere is in such a scheme,
gainst *the stream.*"
llowed in a trice
orders and advice,

And found he was a knowing guide,
They hook'd her *buffeting the tide.*

THE EPIGRAM CLUB.

——— On the removal of the cloth, the president gave three knocks with his hammer on the table. Silence being procured, he commenced his harangue by reminding the society that nobody was required to sing: that it was gothic barbarity to call upon any gentleman to struggle with a cold and hoarseness; that the organs of singing were frequently deranged, those of speaking very seldom; and therefore that the usages of this institution were highly rational, inasmuch as no man was there called upon for a song, but every one for an epigram.

——— "Mr. Morris," said the deputy chairman, to a member on his right hand, "were you at the late masquerade?" "I was," answered Morris, with all the elation of a man who sees an opportunity of throwing in a good thing. "I went with Lump, the leather-seller. He wore a domino, but he wanted to go in character." "What character?" "Charles the second." "Indeed! and what made him alter his determination?" "My epigram." "Oh pray let us have it." "Certainly—

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 't would be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.
Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the president, "your health Mr. Morris, I think you are in a fair way of winning the silver medal. But we shall see. Mr. Vice, you will please to call upon Mr. Snaggs. We must take him in time, or the Hampstead stage will be too sharp for us." Snaggs started from a doze, and begged to inform the company that in his village resided a physician and a vicar, who often walked arm in arm together. "Which circumstance," said

Snaggs, induced me to squib them after the following fashion—

"How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies:
Old D. D. has the cure of souls,
And M. D. has the care of bodies.
Betweeen them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure,
One has the cure without the care,
And one the care without the cure."

The applause which followed this effusion made Morris tremble for his silver medal.

The president now looked at his watch: it pointed to the hour of nine: he exchanged a significant glance with the vice-president, (who also officiated as secretary,) and the latter cast his eye towards a mahogany box in the window-seat, and began to fumble for his keys. "Silence, gentlemen," exclaimed the former, "and listen to a report of our committee, setting forth the objects and prospects of this institution." The secretary then drew forth a book, and proceeded to business.

The report commenced by stating, that the object of the Epigram Club was to induce writers and speakers in general, by their precept and example, to compress what they might have to utter into as small a compass as possible. The report dilated upon the alarming increase of forensic and parliamentary eloquence, and then enumerated the number of epigrams which, with a view of stopping the farther increase of the mischief, the committee had caused to be distributed in England, Scotland, and Ireland, a great portion of which had been translated into the Hindostan and Catabaw languages; so that, to adopt their own phraseology, "they had the heartfelt delight of epigrammatizing the naked Gentoo and the tatooed Otaheiteam." The report then stated, that, by the exertions of the committee, seventeen epic poems had been strangled in their birth.

"A dry subject, Mr. Secretary," exclaimed the chairman,—"Mr. Daffodil, pray favour us with an epigram." This request was addressed to a slender young man, who sat "like a lily drooping," all the air of having been recently jilted. called upon, he started from the reverie in appeared to be plunged, and in a silver follows:—

"To Flavia's shrine two suitors ran
And woo the fair at once:
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.
How, thus twin-courted she'll behave
Depends upon this rule—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
And if a knave the fool."

This effort was received with some it did not quite amount to a hit. The semed to opine that knave and fool names to call a lady. It mattered little thought, young Daffodil had relapsed reverie. The following was pronounced better:

"My thrifty spouse, her taste to please
With rival dames at auctions vies;
She doats on every thing she sees,
And every thing she doats on buys.
I with her taste am quite enchanted,
Such costly wares, so wisely bought,
Bought, because they may be wanted,
Wanted, because they may be bought."

"I should not be at all surprised," Thackeray to the utterer of the Backhouse gave you that idea. You —she lives in Castle-street, Holborn, whole of the morning in picking up ably cheap. She bought the late Irish she has no occasion for them at present, come into play.—Last Wednesday she capital bargain in Broker's-row, Moorfields door-plate, with Mr. Henderson's it only cost her ninepence halfpenny. thing happen to Mr. Backhouse, and



irted by any body of the name of Henderson, door-plate ready."

lly proving successful, drew the attention of owards the utterer; and the chairman told , when his turn arrived, he had no doubt of ing the company with an excellent epigram. emen," said the member whose turn was ccession, "I have a weighty objection to all een uttered. An epigram should not be to eight lines; and I believe all that we i this evening, have been of that length. ought to be the *ne plus ultra*; if only two he better. Allow me to deliver one which d by an old gentleman, whose daughter mportuned him for money:—

Bell, to gain money, sure, silence is best,
umb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

quite of your opinion," said he who fol- nd in narrating an epitaph by a disconsolate pon his late wife, I mean to confine myself same Spartan limits:

bones from my body have taken a trip,
uried my Rib, and got rid of my *Hyp*."

captain," said the president, addressing young Culpepper's mustachio'd associate. m started, and waxed rather red. "I'm —I can't at this moment—Really its very —Pray must it be in English?" "No, not confined to any language." "Well, I give you a Latin one. My friend Cul- I, on coming out of the opera the other into dispute with a hackney-coachman. h I collared him, and he collared me, and k facing of my cloak. Upon which, says who is to mend it? Upon which said I, a replace the silk facing but the man who pe; because, according to the Latin adage, ui capit ille facit.

ink I have beaten the two gentlemen who ised last. They have made a great merit confined themselves to two lines, and, ve confined myself to one."

The ballot-box was produced—the several epigrams proposed and balloted for in succession—and the captain had the silver medal, each member having given one ball to his own production, and one to Captain Thackeray's: thus intimating, that next to his own production, the superior merit lay with the Latin adage.

DESCRIPTION OF A FOOL, AND HIS MORALIZING ON TIME.

Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: *No, sir*, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*
Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven:
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.*

OCEANS OF PUNCH.

The honourable Edward Russel, who was captain general and commander in chief of the English forces in the Mediterranean, during the reign of William the Third, had a mighty bowl of punch made at his house, on the 25th of October, 1694. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the centre of four walks, all of which were arched with lemon and orange trees, and along every walk tables were placed the whole length, which were covered with cold collations, &c. In the fountain were the following ingredients: four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, twenty-five thousand lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs,

* The fool was anciently dressed in a party-coloured coat.

three hundred toasted biscuits, and a pipe of mountain malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, in which was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company, who exceeded six thousand in number.

PROLOGUE TO THE BUSY BODY.

Though modern prophets were exposed of late,
The author could not prophesy his fate:
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy days
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you woudrous things that will prove true:
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife shall cease,
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town;
Where, wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time away.
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street sempstress—toast of Temple sparks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attornies' clerks,
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the lay;
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you
'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.
Since war and places claim the lords that sit
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat, to-night;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.

EAST

THE JUDGE OUTWITTED.

The late Lord Kenyon was once listening [illegible] tentively, in the Roll's Court, to a young [illegible] was reading to him the conveyance of [illegible] and, on coming to the word *enough*, pron[illegible] *enow*. His honour immediately interrupted [illegible] "Hold, hold! you must stand corrected; [illegible] according to the vernacular custom, pronounce [illegible] and so must all other English words where [illegible] in *ough*; as, for example, tough, [illegible] trough," &c. The clerk bowed, blushed, [illegible] on for some time; when, coming to the word [illegible] he, with increased emphatical voice, and [illegible] ing look at his honour, called it *plough*. The lawyer stroked his chin, and, with a smile, said, "Young man! I sit corrected."

DANIEL *versus* DISHCLOUT.

Daniel was groom in the same family [illegible] Dishclout was cookmaid, and Daniel [illegible] one day fuddled, he stooped down to take [illegible] of the pan; Dishclout pushed him into the pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he [illegible] to bring his action against the cookmaid; the [illegible] of which were as follows: The first person [illegible] was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle. He began, says [illegible] I have the honour to be pitched upon to [illegible] cause to your lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship's time [illegible] round about circumlocutory manner of [illegible] talking, quite foreign to the purpose, [illegible] ways relating to the matter in hand, I shall [illegible] I design to show what damages my client [illegible] tained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon, [illegible] lord, my client being a servant in the same [illegible] Dishclout, and not being at board wages,



) the fee-simple of the dripping-pan. 'e an attachment to the *sop* with his :h the defendant replevied with her p, and tumbled us into the dripping- *Broughton's* reports, *Slack versus* said that *primus strokus, sine jocus, vokus;* now, who gave the *primus* .ve the first offence? why the cook: dripping-pan there; for, my lord, llow, if we had not been there, we been thrown down there; yet, my ping-pan had not been there, for us down into, we could not have tum- pping-pan." The next counsel on gan with, "My lord, he who makes ds to no purpose, has not much to herefore I shall come to the point at d immediately I shall come to the it was in liquor, the liquor in him ı ejectment upon his understanding, as nonsuited, and he was a man be-

Dr. Biblibus declares, in his Dis- ampers, in the 139th folio volume of of the Statutes, page 1286, he says, nan is *homo duplicans*, or a double because he sees things double, but is not as he *should be* profecto *ipse should not* be, defecto *ipse* he."

ı the other side rose up gracefully, ruffles prettily, and tossing the *ties* it emphatically. He began with, you, gentlemen of the jury, I hum- I have the authority to declare, that this case for the defendant; there- shall not flourish away in words; re than fillagree works. Some people an embellishment, but to me 'tis a hment, how any one can be so im- letriment of all rudiment. But, my o be looked at through the medium ng; for the law knows no medium, ong are but its shadows. Now, in ey have called a kitchen my client's a kitchen is nobody's premises; a kitchen is not a ware-house, nor a wash-house, a brew-house, nor a bake-house, an inn-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house; no, my lord, 'tis absolutely and bonâ fide neither more nor less then a kitchen, or as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usu cookare, cum sauce-pannis, stew-pannis, scullero, dressero, coal-holo, stovis, smoak-jacko, pro roastandum, boilan- dum, fryandum, et plumpudding mixandum, pro turtle soupos, calve's-headhashibus, cum calipee et calepashibus.*

"But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cookmaid: now, my lord, we shall take it upon a *new* ground, and beg a *new* trial; for as they have curtailed our name, from plain *Mary* into *Moll*, I hope the court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do; for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them."

Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial: FOR THE LAW IS OUR LIBERTY, AND IT IS HAPPY FOR US WE HAVE THE LIBERTY TO GO TO LAW.

EPITAPHS.

On a Person in the Country, who occasionally per- formed the business of Tailor and Barber.

In a timber surtout here are wrapt the remains
Of a MOWER OF BEARDS, and a USER OF SKAINS;
'Twas the SHEARS of grim death cut his STAYTAPE of life,
And press'd him away from TWIST, RAZORS, AND WIFE;
But the pray'r of all people, he SEW'D FOR OR SHAV'D,
Is that he's with the REMNANT of those that are sav'd.

ON A WIFE.

Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in a short time you'll come to I.
I am not griev'd, my dearest life;
Sleep on, I've got another wife.

Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she.

Thetford in *Norfolk*.

My GRANDMOTHER was buried here,
My COUSIN JANE and TWO UNCLES dear;
My FATHER perish'd with a *mortification in his thighs*;
My SISTER dropp'd down dead in the MINORIES!
But the reason why I'M here interr'd, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living, and hard drinking.
If, therefore, GOOD CHRISTIANS, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much WINE, BRANDY, GIN, or any thing strong.

FEMALE VIRTUES.

Dean Swift amused himself with the endings of words, and particularly upon the word ending in *ling*! He says, "I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling*, which explains many fine qualities in ladies; such as grow-ling, rai-ling, tip-ling, (seldom,) toi-ling, mumb-ling, grumb-ling, cur-ling, puzz-ling, bust-ling, strol-ling, ramb-ling, quar-rel-ling, tatt-ling, whiff-ling, dabb-ling, doub-ling."

THE DREAM, OR THE STRAND TRAGEDY.

From "Warreniana," a merry jeu d'esprit after the manner of the Rejected Addresses, and consisting of puffs of Warren's blacking, in imitation of the several styles of the leading and best known writers.

Ten minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock,
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock:
Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cock-a-doodle-doo.
If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,
Jesu-Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.

Warren, the manufacturer rich,
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch;
To Saint Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow,
[illegible] of bow, wow, wow:
Now for the quarters, and *now* for the hour;
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower;
But when, like a ghost all arrayed in its cloud,
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in cloud,
When the moon, sole chandelier of the sky,
Bathes the blessed earth in light,
As wizard to wizard, or witch to witch,
Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch.

Buried in thought O'Warren lay,
Like a village queen on the birth of May,
He listed the tones of Saint Dunstan's clock,
Of the mastiff bitch and the crowing cock;
But louder, far louder, he listed a roar
Loud as the billow that booms on the shore;
Bang, bang, with a pause between,
Rung the weird sound at his door, I ween.
Up from his couch he leaped in affright,
Op'd his gray lattice and looked on the night,
Then put on his coat, and with harlequin hop
Stood like a phantom in midst of the shop;
In midst of his shop he stood like a spride,
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand;
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so scantily clad as she,
Ugly and old exceedingly.

In height her figure was six feet two,
In breadth exactly two feet six,
One eye as summer skies was blue,
The other black as the waves of Styx.
Her bloodless lips did aught but pair,
For one was brown and one was fair,
And clattered like maid in hysteric fit,
Or jack that turned a kitchen spit;
Jesu-Maria! with awe, I trow,
O'Warren beheld this worricow,
For dreary and dun the death hue came
O'er her cheek, as she traced the word
The words of flame that with mystic h
Are hatched from a still-born incubus
And doom each wight who reads to d
Till the birth of day, in the caves of

[illegible] then not, lord of the Strand,
[illegible] subjects thee to elfin command;
[illegible] the bogie hath marked her hour,
[illegible] hath read the words of power;
[illegible] by letter be traced the spell,
[illegible] sullen toll of Saint Dunstan's bell,
[illegible] midnight howl of the mastiff bitch,
[illegible] his doom to the Hallowmas witch.
[illegible] her grandeur she stood by,
[illegible] that splotcheth to sun and sky;
[illegible] to Warren with fitful breath,
[illegible] Nightmare-life-in-death;
[illegible] we may not stay,
[illegible] away, away!
[illegible] we've far to go,
[illegible] jee-up! jee-hoe.—"
[illegible] a little delay,
[illegible] "too late, by my fay;"
[illegible] and scampered away.

[illegible] their destination, and find Satan at home.]

He strode to his palace gate
Witch and the Warren approached in state,
At the threshold as onward they came
With words of fever and flame,
Man addressed, "Your name, sir, is

of sudden wide over the town;
With proviso this praise we must mix,
Brilliant your blacking, the water of Styx
Fair, and can throw, as it suits,
Gloss o'er our shoes and our boots."
The Warren with choleric eye,
The cock-tailed incubi!
Friend to your puffs you may fix,
Worse, you assert that your Styx
Blacking, ('twas clear he was vexed,)
Will ne'er stick at any thing next.
Who laud me at Paine's and Allmack's,
Martin, those emulous quacks,
One spirit of concord agree,
'Tis better than any black sea
Your paltry Avernus, I wis,"
replied, "I'll *be d—d if it is.*"

The tradesman he laughed at this pitiful shot
And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
Of the gathering demons, blue, yellow, and pink
A bottle of blacking more sable than ink;—
With the waves of the Styx in a jiffey they tried
But the waves of the Styx looked foolish beside it
"You mote as well liken the summer sky,"
Quoth Warren the bold, "with an Irish stye;
The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
As your lily-white river with me or mine."

Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger played,
At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;
And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
He wrathfully challenged his foeman to box.
Then summoned each demon to form a ring,
And witness his truculent triumphing.—
The ring was formed and the twain set to,
Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew,
Satan was seconded in a crack,
By Molineux, the American Black,
(Who sported an oath as a civil salam,)
While Warren was backed by the ghost of Dutch Sam.
Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
Wild as a colt o'er the moorland that strays,
Who thrill at each wondrous rede I tell,
As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
In shapely pugilistic verse,
(Albeit my fancy preferreth still
The quiet of nature,) this desperate *mill.*

The Fight.

Both men on *peeling* showed nerve and bone,
And weighed on an average *fourteen stone;*
Doft their silk *fogle*, for battle agog,
Yellowman, castor, and white upper *tog;*
They sparred for a second their ardour to cool,
And rushed at each other like bull to bull.

Rounds.

1. Was a *smasher*, for Brummagem Bob
Let fly a *topper* on Beelzebub's nob;
Then followed him over the ring with ease
And [illegible]

RIVAL LIARS.

ish nobleman, addressing himself to three rvants, promised to reward the one who ll him the greatest lie.—The first said that had told a lie—the second averred that he t tell one—the third candidate, however, mself the best adept in the art, and obtained , for he assured his master that both his fel- nts had just told him the truth!

COUNTRY COMMISSIONS.

ousin, I write this in haste,
eg you will get for mamma
f best jessamine paste,
a pair of shoe-buckles for pa',
ter 'Change;—then just pop
Aldersgate-street for the prints—
hile you are there you can stop
skein of white worsted at Flint's.
ants a new razor strop,
namma wants a Chinchilli muff;
bby's in want of a top,
y aunt wants six-pen'orth of snuff.
n St. Martin's-le-Grand
e goggles for Mary, (who squints)
ul of bee's-wax in the Strand,
skein of white worsted at Flint's.
you are there you may stop
Souchong in Monument-yard;
you are there you can pop
-la-bonne for some lard;
ou are there you can call
ilk of the latest new tints
r's, not far from White-hall:
ther the worsted at Flint's.
e are there, 'twere as well
in Whitechapel, to see
y and then in Pall-Mall,
under water for me:
ere there you can go
the old Mr. Chint's—
may easily do
the white worsted at Flint's.

I send in this parcel from Bet,
An old spelling book to be bound,
A cornelian brooch to be set,
And some razors of pa's to be ground.
O dear, what a memory have I!
Notwithstanding all Deborah's hints,
I've forgotten to tell you to buy,
A skein of white worsted from Flint's.

THE DEVIL'S TAVERN.

The devil's tavern, immortalized by Ben Jonson was situated in Fleet street, near Temple-bar, on the site where Child's-place now stands. The poet wrote his *Leges Convivales* for a club of wits who assembled in a room at this tavern, which he dedicated to Apollo, over the chimney of which the laws were preserved.

In an ancient MS. preserved at Dulwich College, there are some of this comic writer's memoranda, which prove that he owed much of his inspiration to good wine, and the convivial hours he passed at this tavern. The following passages from the MS. justify the opinion.

"Mem. I laid the plot of my Volpone, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack, from my very good Lord T—; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause.

"Mem. The first speech in my Catiline, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil's Tavern; I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. *I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.*

"Mem. Upon the 20th of May, the king (heaven reward him) sent me a hundred pounds. At that time I went oftentimes to the Devil; and before I had spent forty of it, wrote my Alchymist.

"Mem. The Devil an Ass, the Tale of a Tub, and some other comedies which did not succeed, written by me (in the winter honest Ralph [illegible] when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil."

PLOT AND UNDERPLOT.

Dr. Busby was asked how he contrived to keep all his preferments, and the head mastership of Westminster school, through the successive, but turbulent, reigns of Charles the First, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, and James; he replied, "The fathers govern the nation; the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers, *and I govern the boys.*"

PROLOGUE EXTRAORDINARY.

An Hibernian member of a strolling company of comedians, in the north of England, once advertised for his benefit, "An occasional Address to be spoken by a new actor." This excited great expectations among the town's people.—Upon the benefit-night, the Hibernian stepped forward, and in a deep brogue thus addressed the audience:—

"To night, a new actor appears on your stage,
To claim your protection and your patron-age;
Now, who do you think this new actor may be?
Why, turn round your eyes, and look full upon me,
And then you'll be sure this new actor to see."

DRINKING-CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

We have a very common expression to describe a man in a state of ebriety, that "he is as drunk as a beast," or that "he is beastly drunk." This is a libel on the brutes, for the vice of ebriety is perfectly human. When ebriety became first prevalent in our nation, during the reign of Elizabeth, it was a favourite notion among the writers of the time, and on which they have exhausted their fancy, that a man in the different stages of ebriety showed the most vicious quality of different animals; or that a company of drunkards exhibited a collection of brutes, with their different characteristics.

"All dronkardes are beasts," says George Gascoigne in a curious treatise on them, and he proceeds illustrating his proposition; but the satirist Nash as classified eight kinds of "drunkards;" a fanciful ketch from the hand of a master in humour, and which could only have been composed by a close spectator of their manners and habits.

and hollows and danceth like the heavens; the second is *lyon-drunk*, and he flings the pots about the house, calls the hostess w—e, breaks the glass windows with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man he speaks to him; the third is *swine-drunk*, heavy, lumpish, and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink and a few more clothes; the fourth is *sheep-drunk*, wise in his own conceit when he cannot bring forth a right word; the fifth is *mawdlin-drunk*, when a man is low will weep for kindness in the midst of his drink, and kiss you, saying, 'By God! captain, I love thee; go thy ways, thou dost not think so often of me, as I do of thee: I would (if it pleased God) I could love thee so well as I do,' and then he puts his finger in his eye and cries. The sixth is *sheep-drunk*, when a man is drunk, and drinks himself sober; he stir; the seventh is *goat-drunk*, when drunkenness he hath no mind but on lechery. eighth is *fox-drunk*, when he is crafty-drunk, of the Dutchmen be, which will never when they are drunk. All these epecies, I have seen practised in *one company* when I have been permitted to remain when them only to note their several humours."

THE CIVIC DINNER.

The guests assembled in Budge-row,
Sir Peter Pruin mumbles grace,
The covers are removed—and lo!
A terrible attack takes place:
Knives, spoons, and glasses clitter-clatter,
None seem to think of indigestion,
But all together stuff and chatter,
Like gluttons playing at cross-purposes.
What's that on Mrs. Firkin's head?
Roast hare and sweet sauce—no!
So Lady Lump is put to bed,—
What has she got?—a roasted
Your little darling, Mrs. Agg—
A rein-deer tongue—begins to
How's little Tommy?—boil'd to
And Miss Augusta?—fried in



'ds!—he's named by will
.tor—the papers
ding to fulfil—
ce, and a few more capers—
toe—where's the salt?
es us lick our lips;
some exalt,
rely best for whips,—
Mrs. Fry must carry
—but toughish gizzard—
t in—little Harry
letters down to izzard.—
t—fine calf's head—
wn made of?—currant jelly:
hey say is dead—
ck—vermicelli—
-pepper'd—dish'd—Beltoni;—
obert's pond with Thurtell;—
-bad macaroni;—
ving wife—mock-turtle,—
face—had caught his eye,
-mutton chops—and so
)—a pigeon pie,
rust—and off they go.
a handkerchief—
—lost at Charing-cross;
—collared beef—
oll'd in—lobster-sauce.
—Scot's collops—fetch up
this is flat.—
re—mushroom ketchup—
hness—lots of fat.
ierring—we must give her
—turkey dish'd in grease:
tain's—lights and liver,
)en—Mrs. Rees.
going to marry—
rabbit—muffins—mummery—
Captain Parry—
erim-con—Crim Tartars—flum-

ADY'S ON FRIDAY.
g establishment in King-street, St. James's-square, called Almack's. The proprietor of the mansion is named Willis. Six lady patronesses, of the first distinction, govern the assembly. Their fiat is decisive as to admission or rejection: consequently "their nods are gods keep in awe." The nights of meeting fall upon every Wednesday during the season. This is selection with a vengeance: the very quintessence of aristocracy. Three-fourths even of the nobility knock in vain for admission. Into this sanctum sanctorum, of course, the sons of commerce never think of intruding on the sacred Wednesday evenings: and yet into this very "blue chamber," in the absence of the six necromancers, have the votaries of trade contrived to intrude themselves. The following are the particulars.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of tradesmen's ladies, held at the King's-Head Tavern in the Poultry, Lady Simms in the chair, it was resolved, in order to mortify the proud flesh of the six occidental countesses above alluded to, that a rival Almack's be forthwith established, to meet on every Friday evening: that Mr. Willis be treated with as to the hiring of his rooms: that the worthy chairwoman, with the addition of Lady Brown, Lady Roberts, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Wells, and Miss Jones, be appointed six lady patronesses to govern the establishment: that those ladies be empowered to draw a line of demarcation round the most fashionable part of the city, and that no residents beyond that circle be, on any account, entitled to subscriptions. The six lady patronesses, who originated these resolutions, dwell in the most fashionable part of the city, viz. Lady Simms, on Cornhill, Lady Brown in Mansion-house-street, Lady Roberts, in Birchin-lane, Mrs. Chambers, in Throgmorton-street, Mrs. Wells, in Copthall-court, and Miss Jones, in Bucklersbury. It is astonishing with what rapidity the subscriptions filled; and the governesses of the establishment have acted with great circumspection in confining the amusement to none but their upper circles. The chief members are warehousemen and wholesale linen-drapers, with, of course, their wives and daughters. The original plan was to exclude all retail traders; but, in this world

in the West. But to squalls like this the best regulated establishments are liable. The line of demarcation includes Bow-lane, Queen-street, and Bucklersbury, on the south side of Cheapside; and King-street, the Old Jewry, and Saint Martin's-le-Grand on the north; but not a step beyond. The consequence is, that in the regions of Fore-street, Cripplegate and Moorfields, northward; and in those of Watling-street, Old Fish-street and Tower-royal, southward; a great mass of disaffection has been engendered. Wardmotes have been called, select vestries have been summoned, and special meetings have been convened; but *Almack's on Friday* flourishes notwithstanding. In the delivering out of subscriptions, it has been whispered that some tokens of partiality are discernible. Undue preferences are alleged to be given, which, if done in the way of trade, would force the obliged party to refund his debt for the equal benefit of himself and the rest of the creditors. Lady Simms's husband is a lottery-office keeper in Cornhill, and "they do say," that young men have but slender prospects of admission if they omit to buy their sixteenths at his shop. Lady Brown's lord and master is a wax-chandler in Mansion-house-street; let no man who hopes to visit Almack's on Friday seek his spermaceti in any other shop. Sir Ralph Roberts is a wholesale ironmonger

Company, who attends in t
purpose. This ceremony con
trowsers under the knee, and
position with black silk: the
to enter the ball-room, with
resembling one of those br
captains who ply in the lon
house. It sometimes happe
acted upon by the needle, li
process, has worn white und
of half-black silk upper hose
mencement of his calf. The
cases, is rather ludicrous, in
reappears with a pair of blac
and looks as if he had by acc
into a couple of ink bottles.
necessarily forced, by the fol
themselves with a new pai
motive has been assigned to
Jones is a maiden lady of
genteel independence.

About eight o'clock on ev
ing the season, (for certain
sons—"A negro has a soul,
mass of hackney coaches m
the purlieus of Cheapside, th
to convey our city fashionab

proscribed, as foreign, and consequently indecent; hree of the six Miss Robertses discovered acci- lly one morning, while two of the other three tormenting poor Mozart into an undulating see- n the piano, that they waltzed remarkably well. rule thenceforward was less rigidly enforced. till the practice is rather scouted by the more part of the community. Lady Brown bridles, heartily regrets that such filthy doings are not ad to Paris: while Lady Simms thanks God her daughter never danced a single waltz in the course of her life. This instance of self-denial to be recorded, for Miss Simms's left leg is r than her right. Nature evidently meant her waltzer of the first water and magnitude, hilosophy has operated upon her as it did Socrates. There is a young broker named who has no very extensive connection, in me, but he has notwithstanding contrived himself into a subscription. He re- takes out Harriet Roberts, and, after with her round the room till the young is sick and faint, he performs a like feat with Roberts, and successively with Betsy. The of samples, when this is well over, is as a goose. He therefore retires to take a little but in about ten minutes returns to the large t like a giant refreshed, claps his hands, calls i zitti" to the leader of the band, and starts h Lucy, Charlotte, and Jemima Roberts, xecutive quadrilles The pertinacity of man is indeed prodigious. When the enced quadrillers are bowled out of the y be seen spinning by himself, like an vise. He is no great beauty, his head degrees too big for his body; but this does not extend lower down, for Lady there is not a better-hearted young man n ward. According to the rules of the nobody is admitted after ten o'clock, ien of the common council: their s are paramount. An odd incident ve occurred one Friday evening. ison and her daughter alighted at the outer door from a very clean hack delivered her card to Mr. Willis, and jestically past the grating up stairs into room. On a more minute inspecotin of nent, it was discovered to be a forgery. was to be done? The mother was sitting mirror, and the daughter was dancing life. Lady Simms, Mrs. Wells, and Miss (three make a quorum) laid their heads t and the result was a civil message to Mrs. Fe requesting her and her daughter to abdicate. Ferguson at first felt disposed to "show fight, feeling the current too strong, had recourse to s cation. This was equally vain: the rule was rative: indeed, according to Sir Ralph Robert unalterable as the laws of the *Sweeds* and *Stert*. The difference was at length split. A young st broker of fashion had just driven up from Capel-c in a hackney cabriolet. Mamma was consigned the pepper-and-salt coat driver of the vehicle; a Miss Ferguson was allowed to dance her dance o Lady Brown undertaking to drop her safe and sour in Friday-street, in her way homeward, at the concl sion of the festivity.

Before the conclusion of the evening's diversio the ladies and their partners walk the *Polonai* round the room. One Friday evening the order march was suddenly impeded. Miss Donaldson, t grocer's daughter, having insisted upon taking pr cedence of Miss Jackson, whose father sells Stilto that mock the eye with the semblance of pine-apple at the corner of St. Swithin's-lane. The matter w referred to the patronesses, who gave it in favour Miss Jackson, inasmuch as at dinner, cheese com before figs. Certain caustic tradesmen, who dwe eastward of the magic circle, are said to be the habit of throwing out sarcasms upon those w choose to go so far west in quest of diversion. " you must have a ball," say these crabbed philos phers, "why not hold it at the London Tavern, or the George and Vulture, Lombard-street?" B surely this is bad reasoning. If the pilgrim Ro with a warmer devotion from visiting the shrin Loretto, well may a Miss Dawson or a Mr.

move with a lighter heel when kicking up a dust upon the very same boards, which, on the Wednesday preceding, were jumped upon by a Lord John or a Lady Arabella.

ON MITRE-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

Proper terms here are met—for, whatever our *forte*,
There's no way to the mitre, except *through the court!*

TRUISMS, OR INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

I'm Simon Bore, just come from college,
My studies I've pursued so far,
I'm called for my surprising knowledge,
The walking 'Cyclopædia.
Tho' some, perhaps, may call me quiz,
Their jeers I value not a jot;
In art, in nature, all that is
I'll tell you—aye, and what is not.
So you must all acknowledge, O,
I've made good use of college, O;
When I was there, completely bare,
I stripp'd the tree of knowledge, O.

Hay is brought to town in carts,
Ham sandwiches a'n't made of tin;
They don't feed cows on apple-tarts,
Nor wear gilt spurs upon the chin.
Bullocks don't wear opera hats,
Fiddles are not made of cheese,
Nor pigeon-pies of water-rats;
Boil'd salmon does not grow on trees.
So you must all acknowledge, O, &c.

Putty is not good to eat,
Fryingpans ar'n't made of gauze,
Penny rolls are made of wheat,
Straw bonnets too, are made of straws
Horses don't wear Hessian boots,
The Thames is not mock turtle soup,
A child can't eat an iron hoop,
And pigs don't play the German flute.
So you must all, &c.

Kittens are but little cats,
Mouse traps are not county jails,
Whales are full as big as sprats,
They don't stuff geese with cop
A German waltz is not a hymn,
The French are mostly born in
Fishes ar'n't afraid to swim,
And turkeys seldom learn to da
So you must all, &c.

Twenty turnips make a score,
Dustmen rarely drink Champag
A cow's tail seldom grows before,
They don't make wigs of bamb
Dutchmen sometimes lay abeds,
A cabbage cannot dance a jig,
Grass does not grow on ladies' he
A bull dog need not wear a wi
So you must all, &c.

Fifty pounds of yellow soap,
Weigh more than twenty-five
An oyster cannot chew a rope,
Poor people have a right to sne
Pigs don't read the Morning Post
Watch chains are not roasting
They don't make boots of butter
Red herrings don't pay powde
So you must all, &c.

CLERICAL FALL.

A certain divine, about to chas
tion, mentioned that subject from
service was over, an old negro man
his admirers, went up to him and d
motives of his leaving his first flock
swered, "He had a call." "I, ma
negro, "who called you?" "Go
swered the parson. "I, massa, he
Jack, he called me."—"Massa, wh
"I get 200*l.*" "And what you
"Why I am to get 400*l.*" "I, mas
call you till he be blind from 400
go."

BACON'S WRITING EPIGRAMS.

e epigrams?' Why should he not?
the church by so doing is got;
rit let his verses be fraught,
all then an arch-deacon be thought.

WICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

h Martin Elphinston,
h his sword did cut in sun-
aughter of Sir Harry
ho did his daughter marry:
fat and fulsome;
will some-
bacon with their bean,
the fat as well as lean.

POLITE INVITATION.

o was executed at Leicester, and
gular mode of travelling in a post-
e of execution, was no less remark-
s, than a copious fund of low hu-
he following notice put up in the
ouses in the town: "Wanted, an
on in a post-chaise, to go a journey
gth, and upon *equal* terms."

COURT FOOLS.

he most sprightly of all inventions
e dulness of courts is that of the
fool, than which nothing could
easily and admirably adapted to
ty himself, he was at least the
—the butt at which the shafts
shot, and through whom they
hem at their neighbours. The
quibbling, bald, bad; but the
its mental; not so sparkling,
etween Congreve's intellectual
ferable to what it displaced,
is more comical than a play
tter to elicit bad puns from
in to be drinking wine out of
stions to smoke a quiz as a
head is as comical as a bump

upon it; and cutting jokes, however common-plac
assuredly as sprightly as cutting cards, and as
morous as cutting capers. Whoever first establis
these chartered merry-andrews, we ought to wear
name in our heart's core. Strange that these em
loquent professors of facetiæ should have left so f
names upon the rolls of fame. Brutus was only
amateur fool, who assumed the character for a poli
cal object. We should have known nothing of Y
rick, the Danish king's jester, had not the gravedigg
in Hamlet knocked him about the mazzard with
spade. Killigrew was a sort of court jester to Charl
the Second; but, not content with saying good thing
he ventured upon publishing them; and as his
was very inferior to his tongue, in which he afford
contrast to Cowley, Sir John Denham took occasion
to exclaim—

"Had Cowley ne'er spoke—Killig rewne'er writ—
Combined in one they'd made a matchless wit."

Considering how few offices and sinecures are abo
lished now-a-days, we cannot help regretting that
this should have been selected for extinction, and we
are tempted to inquire

"Why, pray, of late do Europe's kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They 're grown such stately solemn things
To bear a joke they think not fit.—
But though each court a jester lacks
To laugh at monarchs to their face,
All mankind do behind their backs
Supply the honest jester's place."

NEW CHURCHES.

Our rulers still anxious for John Bull's enjoyment,
Propose this decree, father Moses to lurch;
Six days shalt thou pine, without food or employment,
And march on the seventh devoutly to church.

IN GRANTHAM CHURCH-YARD.

John Palfreyman, who is buried here,
Was aged four and twenty year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Likewise his [illegible]

AMUSEMENTS AT CHELTENHAM.

The first consideration on rising in the morning at a place of fashionable resort is, how shall the day be spent. The journey thither has been performed for relaxation; and the idea of reading, writing, or thinking within doors, is out of the question, or why have we left London? The visitant, therefore, usually determines on a promenade, for the purpose of seeing and being seen. The springs are sadly deficient in the quantity of water; and by no means, in this respect, to be compared to the sweet, retired, and snug Leamington, where there is enough and to spare for bathers and drinkers at all seasons, however numerous they may become. The walks in the shade of the trees at Cheltenham are delightful. The constant residents at these watering-places are made up of a large proportion of card-playing old maids, retiring widows, half-pay officers with a small fortune, and hypochondriacs. These are to be found at all times and seasons, and afford an example how vapidly some of our fellow-mortals pass their hours. Small-talk, cards, compliments, remarks upon the weather, with a sprinkling of scandal that serves to keep the appetite alive for more, perform the same round incessantly, till life's "fitful fever," is over, and one is at a loss to find any reasonable excuse for the purpose of such mere mechanical existence. There is no better sample of what may be called *stagnant* life, than this species of inhabitant of our spas and watering places exhibits. Existence seems in a state of negation—they look too vacant for any residence but the shores of Lethe—"thought would destroy their paradise"—they seem a forlorn corps, exiled from the mass of the people, high or low; a condemned regiment, kept apart from the army to live and die in inglorious obscurity. The other classes consist of sick visitants, whom the healthy seem inclined to expel from their rightful abodes; and the busy and active inhabitants, who draw the means of subsistence equally from all the other classes.

It might naturally be supposed that towns which *have grown up* under the pretence of pleasure and *relaxation, would* abound with entertainments, calculated to relieve tedium and increase society. Such would actually be the other country than this, where the re the fact. A starving theatrical compa theatre exists in the place at all) be se fore empty boxes, or a few strangers, a unknown. A ball now and then, wh and stiffness govern every thing, and pl more than a name, and a promenade given spot, constitute all the amusement in them. A relentless antisocial spirit thing. All look at each other with su aristocracy, real or feigned, legitimate a dread coming in contact with the trades tradesman often labours to pass for one cracy, and he often labours so well scarcely be distinguished, except by se acting his part. Coteries are formed, of which imagine themselves the most se bred circle in the realm. The horror mation by some of the visitants, even with those whom they pretend to be equalled by the patient's dread of wate bia. The pretty faces of the girls are m mammas to assume a look of unwonted strangers whom mixed company may th way. The silly pretensions of the vari strongly marked as in a fashionable spa brood of folly may be seen tinkling in and strutting in inflated inanity of mien very different from its appearance in th of our cities and towns. Indeed, the b ment for the idler is to watch their w the brainless coachman-aping peer, t maker's lady of Wapping. Like fant along in the same dance, full of self-p norant, but fashionable—coarse in t wealthy—how amusing it is to contem scene: to view it with all "its gaid quick glancing to the sun," and to read the bitterest lessons of reason's humiliat lessness of purpose, that the picture affords!

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

what's religion grounded?
Round-head!
isor most considerable?
Rabble!
rove themselves to be the godly?
Oddly!
are known to be the holy.
O lie!
reachers, men or women-common?
Common!
any universitie?
Citie!
rning from their doctrine sever?
Ever!
d that they do edifie;
O fie!
ll it then, to fructify?
Ay!
ve they, and what pulpits
Pitts!
nbers the conventicle;
Tickle!
s shrewdly are belied.
Bellied!
er then will soon transcend.
End!
es they with zeal embrace them.
Rase them!
ake of bishop's hierarchy?
Archie. *
ges, ornaments their scandall?
All!
ave us many ceremonies.
Monies!
on down for satisfaction.
Faction!

How stand they affected to the government civil?
Evil!
But to the king they say they are most loyal.
Lye all!
Then God keep king and state from these same men.
Amen!

THE UPSTART.

There was a friend of my own,—if we may take his own word for it, a left-handed branch of the Plantagenets, but, when I first knew him, one of the dullest dogs in all Noodledum,—grave as a justice of peace, solemn as an undertaker, and as silent as a quaker deserted by the spirit. Though a high-church Tory, you might have taken the family fireside for a nonconformist conventicle, so simple and unadorned was the conversation: at present, every one of its members might be bound up "to face the title" of Colman's Broad Grins. For you are to know that it pleased heaven, and an eighty-horse powered steam-engine, to make a man of a small cotton-spinner, residing in a neighbouring town. This honest tradesman, as he grew rich, grew ambitious. He built a handsome square mansion, which he (being of Cockney origin) christened "The *All*;" and he turned an oak fence round six acres of meadow, which he dubbed "The Park." He rode likewise in his coach and four, and, agreeably to the dictum of Mons. Cottu, got himself enlisted on the grand jury. Certain pecuniary obligations conferred by old Twist upon my friend Blackacre enforced an invitation of the former to the manor-house, which has since grown, not without substantial reasons, into an intimacy; and though old Twist is himself as dull as a post, yet has he discovered to the Blackacres a mine of wit and fun, which in their whole previous lives they "had never dreamed of in their philosophy." "Twist's *All*" stands very high, and commands an extensive prospect; on the very first visit the Blackacres were called on to admire its *city*-ation; and ever since it has been a standing joke in the family to make old Twist recur twenty times a-day to the *cityation* of his house, the *cityation* of public affairs, or the cityation of anything else, that can press into the service the ill-

ibly to Archibald Armstrong, the fool Charles I. usually called *Archy*, who hbishop Laud, and of whom many *arch* there is a little jest-book very high-orth which bears the title of *Archee's*

fated but obsequious polysyllable. The eldest Miss Twist has likewise an unfortunate predilection for the French word *naïveté*, though two hundred per annum spent during six years at a French boarding-school failed in purchasing its right pronunciation. Sometimes she admires *navette* in the abstract; sometimes she praises her sisters for their great *navieté*; but most frequently she gives herself credit for an extraordinary share of *navitie*;—so ingeniously does she go wide of her mark! This little bit of slip-slop is the source of inextinguishable mirth to the Blackacres; the girls take off "the Twists" in every possible mode of malaprop accentuation; and the father invariably brings up the rear with a customary doubt of the genuineness of the article; affirming that the lady is as cunning as a fox, and that her *navietie* is, in plain English, nothing more than mere knavery. In this manner has the spectacle of the inferiority of the Twists roused the Blackacres to a sense of their own wit and spirit. The *lapsus linguæ* of the manufacturers keep the tongues of the agriculturalists in incessant activity. The incongruities in their dress and furniture preserve their gentle-blooded neighbours in perpetual good-humour with themselves; and old Twist's mismanagement of his land, which he will farm himself at a loss of thirty per cent. has almost reconciled Blackacre to the idea that the ground is no longer his own.

SHERIDAN'S ANCESTORS.

Sheridan's father one day descanting on the pedigree of his family, was regretting that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan, as they had been formerly; "Indeed, father," replied the late celebrated character, then a boy, "we *have* more right to the *O* than any one else—for we *owe* every body."

BILLIARDS.

A Scene from Nightmare Abbey.

The Rev. Mr. Larynx approached the sofa, and proposed a game at billiards.

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—Billiards! really I should be very happy; but in my present exhausted fear the exertion would be too much for me not know when I have been equal to such (He rang for his valet, Fatout entered.) when did I play at billiards last?

Fatout.—De fourteenth December, de Monsieur.—(Fatout bowed and retired.)

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—So it was ago. You see, sir, Miss O'Carroll, my nerves are shattered been advised to try Bath. Some of the commend Cheltenham. I think of trying seasons don't clash. The season you Larynx—the season, Miss O'Carroll—the thing.

Marionetta.—And health is something pas, Larynx?

The Rev. Mr. Larynx.—Most O'Carroll—for however reasoners may the *summum bonum*, none of them will very good dinner is a very good thing, good dinner without a good appetite? a good appetite but from good health? tenham, Mr. Listless, is famous for good

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—The best piece ever heard. Mr. Larynx, the very last I I have thought very seriously and have thought of it—let me see—when it? (he rang again, and Fatout re-appe tout! when did I think of going to Chelt did not go?

Fatout.—De Juillet twenty-one de Monsieur. (Fatout retired.)

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—So it was. A fellow that, Mr. Larynx—invaluable, M

Marionetta.—So I should judge, indeed to serve you as a walking memory, and to chronicle not of your actions only, b thoughts.

The Hon. Mr. Listless.—An excellent the fellow. Miss O'Carroll—excellent, nour—Ha! ha! ha! Heigh ho! laughs sure, but the exertion of it is too much for



CY DECEITFUL.

ş, familiarly, Mr. Penn, the
is acquaintance, " Madam,
Penn, that walked against
is not so great a fool as he
(answered Penn) there lies
m and me."

PUNCHINELLO.

ı, who
ı renew,
nchinello!
te undone
of fun,
ş, laugh-extorting fellow!
ı wrung,
pet's tongue
lancholic;
ee. recalls
estivals,
bound with freak and frolic.
ıtch,
[catch
ing, bubbling, squeaking

-fraught
ın aught
ng mouths, though utter'd

n before
r,
of a single hearer?
ıd jokes,
lks,
nalignant jeerer.
o trace
en their face
pectant gladness;
gle first,
lden burst,
merry madness.

I love those bounds to analyse,
From childhood's shrill ecstatic cries,
To age's chuckle with its coughing after;
To see the grave and the genteel
Rein in awhile the mirth they feel,
Then loose their muscles, and let out the laughter.
Sometimes I note a hen-peck'd wight,
Enjoying thy marital might,
To him a beatific *beau idéal*;
He counts each crack on Judy's pate,
Then homeward creeps to cogitate
The difference 'twixt dramatic wives and real.
But, Punch, thou'rt ungallant and rude
In plying thy persuasive wood;
Remember that thy cudgel's girth is good,
Than that compassionate, thumb-thick,
Establish'd wife-compelling stick,
Made legal by the dictum of judge Buller.
When the officious doctor hies
To cure thy spouse, there's no surprise
Thou shouldst receive him with nose-tweaking grappling
Nor can we wonder that the mob
Encores each crack upon his nob,
When thou art feeing him with oaken sapling.
As for our common enemy
Old Nick, we all rejoice to see
The *coup de grace* that silences his wrangle;
But, lo, Jack Ketch!—ah, welladay!
Dramatic justice claims its prey,
And thou in hempen handkerchief must dangle.
Now helpless hang those arms which once
Rattled such music on the sconce;
Hush'd is that tongue which late out-jested Yorick;
That hunch behind is shrugg'd no more,
No longer heaves that paunch before,
Which swagg'd with such a pleasantry plethoric.
But Thespian deaths are transient woes,
And still less durable are those
Suffer'd by lignum-vitæ malefactors;
Thou wilt return, alert, alive,
And long, oh long may'st thou survive,
First of head-breaking and side-splitting wizens.

THE SCRIBBLERUS CLUB.

The Scribblerus Club, which consisted of Pope, Gay, Swift, Arbuthnot, Parnell, &c. &c. when the members were in town, were seldom asunder, and they often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played, he was always the sufferer. The whole party once agreed to walk down to the house of lord B——, whose seat was about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his arrival, to choose the very best bed for himself, for that was his custom. In the mean time Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions, and, taking a horse, arrived at lord B——'s by another way, long before him. Having apprized his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved, at any rate, to keep him out of the house, but how to effect this was the question. Swift never had the small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it: as soon, therefore, as he appeared striding along, at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's sevants was despatched to acquaint him, that the small-pox was then making great ravages in the family, but that there was a summer-house with a field bed at his service, at the end of the garden. There the disappointed dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him, and upon his promising never to choose the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company. There is something satisfactory in these accounts of the follies of the wise; they give a natural air to the picture, and reconcile us to our own. There have been few poetical societies more talked of, or productive of a greater variety of whimsical concerts, than this of the Scribblerus Club; but how long it lasted is not known. The whole of Parnell's poetical existence was not of more than eight or ten years continuance; his first excursion to England began about the year 1706, and he died *in the year 1718*, so that it is probable the club *began with him*, and his death ended the connection.

DEAN SWIFT.

An accomplished and beautiful new-co
being once in company with Swift, spoke
band in very high terms, and, as the
gave him rather more praise than he
however, let it pass; but, finding her
new the subject on another occasion, he
by the following elegant impromptu—

"You always are making a god of your
But this neither reason nor conscience
Perhaps you will say, 'tis to gratitude
And you adore him, because he adores
Your argument's weak, and so you will
For *you*, by this rule, must adore *all*

A CATCH.

A musical gentleman, while performi
rested by *two* bailiffs, who requested him
in a *trio*.—"I should rather imagine (
tunate gentleman) you wish for a *catch*."

DAILY MORTIFICATIONS IN DE

My shoemaker always gives me bun
my ancle, and are too wide in the calf
His shoes are too tight at the toe, while
am slip-shod. Nevertheless he is called
workman.—My tailor, though a very c
makes me coats which slip from my sh
button them they confine my breast, th
particular dislike to that; but at the be
quite slack, though I particularly wish
tight round my middle. Notwithstan
every one says how well my clothes
cause they only see, while I feel.—M
whatever directions I give her on the
strange predilection for making the
shirts too high, my washerwoman starc
all day long they fret me, and rub the
ears.—My hatter takes the size of my h
care, and yet he always sends me hats
small; I order light hats, and he sen
ones; I ask to have the brims made flat,
them always turned up.



: PARTNERSHIP.

ia Scalas, an Italian nobleman, neighbouring gentry to a grand : of the company arrived very spects to his excellency. Soon tering the dining-room in a great uis that there was a most won- w, who had brought one of the ly; for which, however, he de- ivagant price. "Regard not his arquis; "pay him the money rould, please your highness, but any money."—"What, then, ive?"—"A hundred strokes of oare shoulders, my lord; he says ugle blow." On this the whole tairs, to see so singular a man. l the marquis: "what is your "—"Not a quatrini, my lord," an: "I will not take money. If to have the fish, you must order of the strappado on my naked all apply elsewhere."—"Rather aid the marquis, "we must e'en his humour.—Here!" cried he, , "discharge this honest man's ay on too hard; don't hurt the !" The fisherman then stripped, oared to execute his lordship's y friend," said the fisherman, unt, I beseech you; for I don't more than my due." The whole shed at the fortitude with which the operation, till he had re- h; when, addressing himself to , my friend," cried the fisher- ad my full share of the price."— laimed the marquis; "what is is?"—"My lord," returned the partner, to whom my honour is have his full half of whatever I and your lordship, I dare ven- nd by own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke."—"And pray, honest friend," said the marquis, "who is this partner?"—"Your porter, my lord," answered the fisherman, "who keeps the outer-gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half what I should obtain for the fish."—"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the marquis, laughing heartily, "by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale!" The porter was accordingly sent for; and, being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompense for the friendly service he had rendered him.

REJECTED LOVE.

I prithee send me back my heart,
  Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
  Why then shouldest thou have mine?
Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
  To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
  Would steal it back again.
Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
  And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy
  If thus our breasts you sever?
But love is such a mystery
  I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
  I then am most in doubt.
Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
  I will no longer pine,
For I'll believe I have her heart
  As much as she has mine.

HAMLET'S REFLECTIONS ON YORICK'S SCULL.

Grave-digger. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? [Takes the scull

ve-digger. E'en that.
n. Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio;
ow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he
borne me on his back a thousand times; and
how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge
at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed
now not how oft. Where be your gibes now?
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nt, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not
now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-
len? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell
r, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she
ust come; make her laugh at that.

THE BREWER AND NEGRO.

A brewer in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down—
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter;
And tho' some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupified and mellow.
One day in this top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the negro had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
When, lo! outstretch'd upon the gravel,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done—in liquor.
See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster;
His fate should other tipplers strike.
Poor Mungo! there he welters, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard

Next morn, a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply.
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer gusto
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging, as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.
Zounds! cried the brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask.
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brew?

CURE FOR GAMING.

Tom King meeting with a sporting
under the Piazza, in Covent Garden, the
an adjacent tavern to take a main at ha
guineas. Tom soon lost his first stak
much resignation eat his supper and dra
His adversary, however, after supper,
him a second main, which Tom at fir
gaging in, saying he had not, he be
enough about him to answer the bet;
overruled by his adversary replying
sufficient for a hundred.—They rose



a few hours Tom won two thousand four hundred guineas. Tom's wife had sat up all night as after having sent every where in search of him, t being able to gain any tidings; when he re- from his lucky vigil. Her inquiries were na- very pressing, to know where he had been, at had kept him out so long; to all which he o other answer than very peremptorily saying, me a bible."—"A bible!" she re-echoed me ejaculation, "I hope you have not poisoned f!"——"Bring me a bible," continued Tom ppose," she resumed, "you've lost some great ever mind, we can work for more." "Bring me , I say," still uttered Tom.—"Good Lord, n be the matter?" said Mrs. King. "I don't there's such a thing in the house, without it maid's room." Thither she went, and found one, without a cover; when, having brought m, he fell upon his knees, and made a most oath never to touch a die or card again; he all the time endeavoured to alleviate his which she considered this as the effusion, owing very considerable loss. When he had finished, up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in he upon the table, saying, "There, my dear, urteen hundred pounds for you I've won to- I shall receive a thousand more by to- oon, and I'll be d—d if I ever risk a guinea m."

A MOUTHFUL OF SENSE.

some years ago said in the Parliament Edinburgh, that a gentleman (who was have a pretty good appetite) had eaten ssage. "Poh!" replied Henry Erskine, ld not be a *mouthful* to him."

QUALITIES OF A GOOD WIFE.

wife *should be like three things*, which he *should not be like*:—First—she should always keep within her own house; but be like a *snail, to carry all she has* —Secondly, she should be like *an echo*, he is spoke to; but she should *not* be like an *echo*, always to have the last word.—Thirdly, she should be like a *town-clock*, always keep time and regularity; but she should *not* be like a *town-clock*, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

CLERICAL COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Balguy, a preacher of great celebrity, after having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following eloquent compliment from Dr. Wharton, then at Winchester school:—

"If what you advance, dear doctor, be true,
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A literary lady expressing to Dr. Johnson her approbation of his Dictionary, and in particular her satisfaction at his not admitting into it any *improper words*. "No, Madam," replied he "I hope I have not soiled my fingers: *I find, however, that you have been looking for them.*"

FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY.

Thus to his mate Sir Robert spoke—
"The House is up; from London smoke
All fly, the Park grows thinner;
The friends, who fed us, will condemn
Our backward board; we must feed them:
My dear, let's give a dinner."

"Agreed," his lady cries, "and first
Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst."
"Done! now *I* name—the Gatties!"
"My dear, they're rather stupid."—"Stuff!
We dine with them, and that's enough:
Besides I like their patties."

"Who next?" "Sir James and Lady Dunn."
"Oh no."—"Why not?"—"They'll bring their son,
That regular tormentor;
A couple, with one child, are sure
To bring three fools outside their door,
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Poor Mungo! there he welters, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard

Next morn, a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply.
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer gusto
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging, as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.
Zounds! cried the brewer, that's a tall
More difficult to grant than ask.
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brew?

CURE FOR GAMING.

Tom King meeting with a sporting
under the Piazza, in Covent Garden, the
an adjacent tavern to take a main at
guineas. Tom soon lost his first st
much resignation eat his supper and
His adversary, however, after supp
him a second main, which Tom at
gaging in, saying he had not, he
enough about him to answer the
overruled by his adversary repl
sufficient for a hundred.—They



two thousand four hun-
had sat up all night as
where in search of him,
ny tidings; when he re-
Her inquiries were na-
ow where he had been,
o long; to all which he
ery peremptorily saying,
bible!" she re-echoed
pe you have not poisoned
bible," continued Tom
. "you've lost some great
rk for more." "Bring me
d Tom.—"Good Lord,
aid Mrs. King.' "I don't
in the house, without it
ther she went, and found
; when, having brought
knees, and made a most
a die or card again;
eavoured to alleviate his
this as the effusion, owing
s. When he had finished,
een hundred pounds in
aying, "There, my dear,
nds for you I've won to-
a thousand more by to-
-d if I ever risk a guinea

OF SENSE.

said in the Parliament
a gentleman (who was
od appetite) had eaten
replied Henry Erskine,
hful to him."

GOOD WIFE.

ike three things, which
like:—First—she should
ithin her own house; but
ail, to carry all she has
he should be like *an echo*,
o: but she should *not* be like an *echo*, always to have the last word.—Thirdly, she should be like a *town-clock*, always keep time and regularity; but she should *not* be like a *town-clock*, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

CLERICAL COMPLIMENT.

Dr. Balguy, a preacher of great celebrity, after having preached an excellent discourse at Winchester cathedral, the text of which was "All wisdom is sorrow," received the following eloquent compliment from Dr. Wharton, then at Winchester school:—

"If what you advance, dear doctor, be true,
That *wisdom* is sorrow,—how wretched are you?"

LOOSE READINGS.

A literary lady expressing to Dr. Johnson her approbation of his Dictionary, and in particular her satisfaction at his not admitting into it any *improper words*. "No, Madam," replied he "I hope I have not soiled my fingers: *I find, however, that you have been looking for them.*"

FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY.

Thus to his mate Sir Robert spoke—
"The House is up; from London smoke
All fly, the Park grows thinner;
The friends, who fed us, will condemn
Our backward board; we must feed them:
My dear, let's give a dinner."

"Agreed," his lady cries, "and first
Put down Sir George and Lady Hurst."
"Done! now *I* name—the Gatties!"
"My dear, they're rather stupid."—"Stuff!
We dine with them, and that's enough:
Besides I like their patties."

"Who next?" "Sir James and Lady Dunn."
"Oh no."—"Why not?"—"They'll bring their son,
That regular tormentor;
A couple, with one child, are sure
To bring three fools outside their door,
Whene'er abroad they venture."

"Who next?"—"John Yates."—"What! M.P.
Yates;
Who o'er the bottle, stale debates
Drags forth ten times a minute?"
"He's like the rest: whoever *fails*,
Out of St. Stephen's school tell tales
He'd quake to utter in it."

"Well, have him if you will."—"The Grants."
"My dear, remember, at your aunt's
I view'd them with abhorrence."
"Why so?"—"Why, since they've come from Lisle,
(Which they call *Leel*) they bore our isle
With Brussels, Tours, and Florence."

"Where could you meet them?"—"At the Nore."
"Who next!"—"The Lanes." "We want two more,—
Lieutenant General Dizzy."
"He's deaf." "But then he'll bring Tom White."
"True! ask them both: the boy's a bite;
We'll place him next to Lizzy."

'Tis seven—the Hursts, the Dunns, Jack Yates,
The Grants assemble: dinner waits:
In march the Lanes, the Gatties:
Objections, taunts, rebukes are fled,
Hate, scorn, and ridicule lie dead
As if so many Donatties.

Yates carves the turbot, Lane the lamb,
Sir George the fowls, Sir James the ham,
Dunn with the beef is busy,
His helpmate pats her darling boy,
And, to complete a mother's joy,
Tom White sits next to Lizzy.

All trot their hobbies round the room;
They talk of routs, retrenchments, Hume,
The bard who won't lie fallow,
The Turks, the statue in the Park,
Which both the Grants, at once, remark
Jump'd down from Mount Cavallo.

They talk of dances, operas, dress,
They nod, they smile, they acquiesce;
None pout; all seem delighted:
Heavens! can this be the self-same set,
So courteously received, when met;
So taunted, when invited?

So have I seen, at Drury-lane,
A play rehearsed: the Thespian train
In arms; the band astounded:
Scenes cut; parts shifted; songs displaced;
Jokes mangled; characters effaced;
"Confusion worse confounded."

But, on the night, with seeming hearts,
The warring tribe their several parts
Enact with due decorum.
Such is the gulf that intervenes
'Twixt those who get behind the scenes,
And those who sit before 'em!

THE CAPTAIN'S WHISKERS.

By Mr. Holcroft.

A Swiss captain of grenadiers, whose [illegible] had been cashiered, was determined, since [illegible] no more employment for him, to try if he [illegible] procure a commission in the corps of Vaud: [illegible] other words, if he could not get a suit: [illegible] had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, [illegible] very rightly, that it was quite necessary [illegible] should have enough for them both. The Ca[illegible] one of those kind of heroes, to whom the [illegible] hectoring blade might readily be applied. [illegible] near six feet high, and wore a long [illegible] fierce cocked hat: add to which, that he [illegible] to have had the most martial pair of [illegible] grenadier in the company to which he belong[illegible] curl these whiskers, to comb and twist [illegible] his fore-finger, and to admire them in [illegible] formed the chief occupation and delight of [illegible] A man of these accomplishments, with the [illegible] of bronze and rodomontade, of which he [illegible] perfluity, stands, at all times, and in all [illegible] good chance with the ladies, as the experi[illegible] know not how many thousand years has [illegible]

Accordingly, after a little diligent attend[illegible] artful inquiry, a young lady was found, [illegible]



vell suppose a person with his views
ind.—She was tolerably handsome;
ree-and-twenty; with a good for-
as the best part of the story, this
ly at her own disposal.
who thought now or never was the
found means to introduce himself
ncessant in his endeavours to carry
tongue was eternally running in
r-superlative, never-to-be-described
yperbolical accounts of the flames,
s, by which his lungs, liver, and
t up, transfixed, and gnawn away.
a song to his sweetheart, described
ithout one drop of gravy, like an
chop, was a fool at a simile, when
ero!
was ranting, kneeling, and beseech-
o send him of an errand to pluck
the nose of the great mogul, and
livinityship; or suffer him to step
ress of China's enchanted slipper,
Sheba's cockatoo; as a small testi-
would undertake to prove his love!
esitation addressed him thus:—
ons which you daily make, Captain,
u say at present, convince me that
ou would not do to oblige me: I,
find much difficulty in telling you
o be yours, if you will perform one
l request of you."
aculate angel!" cried our son of
me what it is! Though, before you
t is already done. Is it to find the
o catch the phœnix? or draw your
with unicorns? What is the impos-
ll not undertake?"
' replied the fair one, "I shall en-
sible. The thing I desire, you can
st ease; it will not cost you five
and yet, were it not for your so
s, from what I have observed, I
ot of your compliance."
", returned he, "*wrong not your*

slave thus; deem it not possible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life, from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests! Speak! say! what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?"

"Nay, for that matter, it is a mere trifle!—Only to cut off your whiskers, Captain; that's all."

"Madam! [Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment.]—"My whiskers! Cut off my whiskers!—Excuse me! Cut off my whiskers!—Pardon me, Madam.—Any thing else—any thing that mind can or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prester John's beard, a hair at a time, and it's done. But, for my whiskers! you must grant me a salvo there!"

"And why so, good Captain?—Surely any gentleman who had but the tithe of the passion you express, would not stand on such a trifle!"

"A trifle, Madam!—My whiskers a trifle!—No, Madam, no!—My whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. —My whiskers, Madam, are the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. —There is not a woman, married or single,—maid, wife, or widow—that does not admire my whiskers!"

"May be so, sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off."

"And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you, unless I part with my whiskers?"

"Never!"

"Why then, Madam, farewell. I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine, the czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucs; and so, good morning to you!"

Had all young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered; they all have their whiskers: and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

EPILOGUE TO THE LYING VALET

That I'm a lying rogue, you all agree;
And yet, look round the world, and you shall see
That many more, my betters, *lie* as fast as me.
Against this vice we all are ever railing;
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The *lie* goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lies were harmless, told to show my parts,
And not like those when tongues belie their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
The gouty sergeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause:"
But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he lied.
A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your case;
"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure you;
Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, sir, will cure you."
Around the bed next day his friends are crying;
The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.
The poet, willing to secure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit.
The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lie.
Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do?
They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.
"Lord!" says the prude (her face behind her fan)
How can our sex have any joy in man?
As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me;
And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me:
Their sight is odious, but their touch—O gad!
The thought of that's enough to drive one mad.
Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty,
Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.
In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.

Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,
Nor to his country show the least relation.
For instance, now———
A cleanly Dutchman or a Frenchman grave,
A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Englishman, a coward or a slave.
Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
For, though my tongue was false, my heart was

WONDER FOR WONDER.

A few days after the blowing up of the [illegible] mills at Hounslow, Foote was in a company [illegible] the accident became the subject of discourse. Many extraordinary stories were related of the effects produced by the explosion; and among others, a sentinel of the guards declared that as he was [illegible] his apartments, having his hair dressed, he and himself were thrown out of the dressing room into the bed room, where they broke a large [illegible] pieces. The company smiled at the story as [illegible] what incredible; when Foote observed, "he was at all surprised at the circumstance, as he was forced forty feet from the place where he sat at breakfast, by the shock he received, and [illegible] ed in the midst of a whole assortment of china he broke to pieces." "Aye," exclaimed the [illegible] "*that* was more extraordinary—wonderful indeed!" "Not at all," replied the wit, "for on the house shake, I became so greatly alarmed, that three strides I made into the street, and I know is full forty feet and more; and running an old woman, who was passing with a basket of china on her head, to inquire what was the matter, such was my hurry and trepidation—yes, such was my hurry and trepidation, that I [illegible] the woman, overset the basket, and broke the china."

THE JEW'S EXPOSTULATION.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me



ies, and my usances:
rne it with a patient shrug;
is the badge of all our tribe:
misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
my Jewish gaberdine,
of that which is mine own.
ow appears, you need my help:
ou come to me, and you say,
ould have monies: You say so;
oid your rheum upon my beard,
is you spurn a stranger cur
shold: Monies is your suit.
say to you? Should I not say,
ney? is it possible,
three thousand ducats? or
w, and, in a bondsman's key,
eath, and whispering humbleness,

nit on me on Wednesday last;
such a day; another time
dog; and for these courtesies
as much monies.

ATION OF PUNCH.

the first impulse of his genius to
inch. His first effort to speak in
ating society; where he failed so
friend Mr. Apjohn advised him
r than a chamber counsel, as na-
l him for an orator. His own

ith me that day; and when the
ther the bone, was removed, we
n of an additional glass of punch.
epaired to 'the Devil.' One of
egs; a highly gifted gentleman,
nd greasy pantaloons. I found
ge calumniating craniology, by
us anachronisms; and traducing
. He descanted upon Demos-
he Roman forum; spoke of Tully
porary and rival of Cicero; and
one half hour, *transported the* plains of Marathon three several times to the straits of Thermopylæ. Thinking that I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise; and whether it was my classical rivalry, or, the supplemental tumbler of punch, that gave my face a smirk of saucy confidence, when our eyes met, the erudite gentleman changed his invective against antiquity, into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel to 'Orator Mum,' who, he doubted not, possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him, to show it in future by some more popular method than silence. I followed his advice, and I believe not entirely without effect; for, when, upon sitting down, I whispered my friend, that I hoped he did not think my dirty antagonist had come quite clear off. "On the contrary, my dear fellow," said he, "every one around me is declaring, that it is the first time they ever saw him *so well dressed.*"

TO MR.———, ON RECEIVING A BLANK LETTER FROM HIM ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

I pardon, sir, the trick you've play'd me,
When an *April Fool* you made me;
Since *one day* only I appear,
What you, alas! do *all the year.*

PREACHING AND SPELLING.

Of six and thirty persons, (sectarians,) who obtained licenses to preach, at one session of the Middlesex magistrates, six spelled "ministers of the gospel" in six different ways, and seven signed their mark thus ×, (*i. e.* their cross.) One fellow, who applied for a license, being asked if he could read, replied, "Mother reads, and I 'spounds and 'splains."

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO COMPLAINED OF HAVING LOST HIS GOLD WATCH.

Fret not, my friend, or peevish say
Your fate is worse than common;
For gold takes wings, and flies away,
And time will stay for no man.

THE HUMOROUS MAN.

You shall know the man of humour by the vivacity of his eyes, the "morn-elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He *will* not see what men have to cark and care for, beyond to-day; he is for to-morrow's providing for himself. He is for a new reading of Ben Jonson's old play of "*Every Man in his Humour*," he would have it "*Every Man in Humour*." He leaves money and misery, to misers; ambition and blood, to great warriors and low highwaymen; fame, to court-laureates and lord mayors; honours, to court-panders and city knights; the dread of death, to such as are not worthy of life; the dread of heaven, to those who are not good enough even for earth; the grave, to the parish-clerk and undertakers; tombs, to proud worms; and palaces to paupers. It is enough for him if he may laugh the "hours away;" and break a jest, where tempers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. If he could allow himself to sigh about any thing, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for any thing, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and mourn less. Yet he hath tears for the pitiable, the afflicted, the orphan, and the unhappy; but his tears die where they are born,—in his heart; he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will, that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it, which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him

> —— the disparity
> 'Twixt poor and rich, weal and want, and moves
> His heart to truth, his hands to charity.

He k… face more than a smiling one; a need-… serveth him for the whetting of his w… strike out quick sparks of fire.

… itself to all things and on all occasions. I found him once bowing … a poor alarmed devil of a rat, who … in a corner; he was politely offering him … honourable, with an "After you sir, … honour me." I settled the point of … kicking the rat down stairs, and recei… from my humane friend, for my impatien…

His opinions of men and things have … singularity in them. He conceives it to … *puppyism* in pigs that they wear *tails*—a great coat to be "a *Spencer*, *sans* … *tail-pieces*." He calls Hercules a man … a small way of business; because he had … *labours*. He can tell you why Horace ran … the battle of Philippi: it was to prove … mans that he was not a *lame* poet. … your critics to be a species of door-p… temple of fame; and says it is their b… that no persons slip in with holes in the… or paste buckles for diamond ones; … always perform this duty honestly. He … "the *yellow hair'd laddie*;" the prince … "the *Black Prince*;" or, when he … sense of virtue, "*Monsieur De Vil*." … you, "What is the distinctive difference … *sigh-heaver* and a *coal heaver*?" You … he tells you, "a *coal-heaver* has a lo… which he *can* carry; a *sigh-heaver* … heart, which he can *not* carry."

If he quotes a proverb at all, it is … ference;" such as "Cobbler, stick to … a thing more practicable than sticking … the old proverb adviseth. He will … bred in the bone will not come out with … —which, to those Epicurean persons … magpie propensity of prying into matter… simplify the proverb to their fatheads… sions. Some one used that very trite … his hearing, of *necessity having no law*… wilfully misunderstanding it, he repl… very sorry for it; it is surely a pity, … number of "the learned clerks" she … play to, if she had. Her chancellor … no sinecure of it, I trow; bearing th…

poor, broken-fortuned, and bankrupt subjects, take up all his terms, though every term were r, and every year a term."

is a polite man, though a wit; which is not wits usually are; they would rather lose a life a joke. I have heard him express his detesta- of those wits who sport with venomed weapons, wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his en- ter with Hamlet, got his weapon changed, and himself wounded with the poisoned foil he had ned for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is ite man, that he is naturally, not artificially, ; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking under which you conceal the contempt you feel e person you seem most diligent to please; it is edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell ut a nut; a courtesan in a fair Quaker's chaste y and smooth sleekness; the arch devil in a ;—the other is, as he describes it, taking the d cloak of your heart off, and standing un- and unconcealed in the presence of worth, or any one amiable quality.

ort, he is a humane man; and humanity is y true politeness. I have seen him ridicule teness which contents itself with bowing and ding, very humorously. In walking through s, a tree or tall flower, touched by the ind, bowed its head towards him; his hat nd the bow was returned with an old-school ssness and etiquette that would, perhaps, d Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of of some of his hollow-nutted notions of In this spirit, I saw him bow very pro- the giants, as he passed by St. Dunstan's le had asked his friend Hobbes or Dobbs ot which) what was the hour? Before ld reply, the giants had informed him. , gentlemen," said he, bowing to them ful humour.

d he is a humane man. He once detected e eat picking his cold mutton, "on a e day!" for he was then too poor to Some men would have thrown a poker would have *squandered away a gen-* tlemanly income of oaths, and then have s private subscription; an absent man, had h present, would perhaps have thrown his you and heir, or his gold watch and seals, at her; a perhaps, his wig;—he contented himself with a "I have two or three doubts, (which I sha forth as much in the shape of a half-crown pam as possible,) as to the propriety of your condu eating my mutton;" and then he brushed he with his handkerchief, supped on half a French and a gooseberry, and went happy to bed.

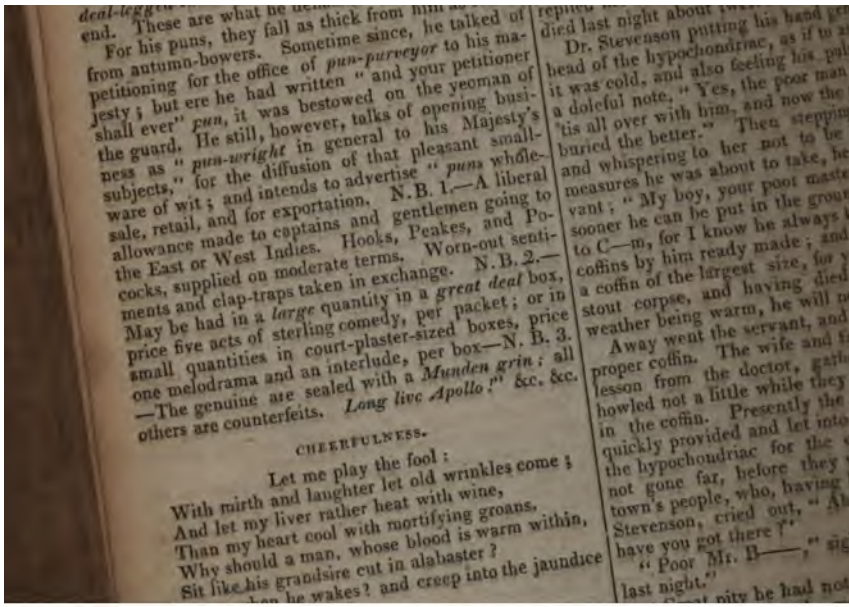
Some of his jokes have a practicality about th but they neither have the quarter-staff jocosenes Robin Hood, that brake heads let them be never obtuse and profound; nor the striking effect of t flourishing sprig of the Green Isle, that knocks dov friend and foe with a partiality truly impartial.

He is no respecter of persons: the beggar ma have a joke of him, (and something better,) thoug they do not happen to apply exactly "between th hours of eleven and four." Those handmaids of Po mona, who vend their fruits about the streets, seem by their voices, to be legitimate daughters of ol Stentor; more especially shall I specify those dam sels who sell *walnuts*. To one of these our humoris once addressed himself "to the effect following:"— "Pray, Mrs. Jones, will you crack me fifty walnut with the same voice you cry them with?"

At dinner there is purposely but one glass on th table; his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence —"Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass and yet he contrives to see all his guests under th table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of th thing, he will request you, as you love clean shoes o a lord-mayor's day, to make no *thumb-and-butte references* in the margin; and will, moreover, as you whether you have studied that modern "*art o book-keeping*," which has superseded the "*Italia method*," viz. of never returning the books you bor row?

He has a very ingenious mode of putting nam and significations on what he calls the brain-r and dislocating their joints into words: thus tor



deal-legg
end. These are what he
For his puns, they fall as thick from him
from autumn-bowers. Sometime since, he talked of
petitioning for the office of *pun-purveyor* to his ma-
jesty; but ere he had written "and your petitioner
shall ever" *pun*, it was bestowed on the yeoman of
the guard. He still, however, talks of opening busi-
ness as "*pun-wright* in general to his Majesty's
subjects," for the diffusion of that pleasant small-
ware of wit; and intends to advertise "*puns* whole-
sale, retail, and for exportation. N.B. 1.—A liberal
allowance made to captains and gentlemen going to
the East or West Indies. Hooks, Peakes, and Po-
cocks, supplied on moderate terms. Worn-out senti-
ments and clap-traps taken in exchange. N.B. 2.—
May be had in a *large* quantity in a *great deal* box,
price five acts of sterling comedy, per packet; or in
small quantities in court-plaster-sized boxes, price
one melodrama and an interlude, per box—N. B. 3.
—The genuine are sealed with a *Munden grin*; all
others are counterfeits. *Long live Apollo!*" &c. &c.

CHEERFULNESS.

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep he wakes? and creep into the jaundice

replied
died last night about
Dr. Stevenson putting his hand
head of the hypochondriac, as if to
it was cold, and also feeling his pul
a doleful note, "Yes, the poor man
'tis all over with him, and now the
buried the better." Then stepping
and whispering to her not to be
measures he was about to take, he
vant; "My boy, your poor master
sooner he can be put in the ground
to C—m, for I know he always k
coffins by him ready made; and
a coffin of the largest size, for y
stout corpse, and having died
weather being warm, he will no

Away went the servant, and
proper coffin. The wife and fa
lesson from the doctor, garl
howled not a little while they
in the coffin. Presently the
quickly provided and let into
the hypochondriac for the c
not gone far, before they
town's people, who, having
Stevenson, cried out, "Ah,
have you got there?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sig
last night."



said the other; "and so he is gone
at last."
xclaimed the man in the coffin.
while the pall-bearers were resting
e church-yard, another stepped up
on again, "What poor soul have
or?"
—," he replied, "is gone."
e bottomless pit," said the other;
ne there, I see not what use there
" Here the dead man, bursting
offin, which had been purposely
out, exclaiming, "O, you villain!
ottomless pit am I? Well, I have
o pay such ungrateful rascals as
was immediately commenced, by
the living, to the petrifying con-
of the spectators, at sight of a
iorrors of the winding sheet, run-
streets. After having exercised
ious perspiration by the fantastic
idriac was brought home by Dr.
om all his complaints; and by
generous wine, cheerful company,
ise, was soon restored to perfect

CUE TO BARBAROSSA.

, in the character of a Country Boy.

!
here among you, pray?
easter wrote this fine new play——
making such a clatter!
-log—I know nought o' the mat-

among you—look about——
d mon—do find him out.
ie, or all will fall to sheame;
—I must not tell his neame.
rd is here! what noise and pother!
s! one o' top o'other.
g to the rows of pit and gallery.

I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw a church so full, in all my days!—
Your servant, sirs—What do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me sure for one o' the play?
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.
[Laughing.
I donna like your London tricks, not I;
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why:
And, if you will, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation.
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't?—he eat a great sea-toad!
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *cap-a-pee:*
La! how I star'd!—I thought—who knows, but I,
For want of monsters, may be made a pie?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.

I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word.
While 'mong the great this gearning work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants—than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik't a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top-down, as I may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks show all for nothing now-a-days!

Now I'm the poet's mon——I find with wits
There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.



but it means to be at no great
of town.—Is Mr. Bell at home?
me, but he is not within, or he

he clay, instead of, in the clay.
upon you? for, about you.
upon Miss B.
buy a knife *to* me, instead of *for*.
; he insisted to have it.
Scotch for take care. "If you
l a Scotch physician, in Jamaica,
ll be soon all over with you."
that the doctor meant to recom-
wine called tent, despatched the
directions to procure some of it.
next came, they found that they
ie of his Caledonian phrases.

ERN EPICURISM.
· to be achieved at table,
for armour, knives and forks
hat Muse since Homer's able
the worst part of his works)
a single day-bill
i? where more mystery lurks
ir a sole ragoût,
es, or physicians brew.
" soupe à la *bonne femme*,"
's whence it came from; there

those who cram,
don à la Parigeux;
sinner that I am!
iis gourmand stanza through?—
ı, whose relief was Dory,
rk, for greater glory.

l into one grand mess
ıld I stretch into detail,
much more into excess,
squeamish people deem her frail.
e vivante," I must confess
her peccant part; this tale
e some slight refection,
irits from dejection.

Fowls à la Condé, slices eke of salmon,
With sauces Genevoises, and haunch of venison;
Wines too which might again have slain young Ammon—
A man like whom I hope we shan't see many soon;
They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;
And then there was Champagne with foaming whirls,
As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

Then there was God knows what "à l'Allemande,"
"A l'Espagnole," "timballe," and "salpicon"—
With things I can't withstand or understand,
Though swallow'd with much zest upon the whole;
And "entremets" to piddle with at hand,
Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;
While great Lucullus' (*Rôbe triumphal*) muffles—
(*There's Fame*)—young Partridge fillets, deck'd with truffles.

What are the *fillets* on the victor's brow
To these? They are rags or dust. Where is the arch
Which nodded to the nation's spoils below
Where the triumphal chariot's haughty march?
Gone to where victories must like dinners go.
Further I shall not follow the research:
But oh! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,
When will your names lend lustre even to partridges?

Those truffles too are no bad accessaries,
Follow'd by "Petits puits d'amour"—a dish
Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,
So every one may dress it to his wish,
According to the best of dictionaries,
Which encyclopedize both flesh and fish;
But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,
There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation
Of intellect expended on two courses;
And indigestion's grand multiplication
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.
Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration,
That cookery could have call'd forth such resources,
As form a science and a nomenclature
From out the commonest demands of nature?



IGESTION, WITH THE PRESCRIP-
N EDINBURGH PROFESSOR.

study. Enter *a douce-looking*
Glasgow Merchant

norning, doctor; I'm just come in
t some law business, and I thought
t ony rate I might just as weel tak
nent my trouble.
ray what may your trouble be, my

ctor, I'm no very sure; but I'm
l of weakness that makes me dizzy
ıd of pinkling about my stomach—

ı the west country I should sup-

rom Glasgow.
ay, sir, are you a gourmand—a

l, sir, I'm one of the plainest men
est country.
ıaps you're a drunkard?
r, thank God no one can accuse me
: Dissenting persuasion, doctor, and
y suppose I'm nae drunkard.
'll suppose no such thing till you
e of life.) I'm so much puzzled
ns, sir, that I should wish to hear in
do eat and drink. When do you
at do you take to it?
ıst at nine o'clock. I tak a cup of
two cups of tea; a couple of eggs,
or kipper'd salmon, or may be both,
ıd two or three rolls and butter.
eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, to

ir, but I don't count that as any

his is a very moderate breakfast.
ner do you make?
I eat a very plain dinner indeed.
ome fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think some way they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr.—You take a little pudding then, and afterwards some cheese?

Pa.—O yes; though I don't care much about them.

Dr.—You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

Pa.—Yes, one or the other, but seldom both.

Dr.—You west-country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner.

Pa.—Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr.—Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa.—Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr.—What quantity of port do you drink?

Pa.—Oh, very little; not above half a dozen glasses or so.

Dr.—In the west country it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch!

Pa.—Yes, sir, indeed 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me I never tak more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

Dr.—Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed! You then after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?

Pa.—Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr.—And on your return you take supper, I suppose?

Pa.—No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed: a rizzer'd haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or half a hundred of oysters, or the like o'that; and, may be, two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I tak no regular supper.

Dr.—But you take a little more punch after that.

Pa.—No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bed time. I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey toddy at night; it's lighter to sleep on.

Dr.—So it must be, no doubt. This you say, is your every-day life; but upon great occasions you perhaps exceed a little?

Pa.—No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which, as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr.—Not above twice a-week?

Pa.—No; not oftener.

Dr.—Of course you sleep well, and have a good appetite?

Pa.—Yes, sir—thank God I have—indeed, any wee harl o'health that I hae is about meal time.

Dr.—(Assuming a severe look, knitting his brows, and lowering his eye-brows.)—Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed; you come here and tell me that you are a moderate man, and I might have believed you, did I not know the nature of the people in your part of the country; but upon examination I find by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton; you breakfast in the morning in a style that would serve a moderate man for dinner; and from five o'clock in the afternoon you undergo one almost uninterrupted loading of your stomach till you go to bed. This is your moderation!—You told me too another falsehood—you said you were a sober man, yet by your own showing you are a beer swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of Glasgow punch; a liquor, the name of which is associated, in my mind, only with the ideas of low company and beastly intoxication. You *tell me* you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep—*I see* that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this?—Go home, sir, and leave off your present course of riotous living—take some dry toast and tea to your breakfast—some plain meat and soup for dinner, without adding to it any thing to spur on your flagging appetite; you may take a cup of tea in the evening, but never let me hear of haddocks and toasted cheese, and oysters, with their accompaniments of ale and toddy at night; give up chewing that vile—narcotic—nauseous—abomination, and there are some hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be a good health like your neighbours.

Pa.—I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you—(taking out a bunch of Bank-notes)—I shall endeavour to——

Dr.—Sir, you are not obliged to me—put your money, sir.—Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you knew as well as I? Though you're no physician, sir, you are altogether a fool. You have read your Eddy, and know that drunkenness and gluttony are vile and dangerous, and whatever you may have this day confessed to me that you are a glutton and drunkard. Go home, sir, or take my word for it your life is not a year's purchase.

(*Exit Patient, dum-founded and*

Dr.—(*Solus.*) Sober and temperate tried to live in Glasgow, and make moderately, and purged and bled were sick; but it would not do. doctors prescribe beef-steaks and their fortune is made.

UPON A CERTAIN LORD'S GIVING

FOR A HOUSE.—BY MR.

So many thousands for a hous
For you—of all the world—
A little house would best ag
With you, my very little lor
And then exactly match'd
Your house and hospitality.

ORIGIN OF

When the English were
usually drank the Pope's healt
dinner: *au bon père*; whence

THE PULPIT AND

One day, when Betterton
Tillotson, at Lambeth, the pr
it came about, that after he
ing discourse that he could,
it himself, and spoke it as
yet he could never move pe
so much as the other did on
Betterton, "I think is easy
because you are only tellin
showing them facts."



's PROPHECY.

d lovers,
scoff at gain,
l discovers
orson's brain:
ro growlers,
ing-wall,
rk-nets, fowlers,
vill fall.

ove banter,
ctors sleep,
adings canter,
ones creep.
that claret's
f all;
uit your garrets,
vill fall.

ies with Wooller
ow no shape,
s are fuller
n they scrape:
talkers,
a ball;
reet-walkers,
vill fall.

k or Newry
hisky flask,
ury
r mask:
utters
ss squall,
our gutters,
vill fall.

no detractor,
sterdam,
ctor
and lamb;
rd embraces,
to maul,
nd your paces,
vill fall.

When men who leave off business
With butter-cups to play,
Find in their heads no dizziness,
Nor long for "melting day;"
When cits their pert Mount-pleasants
Deprive of poplars tall;
Then, poachers, prowl for pheasants,
For sure the sky will fall.

A FLAT REFUSAL.

Salvini the Spaniard was an odd sort of man, subject to gross absences, and a very great sloven. His behaviour in his last hours was as odd as any of his actions in all his lifetime before could have been. Just as he was departing, he cried out in a great passion, "I will not die! I will not die, that's flat."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Can you, by any means, the cause divine,
That U and I, together ne'er can dine?"
"O yes, the reason all must plainly see,
Who know, that U can't come till after T."

ITALIAN PLAY AND BARBER SURGEON.

Spence, the friend and contemporary of Pope, in a letter to his mother, from Turin, in 1739, gives the following account of an Italian entertainment: "Here under the porticoes of the charitable Hospital for such as have the Venereal Disease, will be represented this evening, *The Damned Soul*: with proper decorations." "As this seemed to be one of the greatest curiosities I could possibly meet with in my travels, I immediately paid my threepence, was showed in with great civility, and took my seat among a number of people, who seemed to expect the tragedy of the night with great seriousness.

"At length the curtain drew up, and discovered the *Damned Soul*, all alone, with a melancholy aspect. She was (for what reason I don't know) drest like a fine lady, in a gown of flame-coloured satin. She held a white handkerchief in her hand, which she applied often to her eyes; and in this attitude, with a lamentable voice, began a prayer (to the holy ma

d. In his face, or his upper breech, ease to call it, were a pair of little in his head, but yet with a droll and the two little caves that go e wrinkled all the way up to his mple. Whenever he laughs, (which these wrinkles are in motion toge- e of the most diverting sights that When we were a little seated d into our proper places by the g time, master Claude, (says I) in this sort of business?' Yes, n in it for several generations. myself with the travelling Jew; r bringing me acquainted with long wished to meet with. 'For aster Claude? I don't under- Sir, says he, our family have urgeons; from father to son, , for these twenty-eight gene- is a promising youth, and is enty-ninth. I am but seventy- his plaguy gout these twelve ood as to let me replace my jolt has quite put me out of was your father, master Ah, poor man, he died at t it was by a fall from his patient. He was hurried son!'—At this rate, the , might have been surgeon ple in the ark.'—This set Oh no, (says he,) we are that comes to: at least, p so far—'Have you a even surgeons, your pre- e! yes, that I have; and than lose it. But that wish: the furthest thing hat I find in it, is that r shaved Hannibal, the his passage over the throat! for he did a deal of mischief here at Turin.—'And did he shave ever a one of his elephants, master Claude?'—Not that I know of, says he; but our day-book says, that this same Hannibal had to do with the devil; that he put life into castles; and made the castles walk over the mountains with him against the Romans: and he says, in a note on the side, that he heard afterwards, that any one of them that had not killed his hundred of Romans, was very little regarded in the army. He then took out a prayer-book; and prayed aloud, as he had done at every cross, or old statue, we had passed by the road side.—'I don't see a Virgin Mary; why are you praying, master Claude?'—I'm saying a devotion, to pray poor Hannibal's soul out of purgatory, (says he) he was a great thief and murtherer, and may very probably be there still; but he paid my ancestors well, and so I am bound to pray for him. You see that house there! it was built by a Savoyard: he put his collar bone out, and I set it. Lord have mercy upon poor Hannibal! Will you have another pinch of snuff? This snuffbox was given me by the maréchal de Crequi—'You have travelled then?'—Ay, sir, nobody is regarded in our country, unless they have rolled over the world. I lived twenty years in France and Germany; I was barber-surgeon to the maréchal, and was with him when he received his death's wound.—'And is it true that the ball that kill'd him was directed, *To the maréchal de Crequi?*'—No, sir, says he, that I can assure you it was not; for it was these fingers took it out of his body.—Just as he said this, we came to our journey's end."

A NEW WAY OF PAYING OLD DEBTS.

"Pay me my money!" Robin cry'd,
To Richard, whom he quickly spy'd;
And by the collar seiz'd the blade,
Swearing he'd be that moment paid:
Base Richard instant made reply,
(And struck poor Robin in the eye)
"There's my own hand in black and white,
A note of *hand*, and paid at *sight*."

ER INNOVATIONS.

provements of the age, none
g than those which have re-
indeed are at present making,
ary life. Who in these days
schools?—Nobody: they are
mies for boys and seminaries
lasses are "*Establishments*;"
is a "*Repository for Car-*
a "*Depot*;" a thread-seller's
ne buys drugs at a "*Medical*
Company," and shoes at a
dispensed from an "*Institu-*
"*Purveyor*."

n our newspapers, that after a
not go away till daylight, we
ous group continued tripping
e until Sol gave them warning
the company happened on his
ditch, we should be informed
and he was immersed in the
good supper is described as
roan with every delicacy of
d of briefless lawyers, unbe-
l half-pay officers, are enume-
ashion" at a watering-place,
ormed that ladies, instead of
reakfast, "plunge themselves
n of Neptune."

ghtning is a thing unheard of:
roved by the "electric fluid;"
uld not be told that it was
formed that "the vital spark
the carcass were picked up by
er, we never should hear that
n had found it: we should be
had been discovered by an

heir faces ever so plain, pitted
ear at a public office to com-
ill-treatment, are invariably
ting;" if they have proceeded
are called "unfortunate fe-

males;" should they by any accident have a prospect of becoming mothers, we are informed "that they are in a way that ladies wish to be who love their lords." Child-murder is elegantly termed "infanticide;" and when it is punished capitally, we hear, not that the unnatural mother was hanged, but that "the unfortunate culprit underwent the last sentence of the law, and was launched into eternity."

No person reads in the newspapers, that a house has been burnt down: he perhaps will find "that the house fell a sacrifice to the flames." In an account of a launch we learn, not that a ship went off the slip without any accident, but that "she glided securely and majestically into her *native* element," the said native element being one in which the said ship never was before.

To send for a surgeon if one's leg be broken, is out of the question; a man indeed "may be despatched for medical aid." There are now no public singers at tavern dinners—they are "the professional gentlemen;" and actors are all "professors of the histrionic art." Widows themselves are scarce: these are all "interesting relicts;" and as for nursery-maids, they are now a days universally transformed into "young persons who superintend the junior branches of the family"

MATCH MAKING.

Lord Chesterfield being told that a certain termagant and scold was married to a gamester; replied, "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

THE WORLD.

There was formerly a club held at the King's Head in Pall Mall, arrogantly called "The World." Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses, by each member after dinner; once when Dr. Young was invited thither, the doctor would have declined writing, because he had no diamond: Lord Stanhope lent him his, and he wrote immediately—

"Accept a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines, with Stanhope's pencil writ."

THE POETICAL LANDLORD.

e man passing through Seven Oaks, in
served on a sign in the road the following
ich on inquiry he found to be the offspring
ndlord's brain:

"I John Stubbs livith here,
Sells good brandy, gin, and beer;
I mead my borde a letel whyder,
To lette you nowe I sell good syder."

INS AND OUTS.

In promise rich, but poor in pay,
In the King's Bench a *Talent* lay;
"Why, *In?*" cried *Colin Clout.*
His visions fled—his fortunes crost,
Broad-bottom answer'd—"Borough lost,
"I'm *in*—because I'm *out.*"

ECCENTRIC RECOMMENDATION.

Swift once gave a gentleman of very good charac-
and fortune, a letter of recommendation to Pope,
ouched in the following terms.—"Dear Pope,
Though the little fellow that brings this, be a justice
of peace, and a member of our Irish House of Com-
mons, yet he may not be altogether unworthy of
your acquaintance."

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

At the sign of the Horse, old Spintext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot;
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was placed this canonical sot.
The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due, and submission,
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing preferr'd his petition.
I'm come sir, says he, to beg, look d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby with as much speed as may be,
And I'll walk with my lanthorn before ye.
The body we'll bury, but pray where's the bury?
Why lord, sir, the corpse it does stay.
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.
Then Moses he smil'd, saying, sir, a small child
Cannot long delay your intentions;
Why that's true by St. Paul, a dead child that's small
Can never enlarge its dimensions.
Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, by-the-bye,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor;
Come Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.
Then Moses he spoke, sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
Besides there's a terrible shower.
Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve
I'm sure it can never strike more.
Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
Which to say and to swear I'll be bold,
That the corpse, snow or rain, can't engage to
plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.
Then Moses went on, sir, the clock has struck one,
Pray master look up at the hand,
Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to guess
A man for to go, that can't stand.
At length hat and cloak, old Orthodox took,
But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid,
Each tipp'd off a gill, for fear they should chill,
And then stagger'd away side by side.
When come to the grave, the clerk buttoned his
While the surplice was wrapp'd round the
Where so droll was the figure of Moses and
That the parish still talk of the jest.
Good people let's pray; put the corpse
Or perchance I shall over it stumble,
'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble.
Woman that's born of man; that's
Oh! Man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down
You see, Moses, death spareth no man.

look, what a confounded book,
ers are turned upside down,
lous print, sure the devil is in't,
llow should print for the crown.

you read, for I cannot proceed,
e corpse in my stead. Amen, Amen.
n'se wrong, pray hold still your tongue
m the tail for the head.

sting death, put the corpse in the earth,
me 'tis terrible weather.
was inter'd without praying a word,
hey both stagger'd together.
Singing tol de rol, &c.

ETTER FROM AN ACTRESS.

,—I am a tragedy actress, but I really
re fun. There is a whimsicality in your
ses me, and (*win* or *lose*) please GOD
you on your present proposition, viz.
Brighton—the last my own night—a
he house—and four at Worthing—the
. I will give you the whole strength
y talent and spirit. You give me all
e that in these cases are given, where
talliation comes down to glitter (some-
ake glare) over those who may be less
ot always less worthy than themselves.
me to a prosperous house, and there-
ell with her. I came in support of a
d as I am not an *Atlas*, why I have
to be—a *woman*. I play Lady Mac-
—my last appearance this season; so
s my own arrangements. Let me know
me to be with you, and I will arrange
Let me know, as soon as you can, whe-
me by the fifteenth of July. I had
the theatre if you can avoid it. Let
first character. Will there be time
ript play I mentioned, to be got up for
play the four nights in one week? I
mediately on the receipt of yours—
will get it to-night, as I have not a
I suppose these letters will be for-
warded to you at Gravesend; I shall feel obliged by
hearing from you as to the time, as I have some *lite-
rary* arrangements to make that I am pledged for the
finishing of in a stated time.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient, ——

DRUNKARDS.

In the cathedral of Sienna, celebrated for its floor, inlaid with the History of the New Testament, is the following singular epitaph, probably placed there as a memento to Italian Toby Philpots.

"Wine gives life; it was death to me; I could not behold the dawn of morning in a sober state. Even my bones are now thirsty. Stranger! sprinkle my grave with wine; empty the flaggons and come. Farewell drinkers!"

TOM-A-BEDLAM SONG.

From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye,
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man,
In the book of moons defend ye!
That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken;
Nor travel from
Yourselves with Tom
Abroad to beg your bacon.

CHORUS.

Nor never sing any food and feeding,
Money, drink, or clothing;
Come dame or maid,
Be not afraid,
For Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enraged;
And of forty been
Three times fifteen
In durance soundly caged.
In the lovely lofts of Bedlam,
In stubble soft and dainty,
Brave bracelets strong,
Sweet whips ding, dong
And a wholesome hunger plenty.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
And a cruise of cockle pottage,
And a thing thus—tall,
Sky bless you all,
I fell into this dotage.
I slept not till the Conquest;
Till then I never waked;
Till the roguish boy
Of love where I lay,
Me found, and stript me naked.
When short I have shorn my sow's face,
And swigg'd my horned barrel;
In an oaken inn
Do I pawn my skin,
As a suit of gilt apparel:
The morn's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my morrow;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
Me music, to my sorrow.
The palsie plague these pounces,
When I prig your pigs or pullen;
Your culvers take
Or mateless make
Your chanticleer and sullen;
When I want provant with *Humphrey* I sup,
And when benighted,
To repose in Paul's
With waking souls
I never am affrighted.
I know more than Apollo;
For, oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping;
The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.
With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander:
With a knight of ghosts and
I summoned am to Tourn
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end;
Methinks it is no journey

NATIONAL COMPLAI

The Englishmen at Paris find fa
roast beef; the Frenchmen in Lond
British brandy.

The English who visit Paris, in
vern-keepers have served in the e
so expert in *making a charge*.

A foreigner inquiring the way to
whom he said lived at *Mr. Bailey's*,
to the *Old Bailey*, by a Bow-street
entered the court he imagined that
levee.

POLITICAL LEGACI

When William Pitt went to
For his and our repose,
His *mantle* he to Canning ga
His *walking-stick* to Rose,
Satiric rogue! he knew his m
And thought some clumsy j
Would Canning quite undo, a
How much he'd want a st

PLEBEIAN HUMOU

When the king of France fled
wrote against the corner of the str
est prié d'arrêter un gros cochon q
sera dédommagé de ses peines par

CHOICE COMPANY

I'll send you my bill of fare, s
trying to persuade Dr. Swift to
"Send me your bill of company,"
to him.

GOLD AND GREATN

Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey
when his nephew, a Guinea trader,
phew, (said Sir Godfrey,) you ha

eatest men in the world."—"I don't
ou may be, (said the Guinea-man,)
your looks: I have often bought
ter than both of you together, all
s, for ten guineas."

TO MY BARN.

ering tribes were wont to rove,
y with his merry mate,
quite hand in glove,
a penny, folks their fate.
wind and rain, the good king

straw-bed, was known to trudge it,
who never made a batch,
people's purses by a budget.
bes that worshipp'd not his name?
hat music to a gipsy's ear!
s not for half his fame,
ing speech without a tear!
Bampfylde,† many a time,
st and dance, and sunk to sleep,
roam'd from clime to clime
dom, on the land and deep.
of the blackest lies,
n of truth was never courted,
m travell'd, she denies,
only travell'd—when transported.
n this celebrated king,
alents than most monarchs born;
rd him Chase of Cheviot sing,
d, and wind his bugle horn.
ies too, by foul-mouth'd slander,
t without the grace to *pay*,
rkey, gosling, goose, and gander,
h-hooks, angling every day.
once a gipsy stole
ard, the value of a grig,
sling, turkey, duck, or fowl,
v purloin'd her baby-pig.

of one of the gipsy sovereigns,
amp'ylde Moore Carew.

I, too, have felt the force of slander's tongue,
And scorn'd her rage, her lying prose and metre,
While Hawkins yields a plaudit to my song,
The snakes of envy hiss in vain at Peter.
Thus have I dar'd defend an injur'd race,
Call'd by a wicked world a thieving crew;
Here let not justice blush to show her face,
What says the proverb?—"Give the devil his due."
Farewell, my barn! should men thy frame destroy,
May birds of darkness on his roof alight,
Owls break his slumbers with portentous cry,
And groans of gipsy-ghosts his soul affright!

POETRY AND PAINTING.

What the monk said of Virgil's Æneid, "that it would make an excellent poem if it were only put into rhyme;" is just as if a Frenchman should say of a beauty, "Oh, what a fine woman that would be, if she was but painted!"

THE SUICIDE.

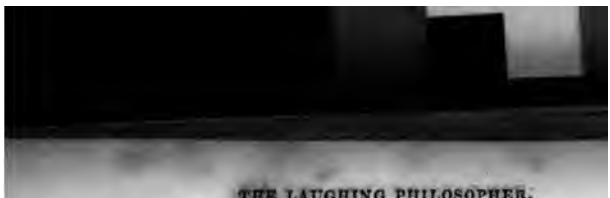
Basta.—I'll think no more about it. I have closed the accounts, and bring myself in debtor to death. All that remains to be considered is, how I am to do the business. I have been reading all the suicides I could gather, during the last week, and I do not find one exactly conformable to my ideas on the subject.

Shall I blow my brains out?—It is well my uncle Nicholas is not present, for the old rogue used always to say that I had none; but he was ever a calumniator. No, I shall not blow my brains out, even supposing I have any. It is a dirty way: a man's collar is quite disarranged, and his shirt most disagreeably stained with batter and blood. Then you are quite a disgusting looking devil, actually a bore to a sensitive coroner and a sympathetic court of pie-powder. Besides, after all, you are not sure. Robespierre for instance, as we all know, disfigured himself awfully, and yet lived long enough to gratify the kind people of Paris with a guillotine exhibition, *al fresco*, at his expense. If you miss, the cursed report of the pistol calls up the household, and you are restrained by their civil interference from committing the "rash act;"

and in any case, you fill the room with a filthy smoke, smelling most diabolically of sulphur. There is not a cook maid in my kitchen but would say, "Ay, ay, poor master was wanted, sure enough—the ould 'un was looking for him. When *he* called, he could not help coming, poor gentleman? there was a smell of brimstone, my dear, in the room, that would knock down a horse." On which coachee would remark, "No doubt on't, Molly; he has gone bang four in hand to where he will get enough of that 'ere commodity." It is then a ruled point that I shall not blow my brains out.—Cut my throat? No bad notion. Yet stop awhile. Does not the objection of bedaubing myself hold here also? O surely, and in a tenfold degree; you must, besides, give yourself the trouble of taking off your cravat; and you may *miss* there too. I have known people to slit the weasand, and yet have the wound cobbled up by some tailoring surgeon, and live, as the newspapers have it, respectable members of society. I never could hit the carotid, for I do not know where it is: and if I did, there would be some cit lying perdu with his jest, ready to call me "Carotid artery cutting so—and—so." I am, moreover of opinion that it must hurt a man sadly to cut his throat. I remember once upon a time how a barber cut me into the bone while shaving me, and I was so stung with the pain that I got up and knocked him down. Should not I then be a jackass of the first ear to hurt myself ten times worse then the knight of the pole? Just think of a jagged razor going through your windpipe! The mere thought is hideous. Razor, avaunt! I'd not cut my throat for a thousand pounds. Shall I poison myself? What! die the death of a rat? Not I, I thank you. That were descending in the scale of creation most scandalously. Then what a pretty account of my personal appearance there would be in the reports! "The body of the unfortunate gentleman was blown up like a tun, and there were livid and pea-green spots all over his countenance. His right eye was drawn down to his mouth, and his left twisted up over his eyebrow." A pretty picture in truth! And just take up a sheet medically descriptive of poisons, with their effects, symptoms, &c. guts, burning of the stomach, parch shivering of the sides, lolling out of ing of the mouth, and ten thousand abominations. Besides you would, the operation, be wishing yourself wishes for being so great a goose, deed undone. Believe me you wou If you were discovered, what a tumu and what a vehicle for all kind of n your unfortunate windpipe would down a tureenful of melted bu would exclaim,—"pour it down w delay." "If it be an alkali poison h another would put in his word, " an acid."—All my life long I hate chemists. "Give him tartarized an the cry of a third. "Nothing in t so efficacious in such misfortunes, exclaim, " as the tincture of polup This fellow would be a quack doct out a patent for the tincture—a cou and tobacco water.] In Japan, a be falls into disgrace at court, ha taking a sword and ripping out his to be thought of that? Cato of U

"What Cato did and Addison
Cannot be wrong!"

said Eustace Budgell, and flung hi of a wherry into the Thames, with pound balls in his coat pockets. queer way, after all, of imitatin written these lines, I should have Uticanian did *au pied de la let* truth, I have no such notion. Fa with his puddings out, like the giant deluded by Jack-the-giant-k proved of Cato's principles, having Tory, who, if I had breathed the of Julius Cæsar, would have vote thick and thin. I therefore do no bound to follow Cato's practice. A there is nobody in these parts o



bound to follow their example, except R. of No. 30, Strand. *He* may embowel him- e likes—I shall not. Hanging is obviously to be named. It does not accord with a in's ideas. I have always lived independent, e no fancy for dying dependent on any thing. s a long time in suspense. I hate your *pas* n nothing, and never should wish to earn ence halfpenny by such a plebeian occupa- ticularly when executed upon myself. I do moreover, but it would be an unfair and kind of intrusion on the office of the king's istrate. Sheriff Laurie—I beg his pardon— r Laurie would have cause of indignation me, if I were to cheat his new drop of its t to turn off all pensile people, within his s of London and Middlesex.—There must t many disagreeable sensations about being I knew a man once, who had escaped the fter having been turned off, and he told me felt as if a lump of something edible stuck gullet, while you were at the same time with a chuck down an interminable preci- en you saw all kind of flashing fires before , and after you were at rest, a flaming bolt to enter each of the soles of your feet, and way up rapidly, but gradually, to your peri- Who could feel pleasure in a posture of ? Your neck-attitude, too, is mighty un- Look at the picture of Lord Coleraine— George Hanger—in the second page of his or of old Izaak Walton, in the present ex- t Somerset-House, and you will see how a crick-in-th'-neck-like position it is. Why ht thought proper to exhibit old Izaak as just g hanged, I do not know, and firmly believe s no warrant for it in any biography of the or; but look at No. 268, in the above exhibi- you will see him there evidently with the twist of the gallows about him. In a word, se to be strung up. Hang puppies and with all my heart. Drown myself? ining bright on the Thames, as I see it from one of my windows in the Temple. It is tempting.

"Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide."

So sung Katharine Haynes a hundred years ago—but so sing not I. There are many grave objections to drowning a man's self. First, you are choked with water, and I never could prevail on myself to swallow as much as a half pint of that liquid.

"Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine,
Would have filled the vast ocean with generous wine."

In that case there might have been a difference in my ideas; but water—and Thames water too—the thought is intolerable. If you succeed, what a neat article you are when you are found. In nine days, I am told, a body inevitably rises, and *how* does it rise? A colony of prawns and shrimps have fastened themselves on you, and are making free with your person in the most gourmand fashion. A crab has eaten out your eyes—a cod is fattening his sounds on the drums of your ears—and a turbot has revenged himself for all the liberties you have taken with his tribe, by making your face as flat as his own spine. As one of our poets—I forget his name—says on a similar occasion:

"The perch did perch between his ribs; the sole,
Sole reveller, feasted on his nibbled jowl;
The plaice was placed where'er he pleased; the pike
Shouldered itself, yet lay levelled in act to [illegible];
A maiden sought his hand, but sooth to say, in vain;
That amorous maiden was a maiden ray." &c.

I never could agree with old Demoux in Lucian, that it is merely an act of gratitude to let the fishes eat *you*, after you have eaten so many of *them*. Then too, there are many chances of your *not* succeeding. There is the whole body of the Humane Society, including Alexander of Russia, regularly leagued and bonded to pull people out of the vasty deep nolentes

volentes. How awkward you would look on awaking, to find yourself stretched out upon a table, with a fellow puffing a bellows into your very nostrils, or rubbing you with a hot cloth! As for jumping off the Monument, "like Levi the jew," (Rejected Addresses, hem!) or any other height, that is quite out of the question. I get giddy even looking out of three pair of stairs window; how odious to my nerves it must be, therefore, to jump from one! Poor Levi, I understand, after he was fairly off, made a grasp with his hand back again at the balustrade of the Monument. How he must have felt during that second, when perfectly conscious of the entire desperation of his case! I shudder to think of it just now, and am obliged to shut the window through mere nervousness. And when you are down, what a pretty looking lump of smash and abomination! You are lying on the ground like a lump of bloody mortar, prepared for dashing the front of the house of some Ogre-like King of Dahomey. Nor would starvation at all agree with me. I fasted one day on a pound of beef and a half quartern, and I could have cried when evening came on. Oh, no! whenever or however I die, let me go out of the world with a full stomach. When a man is hungry, hideous and beggarly ideas are apt to get into his head, and he cannot see his way clearly before him. A windy vapour rises from the stomach, which fills the brain with odious chimeras. I never could stand it. All my firmly fixed resolves on death, if I were to attempt it that way, would be knocked up by the smell of the first cook's shop, or the distant prospect of an alderman waddling up Fleet-street. It is impossible. Well then, shall I stab myself *more majorum?* Die in a Roman fashion, sheathing a dagger in my bosom like Lucretia, or falling on my sword like Brutus. It would be something pathetical and romantic. I am afraid, however, that the days of pathos and romance are most considerably gone by. To confess the fact honestly, I do not think, I could ever muster up courage to drive a long spit of cold steel into my breast; and as to falling on my sword, in the first place I have not a sword to fall on, and it would be quite absurd to buy one for such a purpose; in the second place, if I had one, I am persuaded that I should miss it, or make some other blunder—or rather some blunder which would be fatal—if I attempted to fling myself on it. I, like an unfortunate gaby I should look, I cogitate for a short while. I have [illegible] practicable, shooting, throat cutting, [illegible] bowelling, hanging, drowning, [illegible] and stabbing. What remains? Softly! my uncle Nicholas used always to say, that man killed himself by drinking—and my uncle was a man of observation. Perhaps that is easy, comfortable, cosey kind of way of dying, siness, after all, without tumult or [illegible] I have no idea of doing it at a glass, and fore a coroner stretched upon a door, and rum cask, and open to the opprobrium "Died by excessive drinking." That is low. I, on the contrary, shall try if my diction of such suicide being slow but right, and if it poisons me, let it operate a slow poison—

"So glides the meteor through the
And spreads along a gilded train
But when its short-lived beauties
Dissolves to common air again."

Is not that very pretty and very poetic? Anthony, get you down to the Rainbow me a stoup of liquor, as the grave-digger has it. I am bent on death.

"Come fill me a glass, fill it high,
A bumper, a bumper, I'll have—
He's a fool that will flinch,
I'll not flinch him an inch,
Though I drink myself into the p

I am bent on death. Perhaps, too, I good luck to go off in a flash of flame, death by voluntary combustion, thereby subject for a new novel by a new Fieldi So now

"Farewell, fair world! and light of day for I have closed the shutters.

CHURCH IN LANGHAM PLACE, REGENT-STREET.

ilks through London streets,"
s to the son of Saturn,
w edifices meets,
oportion, queerer pattern:
id-compelling god,
with thy special grace,
ld my motley hod,
church in Langham-place,"

Thunderer cries; "go plant
e, I care not how ill;
arth, I hereby grant
he of mortar, stone, and trowel.
Iercules, and Mars,
h these bills on Henry Hase,
jester from the stars,
church in Langham-place."

hand, to earth they go,
ladio, Wren, and Inigo,
r their job, to show
r gods can make a guinea go.
Doric, ergo bad,
nic, ergo base:
lel could be had,
hurch in Langham-place.

they pass'd two hours;
is club of tough oak
laim'd, "Martello towers
on the coast of Suffolk
e toward London swerve,
war, they're out of place;
better do, than serve
urch in Langham-place?"

said, the deed was done,
es toil'd in vain to stir it,
kick, Alcmena's son
lown the granite turret.
gshead up to town
structure roll'd apace,
ated, settled down
h in Langham-place.

But, ere with belfry or with bell
They graced its top, its side with casement,
They found an unexploded shell
Alive and burning at its basement.
The channell'd air now upward drew
Flame after flame, in lurid race,
And gave a sort of glass-house hue
To their new church in Langham-place.

"'Twill never do," Alcides cried,
"The Atlas will indict for arson,"
While Momus carelessly replied—
"Phoo! never mind it—smoke the parson!"
Mars, at a push, had wit at will,
And said, "Your joint misgivings chase,
This round Martello tower shall still
Be a new church in Langham-place."

To Ætna's red Vulcanian steeps,
Fly Mercury on feather'd sandal,
And, when the giant Titan sleeps,
Snatch, god of thieves, his huge bed-candle:
Bear thence its tall extinguisher,
This conflagration to efface,
'Twill added dignity confer
On our new church in Langham-place.

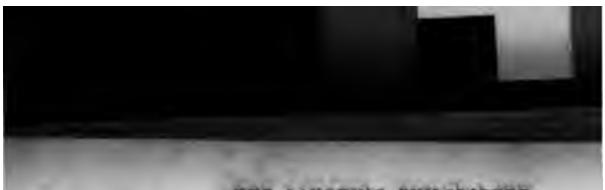
The cone up-tilted, Momus bawls—
"Attention, all our loving people,
Here Mars's tower affords us walls,
And Titan's candlestick a steeple:
Our fane, thus martially endow'd,
Soon may some Boanerges grace,
And 'Son of Thunder,' draw the crowd
To our new church in Langham-place!"

DINNER IN THE STEAM-BOAT.

"Come, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweetbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready; shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we mustn't spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company. Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say,—how exceedingly clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's

the blue devils, He is like a nightmare, isn't he Mr. Smart? "He may be like a mare by night," replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, "but I consider him more like an ass by day.—He! he! he!" Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female, under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway, exclaiming, "Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other." "Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death." "Well, then you are of course no longer a liver," resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; "so we may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you." "O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all, than have such a fellow as that to bury me." "Dickey, my dear!" cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most woe-begone and emetical expression of countenance, "hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice silver side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *loin* o' mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach." "O mother," replied the young cockney, "that 'ere cold beef steak and inguns vat you put in the pocket-handkerchief, vasn't good, I do believe, for all my hinsides are of a work." "Tell 'em it's a holiday," cried Smart. "O dear, O dear!" continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lacka-

"you promised to tell me
explain what it is that m
and round as fast as th
when Jem Ball drives th
ma'am, you must unders
sandwiches and a tumbl
steward.—"Who called
negres?" repeated Mr. S
saw the machinery, I bel
there's a thing goes up a
made of iron; well, that'
then you put into the boi
Mrs. Sweetbread)—let m
the boiler, I believe. Al
to be getting into hot w
they turn all the smoke
to the wheels, and that n
as the smoke-jack in ou
and then there's the safe
which lets all the water i
the steam at once. You
when once you understan
"O perfectly, but I neve
to me before. It's vastly
they think of it?" "Shall
sallad?" "La, it isn't dre
"Not at all," cried S
for dinner, so that we
dressed for us. He! he
that, Mrs. H.?" explain



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

om Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, "Heaven ercy upon us! did you hear that whizzing there it is again! there's something wrong ailer—if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven minutes." "The Lord forbid!" ejaculated three voices, while others began to scream, e preparing to quit their places, when the informed them it was nothing in the world spare steam which they were letting off. they always say," resumed Croak, with an ous tone and woe-begone look; "but it was ame on board the American steam-boat that ling you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, and chatting for all the world as we are n there comes a whiz, such as we heard a —God help us! there it is once more—and blew the boiler—fourteen people scalded to ugs pieces of their flesh found upon the the river, and a little finger picked up next oyster-shell, which by the ring upon it was be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, l gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall the bottom smack! Indeed we *may* arrive do sometimes, and I wish we may now, loves a party of pleasure more than I do. look upon the gloomy side of things when happy together, (here another groan,) and aven't said any thing to lower the spirits pany."

's no occasion," cried Smart, "for I saw d putting water into every bottle of brandy." excited by this *bon-mot* tended in some dissipate the alarm and gloom which the r. Croak had been infusing into the party; , by way of fortifying their courage, bade nk that the sailors were obviously under no rehension. "Ay," resumed the persevering , "they are used to it—it is their business bred to sea." "But they don't want to to the fishes, any more than you or I," re- art, chuckling at his having the best of the

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, "I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch-water; they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it." "Madam," replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, "I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead. I am eating the ham you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to let it exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone."——"La! you're such a wag," cried Mrs. Hoggins, "there's no being up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge-bone—nothing's better than cold beef." "I beg your pardon, Madam," replied the indefatigable joker—"cold beef's better than nothing—Ha! ha! ha!"

"How do you find yourself now, my darling?" said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his 'air was quite vet. "Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I could heat any thing." "Then just warm these potatoes," said Smart, handing him the dish, "for they are almost cold." "I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me," quoth the young cockney, looking glumpish, "or I shall fetch you a vipe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you a hinch, you take a hell." "Never mind him, my dear," cried his mother "eat this mutton-chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!"—"Very good!" exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, "egad! Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin." This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when first he came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and began attacking a buttock of beef with

reat vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a
mous "happetite," and felt "as ungry as an ound."
I never say any thing to discourage any body,"
aid Mr. Croak, "particularly young people; it's a
hing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sate down to
is dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick,
just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he
had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was
a corpse, and a very pretty one he made."

"I'm not going to be chouséd out of my dinner for all that," replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out—"Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs."—"I doubt that," cried Smart.—"I say it does," resumed Dick angrily, "the table-cloth is all of a sop."—"I'll bet you half a crown it doesn't." Done! and done! were hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed—"Ladies and Gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer." This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who sullenly muttered, "I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf-crown in that there vay, and vat's more, I von't be made a standing joke by no man." "I don't see how you can," replied his antagonist, "so long as you are sitting."—"Vy are you like a case of ketchup?" cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own inquiry, "because you are a saucebox."—"Haw! haw!" roared his mother, "bravo, Dick! well done, Dick—there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart." Dick now changed the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be "high-water in the arbour when they arrived."—"Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it," said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, "perhaps it may cure your squint."

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bourrasque* (as the French say) in the hold, but that there was then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-striken company at the dinner-table. "have mercy upon us!" ejaculated Croak with a groan—"it's all over with us—we are going bottom—I like to make the best of every thing my way, and therefore hope that no lady or man will be in the least alarmed, for I drowning is a much less painful death than rally supposed."

AFFECTED GRAVITY.

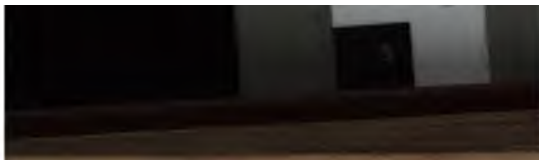
I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that
There are a sort of men, whose
Do cream and mantle, like a
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an
Of wisdom, gravity, profound
As who should say, *I am Sir*
And, when I ope my lips, let
O, my Antonio, I do know of
That therefore only are reputed
For saying nothing.

A FAIR BARGAIN.

A Norman priest, many of
not made the most honourable
insisted, when he was baptizing
to be paid the nuptial and
those of baptism; and when
reason of this extraordinary
cause I know, as soon as he
cheat me of my dues, by
hanged."

THE COLLEGIAN AND

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which
Trinity College, Cambridge
One Harry Dashington—a
In all the learning
For those who choose that
For finishing their education
That is—he understood



y race or match;
at pigeon-shooting;
ows—knock down the watch—
he rake at random—
vats—and drive a tandem,
ie, and rustication,
ng reformation,
make his lapses greater,
d that next offence
certain consequence—
his Alma Mater.
a necromancer
with so wild a wight,
e occurr'd next night;
rable came rolling
idnight chimes were tolling,
lege bell.—No answer.—
vas vain—the third
echo its alarum;
delight he heard
r, old Ben,
ling in his den.
s'pose young Harum-scarum."
hy Ben—'tis Harry."
t, and there you'll tarry.
—the gates are closed,
orders—I shall lose
udo the door."—
g Hopeful interposed)
ll'd if you refuse,
began to snore.—
Harry, "to the skin,
en!—don't be a ninny;
te I've thrust a guinea,
let me in,"

l'd the greedy old curmudgeon,
d half in dudgeon,
ass; but make no fuss,
, and hold your prate."—
es, old Cerberus,"
he passed the gate,
hilling—take the light,
outside—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain which never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast!—

With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.—
"Who's there?—'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate—
I know my duty—'Tis too late—
You wouldn't have me lose my place."

"Psha! Mr. Dashington: remember,
This is the middle of November.
I'm stripp'd;—'tis raining cats and dogs."
"Hush, hush!" quoth Hal; "I'm fast asleep;"
And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.
"But, harkye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."

"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.
"No: all, or none—a full acquittance—
The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
But you have fix'd the price, not I—
I won't take less;—I can't afford it."
So finding all his haggling vain,
Ben with an oath and groan of pain
Drew out the guinea, and restored it."

"Surely you'll give me," growl'd the outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
"Oh, surely—surely," Harry said;
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half drown'd, and quite undress'd,
I'll give you—leave to go to bed."

DEFINITION OF WIT.

A certain bishop said to his chaplain: "What is wit?" The chaplain replied, "The rectory of A.... is vacant, give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said his lordship, "and you shall have it." "*It would be a good thing well applied*," rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the royal chaplains at St. James's was reprieved, *for a time*, from *suspension*, by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains; and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least *unpalatable* mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace: and whenever the king honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king, and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God *bless* the king, and *save* the dinner." "*And it shall be saved*," said the monarch.

The blaze of wit in the School for Scandal astonishes us less when we remember that the writer had it in his power to frame both the question and the answer; the reply and the rejoinder; the time and the place. He must be a poor proficient, who cannot keep up the game, when both the ball, the wall, and the racket, are at his *sole* command.

NELSON'S VANITY.

Nelson, when young, was piqued at not being noticed, in a certain paragraph of the newspapers, which detailed an action, wherein he had assisted; "But never mind," said he, "I will one day have a Gazette of my own."

PROLOGUE TO THE WINTER'S TALE, AND CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.

To various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be:
The poets vintners, and waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gem'men, kindly welcome ladies.
To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakspeare's Head.
From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein.
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain
Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young:
For you my hearts of oak, for your regale,
[*To the upper gallery*
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow chair, no more he'll roam,
No more with merry wags to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give us all
home.
As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;
Who in the storms of passion, hum and haw!
For such our master will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspeare's head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allow,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when wine
is pure?
"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my lad."
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—
my word!
Sir William, what say you?"—"The best," says
me."
"In this—eh, Jack?—the devil can't decide."
Thus the wise critic too, mistakes his wine,
Cries out, with lifted hands—'Tis great! divine.

eighbour, as the wonder strike him,
re! Shakspeare!—Oh, there's no-
him!
various and enchanted cup
y's mix'd, for filling up.
cts, from which our three are taken,
sixteen years,* lay by; forsaken;
precious liquor run to waste,
'd and bottled for your taste.
vish, my joy, my only plan,
of that immortal man!

GARRICK.

AMITIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

ree difficulties in authorship;—to write
h the publishing—to find honest men
-and to get sensible men to read it.
now become a game; in which the
the kings; the critics, the knaves;
pack; and the poor author, the mere
played upon.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

forsooth, in love! I, that have been
p;
to a humorous sigh:
a night-watch constable;
pedant o'er the boy.
mortal so magnificent!
wining, purblind, wayward boy;
ior, giant-dwarf, Don Cupid;
rhymes, lord of folded arms,
overeign of sighs and groans,
terers and malcontents,
f plackets, king of codpieces,
and great general
itors.—O my little heart.—
corporal of his field,
olours like a tumbler's hoop!
ve! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing: ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right?

ASTROLOGY.

This is the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled at my bastardizing.

VARIOUS KINDS OF GOODNESS.

Whatever diversity of opinions may prevail respecting *goodness in general*, few people disallow the marks of this valuable quality, as they are found to exist in particular bodies of men, or in certain individuals; and, perhaps, an enumeration of these traits may include every thing new that can be well said on the subject.

A good king, for example, is one who has the gift of pleasing both the ins and the outs: and who, not being permitted to do *any thing*, is able to do *every thing*.

A good minister is one who is capable of conducting the affairs of a great nation, without levying any taxes on the public.

A good patriot is one who possesses excellent lungs, and is not afraid of availing himself of the freedom of speech allowed in parliament, to abuse every person, and oppose every measure, till he makes the situation of an upright minister sufficiently u-

* the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakspeare, teen years.

knowledge, and these motives, lead him also to make an example, once or twice in his life, of some honest butcher, baker, or publican, if any such beings should chance to reside in his district, for accidentally selling short weight or measure: and he seldom or never commits any one to prison; except, to please his patron, some poor fellow who has killed a hare, a pheasant, or a partridge.

A good divine is one who preaches short sermons remarkably loud, and who not only permits his parishioners to pursue, at their pleasure, whoring, drinking, feasting, gambling, and swearing, without receiving the smallest intimation of the impropriety of their conduct; but who himself actually joins them, on every convenient occasion, in the practice of these innocent amusements.

A good lawyer is one who knows how to browbeat timid witnesses, and to rouse the feelings, and enlarge on the vast consequence of silly jurymen, (who always look wisest when they are in reality the greatest fools,) so as to procure a verdict for his client, though honesty and integrity are in consequence doomed to starve in prison.

A good physician is one who, having no real business to employ him, generously begins life with giving his advice to the poor gratis: at the same time taking care to direct all his prescriptions to some honest apothecary, who allows him thirty per cent. on the price of the medicines. If this fails to procure him better practice, he engages his friends to institute

very small portion of wha
from their labour, for whi
that they might well bec
eye of real benevolence.
subscribes about twenty g
more different hospitals
which he contrives to sen
might otherwise be more
to the general conduct in
only necessary that he ha
to have committed any ac

A good man, in the co
has money enough to ans
knowing he must pay bill
personal inconveniencies,
yers' and bailiffs' fees, ta
all pecuniary obligations.
importance by what mea
effect this solely necessar
be a grinder of the poor,
base guardian of orphans,
miser, still he is a good m
he can pay every one tw
of what they can *prove* t

A good citizen is one
life, pays scot and lot
what, and never attends
vestry meetings, but su
pocket picked by those w
the presence of *one mor*

on for the large family he has provided
thing his wife, daughter, or sister.
ow is one who borrows money of all
who are weak enough to trust him,
giving himself the smallest concern
nt, which he spends freely, or gives
he little time it lasts; and who ruins
ks more liquor, sings more songs, gives
longs to more drunken societies, and
ghts, than any other person whatever.
happens to have in possession a good
ty of his own, he is, while it lasts,
phatically called, a *good fellow:* but
y and credit are both exhausted, so
ed to sing, drink and tell stories, for
ut of those who pay his shot, he de-
good companion.
band is one who never opposes his
ns, or arraigns her conduct, however
sonable.
is one who never opposes her hus-
ons, or arraigns his conduct, however
sonable.
esides these, a variety of other *good*
cteristics of whom will readily occur
, though no extraordinary quantity
have perhaps lately appeared: such
, *good* admirals, *good* authors, *good*
ritics, and a variety of others. But
already produced will abundantly
world is not so destitute of *goodness*
ed moralists have dared to insinuate.

RELIGION.

ngle for religion; write for it; fight
; any thing but—*live* for it.

NCESTRAL ENORMITIES.

d years, if I count right,
e critics Homer cite,
good 'tis true;)
hide the poet's shame,—
ll from whence he came—
lord-knows-who!

Virgil, who sang of war and farming,
His case is nearly as alarming,
Though Cæsar spoke him well:
Much did the thoughtless muse mistake her,
Who chose the issue of a baker
Such wondrous tales to tell.

Alas! who into hist'ry pushes
Will find perpetual cause for blushes—
There's Athens—shocking place!
Demosthenes declaim'd with pith,
But he was gotten by a smith,
To Attica's disgrace.

I'm really puzzled to proceed;—
To write what 'tis n't fit to read
All decent pens refuse:
There's Socrates, so wise and pure,
Was born of an old *accoucheur,*—
I should say *accoucheuse.*

So with the ancients let's have done,
Who, every man and mother's son,
Were but of yesterday;
One more—that Esop—was there ever!—
A *slave* write fables!—I shall never!—
'Tis now high time to stay!

But with the moderns shall we gain?
Faith that's a case that's not quite plain;
Piron's papa sold drugs;
A mere upholsterer got Moliere,
And Rollin was a cutler's heir,
And What's-his-name made jugs.

Rousseau—(not Jacques, but Jean Baptiste)
Whose odes to read are quite a feast—
His ancestor made shoes:
And is not Jaques himself as bad,
Who took a watchmaker for dad,
Our patience to abuse?

At home, if curious to know
The parent-stocks of So-and-so,
We'll find the bad turn'd worse;
Milton, for all his epic fire,
Claims but a scriv'ner for his sire—
And *he* to write blank verse!

Some folks affirm the proof is full,
That Shakspeare senior dealt in wool—
Let's hope it is the case:
For, though one scorns in fleece to deal,
Where he a *butcher** all must feel
'Twould his poor son disgrace.

I'm glad to find there is a doubt
From what trunk Chaucer was a sprout;—
A noble one some say:
But whispers go, that Chaucer's father
A vintner was—or cobbler rather—
Hence his French name—*Chaucier.*

In short, the man of generous mind
Who views the world, must loathe his kind;
Such facts his feelings hurting;
The elder Pope, whose boy wrote satires,
Kept a cheap warehouse, next a hatter's,
Where he sold Irish shirting!

Nought then remains, but hope—which still
Lurks, as of old, behind each ill,
Close to the box's bottom:
And, after all, the hazard runs,
That, though they're all their mother's sons,
Their fathers mayn't have got 'em!

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF AN EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Imprimis.—For my soul, I confess, I have heard very much of souls, but what they are, or who they are, or what they are for, God knows, I know not; they tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the king stood, I was of his religion, made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop; but then came the Scots and made me a presbyterian; and since Cromwell entered I have been an independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can save a soul, I may claim one; therefore if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it to him who gave it to me.

Item.—I give my body, for I cannot keep it, to be buried. Do not lay me in the church, for I was a lord, and would not be buried [illegible]. Pride was born.

Item.—My will is, that I have no [illegible] then I must have epitaphs and verses, [illegible] long I had too much of them.

Item.—I give all my deer to the [illegible] who I know will preserve them, [illegible] the king a buck out of one of his own [illegible].

Item.—I give nothing to Lord Say; [illegible] I give him because I know he will [illegible] poor.

Item.—To Tom May I give 5*s.* [illegible] more; but whoever has seen his Historical [illegible] liament, thinks 5*s.* too much.

Item.—I give Lieutenant-Colonel [illegible] word of mine, because hitherto he [illegible] own.

Item.—I give up the ghost.—*Cæsar Augustus ginali.*

EGAN AND CURRAN.

In the election for the borough of [illegible] Egan was an unsuccessful candidate, [illegible] appealed from the decision, and the [illegible] course before a committee of the House. It was in the heat of a very warm [illegible] struggling through the crowd, his hat in [illegible] hand, his wig in the other, and his whole [illegible] raging like the dogstar, when he met [illegible]. "Sorry for you, my dear fellow," said Curran; "why so, Jack—why so?—I'm perfectly [illegible]—" Alas, Egan, it's but too visible that [illegible] you're losing *tallow* (*Tallagh*) fast."

SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.

* Some give it for the wool-merchant, others for the butcher.

blows out; the bubble dies;
g entomb'd in autumn lies;
dries up; the star is shot:
t is past, and man forgot.

ON A FAT MAN.

ien ride, they tire the horse,
they walk, themselves—that's worse:
at all, they are at best,
oppressors—or oppress.

VOYAGE TO TARTARUS.

ier—not a 'pothecary
warm evening when well fill'd with
found my wine too hot to carry,
self most merry in a sink;
hen Somnus plac'd his leaden hand
eyes, and call'd Squire Morpheus in,
reams, so glorious and so grand,
nceal them were a grievous sin;
e, with all due and meet celerity,
iem hereby to posterity.

y issued from the iron gate,
horn, I stop not to inquire,
my commentators prate,
learned notes fill quire on quire.
relate the naked fact,
my gentle reader need not doubt,
that as I snor'd and lay compact,
k within, and puddle all without,
escending from Parnassian station,
soul with heavenly contemplation.

ged to leave out some verses on the
me to where they get in sight of the

ailor, from the mast-head high,
loud "Hell, we're in sight of Hell!"
s the helmsman, turning up his eye,
my lads, a pleasant breeze, all's well."

"Hell," says the captain, "keep an eye a-head,
Clew up the topsails, 'tis a steady gale,
Watch well your soundings—damn you, heave the lead—
Jack, north north-east;—Jem, yonder pilot hail,
And Jack, I say, hide the run brandy well,
Gaugers are devils on earth—what must they be in Hell?"

[Three or four stanzas are omitted here, describing the coast in the manner of the voyage to Loo Choo.]

There was Azazel, drunk as any lord,
His mast-high standard flagging in his hand;
Belphegor, too, like him of Perigord,
Limp'd nimbly up and down along the strand,
And there was Beelzebub and Lucifer,
And many other gentlemen beside,
For all the quality of Hell came there,
As decent people as I ever spied.
Room to relate their names I cannot spare,
Besides, I don't remember what they were.

And some in flour-of-brimstone arbours sat,
And play'd angelical, as Milton says,
(Book second, line five hundred forty-eight,)
Infernal music to infernal lays.
Glad was my soul, and straight I cock'd my ear.
For fourth, fifth, octave, sixth, and either third,
Hoping to make it presently appear
The style of *modern* Hell was most absurd;
And then to write a learn'd convincing letter,
To prove their ancient music was much better

But I shall speak the truth and shame the devil,
Although from Hell I've only made a sortie—
For I must say their playing was not evil,
And savoured more of *accent* than of *forte*.
Such as of yore they play'd in ancient Greece,
When old Timotheus tickled Alexander,
And I was much delighted with a piece,
Droned on the bag-pipes by a Salamander.
Besides when asked which concord had most worth
The fourth or fifth? they all sung out the fourth!

[The remaining stanzas contain remarks on the Literature and State of the Fine Arts in Hell, Stage

Criticism, and the political intrigues of the Cabinet Ministers of his Infernal Majesty, at Pandemonium, the capital of the Infernal Regions.]

BULLUM *versus* BOATUM.

There were two farmers, farmer A, and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went *up town* to dinner: farmer B's bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came *down town* to look for a dinner; and the bull observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat—he eat up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, he fell at work upon the hay-band: the boat being eat from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock—beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull: the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given *Bullum versus Boatum*, *Boatum versus Bullum*. Now the counsel for the bull began by saying, "My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull.—We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? how can we eat what is not eatable? or how can we drink what is not drinkable? or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would

The counsel for the boat observed, should be nonsuited, because in his had not specified what colour he was; and thus learnedly spoke the counsel, the bull was of no colour, he must be and if he was not of any colour, w the bull be?" This motion was serving the bull was a white bull is no colour: besides, as was s not trouble their heads to talk law, for the law can colour any being afterwards left to a referee both bull and boat were acquit that the tide of the river carried upon which an opinion was gi of the river carried both bull a bull and boat had a good actio bailiff.

This opinion being taken, an upon the traverse, this point of fore, and whither, why, when, whereas, and whereby, as the mentis evidence, how could a That point was soon settled declaring, that for his clie thing.

The water-bailiff's charte out of the original record set forth in their declaratio away either by the tide of the charter of the water-bail *baliffi est magistratus in* *bus, qui habuerunt* *talos, qui* *lakis, pondis,* *prawns, whiffed,* *not turbots alone.* But now comes the nice as a new-laid egg addle-headed tioned both bailiff being pro by the

the top of high water, they were non-
such was the lenity of the court, upon
all costs, they were allowed to begin
o.

PUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

er, when the fight was done,
y with rage and extreme toil,
faint, leaning upon my sword,
ertain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
groom; and his chin new reap'd,
ubble land at harvest home;
d like a milliner;
nger and his thumb he held
which ever and anon
and took't away again;
ngry, when it next came there,
-and still he smil'd and talk'd;
rs bore dead bodies by,
ntaught knaves, unmannerly,
unhandsome corse
nd his nobility.
and lady terms
among the rest demanded
r majesty's behalf.
with my wounds being cold,
h a popinjay,
my impatience,
, I know not what;
ld not;—for he made me mad,
sk, and smell so sweet,
ding gentlewoman,
and wounds, (God save the
ereign'st thing on earth
ward bruise;
y, as it was,
should be digg'd
harmless earth,
fellow feel
r those vile
ven a solid

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill
To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted
At a per-centage; a child cross, dog ill,
A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's mounte
A bad old woman making a worse will,
Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted
As certain;—these are paltry things, and yet
We rarely see the man they do not fret.

QUID PRO QUO.

A sprightly lady, young and fair,
With *arms all nude*, and *neck all bare*,
At dinner near a Quaker sat;
And feeling much disposed to joke,
In playful accents thus she spoke;—
"See, friend, *I toast thy broad-brimm'd hat.*"
The Quaker smil'd and said, "Thou know'st
I ne'er use healths, nor give a toast,
Else from thy challenge I'd not shrink;
Inclin'd to please so kind a lass,
I cheerfully would take my glass,
And *to thy absent 'kerchief drink.*"

HABIT OF ANTICIPATION.

Lord Avonmore was apt to take up a first impression of a cause, and it was very difficult afterwards to obliterate it. Curran was one day most seriously annoyed by this habit of Lord Avonmore, and he took the following whimsical method of correcting it. He and Curran were to dine together at the house of a mutual friend, and a large party was assembled, many of whom witnessed the occurrences of the morning. Curran, contrary to all his usual habits, was late for dinner, and at length arrived in the most admirably affected agitation. "Why, Mr. Curran, you h[illegible] us a full hour waiting dinner for you," [illegible] "Oh, my dear lord, it is not my cus- to a most melan- you seem terribly what was it.—

what was it?"—"I will tell you, my lord, the moment I can collect myself—I had been detained at court—in the court of chancery—your lordship knows the chancellor sits late."—"I do—I do—but go on."—"Well, my lord, I was hurrying here as fast as ever I could—I did not even change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots?"—"Poh, poh—never mind your boots—the point—come at once to the point of the story."—"Oh—I will, my good lord, in a moment—I walked here—I would not even wait to get the carriage ready—it would have taken time, you know—now there is a market exactly in the road by which I had to pass—your lordship may perhaps recollect the market—do you?" "To be sure I do—go on, Curran—go on with the story."—"I am very glad your lordship remembers the market, for I totally forget the name of it—the name—the name—" "What the devil signifies the name of it, sir?—it's the Castle Market." "Your lordship is perfectly right—it is called the Castle Market,—Well, I was passing through that very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf—he had a huge knife in his hand—it was as sharp as a razor—the calf was standing beside him—he drew the knife to plunge it into the animal—just as he was in the act of doing so, a little boy about four years old—his only son—the loveliest little baby I ever saw, ran suddenly across his path—and he killed! O! my God, he killed———" —"The child!—the child!—the child!"—vociferated Lord Avonmore.—"No, my Lord, *the calf*," continued Curran, very coolly—"he killed the calf—but—*your lordship is in the habit of anticipating.*"

FAIR PLAY

A captain who knew the world, was playing at piquet with a sharper, and saw him shuffling and placing the cards very adroitly. The captain immediately did the same, but openly and very deliberately; which the sharper telling him of, he replied, it was very true he did so, because he thought it was the sharper's common mode of playing, to which he had no objection; but if he preferred the so be it, he was agreeable to either.

GARRICK AND STERNE.

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his serves to have his house burnt over his he you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your insured."

THE TURKISH SULTAN.

His highness was a man of solemn port,
Shawl'd to the nose, and bearded to the
Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court.
His lately bowstrung brother cursed his
He was as good a sovereign of the sort
As any mention'd in the histories
Of Cantemir, or Knolles, where few shine
Save Solyman, the glory of their line.

He went to mosque in state, and said his
With more than "Oriental scrupulous
He left to his vizier all state affairs,
And show'd but little royal curiosity:
I know not if he had domestic cares—
No process proved connubial anomaly;
Four wives and twice five hundred maids
Were ruled as calmly as a christian queen.

If now and then there happen'd a slight
Little was heard of criminal or crime;
The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—
The sack and sea had settled all in time
From which the secret nobody could rip:
The public knew no more than does the
No scandals made the daily press a curse—
Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

He saw with his own eyes the moon was
Was also certain that the earth was
Because he had journey'd fifty miles and
No sign that it was circular any where

was without a bound:
tle troubled here and there,
, and encroaching giaours,
ever came to "the Seven Towers;"

of envoys, who were sent
e when a war broke out, according
of nations, which ne'er meant
rels, who have never had a sword in
matic hands, to vent
n making strife, and safely wording
'd despatches, without risk or
a single inky whisker.

ghters and four dozen sons,
such as came of age were stow'd,
palace, where like nuns
some bashaw was sent abroad,
e turn it was, wedded at once,
six years old—though this seems odd,
eason is, that the Bashaw
esent to his sire in law.

ept in prison, till they grew
l a bowstring or the throne,
, but which of the two
known unto the Fates alone;
lucation they went through
as the proofs have always shown:
apparent still was found
g to be hang'd than crown'd.

EGAL PEARL-DIVERS.

er can "shake his head," and too
idan's Lord Burleigh, it is the only
afes of his wisdom. Curran used to
s "legal pearl-divers."—"You may
he would say, "their heads barely
eir eyes shut, and an index floating
isplaying the precise degree of their
depth."

WINE AND WIT.

a whetstone for wit, that if it be often
ll quickly grind all the steel out, and
back where it found an edge.

FAMILIARITY AND RESERVE.

Curran once observing a very pompous and solemn blockhead, who endeavoured, with a most ludicrous gravity, to conceal his insignificance, he suddenly stopped short—"Observe that fellow," said he, "if you dined and breakfasted with him for an hundred years, you could not be intimate with him.—By heavens he wouldn't even be seen to smile, lest the world should think he was *too familiar with himself*."

FALSTAFF'S CATECHISM.

Well, 'tis no matter: honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word? Honour. What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning.—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere escutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

AN ODD FISH.

Egan, the Irish barrister, was once engaged in a violent controversy with Mr. Grattan, in which the latter designated Mr. E. a *black soul writhing in torments*. After this dispute there was not a waiter in any considerable town upon the circuit, whose first question to the passenger on his entrance to the hotel was not invariably—"Sir, would your honour dine—you can have any fish your honour pleases—perhaps your honour would prefer an Egan."—"An *Egan*, friend, what's an *Egan*?"—"Lord, sir, I thought Mr. Grattan told every one what an *Egan* was. It is a *black soul* (sole) fried."

THE FAITHFUL MINIATURE.

The miniature, Phyllis, you're showing us now,
Proves the artist with you well acquainted;
That 'tis monstrously like you, we all must allow,
When we see, as we do, that 'tis *painted*.

POET TO HIS OLD BUFF WAISTCOAT.

By Captain Morris.

poor rag of the muse!
the clothesman go lie:
'll fetch from the Jews,
ardhearted Christians deny.
n adversity's spite,
ost proudly along:
uff to the light,
world's ear with my song.
's humbled thy case:
n full banquet I see,
indly shut in my face,
me a *fool's garment* to me!
art welcome no more,
thy *service* are past,
ıy glories are o'er,
d thy master are *cast*.
ou'rt forgot and betrayed,
be forgotten by me,
ngs within thee have play'd,
ts have swell'd thee with glee.
ould swell thee no more,
cy hand's on my head;
weary and sore,
ulse of Friendship is dead.
o' I cannot but fret
stancy with thee must part,
ot a hole in thee yet,
ugh *thee* they have wounded my heart.
for sable more sage,
e hard lot I abide;
a *gratitude's* page,
ıath buried my *pride*.
ld believe in these lands
higs I should suffer a wrong?
how with hearts and with hands
ed in frenzy my song.
ought, though so eager their claws,
emn me *thus hardly* to plead!
rime, I have toiled for your cause
left me, when aged, in need.

Could ye not midst the favours of fate,
Drop a mite where all own it is due?
Could ye not from the *feast* of the *state*
Throw a *crumb* to a servant so true?
In your *scramble* I stirred not a jot,
Too proud for rapacity's strife;
And sure that all hearts would allot
A scrap to the *claims* of *my life*.
But go, faded rag, and while gone
I'll turn thy hard fate to my ease;
For the hand of kind heaven hath shown
All crosses have colours that please.
Thus a *bliss* from thy shame I receive,
Though my body's met treatment so foul,
I can suffer, forget, and forgive,
And get comfort, more worth for my *soul*.
And when seen on the rag-sellers rope,
They who knew thee'll say ready enough
"There service hangs jilted by hope,
This once was poor Morris's buff."
If they let them give virtue her name
And yield an example to teach,
Poor rag, thou hast served in thy *shame*
Better ends than thy *honours* could reach.
But, though the soul gain by the loss,
The stomach and pocket still say,
"Pray what shall we do in this cross?"
I answer, "Be *poor* and be gay."
Let the muse gather mirth from her wrong,
Smooth her wing in *adversity's shower*;
To new ears and new hearts tune her song,
And still look for a *sun-shining hour!*
While I, a disbanded old Whig,
Put up my discharge with a smile;
Face about—prime and load—take a swig,
And march off—to the opposite file.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

A peasant newly arrived at Paris asked what building was that, pointing to the Palais de Justice, where the law courts are held. "It is a mill," said an attorney, to quiz the bumpkin. "I thought as much," replied the countryman, "for I see a good many asses at the doot with sacks."

MATRIMONY.

Cries Nell to Tom, 'midst matrimonial strife,
"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife."
"By all the powers, (said Tom) but that's too bad,
You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

DEAN SWIFT'S RULES FOR SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

When your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale: however, there is one exception in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a year, he reasonably concludes, that a thousand pounds a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment, so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which with submission to our masters and ladies is an unmannerly practice) it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you *will be the better* confirmed by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: thereby said before, whenever you are chided, if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent are apt to stay out somewhat longer tha requires, perhaps two, four, six, or some such trifle; for the temptation great, and flesh and blood cannot alway you return, the master storms, the stripping, cudgelling, and turning a But here you ought to be provided wi cuses, enough to serve on all occasions your uncle came fourscore miles to tow on purpose to see you, and goes ba day to-morrow: a brother-servant, money of you when he was out at pla away to Ireland: you were taking lea low-servant, who was shipping for Ir father sent a cow to you to sell, and get a chapman till nine at night: y leave of a dear cousin, who is to s Saturday: you wrenched your foot and were forced to stay three hours b you could stir a step: some filth you out of a garret-window, and you to come home before you were cleans went off: you were pressed for the carried before a justice of peace, wh hours before he examined you, and y much a-do: a bailiff by mistake debtor, and kept you the whole even ing-house: you were told your maste tavern, and come to some mischance was so great that you inquired for ha hundred taverns between Pall Ma Bar.

Take all tradesmen's parts again and when you are sent to buy any th to cheapen it, but generously pay th This is highly to your master's hono some shillings in your pocket; and y sider if your master hath paid too mu ter afford the loss than a poor tradesm

Never submit to stir a finger in a that for which you were particularly



if the groom be drunk, or absent, and the but-
ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is
'An please your honour, I don't understand
' If a corner of the hanging wants a single
fasten it, and the footman be directed to
p, he may say he doth not understand that
work, but his honour may send for the
ner.

ers and ladies are usually quarrelling with
rants for not shutting the doors after them:
her masters' nor ladies' consider, that those
ust be open before they can be shut, and that
ur is double to open and shut the doors;
the best, the shortest, and easiest way is,
ther. But if you are so often teazed to shut
, that you cannot easily forget it, then give
such a clap as you go out, as will shake the
om, and make every thing rattle in it, to put
ster and lady in mind that you observe their
s.

find yourself to grow into favour with your
r lady, take some opportunity, in a very mild
give them warning; and when they ask the
nd seem loath to part with you, answer that
ld rather live with them than any body else,
r servant is not to be blamed if he strives to
mself; that service is no inheritance, that
rk is great, and your wages very small.
ieb, if your master hath any generosity, he
five or ten shillings a quarter rather than let
but if you are balked, and have no mind to
some fellow-servant to tell your master
ath prevailed upon you to stay.

ver good bits you can pilfer in the day, save
junket with your fellow-servants at night;
in the butler, provided he will give you

your own name and your sweetheart's with
of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or
ite'-hall, to show your learning.

are a young sightly fellow, whenever you
your mistress at the table, run your nose full
ck; or, if your breath be good, breathe full
e: this I have known to have had very
quences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle: and when the master calls, "Who's there?" no servant is bound to come; for Who's there is nobody's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week,) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jorden; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servant's-hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants'-hall, or the kitchen, shall have above three legs, which hath been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two reasons; first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who by old custom was allowed an easy-chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs is by philosophers imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table, is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants so genteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up: it is a foolish excuse to allege, their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door or

that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord; but mistake me not; you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind, that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted; whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber; there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master, that he is gone to bed very sick; upon which your lady will be so good-natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a blackguard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stept out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry *yourself*: and if you be chidden for staying, you may *lawfully say*, you came no sooner because you did

When you are chidden for a
the room and down stairs, mutt
plainly heard; this will make
innocent.

Whoever comes to visit you
they are abroad, never burden
person's name, for indeed you
things to remember; besides,
ness, and your master's fault b
and who can remember name
tainly mistake them, and you
read.

If it be possible, never tell a
lady, unless you have some h
find it out in less than half an
is turned off, all his faults m
most of them were never known
and all mischiefs done by other
stance them.] And when they
you never acquainted them b
"Sir," or "Madam, really I wa
you angry; and beside, perhaps
malice in me." Where there
misses in a house, they are usu
to the diversions of the servant
to bribe them with goody je
not tell tales to papa and mam

I advise you of the servants
the country, and who expect vi
rank and file when a stranger
that he must of necessity pass
must have more confidence, or
if any of you let him escape; a
haves himself, remember to t
he comes.

If you are sent with ready m
at a shop, and happen at th
pocket, sink the money, and
your master's account. This is
master and yourself; for he be
at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for y
to give you any orders, be sure
and keep it open, fiddling with

hould forget to shut the door after

r or lady happen once in their lives to
ngfully, you are a happy servant; for
g more to do, than for every fault you
ou are in their service to put them in
alse accusation, and protest yourself
t in the present case.

ve a mind to leave your master, and
to break the matter for fear of offend-
st way is to grow rude and saucy of a
rond your usual behaviour, till he finds
urn you off; and when you are gone,
rself, give him and his lady such a
l your brother-servants who are out
one will venture to offer their service.
dies who are afraid of catching cold,
l that the maids and fellows below
et to shut the door after them, as they
ut into the back-yards, have contrived
d a rope, with a large piece of lead
ld be so fixed, as to make the door
d require a strong hand to open it,
nense toil to servants, whose business
to go in and out fifty times in a
ngenuity can do much; for prudent
und out an effectual remedy against
le grievance, by tying up the pulley
r, that the weight of lead shall have
ver, as to my own part, I would ra-
eep the door always open by laying
t the bottom of it.

candlesticks are generally broken, for
t for ever. But you may find out
; you may conveniently stick your
le, or with a lump of butter against
a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or
or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its
table, in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-
an, a tea-pot, a twisted napkin, a
inkhorn, a marrow-bone, a piece of
ay cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it

junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child; or on the servant who was last turned off: by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to any body else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for the want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery-lace for garters. If the butler wants a jorden, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately: you may lay it on the ground and tread the snuff out with your foot: you may hold it upside-down, until it is choked with its own grease: or cram it into the socket of the candlestick: you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out: when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle-end into the ——— vase; you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter: the house-maid may put out her candle by running it against a looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff: but the quickest and best of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-

of you all to unite: whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in every thing. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry-door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well: mislay a fork or a spoon, so that he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot, or a handful of salt, in the pot, or smoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast-meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladle-full, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise, that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and, when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S ARMY,
Raised for the Scottish War in 1639.

Sir John got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side a.
No errant knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado,
Had you but seen his look, you'ld have sworn on a book,
Hee'ld have conquered a whole armado.
The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight a,
And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
Sir John, will you go fight a?
But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on,
His heart did not relent a;
For till he came there, he show'd no fear,
Till then [illegible] show'd he repent a?

The king, (God bless him,) had a
Of him and all his troop a,
The Borderers they, as they met
For joy did hollow and whoop
None lik'd him so well as his own
Who took him for John de We
But when there were shows of gu
My gallant was nothing so pe
For when the Scots army came w
And all men prepar'd to fight
He ran to his tent, they ask'd wh
He swore he must needs go —
The colonel sent for him back ag
To quarter him in the van a;
But Sir John did swear, he came
To be kill'd the very first man
To cure his fear, he was sent to
Some ten miles back and more
Where he did play at tre trip fo
And here saw the enemy mor
But now there is peace, he's ret
His money which lately he sp
But his lost honour must still lie
At Barwick away it were a.

IN SELBY CHURCH-YARD, Y
Here lies the body of poor *Fr*
Parish clerk, and grave-ma
And this is writ to let you kn
What *Frank* for others us'd t
Is now for *Frank* done by a

VILLAGE APOTHECA
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whic
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhe
Culling of simples; meagre were
Sharp misery had worn him to the
And in his needy shop a tortoise h
An alligator stuff'd, and other ski
Of ill shap'd fishes; and about hi
A beggarly account of empty box
Green earthen pots, bladders, and
Remnants of packthread, and old
Were [illegible] scatter'd, to make up

SIONS OF THE INCONVENIENCES OF BEING HANGED.

eader! guess at the wretch's misery who now his, when, with tears and burning blushes, he d to confess that he has been————

———

inks I hear an involuntary exclamation burst u, as your imagination presents to you fearful of your correspondent unknown —*hanged!* not. No disembodied spirit has the honour ressing you. I am flesh and blood, an unfor- system of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like f.

, I presume, you mean to be pleasant. That ion of yours, must be taken somehow in a orical sense————

he plainest sense, without trope or figure—Yes, ! this neck of mine has felt the fatal noose,— ands have tremblingly held up the corrobora- ayer-book,—these lips have sucked the mois- the last consolatory orange,—this tongue has d the doleful cantata which no performer was alled upon to repeat,—this face has had the night-cap drawn over it————

for no crime of mine.—Far be it from me to the justice of my country, which, though did at length recognise my innocence. It is me to reflect upon judge or jury, now that years have elapsed since the erroneous sen- was pronounced. Men will always be fallible, haps circumstances did appear at the time a rong——

e it to say, that after hanging four minutes, spectators were pleased to compute it,—a t is being strangled, I know from experience, together a different measure of time from his who are breathing leisurely about him,—I the minutes lengthen as time approaches y, in the same manner as the miles get longer travel northward—,) after hanging four mi- according to the best calculation of the by- rs, a reprieve came, and I was CUT DOWN—— lly I am ashamed of deforming your pages with these technical phrases—if I knew how to express my meaning shorter——

But to proceed.—My first care after I had been brought to myself by the usual methods, (those methods that are so interesting to the operator and his assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occasions,—but which no patient was ever desirous of undergoing a second time for the benefit of science,) my first care was to provide myself with an enormous stock or cravat to hide the place—you understand me;—my next care was to procure a residence as distant as possible from that part of the country where I had suffered. For that reason I chose the metropolis, as the place where wounded honour (I had been told) could lurk with the least danger of exciting inquiry, and stigmatized innocence had the best chance of hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new circle of acquaintance, and my circumstances happily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect, I endeavoured, by mingling in all the pleasures which the town affords, to efface the memory of what I had undergone.

But alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading chain of connection which links together this great community, my scheme of lying perdu was defeated almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, whom a foolish law-suit had brought to town, by chance met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

In a short time, I found myself deserted by most of those who had been my intimate friends. Not that any guilt was supposed to attach to my character. My officious countryman, to do him justice, had been candid enough to explain my perfect innocence. But, somehow or other, there is a want of strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone. How else can I account for it, that of all my numerous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be found, who had the courage to associate with a man that had been hanged.

Those few who did not desert me altogether, were

persons of strong but coarse minds; and from the absence of all delicacy in them I suffered almost as much as from the superabundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled, by the fidelity which they had shown towards me, to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rude (because faithful) Achatesces. As they past me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion, and say, pointing to me, Smoke his cravat; and ask me if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would inquire, What news from * * * Assizes? (which you may guess, reader, was the scene of my shame,) and whether the sessions was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to ensure me from drowning. A fourth would teaze me with inquiries how I felt when I was swinging, whether I had not something like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me any thing but *Lazarus*. And an eminent bookseller and publisher,—who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the person himself last mentioned, at the most critical period of his existence, to solicit a *few facts relative to resuscitation*,—had the modesty to offer me sixteen guineas per sheet, if I would write, in his Magazine, a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! reader, the women,—whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men,—the women began to shun me—this was the unkindest blow of all.

But is it to be wondered at? How couldst thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature Seraphina would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse of the rope, the leavings of the cord! O[h] analogy could subsist between the [ma]n wh[o] two lovers, and the knot which ties [th]em

I can forgive that pert baggage [Ma]ria when I complimented her, one day on the [ne]at which her eyes had done, replied, "tha[t], Mr. * * was a judge of those things." [Bu]t more exalted mind, Celestina, I expe[ct] unprejudiced decision.

The person whose true name I conce[al] appellation, of all the women that I w[as] quainted with, had the most manly [un]d which she had improved by reading [and] conversation. Her understanding was [so] culine than her manners and whole [de]p delicately and truly feminine. She was [the] of an officer who had fallen in the [ser]v country, leaving his widow and Celest[ina] child, with a fortune sufficient to [let] want, but not to enable them to live [in] I had the mother's permission to pay [my] to the young lady, and Celestina [sec]ond of my suit.

Often and often have I poured out my [so] soul in the presence of Celestina, [com]pl[ain] hard and unfeeling prejudices of the [wo]rld sweet maid has again and again [decl]ar[ed] irrational prejudice should hinder her [fr]om every man according to his intrinsic [wo]rth has she repeated the consolatory [sen]timent could never consider as essentially [dis]gra *accident*, which was indeed to be [dep]re which might have happened to the [mo]st mankind. Then would she set forth [some] example, which her reading easily [fu]rn Phocion or a Socrates unjustly [con]demn Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, to [whom] terity had done justice; and by [soothing] with some such agreeable parallel, she [soo]n me almost to triumph in my disgrace, [and] my shame into glory.

In such entertaining and instructive [co]n the time passed on, till I importunately

of my affections to name a day for our
this she obligingly consented, and I thought
e happiest of mankind. But how was I
one morning at the receipt of the following
my charmer :—

t,

must not impute it to levity, or to a worse
gratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel
mpelled by irresistible arguments to recall
ich I fear I made with too little considera-
never can be yours. The reasons of my
which is final, are in my own breast, and
everlastingly remain a stranger to them.
urself that I can never cease to esteem you
. CELESTINA."

sight of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to
lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite
on, that the mother and daughter were set
urney to a distant part of the country, to
tion, and were not expected to return in
our months.

by this blow, which left me without the
solicit an explanation by letter, even if I
where they were, (for the particular ad-
industriously concealed from me,) I waited
ience the termination of the period, in the
that I might be permitted to have a chance
g the harsh decision by a personal inter-
Celestina after her return. But before
hs were at an end, I learned from the
, that my beloved had——given her hand
!

oken as I was, I was totally at a loss to
the strange step which she had taken;
not till some years after that I learned the
from a female relation of hers, to whom
elestina had confessed in confidence, that
demerit of mine that had caused her to
he match so abruptly, nor any preference
might feel for any other person, for she
(she was pleased to say) to all mankind;
he came to lay the matter closer to her
heart, she found that she should never be able to bear the sight (I give you her very words as they were detailed to me by her relation) the sight of a man in a nightcap, who had appeared on a public platform, it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, behold me here, in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, (the twelfth, reckoning from my reanimation,) cut off from all respectable connections, rejected by the fairer half of the community,—who in my case alone seem to have laid aside the characteristic pity of their sex; punished because I was once punished unjustly; suffering for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just-entering, ghastly impaling-stake in Barbary,—had I dropt alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce-in-time-retracted scimitar of an executioneering slave in Turkey,—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity (small as it might be) with which what was left of me would have been surveyed.

The singularity of my case has often led me to inquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say as a topic: for let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance be brought to view the real scene,—let the platform be bonâ fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth,—the case is changed: but as a topic of conversation, I appeal to the vulgar jokes which

pass current in every street. But why mention them, when the politest authors have agreed in making use of this subject as a source of the ridiculous. Swift, and Pope, and Prior, are fond of recurring to it. Gay has built an entire drama upon this single foundation. The whole interest of the *Beggar's Opera* may be said to hang upon it. To such writers as Fielding and Smollet it is a perfect *bonne bouche*.—Hear the facetious Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster*, describe the *Order of the Show at one of the Tyburn Executions* in his time:—"Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy flock in Newgate by eight. Doleful procession up Holborn Hill about eleven. Men handsome and proper that were never thought so before, which is some comfort however. Arrive at the fatal place by twelve. Burnt brandy, women, and sabbath-breaking, repented of. Some few penitential drops fall under the gallows. Sheriff's men, parson, pickpockets, criminals, all very busy. The last concluding peremptory psalm struck up. Show over by one."

One reason why the ludicrous never fails to intrude itself into our contemplations upon this mode of death, I suppose to be, the absurd posture into which a man is thrown who is condemned to dance, as the vulgar delight to express it, upon nothing. To see him whisking and wavering in the air,

> As the wind you know will wave a man;

to behold the vacant carcass, from which the life is newly dislodged, shifting between earth and heaven, the sport of every gust; like a weathercock serving to show from which point the wind blows; like a maukin, fit only to scare away birds; like a nest left to swing upon a bough when the bird is flown: these are uses to which we cannot without a mixture of spleen and contempt behold the human carcass reduced. We string up dogs, foxes, bats, moles, weasels. Man surely deserves a steadier death.

Another reason why the ludicrous associates more forcibly with this than any other mode of punishment, I cannot help thinking to be, the senseless costume with which old prescription has thought fit to clothe the exit of malefactors in th
do what he will to abstract f
idea of the whimsical, som
across him when he contempl
low-creature in the daytime
a situation) in a nightcap. W
nocturnal addition has some
daylight, or that it is the d
in at those times when we ar
in Milton expresses it, "least
will always be the case; unl
stance, some strong personal
ludicrous altogether. To me,
train of misfortunes which ha
life, owing to that accursed c
as purely frightful an object
coat and devil-painted mitre
An ancestor of mine, who se
the time of the civil wars,
truth of what I am here adva
ing of execution, no entrea
him to submit to the odious
it, but he insisted upon wea
fered in, the identical flowi
painted in, in the gallery h
seat.

Suffer me, before I quit th
or two respecting the minist
try; in plain words I mean
always appeared to me that
capital punishments with u
ministry of the human ha
performing its functions m
human agency, though a v
hibition, in my mind, has n
over *our way*. In beheadin
merly practised in England,
as is sometimes practised h
no doubt sufficiently keen
less repugnant in these dow
officious barber-like minis
have a fellow with his ha
about your cellar, adjustin

your cravat, valuing himself on his

forget meeting my rascal,—I mean officiated for me,—in London last I see him now,—in a waistcoat that ,—smirking along as if he knew

of Germany, that fellow's office is nfamous, and his posterity incapable l. They have hereditary hangmen, n the same manner as they had he- eat officers of state; and the hang- two adjoining parishes intermarried , to keep the breed entire. I wish e same kind were established in

QUEEN MAB.

midwife; and she comes
er than an agate-stone
r of an alderman,
am of little atomies
ses as they lie asleep:
es made of long spinners' legs;
wings of grasshoppers;
e smallest spider's web;
e moonshine's wat'ry beams:
ket's bone; the lash, of film:
small gray-coated gnat,
s a round little worm
lazy finger of a maid:
empty hazel nut,
er squirrel, or old grub,
the fairies' coach-makers.
she gallops night by night
rains, and then they dream of love:
s, that dream on court'sies straight:
gers, who straight dream on fees;
who straight on kisses dream;
gry Mab with blisters plagues,
aths with sweetmeats tainted are,
lops o'er a courtier's nose,
he of smelling out a suit:
omes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

EPITAPH ON A COUNTRY INN-KEEPER.

Heu! hark ye, old friend! what, wilt pass, then without
Taking notice of *honest plump Jack?*
You see how 'tis with me, my light is burnt out,
And they've laid me here flat on my back.
That light in my nose, once so bright to behold,
That light is extinguish'd at last;
And I'm now put to bed in the dark and the cold,
With wicker, and so forth, made fast.
But now, wilt oblige me? then call for a quart
Of the *best*, from the house o'er the way;
Drink a part on't thyself, on my grave pour a part,
And walk on,—Friend, I wish thee good day.

TURKISH HARAM.

The Turks do well to shut—at least, sometimes—
The women up—because in sad reality,
Their chastity in these unhappy climes
Is not a thing of that astringent quality,
Which in the north prevents precarious crimes,
And makes our snow less pure than our morality;
The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,
Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

MARKET DAY.

A market's the circle for frolic and glee
Where tastes of all kinds may be suited;
The dasher, the quiz, and the "up-to-all" he,
Pluck "sprees" from the plants in it rooted.

If the joker or queer one would fain learn a place,
Where they would wish for a morning to lark it;
They need go no farther than just show their face,
In that region of mirth, a large market.

Spoken.] Do you want 'are a basket woman, your honour?—No, no; I declare I've been so pestered by women.—Have you! by Jasus, I did not think *they* had such bad taste. Oh, dear oh!—What's the matter my dear?—I've sat down upon a lump of butter. Here make room for this *here* gentleman through them 'are sacks of potatoes. Buy a *leefe*, buy a *leefe*. Where are you shoving? I beg your pardon, sir; but you have put your wet umbrella in my waistcoat pocket.—Sir, I am very sorry, but it must remain there for the present; the market is so full I cannot move.—Well, I never received such *himperence* in all my life.—Then I think you've given more to the world than has been returned to you. Yes, ma'm, and *that boy* has taken more than he'll return to you. Oh! the little miscreant; he has stolen my reticule; catch him; there he goes; I have it—Oh! don't open it, there's all my cards fallen out, and—Cards ma'am, they appear to be *cards* of your *uncle's*.—Indeed! sir, it's nothing to you—No ma'am I see it's to a flannel petticoat. Do you want any peas, sir; or any gooseberry-*fool?* I say, Jack, twig that covey, he's just put a pottle of raspberries in his pocket.—Has he; come along Bill, a good squeeze and it's *raspberry jam*. Do you want any *cowcumbers*, ma'am?—No; don't annoy me.—Or any turnips, ma'am!—Turnips! no, she has just had them from her last place. Here's your flowers; here's your beauties. Dear me, how delightful; I declare I shall come here every morning and steal some odoriferous. I tell you *wot* my young'un if you steal any thing here, it will be a *kartichoke*.—What do you mean you dem rascal!—Meun! *why* I mean that I've *stood* here twenty years, and now I'm able to sit down, and do you knock me down if you can, so take that; there's a rum'un—I'll indict you.—Pho! don't talk to [illegible] you see

This is the place where we joke, laugh, and cut,
And so you should know e'er you [illegible];
So the next time, my covey, you [illegible]
phiz,
Be up to the rigs of the market.

But those who would fain make the voyage of life
To be found in a populous city,
Should just see the sports I've already begun,
And those at the end of my ditty;
So to those who view life—why a market-day [illegible]
Affords a prime region to lark it,
And many's the spree that a comical wight
May reap from the soil of a market.

Spoken.] What d'ye buy, what d'ye buy. [illegible] buy a ha'porth of matches; hav'nt tasted [illegible] sixteen days. Now, ma'am what will you [illegible] Why, Mr. Butcher, what may be that [illegible] a pound?—What! the belly part you mean, [illegible] vy the belly—No; I mean the stomach, [illegible] sense ma'am, do you think me a butcher, [illegible] ried man, don't know the belly from the [illegible] Now, sir, what are you looking for?—Why I [illegible] looking for a calf's head—I'll fetch you a [illegible] I don't wish any *reflections*. Pray, what fish are [illegible] *smelts*, ma'am.—Aye, I thought they were [illegible] high.—O ma! I am so frightened.—What [illegible] love?—Why that great cod fish fixes his eyes [illegible] so. La ma! look at those lobsters; they have [illegible] *mouth* in every *hand*; what a droll raker [illegible] ma; they are all black. Yes, my dear, they are [illegible] and more uncommon than the red ones. Look [illegible] dog, he has taken that tongue out of the [illegible] Yes, he has. James, why don't you run after [illegible] Yes, ma'am; which way shall I—I say, [illegible] bone, that 'ere cove has boned a mutton rump [illegible] its a *lie* sir. There, you *lie* in the gutter. [illegible] blow. No. There goes the dog that ran away [illegible] the tongue. Where! There. I don't see him [illegible] sir, have you met a dog with a tongue in his [illegible] Here's a noise! A noise, to be sure!—Don't [illegible] know where this is! No, where! [illegible] why

ion and mobbing and chaff
we merrily lark it;
want a good squeezing and laugh
full day to the market.

A MAD WEDDING.

Katharine should be his wife,
uns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
, the priest let fall the book:
'd again to take it up.
bridegroom took him such a cuff,
riest and book, and book and priest;
up, quoth he, *if any list.*
id the wench, when he arose again?
l and shook; for why, he stamp'd,

neant to cozen him.
eremonies done,
:—A *health*, quoth he; as if
ard carousing to his mates
Quaff'd off the muscadel,
ps all in the sexton's face!
reason,—
d grew thin and hungerly,
k him sops as he was drinking.
k the bride about the neck;
s with such a clamorous smack,
ing, all the church did echo.

NESS AND ITS ENJOYMENTS.

nable, must get drunk;
is but intoxication:
love, gold, in these are sunk
ll men, and of every nation;
, how branchless were the trunk
e tree, so fruitful on occasion:
et very drunk; and when
ead-ach, you shall see what then.
et—bid him quickly bring
soda-water, then you'll know
y Xerxes the great king;
st sherbet, sublimed with snow
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water.

COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

On the first of September last crossing Kennington-common I met two cockney sportsmen, dressed out in proper style for the sports of the day. "Hollo!" my good fellow," said I, "have the kindness to turn the muzzle of your gun the other way, don't you see it's on full cock?" "Vy to be sure it should, an't that 'ere the vay to carry one's gun?" "Why, no; not the way you ought to carry it. Don't you see the danger of it going off?" "No, I can't say as how I do; I keep it so on purpose." "The devil you do, why?" "Why? that's a good one, only look here: now don't you see if this here flint should hit that there thing, it will strike fire; and then the fire as comes from this here place, goes into that there place, and among this powder, and that makes the gun go off." "To be sure it does." "Vell then, the further off this flint is from that there iron, an't there less danger of hitting it?" "Pray, sir," said the other, "might I make so bold as to ask an't a jackdaw fair game?" "Umph! not exactly, unless you could contrive to make the jackdaw white." "I say, Billy, that 'ere's a funny chap—that's what I calls a good joke." "Vhat a jack hass you must be to ax the gemmen such a question." "Vy not such a jack hass as you was to shoot a jack hass instead of an 'are." "Aye, but that vere all hacci-dent, for you know I never could see wery vell since I burned my heyes on the last first of September." "Indeed! how came that to pass?" "All owing to the flash going in my face. I'll tell you how it vas; you must know, sir, that on the last first of September, Billy Stitch, the tailor, and I, vent out that day in the morning, to have some sport; so as we were a passing by the Surry theatre, some chaps says, there goes two cockneys; so I turns round to Billy, Billy, says I, I've a great mind, says I, to go and lik'em, says I. So says Bill to me, says he, you had better, says he, let them 'ere chaps alone, says

he, and let's go on, says he. So avay ve comes, and, then they says, there goes two cockneys; so ve left 'em; and vhen ve comes to the other side of the vater. No, that can't be; for this is the other—that is, the other side is this—and this is the other, and—No, that's not it neither—let me see—umph—umph!—that's wery strange—an't it. You know ve vere on the other side, that is, ve—ay, ve vere on this side then—No—that is, the other side vas then on this side, and ve vere on the other, and—No, that's not it yet—but it don't signify. Ve vere first on the other side, and vhen ve vhere on the other side, ve vere on this and then ve vere on the—" "Ha, ha, ha! was there ever any thing so puzlifying, as not to be able to find out the other side from this, and this from the other." "Vell sir, vhen ve got—ay, no matter; says I to Billy, says I, I'll lay you a tizzy, says I, that I hit some'at before ve are long out, says I. So, says Billy, says he, done, says he. So I puts my gun up my shoulder, so—and shutting my left eye for fear of the flash. Hold, says Billy, says he. What's the matter, Billy, says I? You have forgot to load her, says he. And sure enough, so I had; so I takes out my powder and shot, and loads her well, biting off a bit of paper you know, and ramming it tight down you know to keep all safe; so I puts up my gun again, Stop, stop, says Billy, says he. What's the matter, says I. You have left your ramrod in your gun, says he. And sure enough I had, and wery lucky it vas that I stopped, for vhen I looked, there vas Benjamin the Jew merchant, parched like a blackbird behind the hedge; poor Ben vas frightened out of his vits, as much as I vas. So ve com'd avay up the side of the river, till ve comed to a gentleman's house with some trees a-growing aside it. So I sees some'at on a tree, and I thinks it vere a crow; so says I to Billy, says I, dash my buttons if a crow an't fair game, so here goes. Stop, says Billy, says he. Vhy, so, says I? That's the man's poll parrot, says he. I does'nt care, says I; so just as ve vere a speaking, the servant girl comes to the vindow and she's dusting avay, and then she comes and stands before us. Get out of the vay, says I. I shan't, says she. I'm going to shoot, says I. I don't care if you do, s you'll be shot, says I. No danger, sa going to shoot just vhere you are, sure the wery reason I'm safe, says she. N that wery provoking!" "Very much I, but pray why is your dog tied up s leading it by his pocket handkerchief, tied round his neck. "Would not you great use?" "Lord love you, sir, he's dog in his own vay, if you keep him he's of no use at all out. Vhenever he field, he runs about, and barks so tha all the birds—then he stops short just flock of them, and they all fly avay be my gun to my eye; oh! he's of no us it were in vain to attempt a detail of s and misfortunes, so I'll tell you a part song.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER; OR SPORTSMEN.

On the first of September, at five in th
The weather quite cloudy, the prospe
Bill Stitch and myself rigged as gay a
For the sports of the field took our
bark?

Spoken.] Just as ve vere a passin friars bridge, there vere ve assailed by muffin rascals, who meant to affront u cockneys. There they go, says they, rum ones. What'll they kill, says s mer's grunter, says another. No, that a third, for if Gaffer Gammon's great yard of the gun, I'll bet two to one he it.

So the sports of the field is a cockney On the first of September, all rigg'd o

Our pockets with powder and shot to
And sportsman like too, added chicks
Our dogs round us dane'd—aye, there
Towser, Tiger, a bull dog, little Gip

Spoken.] My eye, as ve vere crossi should I see but a jackdaw sitting on th

s, says I, but that there's a good shot
I claps my gun to my shoulder, and
yes, for fear of the flash blinding me.
he, you'll shoot the old cow, says he.
I, for I doesn't see not neither the
ckdaw now, as my eyes are both shut;
igger strong to make the mark sure;
now how it was, poor Tiger was run-
noment, and I had forgotten to take
and poor Tiger got it stuck in his
ere he lay sprawling as dead as a

f the field is a cockney's delight,
September, when rigg'd out so tight.

along, thinking of nothing at all,
illy shot poor little Ball,
oor Towser, and home he did run,
Gipsey to share in the fun.

ll, I primes and loads again, and in a
a melodious sound, and says Billy,
s there's a blackbird, are you loaded?
hen fire, says he. So I points my
shuts both my eyes of course, and lets
e, vat a mistake I made, for instead
a'd at, I hit poor Moses the Jew ped-
off his beard Moses vas in a ter-
swore as how I had kill'd him. I
tizzy for his fright, but Mo, with his
side, told me as how I should make
't, says I, Mister Moses, for I have
ft, and that one's bad. Let me she
ish it pad? Esh, it is very pad in-
colour him again, and you may con-

he field is a cockney's delight,
September, when rigg'd out so tight.

COFFEE DRINKERS.

ristians to turn Turks, and think
rime, because 'tis in their drink!
es! ye may, for aught I know,
Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
The name of coffee so much call'd upon;
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon;
Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
'Twas conjuration both in word and deed;
Or Catiline's conspirators, as they stood
Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood?
The merriest ghost of all your sires would say,
Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday.
He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
O'er tavern-bars into a farrier's shop,
Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and stench,
Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench.
Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now,
Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
Beaumont and Fletcher's in your rounds appear,
They would not find the air perfumed with one
Castalian drop, nor dew of Helicon;
When they but men would speak as the gods do,
They drank pure nectar as the gods drink too,
Sublim'd with rich Canary—say shall then
These less than coffee's self, the coffee-men;
These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take;
Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
Sirop of soot, or essence of old shoes,
Dasht with diurnals and the books of news."

AN AUTHOR'S EXPECTATIONS FROM CRITICS AND THE PUBLIC.

The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect,
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel:
For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.
I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post—
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;

And break a promise after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money.
I think that with this holy new alliance
I may ensure the public, and defy
All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly, I
Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,
Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,
And that the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

LOSING A PLACE.

Mr. Canning and another gentleman were looking at a picture of the Deluge: the ark was in the middle distance; in the foresea an elephant was seen struggling with his fate: "I wonder," said the gentleman, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place in the ark;"—"He was too late," replied Canning, "he was detained packing up his trunk."

THE STROLLER'S PROLOGUE.

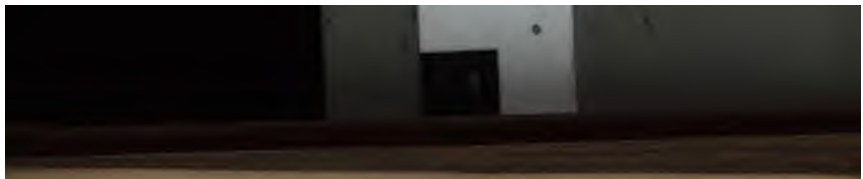
Genteels! of old the prologue led the way,
To lead, defend, and usher in the play;
As saucy footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my lord's approach;
But though they speak your entertainment near,
Most prologues speed like other bills of fare;
Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
And oftener cloy, than whet the appetite.
As for our play—it is not worth our cares,
Our prologue craves your mercy for the play'rs;
That is—your money; for by heav'n I swear,
White gloves and house rent are excessive dear.
Since here are none but friends,—the truth to own;
Though in a coach our company came down,
Yet, I most shrewdly fear they must depart
Ev'n in their old original a cart.
With pride inverted and fantastic pow'r,
We strut the fancied sovereigns of an hour.
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And Cleomenes starves in earnest here.
The mightiest kings and queens we [illegible]
Support their pomp on eighteenpence a [illegible]
Our Cyrus has been fore'd to pawn his [illegible]
And all our Cæsar's can't command a [illegible]
Our Scipios, Anthonys and Pompeys [illegible]
And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.
To aggravate the case, we have no [illegible]
Of all the new refinements of the town
No moving statue, no lewd harlequins;
No pasteboard play'rs, no actors in [illegible]
No rosin to make lightning; ('twould [illegible]
To buy a Devil and a Doctor Faustus [illegible]
No millers, windmills, dragoons, [illegible]
To exercise your eyes, and spare your [illegible]
No paper seas, no thunder from the [illegible]
No witches to descend, no stage to [illegible]
Scarce *one* for *us* the actors.—We can [illegible]
Nothing before you but mere sense and [illegible]
A bare downright old fashion'd English [illegible]
Such as a Briton only can digest;
Such as your homely fathers used to love
Who only came to *hear* and to *improve*
Humbly content and pleased with what [illegible]
When Shakspeare, Lee, and Dryden [illegible]
feast.

AN IRISH RUBBER AT WHIST

We're seated now, so without row
Begin and deal away;
The night we'll pass with cards and [illegible]
Why the devil don't you play!

And he that wouldn't stake on whist, a [illegible]
ling note,
Don't deserve a drop of whisky to wet his [illegible]

Spoken.] I'll bet five to fifteen, roared [illegible]
rick Macdeviltopay to his friend Teag[illegible]
cumlarry, who had just arrived with [illegible]
O'Docherty on a visit to Miss Judy Gra[illegible]
Now whist was the favourite game eve[illegible]
ladies. I wonder, said an old lady, [illegible]
origin of whist. Silence—now, ma'am; [illegible]
my jewel Och! by the powers, that's [illegible]
pretty well for a beginner; I never played



ed better. I beg pardon, is that against us?
There, I've taken it with my Jack. That's
trick of yours, Miss. You have no honour,
, ma'am. You remember, sir, you took it.
! you've a curious hand, Miss. So have all
ly, sir. Yes, but they were all good hands
Dear me, what a number of hearts. I have
one left these ten minutes. Sorry for that,
was going to solicit. How elegant! I won-
Miss O'Regan's ear-rings are made of—the
iamonds—No! Yes. Why then
ay my jewel, this game you know we've won,
ng a drop of whisky, if it's only out of fun.
ne deal more fast, the game that's past
Was played extremely well;
ds quick sort—that's your sport,
'ray, sir, just pull the bell.
s are laid all right, you led the spade I
ink,
ine—play on—the ten of hearts—a little
ore to drink.

.] Och beautiful! the river Liffy to a
that it's ours. I don't think the cards have
led. I beg your pardon. I saw Miss Judy
the *tricks*. Look to your own tricks. Faith,
very few, no young man less at present:
u allow me the *odd trick* you'll find me
dd trick! och! faith what a boy was Larry
ty for the odd trick. I hear he is married.
happy; loves his wife with—a club, they
's lately brought to bed. Indeed!—pray
comlarry, what has she got? Faith I was so
t away, that I forgot to inquire whether I
ele or an *aunt*. Who turned up the Queen?
was—a trump if you please, sir. Come,
. Your play first, sir, is it not? Oh, no,
lay down, and I cover. I think I shall
heart, Miss, now—If you play into my
will, sir. O, damn the cards—horrid bad
h! shocking—I must have a new pack. A
, sir; not at all. But I shall, sir, because
—and—Not fair! there's my card, sir—
my card, sir. Oh! pray gentlemen, don't

fight. I shall fight. Turn him out of doors—any man mean enough to cheat.—Cheat, sir; why you cheated at
Whist, the best and finest game of any in the pack.
But never mind—there take my hand, and bring the whisky back.

NEW TITLES.

Good *den, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;*—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picked man of countries.——*My dear sir,*'
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question now:
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment; at your service, sir:——
No, sir, says question, *I, sweet sir, at yours:*
And so, ere answer knows what question would
(Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
Now this is worshipful society.

THE BLUE STOCKING.

A learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every christian language ever named,
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone,
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that she did.
Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart
All Calderon and greater part of Lopé,
So that if any actor miss'd his part
She could have serv'd him for the prompter's copy;
For her Feinagle's were an useless art,
And he himself obliged to shut up shop—he

Could never make a memory so fine as
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna Inez.
Her favourite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity;
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling.

She knew the Latin—that is, "the Lord's prayer,"
And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly sure;
She read some French romances here and there,
Although her mode of speaking was not pure;
For native Spanish she had no great care,
At least her conversation was obscure;
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a problem,
As if she deem'd that mystery would ennoble 'em.

In short, she was a walking calculation,
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers,
Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,
Or "Cœlebs' Wife" set out in quest of lovers,
Morality's prim personification,
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,
To others' share let "female errors fall,"
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

THE ABSENT MAN.

Absence of mind may be defined to be a slowness of mind in speaking or action: the absent man is one who, when he is casting up accounts, and hath collected the *items*, will ask a bystander what the amount is: when he is engaged in a lawsuit, and the day of trial is come, he forgets it and goes into the country: he visits the theatre to see the play, and is left behind asleep on the benches. He takes any article and puts it away himself, then begins to look for it, and is never able to find it. If any one tell him of the death of a dear friend, and ask him to the funeral, with a sorrowful countenance and tears in his eyes, he exclaims, Good luck, good luck! It is his custom, when he receives, not when he pays, a debt, to call for witnesses. In winter he quarrels with his ser-

vant for not purchasing cucumbers: he c
children to wrestle and run till they faint
In the country, when he is dressing his
herbs, he throws in salt to season them t
unfit to eat. If any one inquire of him,
dead have been carried out through the
to burial? Would to God, he replies, yo
so many!

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combi
Although they both are born in the sam
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wi
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavo
Down to a very homely household savou

There's something of antipathy, as 'twer
Between their present and their future
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at
For instance—passion in a lover's glorio
But in a husband is pronounced uxorio

Men grow ashamed of being so very fon
They sometimes also get a little tired,
(But that, of course, is rare,) and then
The same things cannot always be ador
Yet 'tis "so nominated in the bond,"
That both are tied till one shall leave
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that wa
Our days, and put one's servants into m

There's doubtless something in domestic
Which forms, in fact, true love's anti
Romances paint at full length people's
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial raptu
There's nothing wrong in a connubia
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's
He would have written sonnets all his

dies are finish d by a death,
medies are ended by a marriage;
re states of both are left to faith,
thors fear description might disparage
lds to come of both, or fall beneath,
then both worlds would punish their mis-
arriage;
g each their priest and prayer-book ready,
no more of Death or of the Lady.

two that in my recollection
sung of heaven and hell, or marriage, are
nd Milton, and of both the affection
hapless in their nuptials, for some bar
or temper ruin'd the connexion;
things, in fact, it don't usk much to mar;)
ate's Beatrice and Milton's Eve
t drawn from their spouses, you conceive.

ITY STORY OF AN OLD SCOTCH WOMAN.

n! hem!—Ye ma'an ken, that my husband
meenister o' the kirk, and a man, *universally*
d, not only by the parishioners, but by the
blic at large!—Hem!—Well, I mind there
me, when we had ha'en a week o' vary bad
; nasty dreepin' wat weather; it had been
indeed; and my puir dear honest man had
y badly with a sair cauld he had cought; he
ill indeed, puir man, and he really was vary
, honest man, when ought ailed him; vary
indeed, and he gave me a great deal o'
Hem! Weel, I mind, doctor Macglashan
d to ca' in to see my puir dear man yae day
doctor was a guid feeling hearted honest
was he; and he used to distribute guid books
he puir fol'k i' the parish, wha cou'dna' buy
h! sirs! I wis there war mair o' them read
rising generation that is. Weel, as I was
r, the doctor called to see my puir man; and
to him, that is, says doctor Macglashan to
honest man, this has been vary wat weather,
indeed. So says my puir dear honest man
r Macglashan, My worthy colleague, I wish
uld gie the word for me at the kirk neist Sun-
service between them, forenoon and afternoon, diet by diet; and it was my puir dear man's turn to gie the word that forenoon; and he said he wish'd he would gie the word for him, for he was really vary bad indeed. And he said, that is, doctor Macglashan said he would. And I was vary much obliged to him; for doctor Macglashan was a vary good natured body; and I thanked the doctor, for I was vary thankfu' to him. Hem! Weel, I mind Sunday was anither vary wat day; vary wat; a nasty, dreepin' wat day indeed; and doctor Macglashan ca'ad in on my puir dear honest man on his way to the kirk, and he sat him down twa minutes, for he was vary wat; and he says to him, Hem, that is, says my puir dear honest man to doctor Macglashan, I wish thee mayna' tak' cauld, for it's vary wat; and he dreeped the weet frae his coat tails, and he shaked it aff his sleeves, and he dauded the rain frae the cocks o' his hat; for he really was extraordinary wat, puir man; vary wat indeed; and ye'll mind there were na umberellas in thae days; and said doctor Macglashan, said he, I wish I were dry again. Hem! now mind this, for this is the great point of the story: Upon which, my puir dear man says, though in troth he was na much gi'en to joking, yet he cou'dna' vary weel reseest the opportunity: So, hem!—so says my puir dear worthy man; now mind ye this, for it's the point o' the joke—When the doctor said—that is, doctor Macglashan said, he wished he was *dry*, my puir dear honest body, (eh, he was a wag) said he to his worthy colleague, hem!—gang thy wa's up to the pu'pit, and thou'll be dry enough *there*, I warrant thee."

EMPTINESS OF FAME.

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour.
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,

What are the hopes of man? old Egypt's King
Cheops erected the first pyramid
And largest, thinking it was just the thing
To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;
But somebody or other rummaging,
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

THE UNSEASONABLE MAN.

Unseasonableness is a method of accosting which is troublesome to the persons accosted. The unseasonable man is one who goes to communicate with his friend when he is immersed in business: he goes to revel with his mistress when she is lying ill with a fever: he runs to a man who has just been cast as bail for another, and entreats him to become his surety: as soon as a cause is decided, he is on the spot to give his testimony. If he is invited to a wedding, he inveighs against the whole female sex: he asks a man who is just returned from a long journey to take a walk with him. When an article is sold, he brings a purchaser who would give double the price. In a company he will give a detailed account from the very beginning of some subject which they have all heard and are thoroughly acquainted with: he is extremely anxious to do that for any person which they are unwilling should be done, but are ashamed to refuse. If he is present at the chastisement of a lad, he relates that a boy of his when so beaten went and hanged himself. If he is present at an arbitration, though both parties wish an accommodation, he sets them together by the ears: and lastly, when about to dance, he seizes a partner whose senses are not yet inflamed by intoxication.

THEOPHRASTUS.

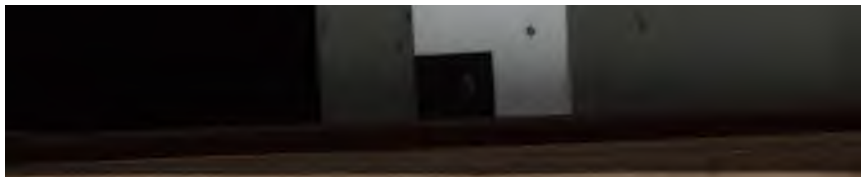
WOMAN'S TONGUE.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and
And do you tell me of a woman's
That gives not half so great a blow
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fi

THE NEWSPAPER GO

This is one of those many thou
in and about London in time
times and minds are divided betw
state, and the affairs of a kitch
after venison and politics; he b
to be a great genius, and to k
turtle comprehending all the arts
ther. He is always hunting after
about battles, and imagines soldi
only made to be knock'd on the
read an account of it in the pap
political pamphlet that is publish
the question, and is always on his
last. And then he comes home
per, and calls for his night-cap, an
and sends for some neighbours t
talk politics together.

"How do you do, Mr. Cost
down; ay, these times are ha
more relish these times, than I e
sor without sweet sauce to it; bu
I told you we should have warm
the cook threw down the Kian
think I know a thing or two; I t
——But lord what signifies wh
don't mind me! You know I m
the disturbances in America, and
took me up, and said, "What
when we are all in a *merry row*!"
laughing.—Now there's commo
there's lords made, the Lord kno
nothing to us; they make us p
take care of that; ay, ay, ay, th
pray, what have they done fo
last past?—why nothing at all
made a few turnpike roads, and
alive 'till September; that's all
the good of their country. The



ormerly, that loved their country, that did ng for the good of their country; there were xander the Great loved his country, and esar lov'd his country, and Charles of d lov'd his country, and Queen Semeriniss, her country more than any of 'em; for she solomon gundy; that's the best eating in world. Now, I'll show you my plan of s, Mr. Costive; we'll suppose this drop of re to be the main ocean, or the sea; very se pieces of cork to be our men of war; —now where shall I raise my fortifications? had Mr. Major Moncrieff here; he's the world at raising a fortification.—Oh! I e'll suppose them to be all the strong forti- s in the whole world; such as Fort Omoa, ort, Birgin op zoom, and Tower Ditch, and her fortified places all over the world. Now, all our horse-cavalry wear cork waistcoats, our foot infantry should wear air jackets. they'd cross the sea before you could say inson; and where do you think they should Costive; whisper me that; Ha!—What? ?—How?—You don't know?—How should Vas you ever in Germany or Bohemia?— ave; I understand jography; now they nd in America, under the line, close to the e; there they should land every mother's m; then there's the Catabaws, and there's awes; there's the Cherokees, and there's and *recs*; they are the four great nations; es my Catabaws all across the continent, aica to Bengal; then they should go to the nian.—You know where the Medeteranian you know nothing; I'll tell you; the Me- n is the metropolis of Constantinople; then a fleet to blockade Paris till the French king up Paul Jones; then I'd send for Genr'll nd Col. *Tarleton*; and—Where was I, Mr. With Col. *Tarleton*.—Thank ye—so I you are so dull, Mr. Costive, you put me , I'll explain the whole affair to you; you a word of it.—Now, there is the king of Prussia, and the empress of Russia; the nabob of Arcot, and the king of the Hottentots, are all in the Protestant interest; they make a diversion upon all the cham of Tartary's back settlements; then Sir Guy Carleton comes with a *circumbendibus*, and re-takes all the islands; Rhode Island and all; and takes 'em *here*, and *there*, and *there*, and *here*, and *everywhere*;—there is the whole affair explained at once to you."

PROLOGUE TO THE TRIP TO PARIS.

In former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor——
(An't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance,
A tale?—no, truth! mun—I'm just come from France.
From Paris I came; why I went there, no matter,
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the water:
'Twas to win a large wager that hurry'd me over;
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to Dover.
To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my belly;
They who choose it for physic may drink of the sea,
But only to think on't is physic for me.
When first I went on board, Lord! I heard such a racket,
Such babbling and squabbling, 'fore and aft', through the packet;
The passengers bawling, the sailors yo-ho-ing,
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some sick and some swearing, some singing, some shrieking,
Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms creaking;
Stop the ship!—but the tars, never minding our cases,
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and grinn'd in our faces,
We made Calais soon, and were soon set on shore,
And I trode on French ground, where I ne'er trode before.

The scene was quite chang'd, 'twas no more yo, yo-ho,
With damme Jack, yes, boy—or damme Tom, no!
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all complaisance;
With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd to France;
Ah, Monseer Angloy—they cry'd—*he on ven nu,*
Tres umble servant, sir, we glad to see you.
I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcass like flies in the shambles:
To be crowded amongst them at first I was loth,
For fear they should seize me, and souse me for broth.
At last, tho' they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre,*
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my stare!)
Wee, wee, I cry'd, *wee* then—and put on a sword;
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was balk'd so before in my life:
I should see wonders there, I was told by *Monseer:*
So I did, I saw things there were wonderful queer;
Queer streets, and queer houses, with people much queerer,
Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.
I soon had enough of their *pallovousee,*
It's a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense to me.
All folks are there dress'd in a toyshop like show,
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fiddler and beau;
Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and such skirts—
They sold me some ruffles—but I found the shirts.
Then, as to their dinners, their soups, and their stewings,
One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of brewings;
For a slice of roast beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produc'd me a fricasee'd frog:
Out of window I toss'd it, it wan't fit to eat,
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the street,
'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin.
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Monarque clever;
I'm for beef, and king George, and old England for ever!

THE SURLY GRUMBLER.

Grumbling is a complaint without fa
grumbler is one who, if his friend send hi
licacy from a feast, says to the bearer, "
envied me your black broth and your p
and so I was not asked to dinner." If h
kiss him, he says, "You do not love m
heart." He is angry at a shower, no
rains, but because it is too late for him. I
purse, "I never," he exclaims, "find a tru
When he has purchased, after a long barg
the seller, a slave at his proper price, "It
wonderful," he says, "if I have bought so
at such a rate." To the bearer of the gla
a son is born to him, "If you added,"
"that half my substance is gone, you
told the truth." Though he gain his cau
antly, he is angry with his counsel for
strong points in his favour. His friend
a sum of money in loan to relieve his ca
one of them bids him now to be of good ch
can I," he cries, "when I must pay ha
to each of them, and besides that, ow
of gratitude for the obligation."

HOW TO MAKE A MAN A LU

It has been decided that a commissi
must not be *specially* returned, the subj
be found *mad*, or *not mad*; and in *Brou
ment* there is a case mentioned, where
inquest of idiotcy, was returned an *id
an *idiot*, and where, in consequence, a
ceedings were had. But why did the
make him a *lunatic?* Half the sub
great town might readily be found m
to *Harrison's Practice of the Court*
and see what is necessary in order to p
mission of lunacy.

"The method of procuring the co
nacy," says the book, "is first by two
sons making an affidavit, setting forth
condition of the lunatic, with some fe
his declarations and actions, to show

ic, and incapable of governing him-
"
driving about town, whom is firmly
a lunatic, and incapable of governing
tate;" and though he is concluded
," because he is so decidedly "in-
ing himself and his estate;" rather
of governing himself and his estate,"
a lunatic," yet this same affidavit
me few instances of his declarations
be specified. Another person could
red to join in the affidavit. The
proceeds:—
may be in this manner:
, and G. H. of, &c., severally make
t they, these deponents, for the space
ast, have known and been well ac-
equently discoursed, with C. D. of,
deponents further severally say, that
of ——— last past, they have, by
ving the behaviour, words, and ac-
C. D., looked upon him to be a per-
his reason and understanding *in a*
e."
safely be said.
eponent E. F. saith, that, &c. (*Set*
e most notorious acts, incoherences,
scourses.)"
an easily be complied with.
eponent E. F. saith," then, "that
d C. D. is possessed of property to
ly three hundred pounds per annum,
whole year kept a tandem and two
his whole stud consisteth of four
he, the said C. D., renteth chambers
ings, Piccadilly, in the city of West-
county of Middlesex, and is in the
sumptuously every day at a certain
evens's Hotel, in Bond-street, in the
tminster, and county of Middlesex;
e said C. D., was at the University
used to spend all his time with the
age-coaches of that town, whom he
so accurately imitated in all their vulgar habits, that he actually took lessons of one of them in the art of squirting his spittle through his teeth,—but the teeth of the said C. D. not readily accommodating themselves to the manœuvre, he had them filed till they did,—and that at last, the said C. D. so far bettered the instructions of the said stage-coachmen, that one of them was heard to declare, that he must *cut* Squire D., for that he was such a blackguard; that when he, the said C. D., was at one time confined for debt within the Rules of the King's Bench Prison, he hired the most expensive lodgings he could procure, and never gave such large and extravagant dinner-parties as he did at those lodgings, and that he did not upon that occasion think proper to put down his tandem or discharge his grooms, but used to drive about within the said Rules in his usual equipage; that one day, after dining sumptuously in the said Rules, he, the said C. D., spent his last half-guinea in the purchase of a pineapple to flavour his punch with its juice; and that he, the said C. D., once said to this deponent E. F., who was remonstrating with him upon his extravagance, and warning him how short a time it could last, since nearly the whole of his property was mortgaged or pledged as security, "If I am to burn, I'll make a blaze; if I am to be buried, I'll kick up a dust."

And these deponents further severally say, that they believe the said C. D. is *in no ways capable of governing himself or his estate.*"

"E. F. "Sworn the day of
at the G. H. Public
Office, before ."

Upon an affidavit like this, is a petition for the "commission in nature of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*" presented to the Lord Chancellor, who usually grants it as a matter of course.

THE PIG IN A POKE; OR, THE DOUBLE METAMORPHOSIS.

A farmer's lease contain'd a flaw;
To mend it, he appeal'd to law.
Dear bought experience told him plain,
That law without a fee was vain;

And that, to clear his counsel's tongue, he
Must bribe him or with meat or money.
One morn he calls his clown in chief,
"Here, take this pig to lawyer Brief."
The clown (unlike his wife, they say)
Could both be silent, and obey:
The pig secur'd within a sack,
At ease hung dangling from his back;
Thus loaded, straight to town he went,
With many an awkward compliment.
A half-way house convenient stood,
Where host was kind, and ale was good;
In steps the clown, and calls to Cecil—
"A quart of stout, to wet my whistle!"
Eas'd of his load, he takes a chair,
And quaffs oblivion to all care.
Three artful wags accost the clown,
And ask his errand up to town.
With potent ale his heart grows warm,
Which, drunk or sober, meant no harm;
He tells them plainly whence he came;
His master, and the lawyer's name;
And, ere the circling mug was drain'd,
Shew'd what the prostrate sack contain'd.
Whilst two the witless clown amuse,
With merry tales, and mournful news,
A third removes the sack unseen,
And soon sets free the guest within:
But, lest our clown the trick should trace,
A well-fed cur supplies the place.
The point clear'd up of what's to pay,
Our clown in peace pursu'd his way.
Arriv'd, he makes his awkward bow,
With many a *Wherefore*, and *As how*.
"Heaven bless your honour many a year!
Look what a pig I've brought you here."
The sack untied without demur,
Forthwith out gently crept the cur.
Both stood aghast with eager eyes,
And both, no doubt, look'd wondrous wise.
The clown, who saw the lawyer foam,
Swore 'twas a pig when brought from home;
And, wondering at the queer disaster,
In haste return'd to tell his master.

Well pleas'd to see him take t
The wags his quick return await
What peals of noisy mirth prevai
To hear him tell the mystic tale!
The devil's in't, they all agree,
And seem to wonder more than h
From them to Cecil he repairs,
To her the strange event declare
Meantime the wags, to end the j
Replace the pig within its poke.
The rustic soon resumes his load
And whistling, plods along the r
Th' impatient farmer hails the
And asks "What news from Le
The pig was lik'd; they made y
"Nay, master! master! What
The pig, (or I'm a stupid log)
Is chang'd into a puppy dog."—
"A dog!"—"Nay, since my w
See here; I'll fairly turn him ou
No sooner was the sack untied,
Than a loud grunt his word belie
"Death!" cries the farmer, "w
Proceeds this daring insolence!
Make haste, take back this pig a
Presuming elf; or, z—nds! I'll
The clown, of patient soul an
Awhile in silent wonder stood;
Then briefly cried, with phiz de
"Yon lawyer is a witch, for sw
How hoarse his voice! his face
What's pig with us is dog with h
Heaven shield my future days fr
For, as I live, I've seen the dev

THE FLATTERER.

Flattery may be considered to
style of intercourse, but beneficial to
it. The flatterer is one who, walkin
cries out, "Do you observe how the
are upon you! this is an honour wh
lot of no man in the city except your
nobly spoken of yesterday in the sen



he discourse falling upon who
ey all began and ended with
he *flue* from the garment of his
picks from his hair any feather
wn into it, and says, with a
? because I have not been with
our beard begins to get white ;
your hair is remarkably black
en this man speaks, he bids the
ises him in his hearing ; and,
peaking, he cries out " Excel-
en his patron has uttered a frigid
smiling, he thrusts his garment
te unable to restrain his laugh-
lk out together, he bids the
the *gentleman* has gone by.
ears for his patron's children ;
the parent's sight, kissing the
. " Beautiful offspring of a
is with his patron when he is
says, " This foot is far better
When his patron is going to
ns before, and says, " He is
runs back, and says, " I have
e is the first of the guests to
ys, " How tastefully you dine !"
thing from the table, he says,
nt !" He asks his patron whe-
whether he would not wish to
thing ? and whether he shall
? He is fond of inclining to his
and while he himself is ad-
his eyes upon his patron. He
ns from the servant in the the-
himself. He commends the
on's house, and the cultivation
says that his picture is like

ATICAL PARODY.

ly, on the noted grammatical

, bos, fur, sus atque sacerdos,

Bifrons ever when he preaches ;
Custos of what in his reach is.
Bos among his neighbours' wives ;
Fur in gathering of his tithes.
Sus at every parish feast ;
On Sunday, *sacerdos*, a priest.

EPILOGUE TO THE LIAR.

Between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding

M. Gr. Hold, sir !
Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,
Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate ;
Proscribe all lying ! what would be the fate
Of this, and every other earthly state ?
Consider, sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town ;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Ev'n now half-famish'd for the public good ;
All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence ! Must the good and great
Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat ?

M. Gr. Your patience, sir ; yet hear another word,
Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword :
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law :
For 'tis the fixt determin'd rule of courts,
(Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's Reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice, I am somewhat loath ;
A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

M. Gr. Then to the softer sex some favour show :
Leave us possession of our modest No !

O. Wild. Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,

Provided ever that your pish and fie,
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lie.

M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I rest my cause:
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the case;
Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons, yet, ere I submit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.
Is it your pleasure that we make a rule,
That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

THE COMPLAISANT MAN.

Complaisance may be defined, an address which aims at pleasing by disreputable means. The complaisant is one who salutes a man at a distance, calls him the best of creatures, seizes both his hands with expressions of admiration, and will not let him go: he insists upon accompanying him a little way, teazes him with inquiries of "When he shall have the honour of seeing him," and at last leaves him with exclamations of praise. If he is called to an arbitration between two parties, he is not more anxious to please the person for whom he appears than his opponent, that he may be called impartial and a common friend. He tells foreigners that their pronunciation is superior to that of the natives. When invited to dinner, he entreats the host to call in his children, and when they come, he observes, that one is not more like another than they to their father: he takes and kisses them, and makes them sit by him: with some of them he cracks childish jokes, and others he dandles to sleep on his knee, at the same time feeling the greatest discomfort and inconvenience. He is shaved with the greatest nicety, and whitens his teeth with dentifrice: he changes his garments before they have the least soil, and always smells of perfumes. On the forum you always see him among the men of most note in and at the theatre he is always close to rank and fashion. He buys nothing for purchases little presents for his friends he takes care to make known through He keeps monkeys, doves, vases, and knick-knack and curiosity, for the amu friends: he fits up in his mansion a ta room and a tennis-court; he goes about sophers, the sophists, the teachers of dancing, and offers them the use of his exercise of their respective arts; and ta self to be present at their exhibitions spectator the opportunity of saying "That is the gentleman to whom this p

THE

PROLOGUE UPON PROLOGUES TO THE RE

And, egad, it will do for any other p this.

An old trite proverb let me quote——
As is your cloth, so cut your coat.
To suit our author, and his farce,
Short let me be, for wit is scarce;
Nor would I show it, had I any;
The reasons why are strong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece have not
A flash in pan with empty gun,
The piece is sure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wine,
May cheat you once—Will that deter
Neat as imported, cheat you twice!
'Tis wrong to raise your expectation
Poets, be dull in dedications!
Dulness in these to wit prefer——
But there, indeed, you seldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A silver button spoils your hat.
A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A case in point to this before ye;
Allow me, pray, to tell a story.



once a wit
f hit.
a which he boasted,
ce, boil'd and roasted!
d in they trip,
smacking lip——
oil'd and roasted, pray—"
'd each way.
he house forsook,
ner—kick'd the cook,
oor Patrick Kelly!
with the belly.
wn, then thus I reason,
ut of season.
: jokes sit watching,
for Fanny's scratching.
so fit,
: ghosts of wit;
their art and skill,
heir author's will.
great and small,
one at all.
!—a paltry trade—
ce be laid!
ve your commands,
e-monger's hands:
its! [*holding up his hands.*]

, nor fools can write.

GARRICK.

IM *versus* LAPSTONE.

l in a certain town, which, for
sless, and is as follows:—Goody
alms-house, No. 2. Will Lap-
l cobbler, inhabited No. 3, and a
ho happened to pass through the
me-houses were situated, could
Goody Grim was in the act of
n proper pigs, but the animal
y, burst from her hold, and ran
lar legs of the aforesaid Jew,
d, ran back to Will Lapstone's,
ger bottle full of gin, belonging

to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobbler's state bed.

The parties being of course in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law. The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone, for the loss of her pig with a curly tail; and Lapstone to bring an action against Goody Grim, for the loss of a quart bottle full of Hollands gin; and Mordecai to bring an action against them both, for the loss of a tee-totum, that fell out of his pocket in the rencontre. They all delivered their briefs to counsel, before it was considered, they were all parties, and no witness. But Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now changed her battery; and was determined to bring an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai as an evidence.

The indictment set forth, that he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig, and instigated by pruinsence, did, on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib divers that is to say, five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs and porkers, with curly tails, and did secret the said five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lord the king, his crown and dignity.

Mordecai was examined by counsellor Puzzle.

"Well, sir; What are you?"

"I sells old clo's, and sealing wax, and puckles."

"I did not ask you what you sold; I ask you what you are?"

"I am apout five and forty."

"I did not ask your age; I ask you what you are?"

"I am a Jew."

"Why could'nt you tell me that at first? Well then, if you are a Jew, tell me what you know of this affair."

"As I vas a valking along."

"Man—I did'nt want to know where you were walking."

"Vel as I vas a valking along."

"So, you will walk along in spite of all that can be said."

"Pless ma heart, you frighten me out of my vits—as I vas valking along I seed de unclean animal coming towards me—and so says I—Oh! Father Abraham, says I."

"Father Abraham is no evidence."

"You must let me tell my story my own vay, or I can not tell it all. As I vas valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me. Oh, father Abraham, said I, here comes de unclean animal towards me, and he runn'd between my leg, and upshet me in de mut."

"Now, do you mean to say, upon your oath, that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud."

"I vill take my oath, dat he upshet me in te mut."

"And pray, sir, on what side did you fall."

"On te mutty side."

"I mean, on which of your own sides did you fall?"

"I fell on my left side."

"Now, on your oath, was it your left side?"

"I vill take my oath it vas my left side."

"And pray, what did you do when you fell down?"

"I got up again as fast as I could."

"Perhaps you can tell me whether the pig had a curly tail?"

"I vill take ma oath his tail was so curly as my peerd."

"And pray, where was you going when this happened?"

"I vas going to the sign of de cock and pottle."

"Now, on your oath, what had a cock to do with a bottle?"

"I don't know; only it vas the sign of de house. And all more vat I know vas, dat I lose an ivory tee-totum out of ma pocket."

"Oh, you lost a tee-totum, did you? I thought *we should* bring you to something at last. My lord, I *beg leave* to take an exception to this man's evidence! *he does not* come into court with clean hands."

"How te devil should I, when I have been ing ma goods all te morning."

"Now, my lord, your lordship is aware totum is derived from the Latin terms which means, "keep yourself safe." but for my sagacity, observation, and have kept himself safe; but now learned lord Verulum expresses it, 'let of the bag.'"

"I vill take ma oath I had no cat in

"My lord, by his own confession, he vend a tee-totum. Now, my lord, and the jury, it is my duty to point out tee-totum is an unlawful machine, with letters printed upon it, for the purbling. Now, your lordship knows the known by the name of little-go act, all games of chance whatever. Whether marbles, swabs, tee-totum, chuckfarthing what not. And, therefore, I do man's evidence is *contra bonos mores*, sequently *non compos testimonii*."

Counsellor Botherem then rose up. " gentlemen of the jury, my learned in a most facetious manner, endeavour slur on the highly honourable evidence merchant. And I do contend, that he sells is *bonâ fide* inducted into all the merchandise; *ergo*, he who merchandises intents and purposes, a merchant. My in the twistings and turnings of his handling the *tee-totum*, can only be *tum*:—he is playing, my lord, a losing tlemen, he has told you the origin, use, the tee-totum; but, gentlemen, he has you what that great luminary of the learned Coke, has said on the subject, in nearly similar to this, in the 234th folio abridgement of the statutes, page 134 thus lays down the law, in the case of Blacklegs,—"*Gambleandum commisit, blendi sed non evenitum machesi plac* lord, I beg leave to say, that if I prove



ending, and not playing with the said
a tee-totum, I humbly presume, that
l friend has said will come to the

, brother Botherem, there's no doubt
rgeant is incorrect! the law does not
tra legium, for merely spinning a tee-

one of the witnesses has owned that
curly tail. Now, my lord, I presume,
pig had a straight tail, I consider the
: be fatal."

Order the pig into court."
was produced; and, upon examination,
have a straight tail, which finished the
arned judge, in summing up the evi-
ed the jury,—"Gentlemen of the jury,
necessary to recapitulate the evidence;
l of this objection removes all ground
d notwithstanding the ancient statute
rium pigum et borcum pigum, et vendi
, there is an irrefragable proof, by
tration, that Goody Grim's grunter had
, and therefore the prisoner must be
nd really, gentlemen, if the time of the
aken up with these frivolous actions,
justice will be entirely frustrated; and
ho recommends this action should be
in the ordinary way, but with the ut-
d severity of the law."
s thrown into Chancery, and it is ex-
be settled about the end of the year

UE TO THE SCHOOL FOR RAKES.

Spoken by Mr. King.

gentry, ever frank and free,
stage with prologues fix on me.
sentative I come,
ologue, which I call a broom,
critic cobwebs from the room.
iders, into corners creep,
lays their bloody revels keep:
With some shall vengeance close in ambush lie,
Ready to seize the poor dramatic fly:
The weak and heedless soon become their prey,
But the strong blue-bottle will force its way,
Clean well its wings, and hum another day.
Unknown to Nature's laws, we've here one evil;
For flies, turn'd spiders, play the very devil!
Fearing some danger, I will lay before ye
A short, true, recent, tragic-comic story.
As late I saunter'd in the Park for air,
As free from thought as any coxcomb there,
Two sparks came up; one whisper'd in my ear,
He was a critic; then ask'd me with a sneer—
Thus standing, staring—with a swaggering swing,
"You've writ a farce?"—"Yes, sir, a foolish thing."
"Damn'd foolish—You'd better mind your acting,
King,
'Tis ten to one—I speak it for your sake,
That this same farce will prove—your Wit's last
Stake."
"I scribble for amusement, boast no pow'rs."
"Right, for your own amusement—not for ours."
Thus he went on; and with his pleasant talking,
I lost the appetite I got with walking.
He laugh'd—I bow'd—but, ere I could retreat,
His lisping friend did thus the dose repeat:
"Pray, sir,—this School for Rakes—the woman's
play——
When do you give it us?"—"Next Saturday;
I hope you'll both be kind to her, at least."
"A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!
Then they're so ugly, all these female wits—
I'll damn her play—to throw her into fits.
Had I my will, those slattern sluttish dames—
They all should see the bottom of the Thames."
If you are here, good sirs, to breed a riot,
[*Looking about the house*
Don't show your spite; for if you are not quiet,
'Tis ten to one—I speak it for *your* sake,
This School for Rakes will prove *your* Wit's last
Stake.
As you [*To the pit*] save me from their tyrannic will,
You will not let them use a woman ill.

Protect her and her brat—The truly brave
Women and children will for ever save.

GARRICK.

THE GULL'S HORNBOOK.

Those readers who wish to be considered *well-dressed* gentlemen, and attract notice by well-blacked *boots* and clanking spurs, will read the following with interest.

"As for thy stockings and shoes; so wear them, that all men may point at thee, and make thee famous by that glorious name of malecontent. Or, if thy quicksilver can run so far on thy errand as to fetch thee boots out of St. Martin's, let it be thy prudence to have the tops of them wide as the mouth of a wallet, and those with fringed boot-hose over them to hang down to thy ancles. Doves are accounted innocent and loving creatures,—thou in observing this fashion, shalt seem to be a rough-footed dove, and be held as innocent. Besides the straddling, which of necessity so much leather between thy legs must put thee into, will be thought not to grow from thy disease, but from that gentlemanlike habit."

Those gentlemen who "sport" *fine bushy* heads of hair, should particularly attend to the following directions.

"To maintain therefore that sconce of thine strongly guarded, and in good reparation, never suffer comb to fasten his teeth there: let thy hair grow thick and bushy, like a forest, or some wilderness; lest those six-footed creatures that breed in it, and are tenants to that crown-land of thine, be hunted to death by every base barbarous barber; and so that delicate and tickling pleasure of scratching be utterly taken from thee.

"Long hair is the only net that women spread abroad to entrap men in: and why should not men be as far above women in that commodity, as they go beyond men in others? The merry Greeks were called καρηκομῶντες (long-haired.) Lose not thou, being an honest Trojan, that honour; sithence it will more fairly become thee. Grass is the hair of the earth, which so long as it is suffered to grow, it becomes the wearer, and carries a [illegible] colour; but when the sun-burn [illegible] mows at it, and, like a barber, shaves [illegible] stumps, then it withers and is good for [illegible] to be truped up and thrown among jades. [illegible] is a bald pate! it looks like a face [illegible] or like ground eaten bare with the [illegible] whereas a head all hid in hair gives [illegible] wicked face a sweet proportion, and looks [illegible] dow newly married to the spring.

"It is certain that when none but [illegible] age went current upon the earth, it [illegible] treason to clip hair than to clip money; [illegible] and scissars were condemned to the [illegible] neys: he was disfranchised for ever, [illegible] a barber's apron. Man, woman, and [illegible] their hair longer than a law-suit: every [illegible] it stood bare or uncovered, looked like a [illegible] noul, having his thrum'd cap on. It was [illegible] nations to have shaggy pates, as it is [illegible] the *Irishman*. But since this polling, [illegible] world crept up, locks were lockt up, and [illegible] decay. Revive thou therefore the old [illegible] and in scorn of periwigs and sheep-[illegible] thou that quilted head-piece on continue [illegible] hair will make thee look dreadfully to the [illegible] and manly-to thy friends; it is, in peace [illegible] ment; in war, a strong helmet; it blunts [illegible] of a sword, and deads the leaden thump [illegible] in winter, it is a warm nightcap; in summer [illegible] ing fan of feathers."

PROLOGUE TO BON TON.

Fashion in ev'ry thing bears sovereign sway
And words and periwigs have both their day.
Each have their purlieus too, are modish [illegible]
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech [illegible]
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple [illegible]
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and [illegible]
The coachman's cauliflow'r, built tiers on tiers [illegible]
Differ not more from bags and bagnigs [illegible]
Than great St. George's or St. James's [illegible]
From the broad dialect of broad St. Giles [illegible]



?"—"Oh! damme!" cries a buck,
sk me, my dear, and you're in luck:
wear, break windows, beat the

, drink health, and roar a catch.
› it up! damme, take your swing!
ıy boy; Bon Ton's *the thing!*"
fe, and all the joys it yields,"
sock, warm from Spitalfields.
space 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
ne-horse chaise o' Sunday!
on summer afternoons,
lls, with china and gilt spoons!
r stuffs, red cloaks, and pattens,
ns all in silks and satins!"
es Miss—"Observe, in higher life,
nster, and thrice-feather'd wife:
on. Bon Ton's a constant trade
ball, and masquerade!
ppet-shows—tis something new;
nds every night at *loo*.
, and contradicts all reason;
tays, and fruit—when out of season!
f-a-guinea is the price;
arce bigger than six mice.
ou never wish to see;
hose who never can agree;
ess'd, painted, patch'd, and curl'd—
and this we call *the world!*"
lord, "and thou my only son,
ults, ne'er sin against Bon Ton!
ning at a public school,
ek and Latin, is a fool.
my boy's the thing! *jasez!* prate,

e, whipt-syllabub the matter!
chman; for, on English pegs,
kwardness with two left legs.
ship form a treacherous league,
ighters, with their wives intrigue;
cles round your nails,
clean—and grin, if small-talk fails:
whatever jest prevails:

Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,
That vulgar way the vulgar show their mirth.
Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,
Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;
The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"
Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,
In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtù*,
And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view.
To-night our Bayes, with bold, but careless tints,
Hits off a sketch or two like Darly's prints.
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts strike
'em,
'Twill be Bon Ton to see them, and to like 'em.

COLMAN.

ECONOMY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

An epicure, on entering the Bedford coffee-house, inquired, "What have you got for dinner, John?" "Any thing you please, sir." "Oh! but what vegetables?" The waiter named the usual *légumes* in season; when the gentleman, after having ordered two mutton chops, said, "John! have you any cucumbers?" "No, sir, there are not any, I believe, yet produced, 'tis so very early in the season; but, if you please, I will step into the market, and inquire the price, if any." The waiter returned. "Why, sir, there a few, but they are very dear; they are a guinea a piece." "A guinea a piece! are they small or large?" "Why, sir, they are rather small." "Then buy two." Just so it is with us all, saving at one end, and running out at the other.

APOLOGY FOR NAKEDNESS.

Unless that Freezeland cur, cold winter, offer to bite thee, walk a while up and down thy chamber, either in thy thin shirt only, or else (which, at a bare word, is both more decent and more delectable) strip thyself stark naked. Are we not born so? And shall a foolish custom make us to break the laws of our creation? Our first parents, so long as they went naked, were suffered to dwell in Paradise; but after they got coats to their backs, they were turned out of doors. Put on, therefore, either no apparel at all,

or put it on carelessly: for look how much more delicate liberty is than bondage; so much is the looseness of wearing of our attire above the imprisonment of being neatly and tailor-like drest up in it. To be ready in our clothes is to be ready for nothing else: a man looks as if he be hung in chains, or like a scarecrow. And as those excellent birds, whom Pliny could never have the wit to catch in all his springes, commonly called woodcocks, whereof there is great store in England, having all their feathers pluckt from their backs, and being turned out as naked as Plato's cock was before all Diogenes' scholars, or as the cuckoo in Christmas, are more fit to come to any knight's board, and are indeed more serviceable, than when they are lapt in their warm liveries; even so stands the case with man. Truth, because the bald-pate her father, Time, has no hair to cover his head, goes, when she goes best, stark naked; but Falsehood has ever a cloak for the rain. You see likewise that the lion, being the king of beasts; the horse, being the lustiest creature; the unicorn, whose horn is worth half a city; all these go with no more clothes on their backs than what nature hath bestowed upon them: but your baboons and your jackanapes, being the scum and rascality of all the hedge-creepers, they go in jerkins and mandilions. Marry how? They are put into their rags only in mockery.

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very eryngo-root of gluttony; so that fine backs and fat bellies are coach-horses to two of the seven deadly sins, in the boots of which coach Lechery and Sloth sit like the waiting maid. In a most desperate state therefore do tailors and cooks stand, by means of their offices; for both those trades are apple-squires to that couple of sins. The one invents more fantastic fashions, than France hath worn since her first stone was laid; the other more lickerish Epicurean dishes, than were ever served up to Gallonius's table. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better *matters*, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in *Birchin-lane* for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Helio
No, no; the first suit of apparel,
man put on, came neither from t
nor the merchant's warehouse: A
have been taken then, sooner th
now; yet was he great in nobody
and velvets. The silkworms had
do in those days, than to set up lo
the weavers: his breeches were n
as K. Stephen's, that cost but a
Adam's holyday hose and doublet
stuff than plain fig-leaves, and F
the same piece; there went but a
tween them. An antiquary in
some of the powder of those lea
Tailors then were none of the
their hall, that now is larger than
the Netherlands, was then no bi
butcher's shop: they durst not
customers with large bills: Adam
paring for all their lousy heirs.
neither the Spanish slop, nor the s
the Switzer's blistered codpiece, n
sagging down like a Welch wallet
strosser, nor the French standing
quadruple dædalian ruffs, nor
batos, that have more arches for
than can stand under five Londo
then set themselves out in print;
starch could by no means be sig
was counted a disease, and hors
now, thanks to folly, it is held th
and the purest golden asses live u

ADVENTURES OF A

"I was hatched in the head
years old, who was placed under
nurse, and educated at the cha
place, as in a populous city. I so
ment; and, as our state of sole
in a few months a numerous fam
was the happiest period of my li
apprehension from the comb or



me, except that our country should be
d we should be compelled to wander,
ans of the North, in search of another.
l that the lord of our soil, in an evil
ı some of his companions to Highgate.
of the hill was a stage and a mounte-
veral feats of wit and humour were
gentleman with a gridiron upon his
ted the doctor in his vocation. We
in the midst of the crowd, and soon
stage; which the boy was persuaded
by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a
f gold might be conveyed under his
ı hat, however, the dextrous, but mis-
or, having imperceptibly conveyed a
pped his hand smartly upon it, and
um potabile running down on each
peakable delight of the beholders, but
appointment of the boy, and the total
munity.
ıstble to describe the confusion and
his accident instantly produced among
.t once buried in a quag, intolerably
superably viscid: those who had been
ts passage, found it impossible to re-
ıtion; and the few who, happening to
lers of the suffusion, had with the ut-
heir strength crawled to those parts
ıt reached, laboured in vain to free
ı shackles which every moment be-
ng as the substance which formed
ı hard, and threatened in a short time
e them of all power of motion. I was
his number, and cannot even now re-
tion without shuddering at my dan-
an time the candidate for enchanted
ı search of pleasure had found only
, weariness and disappointment, re-
stolen holyday was at an end, returned
consolate to his nurse. The nose of
a was soon offended by an unsavoury
as not long before she discovered
eeded. A few questions, and a good
thump on the back, brought the whole secret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that, if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous durance which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

"But the series of misfortunes which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow; and the boy immediately scratching his head to alleviate the smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

"I was so terrified at this accident, that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day; and at night when he retired to eat his crust of bread in the chimney-corner, I concluded that I should at least be safe till the morrow,

and therefore began my repast, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether having long fasted, my bite was more keen than usual, or whether I had made my attack in a more sensible part, I cannot tell, but the boy suddenly thrust up his fingers with so much speed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire: in this savage attempt he would certainly have succeeded, if I had not stuck between his finger and his nail, and fell short upon some linen that was hanging to dry.

"The woman, who took in washing, was employed by a laundress of some distinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the shift-sleeve of a celebrated toast, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myself with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where she was surrounded by rival beauties, from whom she attracted every eye, and stood with the utmost composure of mind and countenance in the centre of admiration and desire. In this situation I became impatient of confinement, and, after several efforts, made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have passed on under her handkerchief to her head: but in this hope I was disappointed, for handkerchief she had none. I was not, however, willing to go back; and as my station was the principal object of the whole circle, I was soon discovered by those who stood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and sometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profusion of beauty which she had been used to pour upon every eye: the emotion, however, at length increased till she observed it, and glancing her eye downward with a secret exultation, she discovered the cause. Pride instantly covered those cheeks with blushes which modesty had forsaken; and as I was now become sensible of my danger, I was hasting to retreat. At this instant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become sensible of her disgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I stood with his hand in a public s down, and holding up his hat to his violent a blast towards me from vanished before it like an atom in the next moment found myself in th tered beau, whose attention was widow of a rich citizen, with whos to pay his debts and procure a ne

"In this place the hair was so t afforded me shelter; except a ring each side, where the powder and gr able obstacles to my progress: here tinued near a week, but it was dreadful situation. I lived in perp danger, secluded from my species, cursed claws of the valet, who per morning and every night. In the m the utmost difficulty that I escaped ed up in a lump of pomatum, or between the burning forceps of a at night, after I had with the utm dexterity evaded the comb, I was thrust through the body with a pa

"I frequently meditated my e many projects to effect it, which I doned either as dangerous or im served that the valet had a much than his master, and that he stowed bag; into the bag, therefore, o scended with great circumspection with it; nor was it long before t tions were answered, for the valet tory to his own hair the very ne gained a new settlement.

"But the bag was not the only dress which was occasionally s servant; who being soon after m wearing a lace frock before it had turned away at a minute's warn to obtain a character, returned to which he had been hired, and bou a barber in the city; who, upon s his skill to dress hair *à-la-mode d*



ialte him without a scrupulous examination
nals.

change in the situation of my patron was of
ntage to me; for I began to have more
and less disturbance. But among other
hom he attended every morning to shave,
derly gentleman of great repute for natural
; a fellow of many foreign societies, and a
adept in experimental philosophy. This
having conceived a design to repeat
k's experiments upon the increase of our
quired of the proprietor of my dwelling if
elp him to a subject. The man was at first
the question; but it was no sooner compre-
an he pulled out an ivory comb, and pro-
self and two associates, one of whom died
of the hurt he received.

ge received us with thanks, and very care-
eyed us into his stocking, where, though it
situation perfectly agreeable to our nature,
ed a numerous progeny. Here, however, I
ew calamity, and was exposed to new dan-
philosopher, whom a sedentary and recluse
ndered extremely susceptible of cold, would
rith his shins so near the fire, that we were
rched to death before we could get round
for shelter. He was also subject to fre-
quentions of mind; and at these times many
been miserably destroyed by his broth or
hich he would hold so much on one side,
uld run over the vessel, and overflow us
lding deluge from his knee to his ancle:
in all; for when he felt the smart, he would
rt with his hand, without reflecting upon
, till he had crushed great part of those
escaped. Still, however, it was my fortune
for new adventures.

philosopher, among other visitants whose
e was pleased to gratify, was sometimes
with the company of ladies; for the enter-
of a lady it was my misfortune to be one
hom from my family when I least suspected
ured in the apparatus of a solar microscope.
After I had contributed to their entertainment and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immured between the two pieces of isinglass, through which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and should certainly have perished in the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak; and the window being open, I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered periwig of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a periwig; a situation which I scarce less deprecated than the microscope; I found it a desolate wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour; but I knew not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell, almost in a state of insensibility, from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital; over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

"By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me, I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient, in whose head I had taken shelter.

"I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake; for, among other patients in the same ward, was a child about six years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice. For this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician, prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to destruction; I was immerged in the potion, and saw myself approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment close over me.

My fate, however, was otherwise determined, for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse; and after incredible fatigue I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

"I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the physician's order to be removed for a blister.

"Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that though I was entangled in the suds, yet I was deposited unhurt upon the operator's shaving cloth; from whence as he was shaving you this night, I gained your shoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover: but I still hope to find some dwelling where no comb shall ever enter, and no nails shall ever scratch; which neither pincers nor razor shall approach; where I shall pass the remainder of my life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society, and the profusion of plenty."

PROLOGUE TO THE RIVALS.

Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following, and giving a Paper.

Serj. What's here—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again. [*Gives money.*
Serj. The scrawl improves, [*more*] O come, 'tis pretty plain.
Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet and a fee!
Att. Yes, sir!—tho' *you*, without reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the muses cause——*Serj.* So—so!
Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall
On me.——*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.
Att. Some sons of Phœbus in the courts we meet,
Serj. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet.
Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent grace
Of bays—adorns his legal waste of wig.
Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes, thus, on signs, display
A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl!
Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.
Att. Do you then, sir, my client's place supply,
Profuse of robes, and prodigal of fee——
Do you, with all those blushing honours clad,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the court, and flourish on the case.
Serj. For practice then suppose——this brief will show it——
Me, Serjeant Woodward——counsel for the plaintiff.
Us'd to the ground——I know 'tis hard to speak
With this dread *Court*, from whence there's no appeal:
No *tricking* here, to blunt the edge of law,
Or, damn'd in *equity*, escape by *law*:
But *judgment* giv'n——your *sentence* must remain;
No *writ of error* lies——to *Drury-lane*!
Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not *costs of suit*.
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
I think I never fac'd a milder jury!
Sad else our plight!——where frowns are mere suspension,
A hiss the gallows——and a groan damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear
My client waves all *right of challenge* here.
No newsman from *our* session is dismiss'd,
Nor wit nor critic we scratch off the list:
His faults can never hurt another's case,
His crime at worst——a *bad attempt* to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by their general voice will stand or fall.



DON NEWSPAPERS.

, that the world's epitome,
the London newspapers;
wide, we have news in a tide,
ite and odd capers.
met, what a grave looking set,
plac'd on their noses;
o'er the pages now pore,
trange news it discloses.
volunteering,
cution,
—weddings trying,
ught and sold,
o wins and who loses.
iter, bring an evening paper."
sir." "Indeed! it's very late."
ng to the debate last night. The
till almost *night*; and don't ex-
ter till *morning*. Here comes the
on his back, and the *World* in-
iter! what's this?" "The *Sun*,
wet." "Yes, sir." "Oh, yes;
a wet sun all last year, we don't
Waiter! bring me a candle."
see the sun with." "Why can't
hout a candle?—in our country
sir, have you done with that there
; but you may have this here
bring me the *Statesman*." It's
." "Then bring me the *Post* or
are both on the same side, sir."
t gentleman who is spelling the
he cannot oblige the company
g the *British Press* at liberty?"
r *Press* for a *Post*, sir?" "No,
p my *Statesman* for an *Inde-*
I beg pardon, sir; but I have
o that gentleman with the bald
" "Sir." "Why, the file of the
erfect." "Yes, sir; we have
many into France." "Oh, that
'This *Statesman* is abominably
ing me another." "We hav'nt got another, sir." "Send and buy one,—there's plenty of *Statesmen* to be bought." &c.

Keep it up, that's the way, all agog every day,
To know who wins and who loses.
In country, like town, from the peer to the clown
In Europe the great affairs are trying;
Politicians, you know, may be had at the plough,
What the news is they are all inquiring.
Hear the horn's twanging sound to the village resound;
All are anxious, the news come so late in:
Where a party is seen every night at the inn,
And for news most impatiently waiting.
Advertising—things surprising,
Siege of battle—show of cattle,
Fighting cocks—price of stocks,
And in business who wins and who loses.

[*Spoken.*] "Waiter, ask that gentleman to read *pro bono*." "You'll excuse me, sir; but we don't take *that* in." "Landlord, will you have the goodness to read that paper out?" "I beg your pardon, but I can't read very well at first sight, on account of the stops." "Ax Mr. *Boxall*, the undertaker, if he'll read." "No sir: I begs leave to object to that,—he always begins with the deaths, and that is something so professional.—Perhaps Mr. Parchment, the solicitor, will, or show *cause* why he refuses." "Why, sir, I have no objections; and as I hate every thing professional, I'll try if I can amuse you. What's this? Oh, Watkins *versus* Wilkins. This was an action for the recovery of £2. 14s. 9½." "Now didn't I tell you he would begin with something professional. We don't want law,— do we, doctor?" "No, sir; I think the most amusing part of the paper is the accidents. Let me see.—On Thursday last, as a poor labouring man was at work on the top of a ladder in Spring Gardens, he was, by a sudden gust of wind, blown as far as Charing Cross;—he fell at the door of Bish's lucky lottery office, where tickets and shares are selling."—"Pooh, pooh, it's only a lottery puff. I hate all puffs;—don't you, Mr. Pastry-cook?" "No, sir; I don't dislike any body's puffs. Live and let live—that's my motto." "Well, sir, as you have put down the papers, I'll try if I can [illegible]

"Beware of puffs." "Oh, you have no need to tell me that, sir; for I think I smell a puff, the moment I take a paper in my hand. No, no, I'm not to be had. No, no, I think I know a little too much for that. Let me see.—Oh! St. Helena! Ay, now here is something good; this can't be a puff—*St. Helena.* An officer who has just arrived from this island reports the following curious circumstance: That the *ci-devant* emperor declares it is his fixed determination, in opposition to the advice of his faithful followers, to use no other than Turner's blacking, to be had No.—&c.

So keep it up every day, all agog, that's the way,
To know who wins and who loses.
Then they differ in the name, none alike, all the same,
Morning Chronicle, and Day Advertiser,
British Press, Morning Post, Herald, Times, what a host,
We read every day and grow wiser,
The Examiner, Whig, all alive to the gig,
While each one his favourite chooses,
Globe, Star, and Sun, too keep up the fun,
And tell all the world what the news is.
Examination—Botheration,
Consultation—Publication,
Abdication—Botheration,
City feasts—Wild beasts.
And in business who wins and who loses.

(Horn.) Gazette Extraordinary. *(Horn.)* Second edition. Let me see, here must be something good—We stop the press to announce, that if intelligence of any important victory should reach us in the course of the afternoon, we shall publish it in the third edition. *(Horn.)* Third edition of the Gazette Extraordinary. Ay, ay, now for it—let's see—here it is.—We stop the press—I beg you wont press on one so much, sir. We stop the press to announce, that nothing new has arrived since our last.—Great intelligence indeed—certainly very pleasant. *(Imitates a drunken man)* "Waiter! waiter—where the devil are you all—*I want to* have a peep at the papers—how d'ye do?—*how d'ye do?—No* offence I hope; if I intrude, say so—*(attempts to light his pipe at the candle.)*—Never intrudes not no nowhere—what do you laugh at.—*(Laughs.)*—How dare you laugh at me—What a fool a man is to laugh, when he don't know what may happen to him the next minute—well, good night—good night—wish you all a good night—I'll go to bed—I'll go to bed.—If any body has an objection—I hope he'll say so.—Don't mean to offend not no gentleman.—Where's the papers?—hallo! I want the newspapers—*(takes up a paper)*—how I go—I see the door very well.—Gentlemen, don't think I'm drunk—No, I'm not drunk—I can walk very well,—and I can *dice-up*—very well.—I'm not drunk, I'm not drunk.—I see the door—and there it is.—Betty chambermaid,—get me a candle—I'm going to bed.—Betty!—girl!—that's the wench;—she goes forty times a day up stairs and never comes down again.—Good night,—good night—&c. &c. "I say, sir, do you ever read the paper cross-ways?" "Always, sir, from one end of the to the other."—"I don't mean that." "What do you mean?" "I mean from one side of the paper to the other."—"No, sir! I always read from top to bottom." "Pooh, pooh, nonsense; I mean the readings."—"You'll make me very cross if you do so." "Only allow me, sir, you shall have last night, a young gentleman made his first appearance in the arduous character of Hamlet—and performed it with great ease in less than fifteen minutes—with a lady's lap dog; answers to the name of Fanny—if he will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall be kindly received. A beautiful spotted cow is now exhibiting at Exeter—for the benefit of twenty-six motherless children. An overdose of [illegible] Fleet-street, and entered the dwelling house of Baily's glass manufactory, where he did considerable damage; due notice will be given of his next appearance. Wants a place as a groom, a young man of respectability, who can give an unexceptionable character; letters post paid, will find him ironed in Newgate, for horse-stealing. Last night a cat of Lady Dimbledon produced six kittens—two regiments of soldiers ready for embarkation. A [illegible] fellow was lately taken into custody, [illegible]



suspicion of several robberies
n searching his pockets, they
n—six-chaldrons of coals, two
: horses. Lost, a lady's reticule,
:hest of mahogany drawers, and
at Leeds, Josiah Jones, Esq.
kins of that place—he seem'd
ıte.—The minister pronounced
the law on the unhappy wretch;
ıg young man, about five and
ınd in all other respects, be-
coming propriety.
ıt's the way, all agog every day,
, and who loses.

PRESENT AGE.

riends, of vain applause,
ental rhymes;
let's call another cause,
out the *times*.
ı ever known,
is the oddest;
re *honest grown*,
women modest.
ow are fond of fees,
f their dues;
the court one sees,
vhat crowded pews!
heir friends deceive,
es of favour;
y make them once believe,
lly endeavour.
ıeaven defend us all!
say about 'em;
reat, and I'm but *small*,
g on without 'em.
, what a virtuous race,
ırthly treasures,
onour's glorious chase,
verse to pleasures.
an now forsakes his shop,
or news?
urt accepts a sop,
ırested views.

No soaking sot his spouse neglects,
For mugs of mantling nappy:
Nor madly squanders his effects,
To make himself quite happy.
No *lawyer*, slave to Mammon's will,
Now seeks the venal tribe,
With high-raised hopes, applies the till
To frail elector's bribe.
Or, if there are,—no men are found,
Long held the people's friend,
Who, mark'd for doctrines pure and sound,
Such measures to defend.
See spies, informers, jugglers, liars,
Despised and out of fashion,
And statesmen, now grown self-deniers,
Fly all unlawful passion.
Happy the nation thus endow'd,
So void of wants and crimes;
All zealous for the public good:
Oh! these are glorious times!
"Your character," with wondrous stare,
Says Tom, "is mighty high, sir;
But pray forgive me, if I swear
I think 'tis all a lie, sir."—
"Ha! think you so, my honest clown?
Then take another sight on't!
Just turn the picture upside down,
I fear you'll see the right on't."

SHAKSPEARE'S COMMENTATORS IMITATED.

"*Stilton Cheese*."—So, some of the old copies; yet the 4to, 1600, reads "*Tilton*." But I confess the word *Tilton* gives me no idea. I find *Stilton* to be a village in Huntingdonshire, famous for its cheese—a fact which clearly evinces the propriety of the reading in the old copy, and justifies my emendation.

Theobald.

Here we have a very critical note! the word *Tilton* can give Mr. Theobald no idea. And it is true, words cannot give a man what nature has denied him. But, though our critic may be ignorant of it, it is well known that, in the days of chivalry, Tilting was a

very common amusement in this country; and I find that, during the performance of these martial exercises, the spectators were frequently entertained with a sort of cheese, which, from the occasion on which it was made, was called *Tilting*, and by corruption *Tilton* cheese. Mr. Theobald's emendation, therefore, as needless and truly absurd, ought by all means to be rejected. *Warburton.*

The emendation, in my opinion, is not more absurd than the remark which the learned annotator has made upon it. There is, indeed, a stupid error in some of the old copies. But discordant opinions are not always nugatory, and by much agitation the truth is elicited. I think Mr. Theobald's alteration right. *Johnson.*

Stilton is a village in Huntingdonshire, on the great North road. *Tilton*, though not so well known, is a village in Leicestershire. In an old collection of songs, black letter, no date, we read "*Tilton's* homely fare," which all critics will allow can only mean cheese. In an old MS. of which I remember neither the date nor the title, *Tilton* is said to abound in rich pasturage; both which circumstances make it highly probable, that our author wrote, not as Mr. Theobald supposes, *Stilton*, but *Tilton*; though I confess the passage is not without difficulty. *Steevens.*

THE FIRE-IRONS.

Mr. Chose was gravely reading the original Hasen Slawkenbergius at one side of the fire, and Mrs. Chose sat darning old worsted stockings at the other. By some untoward accident, the fire-irons were all on Mrs. Chose's side. "My dear," said Mr. Chose, "how miserable it makes me to gaze on any thing that looks ununiform: be kind enough, my dear, to let me have the poker on my side."—Mrs. Chose, who was busy taking a long stitch at the time, replied, "I'll give it you presently, my love." "Nay, prithee put me out of pain at once; 'tis absolutely quite distressing to my eye—the fire-place looks like a pig with one ear."—"One fiddlestick! How can you be *so excessive* whimsical?"—"How do you mean *whimsical?*"—"Lord, man! don't be so plague *fidgetty!*"—"No, madam, I am no such thing!"—"Pray, sir, don't put yo fluster."—"I tell you I am not say, sir, you are. For shame! yourself in such a passion!"—" "Yes, sir, you are."—"'Tis fal "Madam, 'tis no such thing."— think I'll submit to such provoki "You shall submit."—"I sh you."—"You can't."—"By h "By heavens, sir!"—"Hold Chose."—"I won't, Mr. Cho ranted, the more she raved; th outdo each other in provocation, so high, that Mr. Chose declared with Mrs. Chose an hour long declared she would not sleep an the same roof.

"Madam," said the husband, should part." "With all my h "Agreed!" said he. "Agree lawyer was absolutely sent for, t cles of separation; but being a " peace-loving, strife-quelling sort to hear the particulars that led t a harsh conclusion. He was qu business, but obstinately perse Addressing himself to the husb you both fully agreed upon a yes!" exclaimed both parties.

"Well, sir, what are your rea "Sir, I can't inform you."—" so kind as to acquaint me?"— not."—"If that is the case," s lawyer, "I venture to pronoun originated in something so trivia ashamed to own it." He urged that he at length exerted the r sist from his friendly interferen satisfaction to reestablish the m Warned by his friendly admon couple grew more circumspect aggravating in their manners, an off wrangling, and lived happy.



E BEST AND MR. SCARLETT, ARRISTERS.

, as the old woman would say, His eye is peculiarly brilliant, ips together, and shakes his termination, which makes his re of his verdict.

: not be confounded with Mr. o is generally called *Second* wyer, in the opinion of some, gnated *First Heat*. There are profession; and it is only for at Mr. Scarlett is called the bar.

SING AT THE THEATRES, WITH A CLUB OF DAMNED AUTHORS, SERS.

persons whom the world has gnate by the title of *Damned* morable season of dramatic nich no fewer, I think, than medies, one opera, and three ry-lane theatre, I was found an afterpiece, and was *damned*. the public in such instances . The clerk of Chatham might against the decision of Cade were then the *public*. Like because I could write. Not ne of us, that the measures of t that period savoured a little he *summum jus*. The public season fleshed upon the *Vin-* e pieces of that nature, and it remainder of it a relish of n would have said, sir, there on in the house.

ed to inquire into the reason ity, on the other hand, with e treated, which, to indifferent t as much deserving of con- those which met with it. I am willing to put a favourable construction upon the votes that were given against us; I believe that there was no bribery or designed partiality in the case;—only "our nonsense did not happen to suit their nonsense;" that was all. But against the *manner* in which the public on these occasions think fit to deliver their disapprobation, I must and ever will protest. Sir, imagine —— but you have been present at the damning of a piece——those who never had that felicity, I beg them to imagine—a vast theatre, like that which Drury-lane was, before it was a heap of dust and ashes—a theatre like that, filled with all sorts of disgusting sounds,—shrieks, groans, hisses, but chiefly the last, like the noise of many waters, or that which Don Quixote heard from the fulling-mills, or that wilder combination of devilish sounds which St. Anthony listened to in the wilderness.

I never shall forget the sounds on *my night*; I never before that time fully felt the reception which the Author of All Ill in the Paradise Lost meets with from the critics in the *pit*, at the final close of his tragedy upon the human race—though that, alas! met with too much success—

——— from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal *hiss*, the sound
Of public scorn.—Dreadful was the d
Of *hissing* through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and tail,
Scorpion and asp, and Amphisbœna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
And Dipsas.

For hall substitute theatre, and you have the very image of what takes place at what is called the *damnation* of a piece,—and properly so called; for here you see its origin plainly, whence the custom was derived, and what the first piece was that so suffered. After this none can doubt the propriety of the appellation.

Indeed, I have often wondered that some modest critic has not proposed, that there should be a wooden machine to that effect erected in some convenient part of the proscenium, which an unsuccessful au-

tious, as they are removed from any possibility of retaliation, the hope of which sweetens most other injuries:—for the public *never writes itself*.——Not but something very like it took place at the time of the O.-P. differences. The placards which were nightly exhibited, were, properly speaking, the composition of the public.—The public wrote them, the public applauded them, and precious morceaux of wit and eloquence they were; except some few, of a better quality, which it is well known were furnished by professed dramatic writers. After this specimen of what the public can do for itself, it should be a little slow in condemning what others do for it. As the degrees of malignancy vary in people according as they have more or less of the Old Serpent (the father of hisses) in their composition, I have sometimes amused myself with analyzing this many-headed hydra, which calls itself the public, into the component parts of which it is "complicated, head and tail," and seeing how many varieties of the snake kind it can afford.

First, there is the *Common English Snake*.—This is that part of the auditory who are always the majority at damnations, but who, having no critical venom in themselves to sting them on, stay till they hear others hiss, and then join in for company.

The *Whip Snake*.—T
author the next day in th
The *Deaf Adder*, or
—Under this head may
the spectators (for audi
who not finding the first
preconceived notions o
like *Obstinate*, in *John*
their fingers in their ea
word of what is comin
next act may be compo
possible, and be writte
These adders refuse to h
because the tuning of
offence.

I should weary my
were to go through al
kind. Two qualities ar
are creatures of remar
chiefly haunt *pits* and l

I proceed with more
of a club to which I
There are fourteen of
have been once in our
We meet on the anniver
and make ourselves mer



man of genius in his senses would
asting such a capricious, ungrate-
be only legitimate end of writing
their pockets, and, *that failing*,
erty to vilify and abuse them as
ink fit.

their affected pretences to humi-
de use of as a cloak to insinuate
he callous senses of the multitude,
g but the grossest flattery, have
at great beast their master; as we
to children till we are obliged to
t. That authors are and ought to
asters and preceptors of the pub-
ers. That it was so in the days
and Musæus, and would be so
not that writers prove traitors to
in particular, in the days of the
e great authors just mentioned,
have been perfect models of what
; for though along with the trees
he wild creatures, which he drew
his strains, some serpents doubt-
is music, it does not appear that
ever lifted up a *dissentient voice*.
is due to authors in those days.
d stone turns into a serpent, and

Courteous Reader" and "Can-
aving given rise to a false notion
ey were applied, as if they com-
me right, *which they cannot have*,
judgments, ought to be utterly
fed,
itinguishing tenets. To keep up
cause in which we suffered, as
ed a goat, a supposed unhealthy
ies, on our feast-nights we cut
al typical of the *popular voice*,
ndour and Patient Hearing. A
the society once proposed that we
bsolete luxury of viper-broth;
some of the company rising at

the proposition, we lost the benefit of that highly salutary and *antidotal club*. The privilege of admission to our club is strictly limited to such as have been fairly *damned*. A piece that has met with ever so little applause, that has but languished its night or two, and then gone out, will never entitle its author to a seat among us. An exception to our usual readiness in conferring this privilege is, in the case of a writer, who, having been once condemned, writes again, and becomes candidate for a second martyrdom. Simple damnation we hold to be a merit, but to be twice damned we adjudge infamous. Such a one we utterly reject, and black-ball without a hearing:

The common damn'd shun his society.

Hoping that this publication of our regulations may be a means of inviting some more members into our society, I conclude this history.

SEMEL-DAMNATUS.

PREMATURE FRUIT.

An author had just seen one of his pieces damned at the theatre, when he had somewhat recovered from the mortification of this fall, he went to visit the actress who had played the principal part; he told her, in the hope that she would say something to console him, that the public was not always just; that, besides, his friends were wrong for having pressed him so much to write, and that the fruit was not yet ripe.—"Oh, ripe or not," replied the actress, "it has, however, fallen."

SPANISH PRIDE.

A Spanish ambassador was one day vaunting to Henry IV. of France, the power of his master. The king, in order to take down the Spaniard's vanity, observed to him, with a lively air of raillery, that if he were to take it into his head to get on horseback, he could go and breakfast at Milan, hear mass at Rome, and dine at Naples. "Sire," replied the ambassador, "if your majesty travels so fast, you might also go and hear *vespers at Sicily* on the same day."

THE TYBURN TRAGEDY.

On the Murder of John Hays, by his wife Catherine, in 1726, *for which she was burnt alive at Tyburn, May* 9, *in the same year.*

In *Tyburn*-road, a man there liv'd
A just and honest life,
And there he might have lived still
If so had pleas'd his wife.

But she, to vicious ways inclin'd,
A life most wicked led,
With tailors and with tinkers too
She oft defil'd his bed.

Full twice a day to church he went,
And so devout would be,
Sure never was a saint on earth,
If that no saint was he!

This vex'd his wife unto the heart,
She was of wrath so full,
That, finding no hole in his *coat*,
She pick'd one in his *skull*.

But then her heart began to relent,
And griev'd she was so sore,
That quarter to him for to give,
She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of night,
These quarters she convey'd,
And in a ditch at Marybone,
His marrow-bones she laid.

His head at Westminster she threw,
All in the Thames so wide;
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.

But heav'n, whose power no limit knows
On earth, or on the main,
Soon caus'd this head for to be thrown
Upon the land again.

This head being found, the justices
Their heads together laid;
And all agreed there must have been
Some body to this head.

But, since no body could be found,
High mounted on a shelf,
They e'en set up this head to be
A witness for itself.

Next, that it no self-murder was,
The case itself explains,
For no man could cut off his head,
And throw it in the Thames.

Ere many days had gone and past,
The deed at length was known,
And Cath'rine she confess'd, at last,
The fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all,
And grant that we may take advice
By Catherine Hays's fall.

ON BURIAL SOCIETIES.

I was once amused with having the following notice thrust into my hand by a man who stood at the corner of Fleet-market. Whether I had prognostics about me, that made him think it a notice seasonable, I cannot say; I must confess I carry in a countenance (naturally sad) some traces of a fever which had not long left me. Undertakers have a good instinctive way of distinguishing the sort of people that are likeliest to be customers to their papers.

"BURIAL SOCIETY.

"A favourable opportunity now offers for any person, of either sex, who would wish to be buried in a genteel manner, by paying one shilling and two pence per week for the benefit of the Society. Members to be free in six months. The money to be paid at Mr. Middleton's, at the sign of the *Bell*, and the *Last*, Stonecutter's-street, Fleet-market. The deceased to be furnished as follows: a handsome coffin, covered with superfine black, [illegible] with two rows, all round, close down with japanned nails, and adorned with cherubs and a handsome plate of inscription, angel and flower beneath, and four pair of handles with wrought gripes; the coffin to be [illegible]

led with fine crape; a handsome crape
td pillow. For use, a handsome velvet
tlemen's cloaks, three crape hatbands,
d scarfs, and six pair of gloves; two
ed to attend the funeral, a man to at-
with band and gloves; also the burial
ot exceeding one guinea."

ys Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble
id in ashes, and pompous in the grave."
up this little advertisement, certainly
appetite in the species, and has made
inion for it. It really almost induces
upon one to read it. Methinks I could
ie, in death to be so attended. The
ound close-drove best black japanned
eelingly do they invite and almost
suade us to come and be fastened down.
ead can resist the temptation to repose,
ape shroud, the cap, and the pillow,
t sting is there in death, which the
wrought gripes are not calculated to
what victory in the grave, which the
e velvet pall do not render at least
utable? but above all, the pretty em-
with angel above and flower beneath,
tily.

goes on to inform us, that though the
en established but a very few years,
even hundred persons have put down
It is really an affecting consideration
many poor people, of the industrious
ing class (for none but such would be
uch a generous forethought) clubbing
es to save the reproach of a parish-
y a poor fellow, I dare swear, has that
er kept from the *Angel* and *Punch-*
o provide himself a bier, he has cur-
of beer. Many a savoury morsel has
been deprived of, that the lifeless one
ed up in a richer state to the worms.
e body could understand the actions
and entertained generous notions of
d thank its provident partner, that she
had been more solicitous to defend it from dishonours at its dissolution, than careful to pamper it with good things in the time of its union. If Cæsar were chiefly anxious at his death how he might die most decently, every Burial Society may be considered as a club of Cæsars.

Nothing tends to keep up in the imaginations of the poorer sort of people a generous horror of the workhouse more than the manner in which pauper funerals are conducted in this metropolis. The coffin nothing but a few naked planks, coarsely put together, —the want of a pall (that decent and well-imagined veil, which, hiding the coffin that hides the body, keeps that which would shock us at two removes from us), the coloured coats of the men that are hired, at cheap rates, to carry the body,—altogether, give the notion of the deceased having been some person of an ill-life and conversation, some one who may not claim the entire rites of burial,—one by whom some parts of the sacred ceremony would be desecrated if they should be bestowed upon him. I meet these meagre processions sometimes in the street. They are sure to make me out of humour and melancholy all the day after. They have a harsh and ominous aspect.

If there is any thing in the prospectus issued from Mr. Middleton's, Stonecutter's-street, which pleases me less than the rest, it is to find, that the six pair of gloves are to be returned, that they are only lent, as the bill expresses it, for use, on the occasion. The hoods, scarfs, and hatbands, may properly enough be given up after the solemnity; the cloaks no gentleman would think of keeping; but a pair of gloves, once fitted on, ought not in courtesy to be redemanded. The wearer should certainly have the fee-simple of them. The cost would be but trifling, and they would be a proper memorial of the day. This part of the proposals wants reconsidering. It is not conceived in the same liberal way of thinking as the rest. I am also a little doubtful whether the limit, within which the burial-fee is made payable, should not be extended to thirty shillings.

Some provision too ought to be made in favour of

ose well-intentioned persons and well-wishers to e fund, who having all along paid their subscrip- ons regularly, are so unfortunate as to die before ne six months, which would entitle them to their reedom, are quite completed. One can hardly magine a more distressing case than that of a poor ellow lingering on in a consumption till the period of his freedom is almost in sight, and then finding him- self going with a velocity which makes it doubtful whether he shall be entitled to his funeral honours: his quota to which he nevertheless squeezes out, to the diminution of the comforts which sickness de- mands. I think, in such cases, some of the contri- bution-money ought to revert. With some such mo- difications, which might easily be introduced, I see nothing in these proposals of Mr. Middleton which is not strictly fair and genteel; and heartily recommend them to all persons of moderate incomes, in either sex, who are willing that this perishable part of them should quit the scene of its mortal activities with as handsome circumstances as possible.

Before I quit the subject, I must guard my readers against a scandal which they may be apt to take at the place whence these proposals purport to be issued. From the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, they may conclude that Mr. Middleton is some publican, who, in assembling a club of this description at his house, may have a sinister end of his own, altogether foreign to the solemn purpose for which the club is pretended to be instituted. I must set them right by informing them, that the issuer of these proposals is no publican, though he hangs out a sign, but an honest super- intendant of funerals, who, by the device of a cradle and coffin, connecting both ends of human existence together, has most ingeniously contrived to insinuate, that the framers of these *first* and *last* receptacles of mankind divide this our life betwixt them, and that all that passes from the midwife to the undertaker may, in strict propriety, *go for nothing*: an awful and instructive lesson to human vanity.

ACCOMMODATING DEAFNESS.

Mr. Garrow in examining a witness who happened to be deaf, and whose deafness it was Mr. G.'s part to make appear pretended, said to him in a low tone,—"So, you have the audacity to be deaf, sir?" "Yes, sir." "You have great difficulty in hearing?" "Yes, sir, very." "And I was obliged till I raised my voice thus (*lowering it still more*) that you could hear what I said at all?"

THE DEJEUNE. A PINDARIC ODE.

And was the sorrow so profound,
So deep the anguish of despair
Which seized Eliza's bosom fair,
That like a sudden frost it bound
Her utterance, and forbade to flow
The murmuring eloquence of woe?
And for a breakfast?—No! I must not think
A breakfast o'er that heart could so prevail.
Nor, that the lost delights to eat and drink
Could with such pangs that spirit pay mine!
Though tranced fancy show'd the bliss below
In visionary feast displaying all my larder.

Yet well I know—for I beheld,
(Though grief, my stomach's pride debasing,
Forbade me then to think of eating)—
I know—for I, with sorrow quell'd,
Sat gazing sad, for many an hour,
The breakfast I might not devour,—
I know, how touch'd with hopes inimical to
His cold heart kindling high with
That larder sent forth all his
His out-spread pride, and pomp of
Still, still I see it; nothing else I can
While that unparallel'd breakfast
fancy.

I see him—yes, I recognise him;
High 'mid the scene, in kingly
Towering from gigantic plain,
Mouth-watering fancy
Kingly, yet rob'd but in his own
Dark richness of deep-glowing
The great sirloin of beef.—august
In his pure native
No knife hath touch'd him; never
Have dar'd his majesty of form



death-pang it will sweeten,
v'd—first by THEE to be eaten.
! there are the eggs !
with close-fitted legs !
f brandy !
ie best sugar-candy,
igar for coffee !
ood ham cut off ! he
an indifferent carver ;
hand of a barber.
lish
and fish,
char
e
irface under :
wind and weather,
nder,
together !
il ! one of widgeons !
mix'd with pigeons !
tridges
cold leg of mutton
hat tart rich is !
it yesterday put on
ir breathes from them, though

l it in ashes is sleeping,
: It will never grow old,
own selves are the worse for

! and that
id that honey !
here, so round and so flat,
love ; not for money,
Vest India ship,
mething from every trip.
full of sweet-
of meat ;
treat !—
sted over
right and fair !
et doth that blackness cover
h as rare.

Plums are in it, many a one,
That the schoolboy's darling are ;
Peel of lemon ! cinnamon !
Oh ! a thousand things unknown,
Mingling flavours, each outdone
By the other, yet so run
Each into each, they seem but one !
They the schoolboy's love would share,
But that they so blended are.
Cake so dark ! thou'rt dear to me ;
Thou a bridal cake might'st be
Happy bride, to feast on thee !
Yea, happy feasted bride !—But happier he,
Far happier wight than any feast can make,
Tho' all these dainty dishes there should be,
And daintier thou than all, delicious cake !—
Far happier he, whose fond endeavours
To win Eliza's love success shall crown :
When postboys bear the bride's gay favours,
Fast thupdering
Thro' the wondering
Crowds that come out from all corners of the town ;
The ribands their capp'd heads adorning.
Ribands far brighter than the morning
E'er from her wardrobe brought, to deck
The head, and dangle down the neck
Of Phœbus, that celestial charioteer !
When thro' the spring-tide of the year,
He with his radiant throng
Urges his steeds along,
Till in the western wave they steep their prone career.

But whither has my muse been carried ?
Sweet maid ! I did suppose thee married,
And was beginning thy epithalamium :
Who to thy rivals ! in ode thus shame I 'am,
Let Gretna Green look dull,
For bride so beautiful
Ne'er whirl'd to her along the great North road,
Hadst thou a ward of chancery been,
And thou hadst gone off to Gretna Green,
That court had all gone mad, I wean,

The chancellor and the masters all;
And round about their own court hall
The tresses of their powder'd wigs had strow'd.
But what is this, that foaming white,
In the clear tumbler mantles bright,
And overflows?—I know it well;
Thy vats its fountains were, James Fell!
And what this flood of deeper brown,
Which a white foam does also crown,
Less white than snow, more white than mortar?
Oh, my soul! can this be porter?
See! see beef-steaks, and see a goose,
Steaming hot, and bath'd in juice!
There a roast pig uprises sudden!
And that's a vision of a pudding!
Mighty breakfast, what dishes thine are!
Almost might'st thou seem a dinner,
But that I see the chocolate there,
And the thick-dropping cream, and the sugar fair;
And, in ollier richness than tongue can utter,
Plates of crumpet, and plates of muffin,
And the hottest of rolls, with grease enough in;
Excellent all! and glorious stuffing!
And that eternal pair, dry toast, and bread and butter.
Oh! strange are the sights that are swimming before me!—
Won't that fierce boiling water flow o'er me?
In its glittering urn how it raves,
Beating its prison with struggling waves!
I scarcely can think that cold will benumb it e'er;
Two hundred and twelve of Fahrenheit's thermometer.
In madness it dances and sings,
And bubbling and tossing it flings
A cloud from its bosom: that cloud on the air
Now mounting aloft, and now wandering afar,
Floats delighted; and see! it dissolves.
Thus often my love-fever'd spirit evolves
A fair vapoury vision—the vision of song!
It mounts in its beauty, it saileth along
Thro' the regions of ether, and lovely it seems
To the uplifted eye, as a pageant of dreams.
The eye fondly pursues it, rapt'd, yet [illegible]
To make out where the devil 'twill be [illegible]
Where? Ah, nowhere!—'tis melted [illegible]
For grief, like an atmosphere, everywhe[illegible]
Around me and over me, rests eterna[illegible]
And in that dull atmosphere suddenly [illegible]
The fair vision of song gives its wan[illegible]

THE FRENCHMAN IS LOST

"*Helas man Dieu,*" cried Monsieur [illegible]
"vat grande palais you call dat for [illegible]
Palais Royal vere your king reside[illegible]
place down there, the Palais Royal [illegible]
stupid head, that's the Fleet prison." "[illegible]
you please—I write down in my b[illegible]
call—umph? (*writes*) dat is de F[illegible]
Lovet's stupid head, and de fleet is [illegible]
vat you call dat *grande maison* [illegible]
great prince as live dere?" "Wh[illegible]
down by the water,"—"That pla[illegible]
"That's one of the honours of Gr[illegible]
what's call'd Greenwich Hospita[illegible]
our brave British tars, who have [illegible]
and their strength, or may-be lo[illegible]
their country's service, have a c[illegible]
life. You can't boast of such t[illegible]
"Stay, *sair*, till I shall write [illegible]
green—vat you call—um—um[illegible]
have lose dere limb make von [illegible]
sair, vat you call de house de[illegible]
dere vid de"—"What, dow[illegible]
that Blue Coat School, institu[illegible]
clothes a hundred and seven[illegible]
bless 'em, fine looking boys,—[illegible]
morning at breakfast, just to [illegible]
dear little scoundrels,—oh! [illegible]
tle rogues."
"Umph! de blue sch[illegible]
and seventy leetle scoundre[illegible]
Vat you call dat great b[illegible]
house; dat is vat you call [illegible]
for de great man?"
"Umph! that black [illegible]



on, though a great many great men
t—umph!—that is the palace of St.
ır beloved monarch holds his court."
lat de grand Palais Royal! *sacre*
; I vill take down vat you have
ive in de black ugly maison of de
n hundred and seventy leetle rogue,
, vich he feed vid a muffin,—dey
etreat and lose dere limb— in de
ill—honeur to Great Britain—lord
—put de fleet in prison—Ah! dat
do, *sair*."
ve you made your proper remarks
l town?"—*Sair*, I'ave very much
y metropolis."

COGENT REASON.

is had long promised a new piece,
as personified. A lady of quality
t to see it, asked one of the actors
presented. "We cannot represent
because the young lady who was
just been brought to bed."

ARRIAGE PORTION.

hens, once asked a Lacedemonian
ıtire, what portion she had given to
'y chastity," was her noble reply.

CONVIVIAL WILL.

ıdlewent, late of Lincoln's Inn, in
Middlesex, Esq. deceased, proved

ess will and desire that I may be
, in the county of Somerset, if I die
carried down there, (but not in a
have any parade or coach to attend
ne be carried in any vehicle with
possible, to Bath, so as the same
ıe sum of 25*l.* and when I arrive
poor people of Western do support
rave, and that six poor women and
estern do attend me to the grave,
ıried at twelve at noon, and each of
them to have half-a-guinea; and I hereby order and direct, that a good boiled ham, a dozen fowls, a sirloin of beef, with plumb-puddings, may be provided at the Crown, in Western, for the said eighteen poor people, besides the clerk and sexton. And I allow five guineas for the same; and I request and hope they will be as merry and cheerful as possible, for I conceive it a mere farce to put on the grimace of weeping, crying, and snivelling, and the like, which can answer no good end, either to the living or dead, and which I reprobate in the highest terms.——Codicil; I desire that after I am buried, there be a cold collation provided at the public-house, a sirloin of beef, potatoes, and a fillet of veal, with plenty of good ale, where I hope they will refresh themselves with decency and propriety. No friends, or relatives whatever to attend my funeral."

AWKWARD QUESTION.

A French general, who was at once jealous and parasitical, said to the duke d'Enghien, who had just gained the celebrated battle of Rocroi, in 1643. "What will the envious now say of your glory?" "*I know not*," replied the prince; *I should wish to ask you the question.*"

THE STROLLING MANAGER.

Behold me now at the summit of my ambition, "the high top-gallant of my joy," as Romeo says. No longer a chieftain of a wandering tribe, but a monarch of a legitimate throne, and entitled to call even the great potentates of Covent-garden and Drury-lane cousins. You no doubt think my happiness complete. Alas, sirs! I was one of the most uncomfortable dogs living. No one knows, who has not tried, the miseries of a manager; but above all, of a country manager.—No one can conceive the contentions and quarrels within doors the oppressions and vexations from without. I was pestered with the bloods and loungers of a country town, who infested my green-room, and played the mischief among my actresses. But there was no shaking them off. It would have been ruin to affront them; for though troublesome friends, they would have been dangerous

was a mixture that produced perpetual ferment. They were all the time either fighting or frolicking with each other, and I scarcely know which mood was least troublesome. If they quarrelled, every thing went wrong; and if they were friends, they were continually playing off some prank upon each other or upon me; for I had unhappily acquired among them the character of an easy, good-natured fellow—the worst character that a manager can possess.

Their waggery at times drove me almost crazy; for there is nothing so vexatious as the hackneyed tricks and hoaxes and pleasantries of a veteran band of theatrical vagabonds. I relished them well enough it is true, while I was merely one of the company, but as manager I found them detestable. They were incessantly bringing some disgrace upon the theatre by their tavern frolics, and their pranks about the country town. All my lectures about the importance of keeping up the dignity of the profession and the respectability of the company were in vain. The villains could not sympathize with the delicate feelings of a man in station. They even trifled with the seriousness of stage business. I have had the whole piece interrupted, and a crowded audience of at least twenty-five pounds, kept waiting, because the actors

town, and anxious to be tho
terms with her. It was rea
some random young noblem
of the bait, and awe all this
I have always felt myself m
man, than with the dandy o

And then the injuries I
dignity and my managerical
of these great London actor
longer master of myself on
tored and lectured in my ow
an absoluted nincompoop o
is no tyrant so absolute and
star at a country theatre. I
of them, and yet if I did not
of having the public clamo
drew full houses, and appe
fortune; but they swallowe
their insatiable demands.
worms to my little theatre;
poorer it grew. They were
exhausted public, empty be
of affronts to settle among t
quence of misunderstandi
places.

But the worst thing I had



greatness was of a kind not to be settled by to the court calendar, or college of heraldry; refore the most quarrelsome kind of great- istence. You smile, sir, but let me tell you no feuds more furious than the frontier feuds e place in these "debatable lands" of gen- ne most violent dispute that I ever knew in vas one which occurred at a country town, tion of precedence between the ladies of a urer of pins and a manufacturer of needles. town where I was situated there were per- rcations of the kind. The head manufac- ly, for instance, was at daggers-drawings vead shopkeeper's, and both were too rich o many friends to be treated lightly. The nd lawyer's ladies held their heads still ut they in their turn were kept in check by f a country banker, who kept her own car- iile a masculine widow of cracked character l-hand fashion, who lived in a large house, ed to be in some way related to nobility, wn upon them all. To be sure her manners over elegant, nor her fortune over large; sir, her blood—oh, her blood carried it all here was no withstanding a woman with l in her veins.

l, her claims to high connexion were ques- l she had frequent battles for precedence d assemblies with some of the sturdy dames ghbourhood, who stood upon their wealth virtue; but then she had two dashing who dressed as fine as dragoons, had as as their mother, and seconded her in every they carried their point with high heads, body hated, abused, and stood in awe of llins.

e the state of the fashionable world in this ant little town. Unluckily, I was not as ated with its politics as I should have nd found myself a stranger and in great s during my first season; I determined, o put myself under the patronage of some ame, and thus to take the field with the prejudices of the public in my favour. I cast round my thoughts for the purpose, and in an evil hour they fell upon Mrs. Fantadlin. No one seemed to me to have a more absolute sway in the world of fashion. I had always noticed that her party slammed the box door the loudest at the theatre; that her daughters entered like a tempest with a flutter of red shawls and feathers; had most beaux attending on them; talked and laughed during the performance, and used quizzing glasses incessantly. The first evening of my theatre's reopening, therefore, was announced in staring capitals on the play bills, as under the patronage of "the Honourable Mrs. Fantadlin."

Sir, the whole community flew to arms! Presume to patronize the theatre! insufferable! and then for me to dare to term her "The Honourable!" What claim has she to the title, forsooth? The fashionable world had long groaned under the tyranny of the Fantadlins, and were glad to make a common cause against this new instance of assumption. All minor feuds were forgotten. The doctor's lady and the lawyer's lady met together, and the manufacturer's lady and the shopkeeper's lady kissed each other; and all, headed by the banker's lady, voted the theatre a *bore*, and determined to encourage nothing but the Indian Jugglers and Mr. Walker's Eidouranion.

Such was the rock on which I split. I never got over the patronage of the Fantadlin family. My house was deserted; my actors grew discontented because they were ill paid; my door became a hammering place for every bailiff in the county; and my wife became more and more shrewish and tormenting the more I wanted comfort.

I tried for a time the usual consolation of a harassed and henpecked man: I took to the bottle, and tried to tipple away my cares, but in vain. I don't mean to decry the bottle; it is no doubt an excellent remedy in many cases, but it did not answer in mine. It cracked my voice, coppered my nose, but neither improved my wife nor my affairs. My establishment became a scene of confusion and peculation. I was considered a ruined man, and of course fair game for every one to pluck at, as every one plunders a sinking

a transcendent, running through all those relations. His office is to supply the place of self-agency in the family, who are presumed incapable of it through grief. He is eyes, and ears, and hands, to the whole household. A draught of wine cannot go round to the mourners, but he must minister it. A chair may hardly be restored to its place by a less solemn hand than his. He takes upon himself all functions, and is a sort of ephemeral major-domo! He distributes his attentions among the company assembled according to the degree of affliction, which he calculates from the degree of kin to the deceased; and marshals them accordingly in the procession. He himself is of a sad and tristful countenance; yet such as (if well examined) is not without some show of patience and resignation at bottom: prefiguring, as it were, to the friends of the deceased what their grief shall be when the hand of Time shall have softened and taken down the bitterness of their first anguish; so handsomely can he fore-shape and anticipate the work of time. Lastly, with his wand, as with another divining rod, he calculates the depth of earth at which the bones of the dead man may rest, which he ordinarily contrives may be at such a distance from the surface of this earth, as may frustrate the profane attempts of such as would violate his repose, yet sufficiently on this side the centre to give his friends hopes of an easy and practicable resurrection. And here we leave him, casting in dust to dust, which is the last friendly office that he *undertakes* to do.

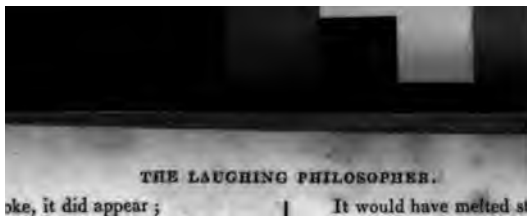
INTERPRETATION.

An individual of the court of Louis XIII., was playing at piquet in an open gallery. Having noticed by his return cards that he had unwisely discarded, he exclaimed, "*I am a real Goussut.*" (This was the name of a president who did not enjoy the reputation of being one of the most enlightened men of his age.) It happened, by chance, that the president was standing behind the player, who had not perceived him; and greatly offended upon the occasion, he said to the former, "You are a fool." "*You are perfectly right,*" rejoined the other, "*that was what I meant to say.*"

THE MAIDEN'S BLOODY GARLAND, HIGH-STREET TRAGEDY.

Tune—"*There were three pa*

A mournful ditty I will tell,
Ye knew poor Sarah Holly well
Who at the Golden Leg did dwell.
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho
She was in love, as some do say,
Her sweetheart made her go astray
And at the last did her betray.
Heigh-ho, &c.
The babe within her womb did pay
Unto her sweetheart she did he.
And tears like rain fell from her ey
Heigh-ho, &c.
But oh! the wretch's heart was h
He to her cries gave no regard.
"Is this," says she, "my love's
Heigh-ho, &c.
"Oh! woe is me! I am betray'd,
Oh had I liv'd a spotless maid,
I ne'er with sobs and sighs had
Heigh-ho, &c.
"But now I'm press'd with grie
And quiet ne'er again can know,
God grant my soul to heaven may
Heigh-ho, &c.
"For I my wretched days must e
Yet e'en for thee my prayers I'll
I die to all the world a friend."
Heigh-ho, &c.
Then to her friends she bid "ad
And gave to each some token true
With—"Think on me when this
—Heigh-ho, &c.
Unto the ostler at the Bear,
She gave a ringlet of her hair,
And said—"Farewell, my dearest
Heigh-ho, &c.
O then to madam Luff she said,
"To-morrow morn come to my b
And there you'll find me quite st
Heigh-ho, &c.



oke, it did appear ;
r call'd, she could not hear :
cut from ear to ear.
Heigh-ho, &c.
was in her shown,
saw, nor heard a groan ;
ul was from her flown.
Heigh-ho, &c.
I once have seen
tin-Gardens green,
rch'd and ruffles clean.
Heigh-ho, &c.
mm'd, and flounc'd, and all
lulcimer do call,
white as snows that fall.
Heigh-ho, &c.
at black laughing eye,
lips of cherry-dye,
eeth of ivory.
Heigh-ho, &c.
ich well the dance have led,
" Butter'd pease" hath play'd,
ifeless, cold, and dead.
Heigh-ho, &c.
d the jury came
erdict on the same ;
r harmless corpse to shame.
Heigh-ho, &c.
the law doth say,
angled limbs convey
e king's highway.
Heigh-ho, &c.
ite did there attend,
nce for to lend,
idise to send.
Heigh-ho, &c.
hastly face did hide,
et was round her ty'd ;
o her grave was hied.
Heigh-ho, &c.
pity let it move,
died for love!
rough her body drove.
Heigh-ho, &c.

It would have melted stones to see
Such savageness and cruelty
Us'd to a maid of twenty-three.
Heigh-ho, &c.
Ye maidens an example take,
For Sarah Holly's wretched sake,
O never Virtue's ways forsake.
Heigh-ho, &c.
Ye maidens all of Oxford town,
O never yield your chaste renown
To velvet cap or tufted gown.
Heigh-ho, &c.
And when that they do love pretend,
No ear unto their fables lend,
But think on Sally's dismal end.
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, &c.

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

A magistrate, who, either from natural timidity or a defective memory, had never been able to pronounce a discourse without frequent pauses, one day interrupted an advocate who was pleading before him. The counsellor was piqued, and sarcastically exclaimed, "You interrupt me, my lord, although you well know the trouble there is in speaking publicly."

BEATITUDE APPLIED.

Frederick the Great having embellished a Lutheran church with a new façade, the priests who performed service in it represented to the king, that their flocks could not see clearly enough to read their canticles. But as the building was too far advanced to provide a remedy for the defect, his majesty recalled to their memory these words of the gospel, "Blessed are those who believe and see not."

VENETIANS AT VERSAILLES.

The republic of Genoa, having dared to defy Louis XIV., was obliged to send into France, in order to make their excuses, the doge, accompanied by four senators, a thing without precedent. Versailles, in all its splendour, was shown to the doge, who was asked what had the most struck him in this enchanted spot, "*To see myself there*," was the brief rejoinder.

perceiving it; had he
minute more would have completed his
for he must have fallen to the pavement underneath.
One of his assistants, who saw the danger of the
great artist, instantly sprung forward; and having a
paint-brush in his hand, dipped it in a pot of black
paint which stood at hand, and daubing the painting in
an instant, spoiled it entirely. Sir James Thornhill,
in a transport of rage, ran forward to save the re-
mainder of his painting; he was in a great passion
at the poor fellow, and was going to knock him down.
"Hold, sir," cried he, "look round, see the danger
you were in; you were at the extreme edge of the
scaffolding; had I called to you, you would certainly
have looked round, and the very look of your danger
would have made you fall indeed."—So that there was
no other method to save the artist, but by destroying
his painting.

TIME AT ROYAL DISCRETION.

The great have always been flattered, but never
was adulation carried further than on the part of a
lady of honour to queen Anne. The queen having
asked her what the time was, "Whatever time it may
please your majesty," was the reply.

HIMSELF A HOST.

English bishop was making a tour to visit his
being extremely sultry, my
the cool

ed by so many
prise when he saw the bill of
dered. He rang the bell and
whom he addressed in a great
name of heaven could you supp
can have need of such an abun
"My lord, your messenger ann
to me at the least: the bishop
myself."—"The dean of Sa
dean."—"The prebendary of
he also."—"The vicar of——."—
head of the college of——."—
"The——"—"Stop, stop. I
guests. You may go."

ODE ON THE BREAKING O
BELONGING TO THE BU
LEGE.

Whene'er the cruel hand o
Untimely stops a favourite'
Muses in plaintive number
How loved he lived—how
Catullus wailed a sparrow
And Gray immortalized
Thrice tuneful bards! co
My *Quart*, my *honest* pu
weak alas is mortal



a'd to its utmost span,
as well as man.

my quart
es and warm'd my heart!
balmy aid,
rms display'd!
e nut-brown toast
d the *spicy* coast!
iew'd with sparkling eyes,
nectar of the skies.

t doleful day,
ig ruins lay.
—in gurgling tone
melting moan!
very glass!
he matter was—
freed the frantic beer
ukards dropt a tear!

y wreaths that bound
plets round;
e glittering rays
ngth of days?
border grew,
eternal blue?
ns, spread the well-waxed floor!
auties are no more.

d of coarser earth,
given thee birth,
l side
e been dyed,
l been sound,
ed on the ground!
soonest must decay;
you yourselves are clay!

AND SPECTACLES.

in France, a dyer was requested
in order to take an oath, the
country. The hand was quite
said to him, "Take off your
ir," replied the dyer, "be good
spectacles."

LETTER OF ALLITERATION.

Sir,

Perceiving your desire to know how I past my time in Pembrokeshire, I here present you with an account of my proceedings in a progress I lately made to a gentleman's house purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure with Mr. Pratt of Pickton Castle, Mr. Powell of Penally, and Mr. Pugh of Purley, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard of Postmain; which was readily agreed to, and soon put in practice. However, I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to Mr. Pritchard's, that he might provide for us; and we proceeded after him. The town where Mr. Pritchard lives is a poor, pitiful, paltry place, though his house is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils; he has a pompous portico, or pavilion, prettily paved, leading to the parterre; from hence you have a prodigious prospect, particularly pointing towards Percilly Hill, where he propagates a parcel of Portuguese and Polish poultry. The name of his house is Prawsenden, which puzzled me most plaguily to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fried perch and plaice; at the lower end pickled pork, pease, and parsnips; in the middle a pigeon-pie, with puff-paste; on the one side a potato-pudding; and on the other side pigs' pettitoes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poults and plover, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins; another with pickled pod pepper; another with prawns; another with pargamon for a provocative; with a pyramid of pears, peaches, plums, pippins, philbeards, and pistachios. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. Peter the parson of the parish, for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantic pragmatical manner. This displeased Mr. Price the parliament-man, a profound politician; but he persisted, and made it a prolix preamble, which

proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. Price, who is a potent party-man, called him a popish parson, and said he prayed privately in his heart for the Pretender; and that he was a presumptuous priest, for preaching such stuff publicly. The parson puft his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. Price was his patron; but at length, losing all patience, he pluckt off Mr. Price's periwig, and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr. Price, perceiving a pewter piss-pot in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to our proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry, "*Peccavi!*" with a "*Parce, precor!*" and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. Price, who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had passed in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. Pugh, who practises physic, prescribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaster, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate his posteriors, and dry his purple plush breeches. This pother was succeeded by politics, as Mr. Pulteney, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the kings of Poland, Prussia, Prague, and the Palatine, pandours and partisans, Portsmouth parades, and the presumption of the privateers who pick up prizes almost in our very ports, and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a prostitute, and the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, and the pox, and the primate of Ireland, and printers, and preferments, pickpockets and pointers; and the pranks of that prig the poet-laureate's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I pro-

phesy you think I am prolix. but had great difficulty in from Mr. Pritchard, for he on the stable-door on purpose pretended his servant was gon but, finding us peremptory, th and we permitted to go. We p good pace, although it was as put me in pain, because I was p ride plump against the posts keep horse passengers from g pitched with pebbles.

Mr. Price, who was our pil dential escape, for his pad fell not pass one step farther; whic for he piques himself on h proposed to him to dismount, peeping and peering about, fou of a perpendicular precipice, probably have fallen, had not that particular manner. This tation, and we plodded on the *pian piano*, as the Italians say the French phrase has it. I other particulars, till I have th day with you at Putney, whic possible. I am, sir, your most

To Mr. Peter Pettiward,
(Penny-post paid.)

GOUTY HA

An individual, whose hands with the gout, was one day pl gained 1000 crowns from h myself," said the loser in a gre had not been picked up by saw." "That is false," said one in the company still more plied the former, "I will bet are wrong." The other, afte wager, took off the glove whic and his adversary was obliged lost.



PREADAMITES.

publication of the book entitled by Isaac de la Peyre, of Bordeaux, mit, preached a sermon at Paris, ared the Parisians to the Jews who Saviour; the queen was compared cardinal Mazarine to St John the

of this discourse to the prince of ked him what he thought of it. Preadamite," replied the prince to I do not think father Adam the

UPSTARTS.

on of a courier, thinking that he ssed himself off for a man of qua- ith the design of taking down his id to him: "I have heard your he was a *man of letters*, whose ys rapid." A wit likewise hu- the conceited son of an inn-keeper, m, "That his father was a very he always gave people an hospi- l that his house was open to every

GULAR MISTAKE.

laying at piquet, and was greatly t-sighted man with a long nose. took his pocket-handkerchief and me neighbour's nose. "Ah, sir," , "I really beg your pardon, I

TAIN GODOLPHIN.

was a very odd and stingy man, as I'm assured, of a schooner- Indiaman;
he [illegible] on board, and when he Dover,
is but a joke, for now I'm half

she sail'd with him, this circum- rd of her,
ath, 'twas almost death to come d of her;

With fiery nose, as red as rose, to tell no lies I'll stoop,
She looked just like an admiral with a lantern at his poop.
Her spirits sunk from eating junk, and as she was an epicure,
She swore a dish of dolphin fish would of her make a happy cure.
The captain's line, so strong and fine, had hooked a fish one day,
When his anxious wife *Godolphin* cried, and the dolphin swam away.
The wind was foul, the weather hot, between tropics long she stewed,
The latitude was 5 or 6, 'bout 10 was the longitude
When *Jack* the cook once spoilt the *sauce*, she thought it mighty odd,
But her husband bawl'd on deck, why, here's the Saucy Jack,* by G—.
The captain sought his charming wife, and whispered to her private ear,
"My love, this night we'll have to fight a thumping Yankee privateer."
On this he took a glass of rum, by which he showed his sense;
Resolved that he would make at least a *spirited* defence.
The captain of the Saucy Jack, he was a dark and dingy man;
Says he, "My ship must take, this trip, this schooner-rigg'd West Indiaman.
Each at his gun, we'll show them fun, the decks are all in order:
But mind that every *lodger* here, must likewise be a *boarder*."
No, never was there warmer work, a' least I rather think not,
With cannon, cutlass, grappling iron blunderbuss, and stink-pot.
The Yankee captain, boarding her cried, either strike or drown;
Godolphin answered, "then I strike" and quickly knocked him down.

* A celebrated American privateer.

PARSON HYBERDINE'S SERMON PREACHED BY HIM BEFORE AND AT THE COMMAND OF A GANG OF THIEVES, AFTER THEY HAD ROBBED HIM.

From the original MS. in the Cottonian Library.

I greatly marvel that any man presume to dispraise thievery, and to think the doers thereof to be worthy of death, considering it is a thing that cometh near unto virtue, being used by many in all countries, and commended and allowed of by God himself; the which thing because I cannot compendiously show unto you at so short a warning, and in so sharp weather, I shall desire you, gentle audience of thieves, to take in good part those things that at this time come into my mind, not misdoubting, but that you, of your good knowledge, are able to add much more unto it than this which I shall now utter unto you.

First, Fortitude and stoutness of courage, and also boldness of mind, is commended of some men to be a virtue; which being granted, who is it then will not judge thieves to be virtuous? for they be of all men most stout and hardy, and most without fear. For thievery is a thing most usual amongst all men; for not only you be here present, but many others in divers places, both men, women and children, rich and poor, are daily of this faculty, as the hangman at Tyburn can testify, and that it is allowed of by God himself, as it is evident in many stories in scripture, for if you look into the whole course of the Bible, you shall find that thieves have been beloved of God; for Jacob when he came out of Mesopotamia did steal his uncle Laban's kids, the same Jacob also stole his brother Esau's blessing. And yet God said, "*I have chosen Jacob and refused Esau!*" The children of Israel, when they came out of Egypt, did steal the Egyptians' jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, as God commanded them so to do. David, in the days of Abiathar the high-priest, came into the temple, and stole the hallowed bread, and yet God said, "*David is a man after mine own heart.*" Christ himself when he was here on earth, did take an ass and a colt that was none of his own, and you know that God said of him, "*This is my beloved, in whom I delight.*" Thus you may see that God delighteth in thieves. But most of all I marvel that men can dispraise you thieves, whereas in all points like unto Christ himself; for Christ [illegible] place, no more have you; Christ was [illegible] town, and so do you; Christ was [illegible] saving of his friends, and so are you [illegible] wait upon in many places, and so [illegible] at length was caught, and so will [illegible] brought before the judges, and so [illegible] was accused, and so shall you be [illegible] and so shall you be; he went down [illegible] shall you do, marry! In this one thing [illegible] him; for he rose again, and went [illegible] so shall you never do, without God's [illegible]

This ended his sermon. They gave [illegible] again that they took from him, and [illegible] drink, for his discourse.

PATERNAL SOLICITU[illegible]

A young man, to whom Corneille [illegible] daughter in marriage, being unable [illegible] his affairs, to carry the match into [illegible] morning to her father's house to [illegible] He penetrated as far as the poet's [illegible] pose of explaining fully the motive [illegible] "Well, sir," replied Corneille, "[illegible] communicated all this to my wife [illegible] ing me? Ascend into her chamber [illegible] nothing about such affairs."

VINDICATION OF INNO[illegible]

A young marquis in indiffer[illegible] married a very rich old countess [illegible] got entire possession, and he then [illegible] tate to laugh at her expense since [illegible] too late discovered her fault; but [illegible] ded by the contempt of her husband [illegible] by the fear that he might wish to [illegible] finding herself ill one day, she [illegible] was poisoned. "Poisoned!" [illegible] the presence of several individuals [illegible] possibly be? Whom do you accuse [illegible] "You," replied the old woman. "[illegible] the marquis, "it is perfectly fair [illegible] welcome to open her at once, and [illegible] cover the calumny."



PHYSICIAN PAR EXCELLENCE.

n boasted of the eminence of his pro-
spoke loudly against the injustice of
hich was so satirical against it; "but
said he, "I have escaped, for no one
ed of me." "That is more than you can
said a lady present, "unless you
jects of conversation in the next world."

HE RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

ll known in the vicinity of the Place
Paris, always accosts a stranger, with
ave seen you some where," which often
e for her finding out the history of the
vening she played off the same game on
who replied, "Most likely, madam, for
o there."

SAINT AND NO SAINT.

ertain period of the French revolution,
int and the particle *de* were abolished,
iculed in a vaudeville,

danse à Ouen, on danse a Nis,
danse à Cloud près Paris.

rson was walking in the streets, and not
miliar with the new changes, he asked
t which was the way to the street of
e.—"Know, aristocrat, there are no
was the surly reply, and the party went
The next he met was a very decently
man, and being resolved to conform him-
v régime, he asked her to tell him which
of Eustache. "Eustache, indeed, sans
r, St. Eustache was a saint before thou
d will be one after thou art dead."

AN AGITATOR.

nut, an old man of eighty, afflicted with
s arrested during the reign of terror,
on of being an agitator. Being asked
o say to the accusation, "Alas, gentle-
ry true, I am agitated enough, God
have not been able to keep a limb still
n years.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

During the revolution, a young man was travelling in the diligence to Lyons with "*a brother and a friend*," when they had got about half way the latter's purse became empty; "*Brother*," said he to the young man, "pay for me, and I will return it to you at Lyons." "I cannot."—"Why, are we not brothers?" "Oh certainly, but *our purses are not sisters.*"

DESPOTIC GOVERNMENT.

When the inhabitants of Louisiana want fruit they cut down the tree to come at it. "This," says Montesquieu, "is the image of a despotic government."

PERFECT RESEMBLANCE.

Two brothers, of the same name, who lodged together, bore a striking resemblance to each other A man desired to speak to one of them. "*Which do you wish to see?*" said the porter." "He who is a counsellor." "*They are both counsellors.*" "He who is married." "*They are both married.*" "He who squints a little." "*They both squint.*" "He who has a pretty wife." "*They have each a pretty wife.*" "Hang it then, it is the one who is a cuckold." "*I' faith, sir, I believe they are both cuckolds.*" "Zounds," said the man, "they are indeed brothers who are destined to resemble each other in every thing."

DUMB ELOQUENCE.

In order to take revenge on a lady who was a dreadful chatterer, yet at the same time a woman of sense, her friends one day introduced to her a man whom they represented as being very learned. She received him with much distinction; but eager to excite his admiration of her powers, she commenced her usual strain of loquacity, and addressed to him a hundred questions, without perceiving that he never replied. When the visit was ended, "*Are you satisfied*," said they, "*with your new guest?*" "*How charming he is!*" she rejoined: "*how replete with talent!*" At this exclamation, they all burst out into laughter; for the man of talent was dumb.

THE TWO MIRABEAUS.

) Mirabeaus were frequently mistaken for
er; the elder, the count, was the celebrated
ourageous in speech, but a very coward in
the viscount was brave, but a drunkard.
'ounded in a duel, the count went to pay him
y kind and generous in you to visit me now,
u will never give me an opportunity of visiting
a similar occasion."
e count one day reproached his brother with his
s of intoxication. "Why, brother," replied the
ount, "why do you envy me this vice, being the
one you have left me? and as I abandon all
rest of the catalogue to you, pray let me enjoy
s solitary one in peace."

THE CONFESSION.

A lady at confession, amongst other heinous crimes,
ccused herself of using rouge. "What is the
se of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make
myself handsomer."—"And does it produce that
effect?" "At least I think so, father."—The confessor
on this took his penitent out of the confessional, and
having looked at her attentively in the light, said,
"Well madam you may use rouge, for you are ugly
enough even with it."

A BALL CONVERSATION.

During the French revolution, parties danced as
gaily as ever; the following is a ball conversation,
which took place in the month of Frimaire, year 7.
Well, the Ottoman Porte has declared war against us!
Oh yes, there is no doubt of it, (*En avant deux*) It
is an enemy the more—(*chassez*) and the Russian
fleet they say has passed the Dardanelles, (*en
avant quatre*) yet the papers say that the emperor
sincerely desires peace.—Yes, but count Metternich
wishes for war, (*balancez*) so we have also a new
coalition against us. England, Portugal, Naples,
Turkey, the Emperor, Russia, perhaps the empire
of Prussia, (*Faites face et chassez tous les huit*)
—well we have bayonettes, (*la poussette*) besides
from Dover to Calais, (*traversez*),—Do you belong to the conscription?—Yes, mi
(*pirouettes*) what makes me uneasy is to know
will become of our partners when we are
chaine des dames)—what will be left to
(*La queue du chat.*) It was thus that
were preceded by evenings of
pleasure.

THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.

A German nobleman asked the late
ton what was the English title of esquire.
well define it, because in Germany you
correspondent to it; but it is considerably
a German baron, and something lower
man prince.

WITCHCRAFT.

"There goes a loose jade, if ever there
said an old woman to a girl, whose
not above suspicion. The girl heard her,
her an old witch. "You see she admits
returned the old woman.

COMFORT IN SICKNESS.

Boileau, the poet, sent his servant
Bois Robert, who was ill of the
he was, and was told he was
swears roundly then," said Boileau,
alas! the poor gentleman has only
left."

SEVERE REPORT.

M. Danes, envoy of France to the
made a powerful speech against the
and for the reformation of the
he had finished, an Italian prelate
tempt, "*Gallus cantat.*" M. D
plied, "*Utinam ad galli cantum*

AUGURIES.

Some ambassadors of Tarragon
that a palm-tree had sprung
they had erected in honour of
replied the prince, *of your
sacrifices there!*

ENDIBLE JUSTICE.

ho had just purchased the charge of son, advised him always to work ake those who had need of his ser- liberally. "What, father," cried n, "would you wish me to sell jus- es," replied the father, "a thing so e given gratis."

NT OF PENETRATION.

l husband said to his wife, "I be- ly one in all the city who is not a o is that, pray?" inquired the wife. the husband, "you are very well him." "It is in vain for me to r I do not know him," was her re-

NAMESAKES.

n the Baptist, which is at Amiens, Abbé de Marolles. In kissing it d be praised! this is the fifth or d the honour of kissing."

TIVE AFFECTION.

things," said a wit, "which I thout ever understanding them, woman."

OUS ATTAINMENTS.

peaking to a person of distin- an whom he wished to intro- to set off his qualifications, knew *Montaigne* by heart. elf by replying, "*I have the*

GOOD WISHES.

ar an army, a troop of vo- search of booty, accosted , "*God give you peace!*" was not very well pleased ly retorted, "*God take*

LEX[illegible]ONS.

A bishop travelling in his coach, met a cap who was riding on horseback. He asked the n with a sarcastic smile, "How long has St. Pe been in the habit of travelling on horseback?" "S St. Peter has been accustomed to ride in a coa was the reply.

DISCRIMINATION IN PLEASURE.

A lady who was constrained by her husband remain a long time with him in the country, was eat up by *ennui*. Those who were about her remarki observed to her, "Good God, madam, you are d for want of amusement. There are dogs and forests here; will you not hunt?"—"No," said "I do not like hunting." "Would you not wish to have some work?"—"I don't like work." "Will you indulge in a promenade, or amuse yourself by some game of chance?"—"No, I am not fond of either the one or the other." "You must have a taste of some kind. Perhaps a *penchant* for some favourite estranges you from amusements?"—"What would you have me say? I am not fond of *innocent* pleasures."

CONVENIENT ABSENCE.

An individual often visited a landscape painter, who had a very beautiful wife, but he always met with the husband. "Zounds," said he, one day to him, "for a painter of landscapes, you are very sel- dom in the country."

GROUNDS OF RECOGNITION.

A man went to a restaurateur's (or chop-house) in France to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, sir, order that man, who is dining alone at the table in the corner, out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."— "How is that, sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R——." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answer- ed him: "By whom have I been recognised?"— "By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for [illegible] not two years since I whipped and [illegible]"

CLERICAL LINGUIST

A curé of a large city in France was obliged, upon a certain festival day, to reply to a Latin discourse, but as he did not understand that language, he managed to get out of the scrape by observing, "The apostles, sir, spoke many languages; you have just addressed me in Latin, and I am going to answer you in French."

THE INVISIBLE HAIR.

A monk was showing the relics of his convent before a numerous assembly; the most rare, in his opinion, was a hair of the Holy Virgin, which he appeared to show to the people present, opening his hands as if he were drawing it through them. A peasant approached with great curiosity, and exclaimed, "but, reverend father, I see nothing." "Egad, I believe it," replied the monk, "for I have shown the hair for twenty years, and have not yet beheld it myself."

PEREMPTORY CONCLUSION.

An advocate, whose pleading appeared too diffuse for the cause he was defending, had received an order from the first president to abridge it; but the former, without omitting a word of his intended address, replied, in a firm tone, that all he uttered was essential. The president, hoping at length to make him silent, said to him, "The court orders you to *conclude*." "Well," replied the advocate, "then I *conclude* that the court shall hear me."

ADVANTAGES OF LOQUACITY.

A very pretty woman, who was tediously loquacious, complained one day to Madame de Sevigné, that she was sadly tormented by her lovers. "Oh, madam," said Madame de Sevigné to her, with a smile, "it is very easy to get rid of them, you have only to speak."

"SPRETÆ INJURIA FORMÆ."

It was mentioned one day to the duke de Roquelance, two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and loaded each other with abuse. "Have they called *each other ugly?*" said the duke. "No, sir." "Very *good!* then I will undertake to reconcile them."

ARDUOUS BAPTISM.

An infant was brought for baptism into a [illegible] church. The clergyman, who had just been [illegible] with his friends a more than usual quantity [illegible] genial juice, could not find the place of the [illegible] in his ritual, and exclaimed, as he was [illegible] the leaves of the book, "How difficult [illegible] baptize!"

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone.
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

Thy are right; for man, to man so oft unjust
Is always so to women; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts beat on
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rest is won
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, end all's over.

Some take a lover, some take [illegible]
Some mind their household, others [illegible]
Some run away, and but exchange their [illegible]
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station
Few changes e'er can better their situation,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

NUMBER SEVEN

Dean Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, [illegible] this number. "It were much to be [illegible] he,) and I do hereby humbly propose for [illegible] ment, that every prince in Christendom [illegible] of the deepest scholars in his dominions, [illegible] them up close for 7 years, in 7 chambers, [illegible] command to write 7 ample commentaries [illegible] comprehensive discourse. This number 7



of the first two perfect numbers, equal and
l, 3 and 4 ; for the number 2, consisting of
d unity, which is no number, is not perfect:
prehends the primary numerical triangle or
nd square or quartile, conjunction, considered
favourers of planetary influence as of the
ign aspect. In six days creation was com-
and the 7th was consecrated to rest. On the
of the 7th month, a holy observance was
d to the children of Israel, who feasted 7 days,
mained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was
l to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and
nd of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand
Every 7th year the land lay fallow; every
there was a general release from all debts,
bondmen were set free. From this law may
iginated the custom of our binding young
7 years' apprenticeship, and punishing in-
e offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7,
e times 7, years. Every 7 years the law
e read to the people. Jacob served 7 years
possession of Rachael; and also other 7.
d 7 days' warning of the flood, and was com-
to take the fowls of the air in by 7, and the
asts by 7. The ark touched ground on the
h; and in 7 days the dove was sent out,
in in 7 days after. The 7 years of plenty,
rs of famine, were foretold in Pharaoh's
the 7 fat and 7 lean beasts, and the 7 full
7 blasted ears of corn. Nebuchadnezzar
ns a beast; and the fiery furnace was 7
ter to receive Shadrach, &c. A man de-
by the Mosaic law, unclean 7 days; the
both animals was to remain with the dam
nd at the end of the 7th was to be taken
By the old law, man was commanded to
s offending brother 7 times; but the meek-
s revealed law extended his humility to 70
Cain shall be avenged 7 times, truly
imes 7. In the destruction of Jericho,
e 7 trumpets 7 days; on the 7th they
e walls 7 times; after the 7th, the walls
prepared 7 rams for a sacrifice; and
7 of Saul's sons were hanged to stay a famine. La-
ban pursued Jacob 7 days' journey. Job's friends
sat 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and
7 rams as an atonement for their wickedness. In
the 7th year of his reign, King Ahasuerus feasted 7
days, and on the 7th deputed his 7 chamberlains to
find a queen, who was allowed 7 maidens to attend
her. Miriam was cleansed of her leprosy by being
shut up 7 days. Solomon was 7 years in building
the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted 7
days; in the temple were 7 lamps; 7 days were ap-
pointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the
priest's son was ordained to wear his father's gar-
ments 7 days. The children of Israel eat unleavened
bread 7 days. Abraham gave 7 ewe-lambs to Abi-
melech, as a memorial for a well. Joseph mourned
7 days for Jacob. Naaman was cleansed of his
leprosy by bathing 7 times in Jordan. The Rabbins
say that God employed the power of this number to
perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering
the value of the letters in the Hebrew word, which
signifies 7: whence Hannah his mother, in her
thanksgiving, says the barren hath brought forth 7.
In scripture are enumerated 7 resurrections: the
widow's son, by Elias; the Shunamite's son, by
Elisha; the soldier who touched the bones of the
prophet; the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue;
the widow's son of Nain; Lazarus; and our Lord.
The Apostles chose 7 deacons. Enoch, who was
translated, was the 7th from Adam; and Jesus
Christ was the 77th in a direct line. Our Lord
spoke 7 times on the cross, on which he was 7 hours;
he appeared 7 times; and after 7 times 7 days sent
the Holy Ghost. In the Lord's Prayer are 7 peti-
tions, contained in 7 times 7 words, omitting those
of mere grammatical connection: within this number
are concealed all the mysteries of apocalypse re-
vealed to the 7 churches of Asia. There appeared
7 golden candlesticks and 7 stars in the hand of him
that was in the midst; 7 lambs before the 7 spirits
of God; the book with 7 seals; the lamb with 7
horns and 7 eyes; 7 angels with 7 trumpets; 7
kings; 7 thunders; 7,000 men slain. The dragon;

with 7 heads and 7 crowns; and the beast with 7 heads; 7 angels bearing 7 plagues, and 7 vials of wrath. The vision of Daniel was of 70 weeks; and the elders of Israel were 70. There are also 7 heavens, 7 planets, (query?) 7 stars, 7 wise men, 7 champions of Christendom, 7 notes in music, 7 primary colours, 7 deadly sins, and 7 sacraments in the catholic church. The 7th son was considered as endowed with preeminent wisdom; and the 7th son of a 7th son, is still thought to possess the power of healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold 7 times purified in the fire; and we yet say you frightened me out of my 7 senses. The opposite sides of the dice make 7, whence the players at hazard make 7 the main. Hippocrates says, that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, tends to the accomplishment of all things, to be the dispenser of life, and fountain of all its changes: and, like Shakspeare, he divides the life of man into 7 ages; for as the moon changes her phases every 7 days, this number influences all sublunary beings. The teeth spring out on the 7th month, and are shed and renewed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood; at twice 7 years puberty begins; at three times 7 the faculties are developed, and manhood commences, and we are become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times seven man is in full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world; at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never; at 7 times 7 he is in his apogee, and from that time decays; at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric; at nine times 7, or 63, he is in his last or grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times 7, or three score years and ten, has, by the royal prophet, been pronounced the natural period of human life.

RUBRO, OR THE DRUNKEN CAPTAIN.

As the Caroline frigate was just setting sail,
Before a fine breeze, from the port of Kinsale,
As bold as a beggar, as drunk as a lord,
Old Rubro, the captain, came stagg'ring on board,
Derry down, down, hey derry, &c.

He raged like a bear, fore and aft, through
Till over the cable his hap was to trip,
And his *ballast* being much over-light for
Right over the bow in the ocean he fell,
Derry down, &c.

Now Rubro had got, as you may well
By drinking of brandy a very fine
A nose such as rarely is seen between
A nose that resembled a *trumpet* in
Derry down, &c.

This nose being red, it so shone in the
That it quickly attracted the eyes of a
And the shark, being pretty well up to
To make sure of the nose, he bit off the
Derry down, &c.

Just then father Neptune emerged
And, eyeing the body, thus gravely
"Ah, Rubro! you've met with the
For you drank all the grog and gave
Derry down, &c.

"May your fate be a warning to
Ne'er to guzzle too much when a
May it teach them how leaky is life's
How slippery the decks, and that Death
Derry down, &c.

CODE FOR THE BETTER REGULATION

As the fashion for duelling increases,
tiful duelling pistols ticketed up in the
windows, and there is a work published
called "General Instructions for all
Duels, by a late Captain in the Army
Homp—h who was extremely fond of
ing a superabundance of honour to
rately stripped himself to the skin, lest
should enter, and, putting on his spectacles
brought his man down. By practising
or snuffing out a candle at twelve
these more ingenious methods of repairing
the *certainty* of making a gash in your
body, you may trace up all the possible
causes how soon a person of honour may



ume *up*; for it appears that there obtained in it in this age.
a benevolent practice, occasionally iderate and confederated seconds, -bullets, exactly painted like lead, deadly metal. Again, the friendly air of Bow-street officers, in the has warded off, most probably, a ets. The parties become cool, the and the magistrates hand the *wel-* furious combatants to keep the cork-bullets nor paper-pellets can e presence of peace officers, then ne hobbling up to close the scene, ly casuistry in the wording, leaves of both parties in *statu quo*. It deprive officers of the army, who wash out affronts given them in lood, of so great a luxury: still o propose, that the chancellor of the time being, should be em-sly permit, nay, to encourage, Farm, by allowing duellists to ed certificate being duly had and mp of 500*l.* affixed thereupon, or 50*l.* for any printed apology, being nd registered as aforesaid. Then, ed, after this proclamation, to ot having paid the fees, to be murder, and hung upon the top of he benefit of the rooks and crows. nies, the former being privileged er to take away, may, as they too the field of honour, be put upon ary. In fact, getting their money ey perhaps ought to pay more to the clergy ever dare to fight the r, which to their honour is rarely tenths should be commuted into ey compelled to read the funeral departed duellist, and the offices have been *winged*: express forms e composed by the ecclesiastical court. All tradesmen and mechanics should be allowed to fight *secundum artem*, or professionally, on paying their fees, which may be regulated by the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London, in cooperation with the chancellor; for a merchant, so much; a banker, a bookseller, a baker, in due proportions: with authors it is difficult to determine how to act; for though their battles (and the fraternity are for ever fighting, like scorpions and spiders) are full of gall, being generally waged in liquid ink, yet having, of late, measured the field of honour in ambition of their betters, or the *Desiderata*—of nothing-to-do gentlemen, what measure of money prescribe for an author's license is rather difficult. Their poverty and their pride are well known: still the gareteer, who wages perpetual war in pamphlets and periodicals, should be allowed full credentials, if the money is even advanced by the literary fund. The law of honour is above all other laws, else why do barristers not only have verbal battles, but pistol rencontres; and even our senators, the makers of laws, become the breakers of laws in this respect.

A prudential avoiding a causeless quarrel, is called cowardice; and to take an affront, baseness and meanness of spirit: to refuse fighting, and putting life on the chance of a bullet, a practice forbid by the law of God and all good governments, is still called cowardice; and a man is bound to die duelling, or live and be laughed at. This trumping up of imaginary things, called bravery and gallantry, naming them virtue and honour, is beyond what we know of the jocose, seeing that such inconsistences, and such absurdities as the following reasoning, are made to go down with mankind; for example, A. is found in bed with B.'s wife; B. is the person injure and therefore offended, and coming into the cha ber with his pistol or sword in hand, A. loudly claims, "Why, sir, you wont murder me, will you? As you are a man of honour, let me rise, and meet you." B. therefore, being put in mind that he is a man of honour, starts back, and must act an honourable part; so he lets A. get up, put on his clothes, take his sword or pistols; then they fight, and B. is

killed for his honour; whereas, had the laws of God, of nature, and of reason, taken place, the adulterer and adulteress should have been taken prisoners, and carried before the judge, and should have been immediately sentenced, he to the block, and she to the stake; and the innocent-abused husband had no reason to have run any risk of his life for being cornuted. Defoe, who writes thus, goes on to say, that the aggrieved person, to be put on a par, might say, in order to render such reasoning on the law of honour consistent, "No, sir! say I, let me lay with your wife too, and then, if you desire it, I will fight you; then I am upon even terms with you."

LIGHT PUN.

Two gentlemen passing by some new houses, one of them observed that there were too few windows; but that circumstance, as it saved in part the tax, would be good for the liver. "True," says the other, "but d——d bad for the *lights*."

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Sterne says, the enjoyment of life is a tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion, whence it has been said to be a jest, *but it is not so*. He further says, that every animal in the creation as it grows older grows graver, except an old woman, and she grows frisky.—It has been somewhere observed, that when an old man has one foot in the grave, an old woman has a foot in the stays. Life has been compared to the running of tea, though the first and last decoction be equally weak, the one gives the flavour of the herb, the other but its feeces. Lord Chesterfield says, a man has but a bad bargain of it at the best; and the most natural conclusion is that it is the shadow of a shade.—To conclude: a man must *laugh* before he dies, or he must go out of the world *without laughing!!!*

TO BEAUTY

Beauty, thou pretty pouting roguish jade,
With neck of snow, and cheeks of rosy red,
And teeth of iv'ry, smooth and neat,
And flowing locks, as black as jet;
Lips of the reddest therry's hue,
And laughing eyes of sparkling blue;
The trimmest leg that e'er was seen,
The lightest foot that trips the green;
Two fair white globes heave on thy breast,
And "Oh, come clasp me!" cries the waist.
Beauty, thy form, from toe to top,
Would tempt St. Peter's heir, the Pope.
Beauty, thou art a baited hook,
And man the tenant of the brook,
Who, wanting caution, swallows all he sees,
Till oft both bait and barbed hook he eats.
Thou art a leg of sheep, both fair and fat,
Placed in the view of *man*, a hungry glutton;
Thou art the very thing he would be at—
How his mouth waters to enjoy the morsel!
Thou art a magnet, man is steel,
Go where thou wilt, that follows at thy heel;
Aye, should'st thou lead the way to Nick,
Close and more close to thee he'll stick.
Beauty, to me what art thou not?
My balm of life, my light of day—
Come, dearest maid! then, to my cot,
And chase the fiend, Disease, away.

PARIS IS THE ONLY PLACE.

Where shall we go to enjoy ourselves this
dear?
Shall we simplify it, and sentimentalize
Among the lakes and mountains in Cumb
Westmoreland?
Or shall we Byronize it upon the sea?
To Brighton and to Hastings the citizens
To Margate and to Ramsgate the
speed;
Cheltenham and Leamington, folks
worrying,
While Bath is full of tabbies, and
deed.

Spoken.] "Lady Bab, I've
"What is it?" "To spend the
Birmingham." "What do you think of
gate?" "O, shocking! Last season I



out of the room by sir Jeremy Treacle and
rife." "Cheltenham?" "Worse; its al-
, and nobody there." "Brighton?" "Oh,
decidedly object to Brighton; you might
well be at Bagnigge-wells on a Sunday."
ecollect when I was a young man, Brighton
e about seventy miles from town; but now,
the plaguy short cuts and modern improve-
is not above fifty-four." "Well, then, sup-
ll go to Paris?" "Pray, sir Larry, can you
ow far it is from the coast to the capital?"
n my conscience, that I cannot; you might
k me how far it is from the capital to the
"O! you creature, you know you can, you
there, you know." "Yes, madam, that
re the revolution, and I am told that things
ily altered since." "But you can't speak
nage." "O, leave me alone for that. I
bows to my string: I'll try them with
"You had better try them with Spanish;
nks comprehend." "Well, then, Paris be

for France, there, for Paris is the only place
n, bagatelle, esprit, for elegance and grace.

all we go to enjoy ourselves this summer,
re?

yor and court of aldermen will tour it at
oadstairs;
r Richmond we're surely now a cut above,
utney's grown so vulgar, that 'tis only fit
bears.
go on the salt sea, and mingle with the
rlez *vous*,
t the Parish polish and the true French cut;
my dear sir Jeremy, consent, you surely
n't refuse,
o can think of Margate, why 'twould make
e quite a butt.

"Margate, indeed: I wonder you have
regard for one's quality, than mixing and
with the Sparrowgrasses and such low
Why, my lady, you used to be very fond
." "Yes, sir Jeremy, that was before
you was made a knight of." "Good morning, lady Shortdip." "I *take* this hone *visit very* kind of you, *very* kind indeed; and how is sir Christopher, now he is one of us nobility?" "He's very well, thankee, but he don't go out to-day; this is melting day, and the knight's up to his elbows in tallow." "Indeed, then all the lights he makes now will be *night lights*, I suppose." "What do you think of Margate, lady Shortdip?" "Now, what's the use of teazing about our family affairs." "Why, I was going to Hastings but I understand your friend, Mrs. Maggotts, the cheesemonger, is there." "My friend! she's no friend of mine; we do condescend to *serve* them with grocery, but we don't *visit*, I can assure you. No, we don't *visit*, nor ever mean to *visit*. No! no! her husband's a rank *demagog*; and now I am a man of title, of course I am an *aristogog*." "The duchess of Trumps is at the *Isle of White*." "Indeed; then she is the only one of us that is there, for we are gone to Paris." "What's the use of going to Paris, spending a mint of money? besides, we don't understand their lingo." "But we can have Dick home from school to interpret for us." "Aye, but what's to be seen there, but what we can see in London, eh?" "Why, there's the king and mounseer, and the duchess of Angoulemme, and the goblins and guillotine, and grapes for a penny a pound, and Champagne instead of small beer." "Indeed, is there, by jingo? why then,

Ya hip! for France, there, for Paris is the only place.
For fashion, bagatelle, esprit, for elegance and grace."

Where shall we go to, this summer, Mr. Bunhill, dear?
For I am sick and tired quite of stewing in the shop;
We'll go up to Highgate, wife, and ramble through the tunnel, dear,
And get some tea at Hampstead, or at Mother Red Cup's stop.
Highgate—not a bit of it—No, that I do purtest, my love,
There's nothing in one's own country that's worthy being seen;

Why shouldn't we in foreign parts our heads hold with the best, my love?
So let us go to Paris, for there Mrs. Muggs has been.

Spoken.] "I wish you'd mind your business, and go on shelling the peas, we have no time for pleasure." "We might go out some times, I think, as well as one's betters." "Go on shelling the peas, I tell you, and let your betters alone." "O, what you throw that in my dish, do you; but you want me to be as vulgar as Mrs. Grits, that low-life woman, that keeps the chandler's shop, next door." "Them *tatoes*, ma'am, are a penny a pound, if you don't like 'em, leave 'em; nice French beans, ma'am; talking of French beans, ma'am, are you going to France?" "Mind the shop, I tell you, and perhaps at the end of the season, we may have a sail up the river to Gravesend." "I think I see myself sailing to Gravesend, when every body's going to Paris." "Mind the shop, I say." "Very well, them peas are eighteenpence a peck, ma'am." "You might get there for a little more, and as you are *yearning* a good livelihood—no *salary* to-day, ma'am—and as we are getting up in the world—fine season for mushrooms, ma'am—but you have no *pluck*—try those kidneys, ma'am—or you'd get knighted like your friend, sir Jeremy Treacle, and make a lady on me." "That's no such easy matter, I can tell you." "How do you do, Mrs. Button, pray are you going to France?" "No, I am going to Paris!" "Aye, I thought you'd go. I should forget all my English in a week." "Should you, I am sure that's a very desirable object. Here, Bill, go and book two places, your mother says she shall forget her English."

Ya hip! for France, there, for Paris is the only place
For fashion, bagatelle, esprit, elegance and grace.

ORTHODOX DIVINITY.

Parker, bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance what was the best body of divinity, answered, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."

DULL READING.

St. Jerome says, that there is no book [illegible] it meets a suitable dull reader. "*Nullus [illegible] ritus scriptor, qui lectorem non invenit.*"

THE ONLY TRUTH.

A buffoon once boasted that in all his [illegible] spoke truth. "Except," replied another, "*present moment.*"

NECESSITY.

A dull barrister once obtained the [illegible] *Necessity*—because *Necessity has no law.*

THE LAST JOURNEY.

A wag once observed that the exodus [illegible] that to the next world—as people always [illegible] their journey with their eyes shut.

"LUMPS AND BUMPS."

Lavater dar'nt not show his *face*,
Gall and Spurtzheim have made such
Physiognomy mourns her sad case,
Her former renown has quite fled;
Craniology's now all the go,
No need of daylight for remark,
Any man you may thoroughly know
(If you but feel his head) in the dark
Lavater declared that he could
Tell a man if he got but a stare,
Craniology is not so rude,
But can judge what you are to a hair
For nature she gave each man's scull,
When she made us, such rare clever
You can tell if we're witty or dull,
Good or bad, by our lumps and our
So if but a rope of the lock,
For Spurtzheim's sake you have a lo
Of each Craniological block,
You'll the key gain of right understa
Then keep but the organs in play,
And balance the one 'gainst the oth
You'll find out as clear as the day,
Their characters, void of all bother.



oldier alike,
s' organ have, will,
is, all men must strike,
if both is to *kill*;
ood friends, an adept,
ight head ne'er miss'd,
care, to except,
the stick or the fist.

RES ON CRANIOLOGY.

see before, you de renowned Baron
Von Hoaxburg, Von Puzzledorf,
). D.—A. B. C. D. and fiddle de
t vas I who fairst discovered de
ihness of de *caput humanum*,
m mind, had been so long hid,
de mine, under wigs, whiskers,
nd coal-scuttle bonnets. Gentle-
is de true index *curtorious* of de
n de barber shaves a man's head,
ine open countenance—when you
de street, you take off your hat,
l you look in his face and say,
at is all wrong; you should turn
pate to pate, and rub your hand
y, I am glad too see you are pretty
ou pass your hand over de back of
find if de male come from the east
iple-bar. If you pass your hand
of de skull, and he came from de
l de organ of *nothing to do ishness*,
m; and if you rub on de left side,
le east, you shall find de organ of
cism."

QUARTO; OR THE PAINS OF PLEASURING.

he must make up his mind
ick, and mishaps of all kind;
as he on shall advance,
England to travel through France.
rer, sailing over,
vling, sick—sick—
et, amidst noise and racket,
eeing 'em, trick, trick;
Landing at Calais, face rather pale is,
Officers, coffee, sirs—passport;
Searching for smuggery—wine in the snuggery,
Lots of humbuggery, glass, port.
Somewhat reviving—thanks to French living,
Lots of blunt giving—poor John Bull;
Hey for the diligence—seek for intelligence,
Rumbling, tumble in, sad gull—
Rattling—tattling,
Eating—treating,
Cheating—beating,
Mummery—flummery,
When a man roves, he must make up his mind
To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind.
Good luck and mishaps of all kind.
Flapping of sails—breezes and gales,
Fright'ing 'em, righting 'em, blow, blow—
Qualms and fears—darlings and dears,
Holding 'em, scolding 'em, oh! oh!
Reaching all o'er—getting on shore,
Hugging 'em—lugging 'em—o la!
Bowing Monsieurs—fright disappears,
Huffing 'em—bluffing 'em—sa, sa!
Lots of ragoos, fricassees, stews,
Eau de vie—who but we, strut, strut.
Fam'd diligence—rumble through France,
Smacking whip—cracking whip—cut, cut:
Abbeville—quite genteel,
Reach Montreuil—in the cool,
Paris see—gay and free,
Killewax—guests in packs,
Opera—have a stare,
Thuilleries—statues, trees,
Boulevards—leave our cards,
Money spend—there's an end.
When a man roves, he must make up his mind
To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind;
Good luck and mishaps of all kind.

LITERARY ARTILLERY.

Upon the publication of Bolingbroke's Deistical Works by Mallet, Dr. Johnson observed, "That Bolingbroke had charged a cannon against heaven with all the artillery of hell, and Mallet had no match to it."

TRAVELLING AND PAINTING.

A connoisseur was one day criticising painters, who in historical pieces always draw the same sort of sky. "They should travel," said he, "and they would see a different sort of sky in every country, in England, France, Italy, &c." "True," said a gentleman who sat by, "I have travelled, and the greatest variety of skies I have observed is in Poland, for there is Sobies*ky*, Sarbrun*sky*, Jablanow*sky*, Poniatow*sky*, Borewla*sky*, and many more skies."

FLATTERY

A lady of high ton complimented Frederick the Great so extravagantly, that he was rather distressed at it, saying, "That he was covered with glory, was the paragon of Europe, and in short the greatest monarch and man on earth." "Madam," replied the king, "you are as handsome as an angel, witty, elegant, and agreeable, in short, you possess all the amiable qualities; *but you paint.*"

RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

A pert young lady having determined to put Richardson out of countenance, who was as remarkable for his modesty, on his coming into a numerous company, "Lord! sir," says she, "you certainly have a wonderful talent at description; but, I fear, sir, you must have much frequented brothels, to be able to describe them so well." "I fear, madam," replied Richardson, "you have been often there, since you know they are so well described."

PICTURE OF A BARD.

Hard the poet's hapless lot,
Who no *loaf* or cheese has got!
In apartment next the sky,
Or (if you please) in garret high,
Up a *ladder* you must crawl,
With careful step, or else you fall
From Parnassus to the ground,
Laugh'd at by the Muses round.
Reams of *paper* mark his trade;
Here and there a *Letter* laid;
On some his flaming *Seal* is prest,
A *Lion Rampant* for his crest;
With open jaws enough t
True emblem of his appet
A fable on a *Horse-shoe*
A riddle on a *Saddle* the
With essays in the snuff
And grand descriptions o
A poem on the town of
In short, the very walls
Lost in smart, lethal
The very quintessence of
With nose and chin begin
And sable coat with sing
His suction breeches thin
And body de-stuffed of sla
His single eye with glass
And brings ideas down by
Ye rhymers, then, your v
And view the picture of

DELIGHTS OF A P

Who's for Calais? the packets
Come, take your places, or ye
Sail with the Sybil, we've just g
The wind and the tide for no
"De Louis in ten hour
"Scud Mounseer the steam
along;
The Swallow's a packet that's w
"Sail with king George, sir,
Spoken.] "Now, sir, if you
come." "La, captain, how I
out of breath. They told me yo
time to eat my lunch, and hardly
"Never mind your lunch, sir,
in an hour's time." "Why,
fear, is there?" "Yes, ma'am,
no danger." "Dear me, how
"This way, ma'am, step on
bless me, its no broader than a
am as giddy as a goose, and I
"That lady's afraid of a pitch
and *pidgeon*, what a horrid
serves to be sent to the Poultry
want to ask you a question, sir



thankee, how are you?" "O
going along; I do like it so;
a way we are from Dover al-
nk I see the spires of Calais."
Where, why at Calais, to be
I have no occasion to be so
e you saw them at Deal."
s for a rubber?" "I doesn't
board my *wessel*." "Well,
e it?" "O, I like it *wery*
o Twickenham on a Sunday,
er, and a little more *salterer*."
song; what do you think of
n't mention it." "Pa, sing
n we went to Chelsea in the
was a *wherry*, my dear." "O,
wery funny," for

packets are waiting,
es, or you'll be too late:
ve just got our freight in,
e for no one will wait.

now then we're going,
we are leaving behind;
t stiffly is blowing,
shall sail, never mind.
g on, we must be ready,
ahead there, yeo, yeo;
he decks, hold her steady,
scud down below.

! I never was so ill in my
ou right, you would come a
got your belly full of it." "I
so giddy, the next time I go
ole way by land." "I say,
he should enjoy it, see what
say, Twizzle, how do you find
ry poorly." "O, O, O."
"Ah! Pips, how do, Pips?
it there, I am going down,
g for you?" "Who's for a
was as well as ever I was in
mentioned the mutton-chop."

"Well, never mind, keep a good heart." "Keep—
a man need have a stomach of iron, to keep any
thing, I think." "O dear, Molly, Molly, where's
my servunt? I'm dying." "So am I, ma'am, and
can't come." "How dare you be ill when I want
you?" "Captain, Captain, bring me the brandy bot-
tle, I am going to go." "Pray, Captain, was any
person ever lost here?" "No, sir, several's been
drowned, but we always found them again." "Sir,
the next time you're taken so, I'd thank you to turn
your head, you've quite spoilt my wife's pelisse, sir."
"If people's taken suddenly ill, people can't help
other people's pelisses, sir." "Captain, could I lay
down a bit?" "Yes, sir, there's a bed below, there's
only three in it." "Captain, my hat's overboard."
"Never mind your hat, sir." "I should'nt, but my
wig is in it." "There's a *whale*." "A *whale!*
where, where? I'd give a hundred guineas to see a
whale; never saw a whale in all my life." "No,
sir, it's only a *mispronounciation*, sir, that's all; it's
my wife's *wail*, what she wears over her vig, sir
that's all." "O, is it." Then

Yeo, yeo, my hearties, now then we're going,
England's white cliffs we are leaving behind;
Yeo, yeo, my hearties, it stiffly is blowing,
Well, we the quicker shall sail, never mind.

All stand aside, there, the tempest is clearing,
Slacken your foresail, for landing prepare;
Where is my quadrant? we Calais are nearing,
The harbour's in sight, and the wind it blows fair,
Soon o'er a bowl we'll forget every danger past,
A true Dover lad values storms not a pin;
Our cargo is safe, we've our port safely reach'd at last,
The tide flag is flying, and we can go in.

(Spoken.)—"Tell me, Captain, c[illegible] make
the pier of Calais?" "Yes, and I c[illegible] foul of
the bar, too." "No, I bar that," say[illegible] Twizzle.
"Where's the breakers?" "There, ahead."
"What's he say? break my head." "What's that
the bar? dear me, I always thought it was a large
pole of iron." "And I always thought it was like
Temple Bar!" "Captain, how are we to go about

a boat?" "No, as well as we can, ma'am; there, these two stout Frenchmen will carry you on their shoulders." "Particularly horrid, I declare I am so giddy, I don't know whether I am on my head or my heels." "O, you're right side uppermost now, ma'am, depend upon it." "O, O, I'm black and blue already, these fellows are pinching and pulling me about so." "I say, Twizzle, do you twig that lady's legs on the two fellows' backs, carrying her through the water?" "Legs! mill-posts, you mean." "Why, yes, as you say, she don't stand upon trifles."

For
All stand aside, there, we Calais are nearing,
The harbour's in sight, and the wind it blows fair;
Where is my glass? the tempest is clearing,
Slacken your sails, and for landing prepare.

ELOQUENCE OF A TOWN RAKE

"Keep it up, huzza! keep it up! I loves fun, for I made a fool of my father last April day. I will tell you what makes me laugh so, we were keeping it up faith, so about four o'clock this morning I went down into the kitchen, and there was *Will*, the waiter, fast asleep by the kitchen fire; the dog cannot keep it up as we do: so what did I do, but I goes softly, and takes the tongs, and I takes a great red-hot coal out of the fire, as big as my head, and I plumpt it upon the fellow's foot, because I loves fun; so it has lamed the fellow and that makes me laugh so. You talk of your saying good things; I said one of the best things last week that ever any man said in all the world. It was what you call your *rappartees*, your *bobmats*; I'll tell you what it was. You must know, I was in high spirits faith, so I stole a dog from a blind man, for I do love fun; so then the blind man cried for his dog, and that made me laugh; so says I to the blind man, Hip master, do you want your dog? Yes, sir, says he. Now only mind what I said to the blind man; says I, do you want your dog? Yes, sir, says he; Then says I to the blind man, says I, go look for him. Keep it up! keep it up! That's the worst of it, I always turn sick when I think of a parson; I always *do*; and my brother he's a parson too, and he hates to hear any body swear; so I always swear when I am along with him, to roast him. I swe[ar] him one day last week, and there was my [un]cle two or three more of what you call your [gen]tlemen; but I sent 'em all from the table, [bel]ieve me ner was half over, for I loves fun, and [no] body but my brother and me, and I [beg]in never swore so well in all my life; I swore [like] oaths; it would have done you good to [hear] swear; so then my brother looked [frightful] was fun. At last, he laid down his [knife] and, lifting up his hands and his eyes, [he] *Oh Tempora! oh Mores!* Oh, he [knocks] what, you think to frighten me, by [calling] family about you; but I don't mind you [any] neither. Only bring Tempora and Mores [here] all; I'll box them for five pounds; [bring] Tempora and Mores? where are they? [Keep] Keep it up!"

A DAY AT MEURICE'S.

Let each spend his days as he pleases,
In praying, in working, or play;
Let me spend my days at Meurice's
For that is the true time o' day.
There you may be alone, or with many,
May chop it with French or with [Eng]
May lay out your franc or your [guin]
And manners most funny distinguish.

Spoken.] Damme, I might as well [be] attention; I'll pull the bell down: I [do] thing. Here waiter, send up your [wine] I'll blow him up. There take your [wine] (throwing it at him, which he has [broke] will you take, sir?" "Take, sir, [as] every thing." "Waiter, you've [brought] papers alike, here's two Times." ["] that's very bad English, sir, you [have] said twice." "Press for Herald," ["] Post, and Courier; how pleasant I [shall] most fancy one's self at the Hummums, bring me Planta's Guide to Paris," ["] sir. Colonel Calcutta, the rich [East] has it." "Colonel Calcutta, which [is] him, sir, with two servants behind [him]



r, and the other stirring it." "Don't
:h right to be served as any body
)n. I pay my money; been to see
he Boulevards, the Thuilleries, the
ais Royal, the Goblins of Tapestry:
day. A pretty good day's work, I
ney tell me, Sir Christopher Short-
ee the Exhibition of Statues, with a
tings." "Why, yes, I made rather
, had both catalogues in one pocket,
ted to look at No. 10, the Gladia-
was Susannah at the Bath." "Well,
k of the statues?" "Why they are
'd be all the better for a little wash-
id none the worse for a little cloth-
aiter, bring my breakfast, tea, hot
af-steaks, and a bottle of Cham-
pagne! why, my dear fellow, no
pagne for breakfast." "Don't care,
week, been up four nights, shall
again. Waiter, damme, bring me

hn Bull at Meurice's,
er feel sorrow or pain;
s there to quaff the pure breezes,
n the banks of the Seine.

he grand table d'hôte, sure,
ery taste, beau or belle:
ties to tickle each throat, sure,
lish, Italian as well.
s, with sweet prittle prattle,
nd plum pudding commend,
the guests the sole battle
t shall England defend.

thing is French here, sir, excepting
ie idea." "This is the place, sir;
o guineas in London to get what I
ik, I can do it here, sir, for a quarter
o it handsomely too." "Why, yes,
would find a Frenchman in wine
Frenchmen, nasty beasts, I hate e'm,
unk." "Aye, this is what I call a
ner; plenty of legs of mutton and
rounds of beef: nothing French in it; they dress you an egg five hundred different ways, and make a dozen dishes out of a shilling's worth of spinage." "Mr. Whipstitch, what shall I help you to?" "A remnant of goose, sir, if you please." "Mr. Welt, what are you for?" "Soles and eels, sir." "Waiter, bread." "Yes, sare." "Salt." "Yes, sare." "Why you are not a Frenchman, waiter." "Yes, sare." "Hold your tongue, and let me speak to him, *Garsong parle pour mong maree.*" "Beg your pardon, madam, I not Englishman, therefore I cannot understand your French." "There's a rap on the knuckles for you, sarve you right, you will be showing off when there's no occasion."

Long life to John Bull at Meurice's,
May he never feel sorrow or pain,
When he comes there to quaff the pure breezes,
And stroll on the banks of the Seine.

Meurice's the palace of pleasures,
Where frolic is always alive—
And luxury pours forth her treasures,
The dullest of souls to revive;
Bon mots, merry games, music, drinking,
New faces—and still something strange;
And whenever your spirits are sinking,
You to fifty theatres can range.

Spoken.] "Well, Mr. Dowgate, what did you do with yourself last night?" "O, why, I went to the Theatre *Fransays*, I think they call it, to see a tragedy—a parcel of nonsense—there's nobody killed—never made me cry—to be sure I don't understand the language, that may make some difference." "Pray, Sir Henry, was you at the grand opera last night?" "Yes, I went to see the *Daniades*." "La, sir, what's that?" "Why, *mem*, one [redacted]'s fifty sons marries another gentleman's [redacted]ghters." "I went to the Port St. Martin, th[redacted]al warehouse for Maids and Magpies." "I went to see the Dog of Montargis, all natural, a real dog. Will you say as much for your Maid and Magpie?" "I visited the *Coffee des Mille Colonnes*. What did you do with yourself?" "Why, I went where you did." "Where I did, where was that?" "Why where

said." "Where I said. Why where was
?" "Why at the *Coffee Mill of the Colonies.*"
ay, Mrs. Maggots, was you at the play last night?"
o, ma'am, I was at Lady Sugarloaf's last night, it
her night." "Her night, what do you mean?"
Why, every Monday night she gives what the
anch call a *sore eye.*" "Indeed, why then I
ould recommend her to rub it with what the Eng-
h call rose water, every Tuesday morning."

Long life to John Bull at Meurice's
May he never feel sorrow or pain,
When he comes there to quaff the pure breezes,
And stroll on the banks of the Seine.

ODD FELLOWS CLUB.

By a Member.

There are a set of Odd Fellows of us, in number seven. We meet nightly in a very odd house, in an odd part of the town. Our faces, dress, conversation, and liquor, are all what the world would call odd. Our president, who reigns and has reigned these three weeks and odd, is himself one of the greatest oddities in nature: he neither looks, nor speaks, nor thinks, nor dresses, like any creature existing; and I may, in the language of that great odd poet, Mr. Theobald, say—

"Nought but himself can be his parallel."

Ben Grubstreet, next to him, is the oddest fellow in our society, and always, in the absence of the president, is nem. con. preferred to the chair. The rest of our company are an odd poet, a chymist, a painter, a musician, a mathematician, and a politician. We have of late come to a resolution to enlarge our company, and one extraordinary promising strange fellow has made application for admittance. Now, as admission our number would be even, and that ld preserve ourselves as we have been these years and odd, it is the will of the president that I signify to you, as secretary of the company, that you shall have a right to claim the ninth seat, he having observed you to have a very *odd turn*; and Ben Grubstreet, who meets you frequently at the coffee-house, declares in your favour, that you have the oddest phiz, and [illegible] course, that ever be[illegible] not be surprised into [illegible] transcript of the rules of our club, very [illegible] number five; by which you may be [illegible] to act.

Rules and Articles to be observed by the Odd Fellows.

I. Each person who shall claim a seat in [illegible] shall by face, speech, and action, [illegible] oddity.

II. This club shall always meet at five in [illegible] seven in summer, and shall sit three hours. The money they spend not to be [illegible] way than by this certain regulation, [illegible] lings and pence must be odd.

III. Every member is obliged, on the [illegible] to say at least three odd things every [illegible]

IV. If gaming should be proposed, [illegible] to be done, play at even and odd.

V. On a scrutiny in the election of a [illegible] candidates being equal in all other [illegible] whose christian and surname shall [illegible] odd letter, shall be elected.

These are our fundamental rules: with [illegible] others.

TOM-STRUT.

BALLOON SONG.

As balloons are the subject of every d
From beggars in tatters, to steerers of
This theme I'll pursue, and jog merr
Air balloons are the subject I choos
Derry down, down, d

The Statesman's balloon is the seat
His valves are his pockets—his bal
At his wonderful courage plebeians
While he boldly puffs out his infla

The Cit's apparatus for filling ball
Are provisions and drink, glasses
spoons;
Good wine is his gas—which he
And his lusty balloon with rich



oon—'is the pulpit,' you'll say;
d friends—have patience, I pray!
clergy love preaching—by fits;
balloon is the same as the Cit's.

ero, the ladies delight;
e stanzas, of him dream all night:
ch fair one would fly to the moon,
ure to all he displays his balloon.

I'll now bring to an end,
begun, to ballooners a friend;
ch each chooses be finely instill'd,
e balloons be effectually fill'd.

ENGLAND, BY A FRENCHMAN.

Gentlemen,

e which I give to you on de top of ose to myself two things—first, I o know de pronunciation most per- h language; and next I show to you anners—by dis I murder two birds one petit *pierre*. I am not liar nor l talk about what he not understand, you, in my grand ouvrage, is from de cular, dat is to say, it is all my eye. onsieur Charles Guillaume Denise le, member of all de academie of , dat is to say, of de Paris, dat which of de manner, de fine art, de polite, terature, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. d after I have live a long time in de to say, for seven weeks as prisoner of a of *Port see mout*, but I read it every d, Anglice, de paper—it is true I capital, but I reside at Portseemouth, same. I shall begin vid de ladies of ink very much gin—and make them- ry day. I look from my little prison de ladies of *Portseemouth* roll about fore it is true ven I say de ladies k wery *mosh* gin, and make herself r. Every body in England are boxers, l de lady, the gentlemen box wid the sometime de gentleman and lady box one wid the other. If you look in deir dictionary you will find B-o-x, box, to fight wid de fist, every thing in England is decide by the fist. You read in the *papier*, dat de duchess of B. and lady C. were in one grand box last night at de opera—to accuse de prisoner, de witness box—to find him guilty, de jury box. And dere is one grand day in the year ven dey all go box one wid de other. De postman, de baker, de dustman, de butcher, all fight together, and dis is called grand Christmas-boxing. De English are very much people for trade, dey permit him to sell his wife, dey have considerable trade in wifes. In *Smissfield*, dey have de cattle-market, and as de vomen are de *troublesome* cattle, de husband put a halter round her neck, and lead her to *Smissfield*, and sell her; 'tis the same in de every rank of life, for you shall read in the journal dat de great lord he lead the great lady to de *altar*, which mean he put de altar round her neck, and take her to *Smissfield*, and sell her. For de fine art de English are nobody, it is impossible, dere is de grand reason; dey eat so much beef and pudding, and drink and sleep so very much, dey have no room in de body for de *genius*; and it is de rule on de first of September, to shoot de partridge, and on de first of November to shoot himself. De English nation are *barbare*. France is divided from de England by one sea. Every nation civilized come to France for de music, de dancing, de statuary, de painting, de poetry: all the Europe come to the grand nation for de every ting. For de literature de English are nothing; for de painting dey copy the tableau of Lebrun. For de statuary dey copy de statue superb of de garden of the Tuilleries—dey have their Paradise Lost translated from de Henriade of de immortal Voltaire, by one Jacky Milton, dey have de Hamlet of Ducis, wid *Macbeth* and Othello, translated by one Billy Shakspeare. He was a clergyman or bishop, I believe, de divine of de politics. I shall not say much—dere is two parties in England, one is called tory, and de other de *perruque*. Ladies and Messieurs, I have exposed to you my grand talent, and for de money I despise it, and if you attend my lectures, I shall teach you how to

nounce de language English, and de knowledge of English character. I shall make you to know as much in seven day, as I myself know in seven week, while I reside in my prison at *Portsmouth*.

THE PAINTER'S SECRET.

A gentleman who sat to Hayman for his portrait, desired that it might be kept a secret. Notwithstanding this injunction, the artist showed it to some of his friends, who not being able to discover any likeness, Hayman observed, that the gentleman wished it to be *kept a secret*.

DO AS OTHER FOLKS DO.

Come, since 'tis the fashion to Paris to dash on,
And see the grande nation, and talk of virtu;
Let's hasten to Dover, to Calais sail over,
And visit the Louvre, as other folks do.
We all see that London, is looking quite undone,
Not e'en Joey Munden its fun can renew;
Let's hasten to Paris, and each swear all there is,
That rare is, and fair is, as other folks do.
We've got charming weather, let's all go together,
For birds of a feather, they still flock, you know:
We'll stroll through the Tuilleries, see all their fooleries,
Sport our John-Bulleries, as other folks do.
We can at Meurice's, for ten five-franc pieces,
Procure us each places, from Calais to go;
The dilly won't shake us, and two days will take us
To Paris, and make us, as other folks do.
Pshaw, let the folks cavil, to Versailles we'll travel,
Its wonders unravel, then visit St. Cloud;
The fam'd Palais Royal, the Luxembourg loyal,
We'll Paris enjoy, all, as other folks do.
Rare work for the sockets, let's start off like rockets,
With cash in both pockets, and purchase French goût,
All obstacles breaking, of old tabby's making,
French leave will be taking, as other folks do.

FORTY SHILLING VOTERS.

"Mr. Curran, in exposing the venality of the Irish parliament, once burst forth into the following sarcastic apostrophe: "What, Mr. Speaker," said he, "must be the alarm and consternation of the whole when they saw these *hordes* of [illegible] traversing every district, devouring like locusts provisions, and overwhelming the [illegible] people? These *fiscal comedians* travelling and waggons from town to town, [illegible] and election to election, to fill this [illegible] the representatives of the people, but [illegible] *Cham* who commands them. Methinks I see *caravan* of those *strolling* [illegible] their vehicles towards a country town, gaping simpleton in wonderment at the asks the driver of the first vehicle: "[illegible] fellow, are you going with those rags? pose they are convicts on their way to transportation to Botany Bay." "O the driver, "they are only a few *raw materials for manufacturing* [illegible] *liament*, on their way to the next [illegible]

ON A RAKE, WHO HAD SPENT A[illegible]

My head and my purse had a quarrel,
And referr'd it to me to decide the
Not small was the diff'rence, and
If my purse had most money, or
By jingo, I answer'd, here's the
What! dispute who has most,
both out!
When thou of thy brains art wh
And thou hast not got a poor h
'Tis a riddle to tell you whose
But surely the head had the w

THE HONE[illegible]

My heart still how'ring ro
I thought I could not liv
Now we've liv'd three n
How I liv'd with you is

A COMMO[illegible]

My lord and his lady scold
Yet are both of one mind.
She calls him a fool—He
He calls her a whore—an



:NEFIT OF CORRECTION.

op declared one day, that the punish-
ools did not make boys a whit bet-
:table: it was insisted that whipping
st service, for every one must allow it
e.

THE BEST STOCK.

, they say, is evil's root,
we most justly doubt it:
e expect good thriving fruit,
n any stock without it?

: FOR HYPOCHONDRIACS.

e other evening, at that still and de-
ien it is just too dark to read but too
dles, I got into one of my usual re-
:d that I was a kind of mental doctor,
verwhelmed with practice had stolen
er after dinner. In the midst of my
ught that a footman came abruptly
iis master, who had been in a dismal
, ever since the preceding morning,
nd of solace, and giving symptoms
rehended to be insanity. I asked
t he had seen of the disorder; and,
ng ready to go, he gave me the fol-
"Sir," said he, "I have always
master was not quite right; but for
e has been worse than ever. Such
arling, and kicking this thing and
or all the world as if he had been
ning, I only went to give him his
ver can be polished enough to suit
:d his slippers off in my face, and
r I meant to ruin him in blacking?
ay he said that the sweet wine was
ne of the tumblers and kicked the
le for it; swore that my mistress
him because she helped him to all
able; and smacked my young lady's
ut of the room, which he said was
Afterwards he grew a little quiet,
but nobody dared to come near him, or to look that way, or to make the least noise, he was so touchy. In the evening we had company, and then, Lord! Sir, to see how pleasant he was, so smiling and good-natured to every one that came! Think's I to myself, who would take you to be such a devil! But I'm told its always the way with these mad people, sir; and Mr. Mitchell, my lord's chaplain, next door, who is a great scholar, says, that you might walk with one of 'em all over London, before you found him out, they're so sly and mysterious. When the ladies and gentlemen were gone he fell into his old way again, not so savage as before, but glumpy and impatient. All this morning you would have thought there was a corpse lying in the house, every body looked so dismal and went about like a ghost. But just now he has been getting worse than ever, and Mrs. Kitty the housemaid says he was heard talking of disinwriting—disinheri—what is it? You know what I mean, sir;—hindering my young master, the counsellor, from coming to the fortune, and all for not having done something in the law, which they tell me he can't be expected to do as yet, being only forty years old. So my mistress, being frightened more at this than all the rest, thinks he must be mad outright, and has sent me to your honour, to see if any thing can be done."—I was glad to learn from honest John's relation that the fit had not lasted more than two days, since I should not have so much difficulty in tracing it up to its cause, as would have been the case with longer duration. I proceeded as fast as possible to the house; and on seeing his new visitor, the patient did not favour him with the accustomed smiles; he was aware that I understood his malady; and guessing my object, seemed to resign himself to the scrutiny with a kind of patient impatience. After feeling his pulse, examining what muscles had been most affected in his face, and satisfying myself from those about him how he had passed the last forty hours, I was pretty well enabled to follow back the disorder through its various excitements. I traced it speedily from his present fit of disinheriting to a wig-box belonging to his son,

Which happened to have fallen in his way; from the wig-box to a snuff-box which he had let fall after dinner; from the snuff-box to an uneasy dozing in his chair; from the dozing in his chair to an enormous meal during which he had abused all that he swallowed; from the enormous meal to a speech made by his wife, who had kindly begged him not to venture so much upon a dish that had disagreed with him; from the speech of his wife to the face of a servant who stood near, and who appeared to him to be laughing in his sleeve; from the servant, after a number of petty turns and stumbling blocks too numerous for detail, to the well-blacked shoes; from the well-blacked shoes, to a hasty mouthful of hot tea; from the hasty mouthful of hot tea to getting up late; from getting up late, which it seems he did half from sleepiness and half from being ashamed to show his face, to restlessness and peevishness all night; from restlessness and peevishness all night to a hearty supper, which he abused as usual; from the hearty supper to another entreaty on the part of his wife:—here I lost scent for a time, for as the footman had said, he had been uncommonly pleasant during the stay of his company; but I found the link again in the gentleness of his daughter, who had left the room, as the footman related;—from the gentleness of his daughter, who I found was very like her mother, I went on with my tracing to the good things to which his wife had helped him at dinner; from the good things to which his wife helped him at dinner to a glass which he broke in the middle of it; from the broken glass to an agitation of nerves, arising from a refusal which he had just given an old friend who wanted to borrow a little money of him; from the refusal given his old friend to the tears and patience of his family all the morning; from the tears and patience of his family to a long lecture which he had been giving them on their want of real attachment to him; from the long lecture he had been giving them to another sulky and peevish breakfast; from the sulky and peevish breakfast to a private mysterious lecture given to his wife before he came down stairs; and, at last, from the private lecture, I came to the grand secret of all,—to the [illegible] Nile of tears,—to the immediate [illegible] taunts, trials, and miseries which a [illegible] had been suffering for two long [illegible] nobody but myself dared to measure [illegible] being.—It was a Pin!—Our hero [illegible] comb to his head, when a pin which [illegible] found its way between the teeth [illegible] right angle from it by the head, [illegible] scratch on the pericranium. "Zo[illegible] the gentleman, turning red. "Bles[illegible] the lady, turning pale;—and then [illegible] ensued, which put an end to two [illegible] humour on his part and an equal [illegible] on that of his household.

I asked whether my patient h[illegible] mour, and understanding that if [illegible] him out of his fits, it was a dra[illegible] a stroke of wit, or any other pleas[illegible] down to his sitting-room with gr[illegible] my hand a little packet of many [illegible] ped over one another and cont[illegible] or innermost shell, the cause [illegible] of me, he uttered a half smo[illegible] impatience, and casting down [illegible] aside a little in his chair, he [illegible] duet between his right leg and [illegible] not ask him how he felt or [illegible] well knowing that such qu[illegible] were something worse than [illegible] at once into conversation, I [illegible] cure of a malady became w[illegible] ascertained

"Ah," said he, "I pa[illegible]

"And myself little or [illegible] ticularly in diseases of the [illegible] thing in which I put a gre[illegible] is good sense."

He left off his duet, an[illegible] less sulkiness of manner, [illegible] to himself a compliment.

"I do not mean," he [illegible] respect to your profess[illegible]



: to say that you are a rare personage for a
ı, mental or bodily."
so rare," replied I, " as you may imagine.
e many of us, of both classes, who are not
cknowledge the smallness and uncertainty
ientific knowledge. The abuses of physic
uch owing to ignorant people who will not
as to ignorant doctors who cannot make

ple who *will* not be well," cried he, begin-
mile : " they must be fools indeed. For
I certainly do think highly of good sense,
confess I don't care a pin for medicine."
e a care, my good friend," said I, with in-
gravity, " how you speak disrespectfully of
He started, but I affected to take no notice
rprise, and went on :—" These little instru-
rmed and perfected by a greater number of
an would take to write five epic poems, have
important part on the theatre of the world,
: to mention the infinite service they render
odern fair ones in fixing their shapes and
em beauties not to be found in nature herself,
recollected, that with a pin a Roman Em-
:e passed away his leisure hours and diverted
-dealing qualities from men to flies ; let it
lected, that with a pin the wife of Antony
nerself amply revenged on the fatal eloquence
, whose tongue she pierced with an hundred
and let it never be forgotten, that in the
Westminster, the repository of England's
l philosophers, a lady who owed her death
rick of a pin, owes to it also her immor-

iculous enough," cried he, containing him-
nger :—" You see, Doctor, what a fuss these
nake about their pins, and I do not wonder
truck with the folly of the poor things !"
" said I, still keeping my countenance,
not the Roman emperor I mentioned. What
say, if I show you an instance of sheer
roduced among one's fellow-creatures in
life by means of a pin, and this too from its

influence upon a thinking and well-informed man,
who in all things else is as sober as you or I ?"

" Why," returned he, " I do not know what you mean by keeping that grave face of yours, but how such a man could be thinking and well informed, unless he is a genius run mad, I cannot imagine. But you are joking, I see, and I like a man of your vein prodigiously. Yes, yes, Doctor, you and I must be friends ; I see that."

" You do me honour," said I, with an inclination of the head ;—" the unfortunate gentleman, of whom I am speaking, has invited my friendship, but I hardly know what to say to it."

" Why, if the man is mad," rejoined my patient, " it is rather an awkward business. But perhaps you may do something for the poor fellow."

" Your feelings delight me," said I, " and I am sure they will not be less well inclined when you hear the whole of my new friend's case."—So saying, I told him how I had been called in by the gentleman's family, and, in fact, commenced his own story in a way which, if it had not been *himself* that was hearing it, might have been discovered in an instant. It was curious however to hear how he reproached the hero for giving such way to his disorder, and above all, how he pitied those about him, who had to bear so many ill-humours,—not forgetting to laugh in the midst of his comments, and to wonder what ridiculous nonsense could have given rise to such a fit. Seeing him in so fair a way to receive my physic, I then drew out my pocket-book, and from the notes I had made, proceeded to read over to him the list of his own vagaries, commencing regularly with the wig-box as aforesaid. At first, he started somewhat violently ; but in a moment looked down with great seriousness, and made every now and then signs of amazement : when I came to the mouthful of hot tea, he could scarcely refrain from laughing ; but I observed, that the treatment of his daughter touched him, and at the passage about refusing his friend a little assistance, he shifted uneasily in his chair :—at last, on arriving at the words that ushered in the climax of the account, I stopped very quietly, and unwrapped

one by one, the several papers in my hand, laid it on the table by his side, uttering, as it came in contact with his eye, those melancholy monosyllables—"It was—*a Pin!*"

For a few moments there was a dead silence; till my patient looking up, and having, as I saw, no traces of his disorder remaining, exclaimed, "My dear Doctor, what must you think of me? What can I think of myself? For it would be worse than affectation in me not to know who is the hero of your story, and worse than stupidity not to make proper account of it.—Nay, nay," continued he, seeing me about to interrupt him, "you shall not soothe down the self-contempt, which at this moment I feel and ought to feel: you have probed me deeply, I confess, but you have done your duty, and by the blessing of restored reason, I will do mine." So saying, nothing could hinder him from instantly sending his servant to fetch his wife and daughter—"Or stop," he cried: "I should go to them myself," and after begging the servant's pardon for ringing him up to no purpose, to the great and most respectful admiration of poor John, he requested me to accompany him to the room in which they were sitting. It is needless to recount all the particulars of the meeting, and indeed I should blush to relate the very handsome terms in which he was pleased to introduce me to the ladies as the restorer of their peace and of his senses. The wife looked her thanks delightedly, but had too delicate an affection for her husband to add to his humiliation by fine speeches; but the daughter, who was in the main a very lively girl, and had the loveliest oval face and long black eyes I ever beheld, seemed as if she would fairly have kissed me, and could by no means suffer the servant to hand me any refreshment:—she would do it all herself;—so that what with my new friend's delight at feeling comfort again, the silent gratitude of his lady, and the lively cordiality of my little Hebe, all humiliations and troubles were quickly forgotten, and we made as pleasant a party at dinner, (for they made me stay dinner,) as was to be found in the whole compass of the metropolis.

CURRAN AND THE MINT.

When the new Mint was erected in Dublin at an enormous expense, the high price of the metals and the existing prospects of the country rendered the office of the moneyers for a time perfectly sinecure. No gold or silver to the coining press; *milling* was confined to pugilists and corn-grinders, and paper was the post of cash. At this period the brother of Wellesley Pole was appointed master of the mint. Upon these circumstances, Mr. Curran observed, "I am glad to find an Irishman for once at the head of a money-making department; it may afford an additional scene for the *Beggar's Opera*. Instead o'the mint, we shall have *Pat* o'the mint, and as the new establishment is likely to turn out many *rags*, there can be no want of *ballads* for the *reign of beggary*."

TREASON.

During the riots in Dublin, a poor fellow was tried for treason, by conspiring to kill the king. His counsel against him repeated the law, that the traitor dies, on which Teague roared out, "Then by my shoul, lord, how can I be guilty? Don't you hear the story that tief of the world makes, for he says he is a man that never dies?"

ON LOVE.

Love is an idle, lazy pain,
Yet troublesome, and tiresome too;
It springs from a lethargic brain,
The effect of—*nothing else to do.*

Dido by it was not annoy'd,
Whilst she was building of her town;
Her busy thoughts were all employ'd
How to secure and guard her own.

But, soon as e'er her work was done
And *laziness* crept into fashion,
She, slighting credit and renown,
Submitted to the yawning passion



ON A DEFORMED PEER.

regnated powder and clay,
haste made him, half form'd, into

yman sure, when he made him, was

oorly *dove-tail'd* to the trunk;
g perch'd so awry on the shoulder,
ew one, cemented with solder.

ON LUCAN.

experienc'd diff'rent fate,
gustus' love; you *Nero's* hate;
act more great and high, to move
vy, than a prince's *love*.

THE KILLING LADY.

g her scarf on, sails away to the

Venus I'll pass in the dark.
preading wide, and her soft-soothing

arse features may sometimes prevail.
ge plays arch, thus to wound in the

ould strike dead, if reveal'd in the

PUNCH'S SECRET.

anager, with his company of wooden
as life, on his arrival sent forth his *pic-*
ife and drum, to announce his perform-
of the place, including the squire, the
hecary, the exciseman, and the church-
llage, with their ladies, attended the
e Roscius of the drama, Mr. Punch,
est admiration of the audience, he
e, wit, and pleasantry, and so fasci-
the squire and chief magistrate in
n her return home, she talked and
ng but Mr. Punch, and at last made
d of her husband that he should pur-
from the manager, as an ornament
In vain did her worshipful spouse remonstrate and inveigh against the folly of such a whim, in vain did he warn her of what the neighbours would say; he talked to no purpose, Punch she must have, she could not live without him. "The grey mare was the better horse:"—the magistrate was obliged to comply, and the very next day concluded an expensive treaty with the manager for the purchase of his chief actor. But when *Punch* was transferred to my lady's chamber, all his faculties failed him, all his vivacity vanished; he could neither talk, joke, laugh, nor amuse, as he was wont. The lady tried to rouse his spirits, she raised one hand, but it fell lifeless by his side; she tried the other, with the same effect; she chucked him under the chin, but his jaw fell again on his breast: and, in short, the lively, facetious, and diverting Mr. Punch became dull and dumb. The secret was, that *Mr. Punch* was not in his proper place, or under the same management which procured her liking: and quite disappointed, she requested the squire to return him to his former quarters with a handsome present to the manager, who soon restored Mr. Punch to all his former celebrity, and he became as great a favourite with the town as ever.

THE MATRIMONIAL LADDER.

Admiration.

While graceful Chloe leads the gay quadrille,
What new sensations Strephon's bosom fill!
An introduction gain'd, the youth advances,
And hopes she's disengaged the two next dances.

Flirtation.

The suit obtain'd, they tread the mazy round;
At length fatigued, a seat's convenient found;
Strephon assiduous plies the glittering fan,
And proves himself a very nice young man.

Approbation.

With favouring smile the fair one hears his prattle,
Sips lemonade, and vows he's quite a rattle:
Then, as new raptures rise in every glance,
Exclaims, "I think we'd better join the dance."

Declaration.

Next morn he calls, (the custom's very old,)
To hope the lady has not taken cold.
Thinks she looks charmingly in deshabille,
And tells what pangs his stricken bosom fill.

Hesitation.

While secret joy her soft confusion veils,
Miss gently checks her swain's romantic tales:
"She's sure mamma will think these raptures wild—
She knows not how to act—she's quite a child!"

Agitation.

With sighs and vows persists the wounded swain,
Begs she'll recall those words, and think again;
Fearful of frowns, or veto from mamma,
The softening nymph refers him to papa.

Acceptation.

Joy on his lips, and rapture on his tongue,
On neat red tape his various parchments strung,
See Strephon bear the mystic circle high,
Which bids hope's tide flow strong, his terrors fly

Solemnization.

At church arriv'd on some unlucky day,
Poor Chloe falters out the word *obey*:
Thus of love's ladder gain'd the topmost place,
Her downward course the sorrowing muse must trace.

Possession.

Her honey-moon and raptures fled together,
Behold a rural walk in dirty weather;
The stile is slippery, but in vain the dame
Sues for that aid which once unask'd for came.

Rumination.

An evening tête-à-tête you next shall see;
No friendly chat succeeds departed tea;
Blue burns the candle, and the nymph looks blue,
And rumination serves them but to rue.

Alteration.

No more a social walk the morn employs,
A greasy novel constitutes her joys;
While he, poor soul, condemn'd alone to saunter,
Dines with some friend, and empties his decanter.

Irritation.

Return'd at eve, unnumber'd queries
And she who lov'd so late, appears to
From trifles light as air the quarrel
The husband bullies, and the wife

Disputation.

Fierce and more fierce the wordy
Taunts, gibes, and sneers, and every
Each to a separate couch in rage
Whence sleep is banished by vexation

Desperation.

Breakfast renews the quarrels of my
She spoils the tea, and he upsets the
All patience lost, no power can
In one thing only they agree—to part.

Detestation.

Loud she proclaims the
him;
He cool retorts, "'twas only
"The world shall know your
cries;
"Sooner the better, sweet," the

Separation.

Equipp'd for parting see
Dead are love's roses, wither'd all
Such are the ups and downs of
"For better or for worse,"—'tis

CONTENTMENT.

Malherbe dined one day with the
who was a dull preacher;—dinner
before the poet fell asleep, but
prelate, and asked to go with him
was to preach; he begged to be
"He could sleep very well where he

UNEXPECTED REFUGE.

An eminent surgeon being suddenly
person in St. James's-square, where
he found that his carriage could not
house, in consequence of a heap of
the way; irritated at this circumstance



th a volley of oaths asked
)d near, why those stones
ere can I move 'em to?"
-move them to h—." "I
they'd be more out of your
m to heaven."

REASONS.

English tailor, and asked
ssary for a suit of clothes.
Astonished at the quantity,
said *seven* would be quite
now kindled against the
aid "How did you dare,
broad cloth, to make me
s he can do for seven?"
man, "my neighbour can
ree children to clothe, and

GLASS IN A COUNTRY INN,
PASSING OF THE WINDOW

said that it was good,
d——n his blood.

SH KICK.

assing through a street, was
looked out of a first floor
re goes Paddy, who makes
hman hearing them, looked
, I know you well enough,
kick you down stairs."

MPLIMENT.

is first day's review at Ports-
who stood near him, if such
oke did not put him in mind
," replied the divine, "es-
r lordship to be in the *midst*

TER WEEK.

r week is arrived, and the
year the best of it—setting
overeign will, at a wise defi-

ance. The journeyman who works on 'Ea
day, even though he were a tailor, should
caste, and be sent to the Coventry of me
wherever that may be. In fact, it cannot
On Easter Monday ranks change places—
as good as sir John—the "rude mecha
"monarch of all he surveys" from the s
Greenwich-hill—and when he thinks fit to s
our royal pleasure to be drunk!"—who sha
the proposition? Not I, for one. When ou
mechanics accuse their betters of oppressi
the said betters should reverse the old ap
refer from Philip sober to Philip drunk;
nothing more could be said. But now, the
betters, even in their own notion of the ma
in the name of all that is transitory, envy
their brief supremacy! It will be over befo
of the week, and they will be as eager to
their labour as they now are to escape fr
the only thing that an Englishman, whethe
low, cannot endure patiently for a week to
unmingled amusement. At this time, he
is determined to try. Accordingly, on Ea
day all the narrow lanes and blind alle
metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens
suburban fields and villages, in search of
amusement—which is plentifully provided
by another class, even less enviable than th
whose patronage they depend:—for of a
the most melancholy is that of purveyor of
the poor. During the Monday our c
holiday-maker, as in duty bound, contri
aid of a little or not a little artificial stimu
happy in a tolerably exemplary manner.
Tuesday, he *fancies* himself happy to-day,
felt himself so yesterday. On the Wed
cannot tell what has come to him—but
minutes he wishes himself at home—whe
goes but to sleep. On Thursday he fin
secret that he is heartily sick of doing noth
ashamed to confess it: and then what is
going to work before his money is spent?
he swears that he is a fool for throwing

part of his quarter's savings without hav-
f thing to show for it—and gets gloriously
with the rest, to prove his words: passing the
atest night of all the week in a watch-house.
n Saturday, after thanking "his worship" for
od advice, of which he does not remember a
he comes to the wise determination that, after
here is nothing like working all day long in
ce, and at night spending his earnings and his
th in beer and politics!—So much for the Easter
s of a London holiday-maker.

ut there is a sport belonging to Easter Monday,
ch is not confined to the lower classes, and which
forbid that I should pass over silently.—If the
der has not, during his boyhood, performed the
ploit of riding to the turn-out of the stag on Epping
rest,—following the hounds all day long,—at
respectful distance;—returning home in the even-
g with the loss of nothing but his hat, his hunting
hip, and his horse—not to mention a portion of his
ether person;—and finishing the day by joining the
Lady Mayoress's ball at the Mansion-house;—if the
reader has not done all this when a boy, I will not
tantalize him by expatiating on the superiority of those
who have. And if he *has* done it, I need not tell him
that he has no cause to envy his friend who escaped
with a flesh-wound from the fight of Waterloo—for
there is not a pin to choose between them!

Soldiers be warn'd, by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot, drink strong, or not

ON DANIEL SAUL,

(*St. Dunstan's, Stepney.*)

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul
Spitalfields' weaver—and that's

IRISH EVIDENCE.

During a trial at the Carlow Assizes,
ment for stealing thirty pounds of tal
lowing confessions were extracted from
in the robbery, who was admitted king
Q. How many robberies have you
gether? *A.* Together, (*laughing.*)
could not be at more than one at a t
You certainly have knocked me
answer, (*loud laughing in court.*)
tell us how many you have been at,
them down, for I never thought it
turn to give an account of them.
Q. By virtue of your oath, sir,
you have not been at fifteen? *A.*
ness laughing.)
Q. Would you swear that you
twenty? *A.* I would not, (*still*
Q. Do you recollect robbing
the county of Wicklow? *A.* Th
is she? Maybe it is Big Nell yo
took a trifle of whisky from her.
Q. Was it day or night? *A.*
was night to be sure.
Q. Did you not rob the pa
ticle in the house; even her
clothes off her back? *A.* I
were not on her back.
Q. Do you recollect stealin
from Doran, the Wexford ca
and a pig's head besides! (*l*
Q. Do you recollect robbi
county of Wicklow, and tak
house? *A.* You're wrong th
thing; I only took his mone
(*witness and the auditory l*

EPITAPHS.

ON THOMAS KEMP,

Hanged for Sheep-stealing.

Here lies the body of Thomas Kemp,
Who liv'd by wool, but died by hemp;
There's nothing would suffice this glutton,
But, with the fleece, to steal the mutton;
Had he but work'd, and liv'd uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hung for a sheep-biter.

ON THOMAS FLETCHER.

(*Cathedral Church-yard, Winchester.*)

Here rests in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who killed himself by drinking poor small beer;



ty good humoured fellow!—
moured fellow in the country.

TRAVELLERS.

es the water to Calais, and
e, be of course immediately
sized octavo, and it is a great
ne name must *inevitably* be,
rance," or "An Excursion
Picardy," with the date of
stinguish it from a hundred
me nature. No wonder that
ble when it is so easy to get
west-end booksellers. The
A description of Dover begins
e-sickness and custom-house
-boy and a table-d'hôte, a
sion with a dozen pages on
versation with an old soldier
a dozen pages on politics.
nd the traveller prints and
he would consider too trifling
n to dispense gratuitously in
more extended tours: Swit-
inexhaustible subjects; and
as seen them, and half the
them, succeeding travellers
note-books and journals, and,
contradict each other, would
them nothing to learn. Going
common and so vulgar that
eel to stay at home; and a
l the five hundred miles *out*
stitute capability for the Tra-
less of a curiosity than one
me distance *in* it. The cata-
ter known than the falls of
bout St. Peter's who never
s the Scotchman who hurried
a magnificent view on his own
irst received intelligence from
men will be put to the blush
Denis by puzzling questions
about Windsor and Westminster abbey. A book in praise of our own country is perhaps the only sort of book that would not pay the expenses of publication; it would have the dulness of a sonnet to one's wife, and the insipidity of English wines; it would be as little purchased as British lace, and as little regarded as an appeal in behalf of British manufactures. Not till war again closes the Continent, and tourists and travellers are thrown out of foreign employ, will they condescend to visit or to describe our own lovely scenery. Then Devonshire and Derbyshire, Wales and Westmoreland, must *per force* excite ecstasies and employ pens; then exaggeration will succeed indifference, Mont Blanc bow to Ben Nevis, and Milan cathedral shrink before York minster. Rather than not add his mite to the mountain of books that is overwhelming our land, a predestined author would accomplish his fate by publishing "First Impressions on Bunker's hill," or "Reminiscences of Clapham-common."

THE TOPER.

Be merry, my boys, and pass briskly the glass;
Gay mirth and good humour attend;
Let the first be a toast to some favourite lass,
Then each take a glass to his friend.
I care not a halfpenny how the world goes,
Who's in or who's out of his place;
Give me but "a pretty girl under the rose,"
And I'll laugh at each fool in disgrace.
For life is itself but a phantom at best,
A dream that soon passes away:
Our wit and our wisdom are merely a jest;
Our bodies mere compounds of clay.
That death is a dream, too, your grey-beards maintain,
When clay must return to a clod;
Then drop in my grave none but tears of Champagne,
And the vine shall rise out of the sod.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S AGE.

A company happening to have a dispute concerning the age of the present lord Chesterfield, an Irish gentleman observed he must be older than they

posed,—for, added he, "His lordship must have been upwards of one and twenty when he signed the bond which was forged by Dr. Dodd." All present assented to the remark.

PRECAUTION.

A London newspaper once informed its readers, that, "an additional number of sentinels are to be placed in Hyde-park, to prevent the robberies which happened last winter."

ON HUMOUR.

Humour, in its sense of something ludicrous, is supposed to be a word to which there is nothing correspondent in any other language. In the signification, however, which has unquestionably led to this meaning, the English language is by no means peculiar; for the Italian *umore*, and the French *humeur*, equally with *humour*, denote a certain natural disposition or temper of mind by which individual character is marked. When such a temper or disposition displays itself in a manner which excites ludicrous emotions, the representation constitutes an *humorous* delineation, according to what I suppose the most appropriate use of the term. Dr. Johnson, however, I must observe, gives no limitation of it to the *ridiculous in character*, but makes it, in its comic sense, synonymous to "grotesque imagery, jocularity, and merriment." But that this is too lax an interpretation, is, I think, evident; since were humour identified with these words, there would be nothing national or peculiar in its meaning, but it might be rendered by equivalent terms in almost every language. A man may be very jocular, and excite merriment, by grimaces and distortions, by mimicking bodily defects or oddities of speech and gesture; but if this be humour, it is at least of a very trivial kind. True humour on the other hand, consists in strokes by which the ridiculous in manners and character is displayed, and it is a refined and delicate address to the perception of the ludicrous, exciting the smile of the mind, rather than the grin of the countenance. Thus, when the Archbishop of Granada, after having urged *Gil Blas* to give him immediate warning should any of his pulpit compositions indicate a decay ties, preaches a sermon "qui sentoit l'a and his monitor, with the utmost caution falling off, is immediately dismissed as destitute of critical taste—though to m all who possess discernment are much a the pleasantry of this trait of character comedy consists almost entirely of the h mour; for comic *incidents* are a much of the ludicrous, except as they are out the other. Humour may be cate, but still equally humour, if it genuine source; for whether we *Dandin* and *Mons Jourdain*, or *trope* and *Tartuffe*, or do both *Malade Imaginaire*, the entertainment from delineations appropriate to the drama; like those in the pictures of was as great a master of humour any writer of comedy, or novelist, is commonly asserted that Congreve, of wit, has no humour; but this is case. It is true, his men of the combs, are framed in one mould, sonages occasionally make repartee much individual character among scenes of *Sir Sampson Foresight*, *Prue*, *Lady Wishfort* and *Millamant*, genuine and exquisite humour. dant in English comedy till its place sentiment. I fear it would not be sure to assert, that the want of plied by quibble, cant, and extravagance.

THE BEST OF WIVES.

A man had once a vicious wife;
(A most uncommon thing in life!)
His days and nights were spent in
Unceasing

Her tongue went gibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song.
And all the poor man did was wrong,
And ill



s or within,
a tradesmen spin,
nal din,
He found not.
t display'd;
r skin was made:
v'n he pray'd
To take her.
ver's side
My dear," he cried,
our peace divide,
I'll end them.
quite resign'd
le up my mind,
st behind
As can be.
ert her reign,
vill restrain,
e more regain
My troubles."
dame complies,
'ning in her eyes;
hts he dies
Before her.
the rolling tide,
he; "beside,
ide,
And die thus:
far, I think,
upon the brink,
y, never shrink,
But do it."
more effect,
e ran direct,
uld least expect
She should do.
lf to save,
n the wave,
before she gave,
Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried;
"*Thou best of wives!*" the man replied—
"I would—but see my hands have tied.
God help ye!"

ENGLISH WOMEN.

England is the paradise for women, a proverb: England is also said to be a heaven for women and a hell for horses. Hence the saying, that if a bridge was made over the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would come over hither; yet it is worth notice that no language has so many invectives against the sex, as the English.

ROCHESTER'S EMBARRASSMENT.

Lord Rochester had not confidence enough to speak in the house of peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this defect. "My lords," said he, "I rise this time—my lords, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—my lords, if ever I attempt to *branch* in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me *off root and branch* for ever."

COINING.

A gentleman seeing a man whom he knew, heavy ironed in Newgate, asked what great offence he had committed.—"Nothing," replied the prisoner, "but the simple one of striking a man and a woman." "Who were they," said the gentleman.—"There they are, sir," taking a halfpenny from his pocket, "as base a couple as you ever saw, though they look so well."

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.*

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls!
Ay, that's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten-a-row!

* No connection with any other ode.

Its chimneys in the rear!
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer!
There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
Most fruitless leaves to me!—
The summon'd class!—the awful bow!—
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!
And Mrs. S * * * ?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three.—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize——bohea!
Ay, there's the play-ground! there's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread?
Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?
Alack! thy're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys,"
And some have perish'd young!—
Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung!
Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee;
Poor Chase is with the worms!—
All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
"And push us from our *forms!*"
Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
At play where we have play'd!
Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some climb
Their crony arms; some in the shine,
And some are in the shade!
Lo there what mix'd conditions run!
The orphan lad; the widow's son;
And fortune's favour'd care—
The wealthy born, for whom she hath,
Mac-Adamized the future path—
The nabob's pamper'd heir.
Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
For fair or foul renown!
Good, bad, indifferent—none may lack!
Look, here's a White, and there's a Black
And there's a Creole brown!
Some laugh and sing, some mope and cry,
And wish *their* frugal sires would keep
Their only sons at home;—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come!
A foolish wish! There's one at hoop;
And four at *fives!* and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed!
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
Would I were in his *steed!*
Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
While thou canst be a horse at school,
To wish to be a man!
Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!



p on regal down!
. know'st not kingly cares;
: is that head that wears
without a crown!
ou think that years acquire
. joys? Dost think thy sire
ppy than his son? .
ood's mirth!—Oh, go thy ways
ane when —— *plays*,
how *forced* our fun!
re brave!—thy tops are rare!—
e spun with coils of care!
ps are no delight!—
narbles are but tame
best a sorry game
e muse's kite!
are dough, our heels are lead
t joys fall dull and dead
s with no rebound!
vith a faded eye
hind, and send a sigh
that merry ground!
ntented. Thou hast got
' heaven in thy young lot;
ky-blue in thy cup!
thy manhood all too fast—
soon gone! and age at last
reaking-up!

IRISH WAKES.

that is to say, the assemblages of the melancholy convention round the beceased, during the nights that pass beand interment, form no inconsiderable asional amusements of an Irish village, ous characteristic in the customs of the body of the deceased is laid out in a n a bedstead or table, and covered by e face only exposed; sprigs of roseid thyme, flowers and odorous herbage er the coverlid, and the corpse is surates of snuff and tobacco to regale the acco pipes are plentifully distributed for the purpose of fumigation, and to counteract any unwholesome odours from the dead body. In the ancient Irish families, or those wherein civil refinements have not exploded old customs, *two* and sometimes *four female* bards attend on those mournful occasions, who are expressly hired for the purpose of lamentation; this is probably a relique of druidical usage coeval with the Phœnician ancestry; and they sing, by turns, their *song of death* in voices sweet and piercing, but in tones the most melancholy and affecting. They sing together, in rude extempore verse, the genealogy and family history, and they recount all the exploits, and virtues, and even the very dresses, conversations, and endearing manners of the deceased. Here there appears a display of different ages, characters, and passions, all the young and the old; the serious and the comical; the grave and the gay of the lower classes assemble. No where does the real genius and humour of the people so strongly appear, tragedy, comedy, broad farce, pantomime, match-making, love-making, speech-making, song-making, and story-telling, and all that is comical in the genuine Irish character, develope themselves with the most fantastical freedom in the rustic melo-drame; the contrasted scenes succeed each other as quick as thought; there is a melancholy in their mirth, and a mirth in their melancholy, like that which pervades their national music, and the opposite passions alternately prevail, like light and shade playing upon the surface of a sullen stream. The people come many miles to one of those serio-comic assemblies; refreshments of cakes, whiskey, and ale are distributed between the acts to the visitants, who sit up all night; but the grand feast is reserved to precede the funeral obsequies. A whole *hecatomb* of geese, turkies, fowls, and lambs are sacrificed some days before for the occasion, and the friends, acquaintances, and neighbours of the deceased are regaled with an abundant cold collation, and plenty of ale, spirits, and wine: while the company of the lower order assemble in the exterior barn or court-yard, and are feasted with baskets of cakes and tubs of ale. When the funeral sets out for the place of interment, the road fil-

miles is covered by an impervious crowd, horse and foot, sometimes to the number of several thousands, especially if the deceased be a person in ordinary respect or esteem with his neighbours. The *bards* form the procession, and, at intervals, renew the hymn of grief, which is chorused by the whole crowd, with shouts of "Ululo," that rend the skies.

ON A CLERICAL GAMESTER.

What, can he be a teacher of moral regards
Who reads us a Sunday-night lecture on cards?
Who cites "Hoyle on Whist" both in chapter and verse,
With the orthodox chances of filling a purse?
Tells of eighty odd pounds in a family way,
He won at a sitting—by dint of mere play!
Counted thirteen by cards, in revokes and in tricks,
And ne'er flinch'd all the evening from seven to six;
But took odds on each point his opponent could name,
And call'd this *improvement*, I think, on the game.
Oh! if such be a priest whom promotion delights,
Ordain him archdeacon of Boodle's and White's.

MODERN BELIEF.

What legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel where priestcraft prevails!
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd;
What stories and nonsense for truth they believ'd!
But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth, now-a-days, are too apt to suspect:
From believing too much the right faith we let fall;
So now we believe—troth! just nothing at all.

UNNECESSARY CANDOUR.

What *Tom* one day says, he the next will deny,
And candidly tell us—'tis all a d—'d lie:
Friend *Thomas*, this candour from you is not wanted,
For why should you own it?—'Tis taken for granted.

ART OF STORY-TELLING.

Story-tellers may be divided into the *Short*, the *Long*, the *Marvellous*, the *Insipid*, and the *Delightful*.

The *Short Story-teller* is he w
in few words, engages your att
imagination, or quickly excites y
rank were Xenophon, Plutarch, a
the ancients.

When the Nepheli of Aristo
Socrates, was acting, his friend
tire and hide behind them. "
"I will stand up here, where
now I think myself like a good
one has a share of me."

Brasidas, the famous Lacedæm
a mouse; it bit him, and by t
escape. "O, Jupiter!" said h
there so contemptible, but that it
if it will contend for it?"

The *Long Story-teller* is one
thing in a great number of w
among the moderns are fam
French; and among ourselves
we have a vast number of the l
six deans, four judges, six and
law, sixty-five attornies, some
college, every mayor and alde
whole nation, all old gentlem
exception, five of the college o
four lords, two hundred squires,
of distinction besides.

The following is a fragment
of example, containing a hund
words, which might have beco
lowing; viz. "Nine years ag
a friend."

"I remember once, I think
years ago—no, I lie, it was a
for it was just when my wife w
I remember particularly, the m
me stay to keep her company, a
day of storm and rain that I ev
but, because I engaged to pre
friend of mine, who lived about
this being Saturday, I could n
morning, though I had an exc

e hours; I bought him of a neigh-
iterson; yet, because I would not
fright, &c." Thus far he went in
ory lasted an hour; so that, upon
, he spoke seven thousand seven
words, instead of six hundred, by
made use of seven thousand one
more than he had occasion for.

is he who is fond of telling such
ilive, who has the least use of his
ve. This humour prevails very
and the vain-glorious: but it is
ardonable, because no man's faith
r, if it should be so, no ill conse-
ersons seriously extravagant, ex-
ild give credit to what they know
greatest dunce to swallow.

io had travelled to Damascus, told
the bees of that country were as
Pray, sir," said a gentleman, beg-
e question, "how large were the
e size with ours," replied the tra-
ange," said the other: "but how
r hives?"—"That is none of my
: them look to that."

d travelled as far as Persia, spoke
as he was returning home, telling
y it was that a traveller should
d the life, otherwise he could not
ject from his countrymen which
t have: "but at the same time,
wheresoever I shall dine or sup,
ny chair, and if I do very much
of truth, punch me behind, that
elf." It happened one day, that
certain gentleman, who shall be
e affirmed that he saw a monkey
rneo, which had a tail threescore
punched him, "I am certain it
" John punched again. "I be-
in compass, for I did not measure
n forty." John gave him another
ber it lay over a quickset hedge,
l not be less than thirty." John
at him again. "I could take my oath it was twenty." This did not satisfy John. Upon which the master turned about in a rage, and said, "Damn you for a puppy! would you have the monkey without any tail at all?"

The *Insipid*, who may not unfitly be called soporific, is one who goes plodding on in a heavy, dull relation of unimportant facts. You shall have an account, from such a person, of every minute circumstance that happened in the company where he had been; what he did, and what they did; what they said, and what he said; with a million of trite phrases; with an "And so," beginning every sentence; and "To make a long story short;" and "As I was saying;" with many more expletives of equal signification. It is a most dreadful thing when men have neither the talent of speaking, nor the discretion of holding their tongues; and that, of all people, such as are least qualified, are commonly the most earnest in this way of conversation.

The *Delightful Story-teller* is one who speaks not a word too much, or too little; who can, in a very careless manner, give a great deal of pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert, than be applauded; who shows good understanding, and a delicate turn of wit in every thing which comes from him; who can entertain his company better with a history of a child and its hobby-horse, than one of the soporifics can with an account of Alexander and Bucephalus. Such a person is not unlike a bad reader, who makes the most ingenious piece his own; that is, dull and detestable, by only coming through his mouth.

LITTLE MOUTHS.

From London, Paul the carrier coming down
To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accost with salutation pretty,
As "How dost Paul?" "Thank ye, and how dost
Betty?"
"Did'st see our Jack, nor sister? No, you've seen
I warrant, none but those who saw the queen."
"Words often spoke in jest," says Paul, "are true,
I came from Windsor, and if some folks knew
As much as I, it might be well for you."

" Lord, Paul, what is't ?" " Why give me something for't ;"
" This kiss and this." "The matter's then in short,
The parliament have made a proclamation,
Which will this week be sent all round the nation ;
That maids with little mouths do all prepare
On Sunday next to come before the mayor,
And that all bachelors be likewise there.
For maids with little mouths shall, if they please,
From the young men choose husbands two a-piece."
Betty with bridled chin extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with simp'ring grace,
Cries, " Hem ! pray what must all the huge ones do
For husbands, when we little mouths have two ?"
" Hold, not so fast," cries he, " pray pardon me,
Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have three."
Betty distorts her face with hideous squall,
And with mouth a foot wide begins to bawl,
" Oh, oh, is't so ?—The case is alter'd, Paul.
Is that the point ? I wish the three were ten ;
I warrant I'll find mouth, if they'll find men."

ON TWO TWIN-SISTERS, WHO DIED AT THE SAME TIME, AND WERE BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.

Fair marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie ;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone ;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

IRISH RECEIPT TO CURE A LOVE FIT.

Tie one end of a rope fast over a beam,
And make a slip noose at t'other extreme ;
Then just underneath let a cricket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get :
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear be well settled the knot :
The cricket kick'd down let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest of the work to the string.

MEDITATION ON A

By Dr. John

Let us seriously reflect of wh
posed : it is composed of flour,
the golden grain, and drank the
—of milk pressed from the s
gentle hand of the beauteous ma
and innocence might have re
draught, who, while she stroke
no ambitious thoughts of wande
no plans for destruction of he
milk, which is drawn from
animal that eats the grass of
us with that which made the gr
of mankind in the age which
to call golden. It is made wit
of nature which the theoretical
to creation. An egg contain
smooth surface an unformed m
bation of the parent, becomes
nished with bones and sinew
feathers.——Let us consider,
wanting to complete the Medit
more is wanting, more may
salt, which keeps the sea fro
which is made the image of
contributes to the foundation o

TRUE NOBIL

Lord Melcombe, when his
appointed ambassailor to Spai
told him it would not do, as
suppose a man to possess any
a monosyllable—" You must
—I can help you to one, supp
Bubb."

ON SEEING A VICAR

When Bacchus once the
With his prevailing
The man, in spite of art,
Abstracted from the

t the formal path;
, he's not the same man;
l stagger'd in his faith,
:up'd like a layman.

etty things he spoke,
g our attention;
fit to feed a flock,
s own invention:

truths said o'er his glass,
I took great notice,
10 veritas,
10 sacerdotis,

l; yet praise was due,
into which to give it,
not, of the two,
r, or the Levite,

:eks inflam'd with drink,
with his white head;
ear just like a link,
one end 'tis lighted.

arnest, broke his jest,
ure phrases utter'd;
ay'd, and not the priest,
he best side outward.

t last in Bacchus' streams,
; weak condition
sleep, to dream strange dreams,
me wond'rous vision.

:ELD-DAY, AND SHAM FIGHT.

valour, for glory to go,
learn how to handle a foe;
ast old England to lift up a paw
of laurels they'll reap from the

ie fair—the swains quickly run
apsack and shoulder the gun;
ie feats that the warriors do,
dinner, or a grand review.
pa, says Miss Sophinishba Squint-
is how vy you vont let our John
s Mr. Taptub, the innkeeper's son,
has only been in the volunteers a very little time, and his sweetheart tells me, he *charges* beautifully, and she's seen him practise in the hay season. A soldier! pho! nonsense; no; the boy's next to a fool now. Yes, my love, says his wife, he is just at your elbow; but why not indeed; I'm sure my John has as pretty a leg for regimentals as Mr. Macscrewemall, the undertaker, who heads the *corpse*:—But you want your children to be as ignorant as yourself. You'd never have known how to have *got on*, if I had not showed you the way.—Ah! Mr. Squintpretty, if I had been as dull and as still as yourself, I don't know—Now don't bother papa, mama, because I'm just determined to sport steel at the next review, and for that reason I have—but here comes Mr. Snipred, the military tailor, with my clothes, and you shall see me *marshalized* afore you can say how much do they cost. Well, I declare they look very nice; and that feather, beautiful—my dear boy, your looks will make you a *kernal*. Do you think so, mamma? I do. Do you, why then—

Here's to parade, in double quick pace,
With my head up so high, and my coat deck'd with lace.
Where the ladies astonished, will sigh and say
How beautiful looks, the lovely ensign J.

At parade then they mix, and sure such a set
Of staunch hearted heroes before ne'er was met;
Distinction and place are lost in the day,
When their country commands to rehearse for a fray;
In well formed ranks they are stationed all,
The crooked, the dapper, the short, and the tall,
The doctor, and butcher, 'like in front or van,
And a tailor's on a level with the gentleman.

Spoken.] And there they are all the noble souls in the parish, from Ben Bumper the bruiser, to little Sam Shuttle the weaver, and close in order; they look as even as a row of oak and gooseberry trees, or the lower jaw of an old woman, but *fine* to a man. There, then, is *Kernal* Screwemall on the field, feathered like a mourning-coach horse. Attention—excellent! Make ready—charge. Oh, oh, oh! what's the matter with Sergeant Pattypan. Why Corporal

Dumpling has run his *bagnet* into my cartridge box. Mr. Evergape, mind the word, sir—you are picking your comrade's teeth with your *bagonette*—fall in, fall in. I am falled in, sir. Where? Why into the Paddington Canal. Shoulder arms—O! shame, shame, gentlemen, the wrong shoulder; so you must *recover arms*, bravo, well disciplined. Stand at ease. I'll be damned if I can stand at ease, you are so tall and I am so short, you keep tickling my ear with your pigtail. Shoulder arms—good. Prime and load—better. Fire—pop, pop, pop, pop. Never heard a better fire; I've got twenty men in my company, and I heard seventeen of them fire distinctly. What's gone with the other three?—Pop, pop, pop—there they are all. O my! I am so dry: I must have *summat* to drink afore I goes into action again. Why you mustn't go now, its *irregular*. Well, we a'nt regulars you know. You'll be shot for a deserter. Pho! I shall go the back way to that house over the way, the Marquis of Granby's Head. Mr. Huckaback, which is the back way to the Marquis of Granby's Head? Up the nape of his neck, sir, I should think. To prevent mischief, gentlemen, unfix *bagonets*. O, look at the *kernal*, the *kernal!* The gallant colonel's horse, having never before smelt powder, at the unexpected shock, released himself from his too martial rider, by throwing him—not into the arms, but on the heads of his valorous troop, who luckily had, according to command, previously unfixed bayonets: or else his charger's next visit to the churchyard might have been *with* the colonel: but no such loss to chivalry happened. With the exception of giving Bill Alum a black eye with the point of his boot, and tearing corporal Fribble's shirt-frill with his spur, all was in *statu quo*. Hollo! where's Mr. Alamode going? He says he won't stop any longer—he's affronted;—he says, Mr. Sponge, the baker, fired off so close to his ear, that he has singed off half his whiskers. The gallant colonel was about to harangue, when a shower of rain prevented his stream of oratory, and threw a *damp* on the spirits of the day. So they Right about faced, and gallop'd away,

Sans order, sans time, sans martial array;

For the dinner it was ordered
And to the hour it wanted bu
Their appetites whetted with
Each eager and able his knife
The enemy appears—and the
Nor give a bit of quarter to t
So valorous were they, and so
That they did on the pastry,
meats,
That the landlord brought a b
At so wonderful a havoc by a

Spoken.] Aye! and as I w
paign that I served—Whe
That! in Hungerfordshire, a
of it: but it was all for the k
mind having his dinner at w
public good: a true patriot w
for his country. Mr. Alamo
wing of this fowl?—No, Sir,
the *flank* of that beef. Per
fuse standing a little *grape* s
sir, before I sit down opposite
this giblet pie. You are out
Yes, indeed, but I must tha
cannot help *going off*. Now
primed yet. Silence for the
gentlemen, as you insist on a
this, which is *that*, "May
parish prove the *terror* of the
I shall go. Oh! but you mu
lonel's song. O, aye, certa
means. Well, gentlemen, I'l
one of my own:—

"To die is b
Perhaps you sing professio
shame, interruption. Mutin
punishment shall he undergo
Eat like an alderman, and
To the volunteer *corps* and
Confusion to all foes—whe
For if we *loud* our bellies
backs.



RTY-FIVE.

g in conversation with Foote,
ua Reynolds, and other dis-
, Barnard happened to say,
nan could improve when past
Upon this Dr. Johnson ob-
ard) was an instance to the
as great room for improvement
he would set about it. This
g elegant *bagatelle* from Dr.
of the next day; addressed
olds, and Co."

o man alive
ve past forty-five,
d to assert it:
was not new,
so just and true
ould controvert it.

Johnson; "'tis not so.
ke, and I can show
if you doubt it.
near forty-eight,
ve, 'tis not too late;
set about it."

to mend my faults,
sel in my thoughts,
I should apply it:
seem'd past my reach,
n when none will teach?
could not *buy* it.

riends, and try your skill:
ne, if you will,
re at a distance.)
and learn, and then
I shall read men;
your assistance.

lympton,* teach me how
ruffled brow,

oshua Reynolds.

2 G

And smile serene, like thine;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By studious imitation.
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine
By constant application.

The art of pleasing teach me, Garrick;
Thou who reversest odes Pindaric
A second time read o'er.†
Oh! could we read thee backward too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek;
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace;
From him I'll learn to write:
Copy his clear familiar style;
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow, *like himself, polite.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SWIFT AND HIS LANDLORD.

The three towns of Navan, Kells, and Trim, which lay in Swift's route on his first journey to Laracor, seem to have deeply arrested his attention, for he has been frequently heard to speak of the beautiful situation of the first, the antiquity of the second, and the time-shaken towers of the third. There were three inns in Navan, each of which claim to this day the honour of having entertained *Dr. Swift!* It is probable that he dined at one of them, for it is certain that he slept at

† Alluding to Garrick, in a whim, reading Cumberland's odes backward.

Kells, in the house of *Jonathan Belcher*, a Leicestershire man, who had built the inn in that town on the English model, which still exists, and, in point of capaciousness and convenience, would not disgrace the first road in England. The host, whether struck by the commanding sternness of Swift's appearance, or from natural civility, showed him into the best room, and waited himself at table. The attention of Belcher seems so far to have won upon Swift as to have produced some conversation. "You're an Englishman, sir?" said Swift. "Yes, sir." "What is your name?" "Jonathan Belcher, sir." An Englishman and *Jonathan* too, in the town of Kells—who would have thought it! What brought you to this country?" "I came with Sir Thomas Taylor, sir; and I believe I could reckon *fifty Jonathans* in my family." "Then you are a man of family?" "Yes, sir; I have four sons and three daughters by one mother, a good woman of true Irish mould." "Have you been long out of your native country?" "Thirty years, sir." "Do you ever expect to visit it again?" "Never." "Can you say that without a sigh?" "I can, sir; my family is my country!" "Why, sir, you are a better philosopher than those who have written volumes on the subject: then you are reconciled to your fate?" "I ought to be so; I am very happy; I like the people, and, though I was not born in Ireland, I'll die in it, and that's the same thing." Swift paused in deep thought for near a minute, and then with much energy repeated the first line of the preamble of the noted Irish statute—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores!*—" *(The English) are more Irish than the Irish themselves!*"

SATIRE.

Satire, when general, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any; since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burthen upon the shoulders of the *world*, which are broad enough and able to bear it. "'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, as man carries a racket about him to strike himself among the rest of the company."

DISTINCTIONS IN FEMALE DEARTY.

One Mrs. Mapp, a famous she [illegible] mountebank, coming to town with a coach horses, on the Kentish road was met by of people, who, seeing her very oddly and dressed, took her for a foreigner, and she must be George the First's mistress. they followed the coach, bawling out, No w—! No Hanover w—! The lady coach was much offended, let down the screamed louder than any of them, the Hanover w— she was an English which they cried out, "God bless your quitted the pursuit, and wished her a ney.

PRINCE EUGENE'S TIE WIG.

A whimsical circumstance occurred Eugene's going to court; Swift gives of it: "When Mr. Secretary St. John conduct him, he found him in the utmost imaginable: Hoffmann, the Emperor's had told his Highness that morning, impossible for him to go to court *wig*, and his was a tied up one. "How Prince; "I know not what to do, for I a long periwig in my life; and I have my valets and footmen to see whether have one, that I might borrow it, but them has such a thing. What am I was with the utmost difficulty the convince him it was a thing of no only observed by gentlemen-ushers.

THE LOVE-SICK SWAIN.

I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I And very fain would have been at her; But when I strove most my fond passion Still then I said least of the matter.



l resolv'd I would try,
heart to recover;
for I sooner could die
earing to love her.
then; and since your own eyes
and adoration,
k too, and do not despise
tell you my passion.
love, and tho' neither should

still be pursuing;
, I don't doubt we may make
this wooing. CONGREVE.

AND THE EGGS.

ile Swift was at Laracor, the
stock, the farmer being dead.
past during the auction just as
put up: Roger, Swift's clerk,
s overbid by a farmer of the
hat, Roger, won't you buy the
ft. "No, sir," said Roger, "I
ING TO HATCH."

IBER FORCING.

very red face: "Pray my
o him, "come and look over
y cucumbers are very back-

T BARGAIN.

I am deceiv'd,
lse and common:
it least believed)
woman:
is such caress'd;
stant when possess'd,
nore for no man.
ughts on others ran,
think a hard thing;
v'd you the man,
I one farthing?
alse, I'm sure she's kind;
you her mind,
etter bargain?

A LETTER GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF A PESTILENT NEIGHBOUR.

Sir,

You must give me leave to complain of a PESTILENT fellow in my neighbourhood, who is always beating MORTAR, yet I cannot find that he ever builds. In talking, he uses such hard words that I want a *drugger*-man to interpret them. But all is not gold that *glisters*. *A pot he carries* to most houses where he visits. He makes his 'prentice his GALLY slave. I wish our lane were *purged* of him. Yet he pretends to be a *cordial* man. Every *spring* his shop is crowded with country-folks; who by their *leaves*, in my opinion, help him to do a great deal of mischief. He is full of SCRUPLES, and so very LITIGIOUS, that he files bills against all his acquaintance: and, though he be much troubled with the SIMPLES, yet I assure you he is a *jesuitical dog*; as you may know by his BARK. Of all poetry he loves the DRAM-A-TICK best.

I am, &c.

ON ITS BEING OBSERVED OF A CELEBRATED PUBLIC CHARACTER THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN HIS VERY LOOKS.

That there is falsehood in his looks,
I must and will deny;
They say their master is a knave,
And sure they do not lie.

EPIGRAM.

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble.

If the truth of this proverb is not to be slighted,
Your principles doubtless are just,
Your kindness to me you in marble indited,
Your injuries you wrote in the dust.

SWIFT'S PUNNING.

Nothing can more strongly show Swift's fondness for puns of all sorts, than an extract from one of his letters. "The Bishop of Clogher has made an if-pun that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom: but Sir Andrew Fountain has written to Tom Ashe last post, told him

the pun, and desired him to send it over to the Bishop as his own; and if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. I'll tell you the pun. If there was a *hackney coach* at Mr. *Pooley's* door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be *Hecatompolis; Hack at Tom Pooley's.* Silly!"

PROLOGUE

Spoken in the Character of a Sailor, on opening the New Theatre at North-Shields.

Holloa! my Masters! where d'ye mean to stow us?
(*Without.*
We're come to see what pastime ye can show us.
Sall, step aloft—you sha'n't be long without me.
I'll walk their quarter-deck, and look about me.
[*Enters.*
Tom and Dick Topsail are above—I hear 'em;
Tell 'em to keep a birth; and, Sall—sit near 'em.
Sall's a smart lass—I'd hold a butt of stingo
In three weeks time she'd learn the playhouse lingo.
She loves your plays, she understands their meaning:
She calls 'em—Moral rules made entertaining.
Your Shakspeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
And I myself (at sea) have read—a little.
At London, sirs! when Sall and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting.
Mass! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their fiddlers and their damn'd sonatas.
Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,
That play——"God save the king," and "Nancy Dawson."
Well—tho' the frigate's not so much bedizen'd,
[*Looking about.*
'Tis snug enough!—'tis clever for the size on't,
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-garden.
Bell rings.] Avast!—a signal for the launch, I fancy;
What say you, Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy?
Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge so tightly,
Shan't you, and I, and Sall, come see them nightly?
The jolly crew will do their best endeavours;
They'll grudge no labour to deserve your favour;
A luckier fate they swear can ne'er befall 'em,
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you—*Bell.*

EPITAPH ON JUDGE BOAT.

Here lies judge *Boat* within a coffin,
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing;
A *Boat* a judge! yes, where's the blunder?
A *wooden* judge is no such wonder!
And in his robes you must agree,
No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
In short he was an able *sculler.**

SUPERFICIAL, IGNORANT, AND LEARNED READERS.

Readers may be divided into three classes, the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned. I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the use and advantage of each. The *superficial* may be strangely provoked to *laughter*; which the breast and the lungs, is sovereign for the *spleen*, and the most innocent of all exercises. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the learned the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself exposed to *stare*, which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I labour when others sleep, and sleep when others labour, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life.

THE TIPSY MEMBER.

A member of parliament applied to the Speaker to know why some of his franks had been omitted. The answer was: "We supposed, sir, they were not *precisely* the same; but the truth is, I happened to be *a little tipsy* when I wrote them." "Then will you be so good, in future, as write just as you make *free*."

* Qu. Whether the author meant a sailor, or mistook.

SMOKING WAGER.

olace of Dr. Aldrich between the rned pursuits, was that of smok- ıbit he was so fond, that, among ositions, he produced a "Smok- : sung by four men smoking their ssive attachment to this amuse- subject of pleasant remark in the dent, one morning at breakfast, on a wager, that the Dean was instant. Away they accordingly deanery; and, admitted to the Dean the occasion of their visit; himself, in perfect good humour, aid that he was smoking, he said, ou have lost your wager; for I but—filling my pipe."

GUINEA NOTE.

gars' Opera was under rehearsal et Theatre, in 1823, Miss Paton h to sing the air of "*The Miser s*," a note higher; to which the mediately replied, "Then, Miss, *The Miser thus a* GUINEA *sees.*"

AN ASSIZE TOWN.

, dress'd exceeding fine,
elin-men, in double line;
for the hour to dine:
tain, with a blust'ring look
s noted, quoted—COOK;
l whom one always sees
igs, and bands, sans briefs, sans

to create dispute,
for a Chancery-suit;
, not much averse to please
el, who have touch'd some fees;
: plaintiff or defendant,
ichs feel, to make an end on't;
ar, riot, noise, and pother,
esses one upon t'other.

INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

A notorious rogue being brought to the bar, and knowing his case to be desperate, instead of pleading, took to himself the liberty of jesting, and thus said, "I charge you in the king's name, to seize and take away that man (meaning the Judge) in the red gown, for I go in danger of my life, because of him."

THE WONDERFUL WONDER OF WONDERS.

There is a certain person lately arrived at this city, of whom it is very proper the world should be informed. His character may perhaps be thought very inconsistent, improbable, and unnatural; however, I intend to draw it with the utmost regard to truth. This I am the better qualified to do, because he is a sort of dependant upon our family, and almost of the same age; though I cannot directly say, I have ever seen him. He is a native of this country, and has lived long among us; but what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never seen before, by any mortal.

It is true indeed he always chooses the lowest place in company; and contrives it so, to keep out of sight. It is reported, however, that in his younger days he was frequently exposed to view, but always against his will, and was sure to smart for it.

As to his family, he came into the world a younger brother, being of six children the fourth in order of birth; of which the eldest is now head of the house; the second and third carry arms; but the two youngest are only footmen: some indeed add, that he has likewise a twin brother, who lives over against him and keeps a victualling house; he has the reputation to be a close, griping, squeezing fellow; and that when his bags are full, he is often needy; yet when the fit takes him, as fast as he gets he lets it fly.

When in office, no one discharges himself, or does his business better. He has sometimes strained hard for an honest livelihood; and never got a bit, till every body else was done.

One practice appears very blamable in him; that

very morning he privately frequents unclean houses, where any modest person would blush to be seen. And although this be generally known, yet the world, as censorious as it is, has been so kind to overlook this infirmity in him. To deal impartially, it must be granted that he is too great a lover of himself, and very often consults his own ease, at the expense of his best friends: but this is one of his blind sides; and the best of men I fear are not without them.

He has been constituted by the higher powers in the station of receiver general, in which employment some have censured him for playing fast and loose. He is likewise overseer of the golden mines which he daily inspects, when his health will permit him.

He was long bred under a master of arts, who instilled good principles into him, but these were soon corrupted. I know not whether this deserves mention: that he is so very capricious, as to take it for an equal affront, to talk either of kissing or kicking him, which has occasioned a thousand quarrels: however, nobody was ever so great a sufferer for faults, which he neither was, nor possibly could be guilty of.

In his religion he has thus much of the quaker, that he stands always covered, even in the presence of the king; in most other points a perfect idolater, although he endeavours to conceal it; for he is known to offer daily sacrifices to certain subterraneous nymphs, whom he worships in an humble posture, prone on his face, and stript stark naked; and so leaves his offerings behind him, which the priests of those goddesses are careful enough to remove, upon certain seasons, with the utmost privacy at midnight, and from thence maintain themselves and families. In all urgent necessities and pressures, he applies himself to these deities, and sometimes even in the streets and highways, from an opinion that those powers have an influence in all places, although their peculiar residence be in caverns under ground. Upon these occasions, the fairest ladies will not refuse to lend their hands to assist him; for, although they are ashamed to have him seen in their company, or even so much as to hear him, yet it is well known that he is one of their followers.

In politics, he always submits to what most; but he peruses pamphlets on both great impartiality, though seldom till eve has done with them.

His learning is of a mixed kind, and perly be called a *bellua librorum*, or a de Voragine; though his studies are chi to schoolmen, commentators, and Gr together with modern poetry and cri an atomic philosopher, strongly ma in nature, which he seems to have f many experiments.

I shall now proceed to describe qualities, which, in several instanc tinguish this person from the rest mortals.

His grandfather was a member liament, as the grandson is of the often rises, sometimes grumbles. However he lets nothing pass wi well digested. His courage is w will take the boldest man alive by the last up; which is to be lame he happens to rise before the thought to forebode some good riors.

As wisdom is acquired by a wrinkle in his face, he is repos knowledge.

In him we may observe the sequences of tyranny in a stat oppressor of all below him, s oppressed by those above hi has been so highly in favou persons have been entirely m preferments.

He has discovered from t true point wherein all human designs do chiefly terminat sordid they are at the bottom

e public to keep him quiet; for
murs are a certain sign of intestine

r ever lamented more the luxury
nations are so justly taxed; it has
ost him tears of blood: for in his
far from being profuse; though in-
ays a night at a gentleman's house,
omething behind him.
ith great submission whatever his
to give him; and when they lay
on him, which is frequently enough,
n as soon as he can; but not with-
and much grumbling.
al hanger on; yet nobody knows
t him. He patiently suffers him-
der, but loves to be well used, and
sacrifice his vitals to give you ease:
one acquaintance, for whom he
id; yet, as far as we can find, was
se any thing by it.
to be very unquiet in the com-
man in new clothes, or a young

t, the subject of much mirth and
seems to take well enough; though
bserved that ever any good thing

eral an opinion of his justice, that
ard cases are left to his decision:
upon them, he carries himself ex-
en both sides, except where some
s; and then he is observed to lean
ht or left, as the matter inclines
ons for it are so manifest and con-
r man approves them.

EPITAPH
ted to the Marquis of Anglesea's
deposited at Waterloo.

l let no saucy knave
sneer or laugh,
: mould'ring in this cave,
itish *Calf*.

For he who writes these lines is sure
That those who read the whole,
Would find that laugh were premature,
For here too lies a *Sole*.
And here five little ones repose,
Twin-born with other five;
Unheeded by their brother toes,
Who now are all alive.
A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
Rest here of one commanding;
Who, though his wits he may retain,
Lost half his *understanding*.
Who, when the guns, with thunder fraught,
Pour'd bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be brought
To give the foe *leg bail*.
And now in England, just as gay
As in the battle brave;
Goes to the rout, review, or play,
With one foot in the grave.
Fortune, indeed, has shown her spite,
For he will still be found,
Should England's foes engage in fight;
Resolv'd to stand his ground:
And but indulg'd in harmless whim,
Since he could walk with one;
She saw two legs were lost on him,
Who never deign'd to run.

GARRICK'S EYE.

Miss Pope was one evening in the green-room, commenting on the excellencies of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said "he had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that would penetrate through a deal board."—"Aye," cried Wewitzer, "I understand—what we call a *gimblet eye!*"

CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANISM.

Querist. Where, observed a Roman Catholic, in warm dispute with a Protestant, where was your religion before Luther?

Q. Did you wash your face this morning?

A. Yes.

Q. Where was your face before it was washed?

A BLESSED SPOT.

From an Epigram of Abulfadhel Ahmed, surnamed Al Hamadani, recorded in D'Herbelot.

Hamadan is my native place;
And I must say, in praise of it,
It merits, for its ugly face,
What every body says of it.

Its children equal its old men
In vices and avidity;
And they reflect the babes again
In exquisite stupidity.

ORIGINAL PLAY-BILLS.

The usual method of advertising the performances at the London theatres was originally by affixing them to numerous posts, which formerly encumbered the streets of the metropolis; and hence the phrase, posting-bills. Taylor, the water-poet, relates that master Field, the player, riding up Fleet-street at a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him what play was played that day? He being angry to be staid on so frivolous a demand, answered that he might see what play was to be played on every *post*. "I cry your mercy," said the gentleman, "I took you for a *post*, you rode so fast."

WILKES'S QUERIES.

I wish you at the devil, said somebody to Wilkes.

I don't wish you there.

Why?

Because I never wish to meet you again.

Where the devil did you come from? said Wilkes, to a beggar in the Isle of Wight.

From the devil.

What is going on there?

Much the same as here.

What's that?

The rich taken in, and the poor kept out.

MOUTH *versus* EYES.

From the French of La Fontaine.

Cyprus to wit: Sweet Mouth *versus* Fine Eyes,
Before the Chamber of Precedencies.
The case was opened by Sweet Mouth, who
"I summon Hearts. Let their reports be
Let them decide, my Lords, which of us
Has most to say, to charm with, and to
Do, did I say? I'm ready to take
I've more than I can do, though
Only, it seems, I've not the happy
Of shedding tears, like Eyes! With
My glory centers not in sight alone:
I satisfy three senses, they but one.
Odours and sounds to my sweet voice belong,
And to delightful words I join a
My very sighs exhale a world of
Like zephyrs in the time of violets.
I have such ways to make a lover
Such heaps—your Lordships will
And then, if Fine Eyes lay a wager
To see who first can strike some
Lord! how Fine Eyes go toiling
While, speak we but a word—the
We want no tricks, not we, to give the
Let Fine Eyes shut, they're no
Sweet Mouth has always treasures to
Coral without, and precious pearl within;
Who, when I deign to play, can
Let presents fall in oriental
The favours I bestow beat all their
Thirty-two pearls I wear about me
Of which the least in beauty and
Surpasses all with which the East is
As many millions should not purchase it."
Thus spoke Sweet Mouth: on which
rise
A lover, who was counsel for Fine
He said, as you may guess, that
Love, without them, could never
That as to tears, he felt, he must
To hear their very tenderness
What could sighs do, he should be
Unless their warrants stood
The fact was, both were good, and
Wronged her own cause, and hurt her
There are delicious tears; and there
On t' other hand, not over good or



. better, as she says she can,
: cause by silence than this plan.
silent charms, the godlike powers
cause, when compared with ours?
ndred and a thousand ways,
y a stealth, by sparkling rays,
weet Mouth blames—but is the part
most—the gentle art
a tear the manliest heart.
outh gains a single conquest, we
of ceaseless victory:
g in which she bears the prize,
sand sparkle with Fine Eyes.
ities, in the poet's groves,
eard of but our darts and loves?
okes we deal, such deeds we vaunt,
ell, who say that we enchant.
ll surrender up their arms.
the whirl of those alarms,
nes following in, and then pretends
ms.
e people ask not who she is,
ık, and "thank the gods amiss.
s two words of magic touch,
annot Fine Eyes say as much?
ue that with no words at all
ut, and tell a tale, and call,
: than all the pearls and songs,
Mouth musters round her tongue of

started here, and took occasion
happy peroration.
y's eye, just coming in,
:h the sweetest ever seen:
tone, and with a gravity,
y a reposing eye,
en taking up your Lordship's time
tters fitter for a rhyme;
Lords, I think 'twould be absurd,
to add another word.
ntence:—we are quite secure:
not tire the court I'm sure."
a pretty shame, looked round
yes, which dealt so wide a wound,

That all hands dropt their papers for surprise,
And not a heart but gave it for Fine Eyes.
Sweet Mouth at this, seeing how matters went,
And forced to raise some new astonishment,
Resumed, and said—"To what has just been dropt,
(Which, by the way, is shockingly corrupt,)
There is one word alone I wish to say:
My Lords, Fine Eyes do little but by day:
That silent tongue of theirs, when in the dark
Makes but a sorry sort of frigid spark:
What I can do, needs surely no remark."

This reason settled the dispute *instanter*:
Fine [illegible] were much, but Sweet Mouth the entertainer.
Fine Eyes, however, took it in good part,
And Sweet Mouth gave the Judge a kiss with all her heart.

A TRUE CRITIC.

A true critic hath one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature.

SWIFT'S MAGGOTS.

Swift dining one day with a lady, complained that a leg of mutton, one of the dishes at table, was full of maggots;—"*Not half so full as your head, doctor,*" replied the lady drily. The doctor was silent and did not rally for the remainder of the evening.

IRISH PRIESTCRAFT.

An Irish peasant complained to the Catholic priest of his parish, that some person had stolen his best pig, and supplicated his reverence to help him to the discovery of the thief. The priest promised his best endeavours; and his inquiries soon leading him to guess the offender, he took the following amusing method of bringing the matter home to him. Next Sunday, after the service of the day, he called out with a loud voice, fixing his eyes on the suspected individual, "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig?" There was a long pause, and no answer; he did not expect that there would be any, and descended from the pulpit without saying a word

more. A second Sunday arriving without the pig being restored, his reverence, again looking steadfastly at the stubborn purloiner, and throwing a deep note of anger into the tone of his voice, repeated the question, "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig? I say, who stole *poor* Pat Doolan's pig?" Still there was no answer, and the question was left as before, to work its effect in secret on the conscience of the guilty individual. The hardihood of the offender however exceeded all the honest priest's calculations. A third Sunday arrived and Pat Doolan was still without his pig. Some stronger measures now became necessary. After service was performed, his reverence, dropping the question of "Who stole Pat Doolan's pig?" but still without directly accusing any one of the theft, reproachfully exclaimed, "Jimmie Doran! Jimmie Doran! you trate me with contimpt." Jimmie Doran hung down his head, and next morning the pig was found at the door of Pat Doolan's cabin.

Another Irish priest, by name Felix Macabe, author of a grammar of the English language, was expatiating from the pulpit on the reciprocal duties of the pastor and his flock, and on the account to be given on that subject at the day of final retribution. "Well, father Felix," he observed, "the great Judge will say, and how have you fulfilled the duties of your office? Have you neglected the charge you undertook, or supplied the wants of your parishioners? and I shall reply, 'Holy Father, I prached to them, and I prached to them, I prayed for their sowls, and I gave them my blessings.' Well, Father Felix, and how did your flock trate you? Did they pay you their dues and bring you their offerings? And then you villains, what am I to say?" added he, apostrophizing the congregation, "You know you do nothing but chate me."

CLERICAL FEAST.

"In the year 1470, says Fuller, in his Church History, "George Nevill, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, at his instalment into the Archbishoprick of York, gave a prodigious feast to all the nobility, most of the prime clergy, and many of the great gentry; wherein by his bi hundred quarters of wheat, th thirty tuns of ale, one hundred wine, one pipe of spiced wine, ei wild bulls, one thousand and fo hundred hogs, there hundred ra sand geese, three thousand capon pigs, one hundred peacocks, two two hundred birds, two thousa thousand pigeons, four thousa hundred and four bitterns, four two hundred pheasants, five hu four thousand woodcocks, four one hundred curlews, one hun thousand egrets, two hundred hundred bucks, does, and roebu five hundred and six hot venison sand cold venison pasties, one t jelly pasted, four thousand dish four thousand cold custards, custards, three hundred pike, th eight seals, four porpoises, and At this feast the Earl of Warwic Earl of Bedford, treasurer; the comptroller, with many more ne tors, one thousand; cooks, sixt five hundred and fifteen. honest Fuller, "seven years aft on all the estate of this archbis over to Calais in France, wher *summa inopia*, he was kept poverty. Justice thus punished gality."

CLEARING A TI

Sir Thomas More, on the d headed, had a barber sent to hi was long, which was thought o commiserated by the people. " him, and asked him, "whether be trimmed?" "In good fait saith Sir Thomas, "the king an my head; and till the title be cost upon it."



CHURCH LIVERY.

y, as Roger Cox, Dean Swift's clerk, church, his scarlet waistcoat caught Roger bowed, and observed, that he because he belonged to the *church*

WIT.

walks and purlieus, out of which it r the breadth of an hair, upon peril

FOOTE'S WIFE.

Worcester, being in town one spring, Foote's marriage, intended to pay his gian a visit, but was much surprised he was in the Fleet prison. Thither rectly; and found him in a dirty two- ack room, with furniture every way an apartment. The Doctor, shocked stance, began to condole with him; t him short by turning the whole into y, is not this better," said he, "than ever, the small-pox, and

thousand various ills
at flesh is heir to?'

temporary confinement; without pain, ncongenial (let me tell you) to this eather: whereas the above disorders give pain *and* confinement for a time, ltimately prevent a man from ever world again."

in this manner, the Doctor perceived behind him in the bed; upon which said he would call another time.— d the other, sit down: "'tis nothing —"Your foot!" said the Doctor: t no apologies, I shall call another ll you again," said the other, "'tis *y Foot;* and to convince you of its it shall speak to you directly." Upon fe put her head from under the bed- with much confusion and embarrass- ny apologies for her distressed situa-

INNS FOR ALL CLASSES.

The gentry to the *King's Head*
The nobles to the *Crown*,
The knights unto the *Golden Fleece*,
And to the *Plough* the clown.
The church-man to the *Mitre*,
The shepherd to the *Star*,
The gardener hies him to the *Rose*,
To the *Drum* the man of war.
To the *Feathers*, ladies, you; the *Globe*
The seaman does not scorn,
The usurer to the *Devil*, and
The cit unto the *Horn*.
The huntsman to the *White Hart*,
To the *Ship* the merchants go,
But those that do the Muses love,
The sign called *River Po*.
The bankrupt to the *World's End*,
The fool to the *Fortune* hies,
Unto the *Mouth* the oyster wife,
The fiddler to the *Pies*.
The punk unto the *Cockatrice*,
The drunkard to the *Vine*,
The beggar to the *Bush*, or else
He'll with *Duke Humphrey* dine.

ASCENSION DAY.

Foote, in walking about his own grounds at North-end one morning with a friend, spied dashing towards them on the Fulham road, two persons in one of those high phaetons so much the vogue of that day. "Is not that Moody," said he, "in that strange *three-pair-of stairs phaeton?*"—"Yes," said his friend; "and Mr. Johnson, the stock-broker, with him: and yet I wonder how he can leave his business, for I think this is no holiday."—"Why, no," said Foote; "I think not, except they choose to call this *ascension day*."

NEW MINISTRIES.

There is one thing in all new ministries; for the first week or two they are in a hurry, or not to be seen; and when you come afterwards, they are engaged. SWIFT.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

Kate for Dick compose the Gordian string,
yburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
ing wife, obedient to her vows,
nd in duty to exalt her spouse.

EEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

sage who said he would be proud
f windows in his breast,
cause he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confest;
is window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breast again would cover;
nd fairly bid the devil take
The di'mond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

That love is the devil I'll prove when requir'd;
These rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

When Dr. Franklin was agent in England for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the *Stamp Act*; but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it." After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the Doctor to consult with; and in conclusion offered this proposal: "That if the Americans would engage *to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper*, &c. the parliament would then repeal the act." The Doctor, having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:—"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, '*Hah! monsieur, voulez-vous* give me de *plaisir*, de *satisfaction*, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?'—'My body!' replied the Englishman: 'what do you mean?'—'*Vel den*, only so far,' marking about six inches. 'Are you mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I knock you down.'—'*Vel den*,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner; 'sir you, as you sir, only be so obliging as to pay me for the [illegible] and *expense* of heating this poker?'"

CRITICISM.

Nothing can be finer than Swift's description of the dwelling and attendants of Criticism in the Battle of the Books. "This malignant deity dwells on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla. Momus found her extended in her den upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat *Ignorance*, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper her had torn. There was *Opinion*, her sister, light foot, hood-winked, and headstrung, yet pleased perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noise and Impudence*, *Dullness* and *Positiveness*, *Pedantry*, and *Ill Manners*."

SWIFT'S SIMILES.

Is not religion a *cloak*; honesty a *coat* worn out in the dirt; self-love a *shirt*; and conscience a *pair of breeches*, though a cover for lewdness, as well as it is easily slipt down for the service of both?

THE PLEASING REPULSE.

She that denies me, I would have,
Who craves me I despise,
Venus has pow'r to rule my heart,
But not to please my eyes.
Temptations offer'd, I still spurn,
Deny'd, I seek them still,
I'll neither glut my appetite,
Nor seek to starve my will.
Diana, double-cloth'd, affords
So Venus, naked quite,
The last begets a surfeit,
The other no delight.
That crafty girl will please
Who No for Yes can say,
And ev'ry wanton willing
Can season with a Nay.



MR. CÆSAR.

day in company with the Lord
and their two ladies, and Mr.
the navy, at his house in the
ied to talk of Brutus, and Swift
his praise; when it struck him
e had made a blunder in doing
recollecting himself, he said,
your pardon."

VER CROMWELL.

l, by Samuel Butler

od people, all draw near,
to my ditty;
r thing,
I sing,
to this city.

een this monster,
ot give a farthing
ns in the grate,
ountain-cat,
s in Paris-garden.

y the pageants,
fore the mayor;
gest shape,
lid gape
t'Inny-fair!

nd and decent,
ish or platter,
there grows
ke a nose,
it is no such matter.

f th' aforesaid
t th'are not matches,
there are
two fair,
vell-grown mustaches.

admiration
olders strike,
ard should grow
ing's brow,
see the like?

He has no skull, 'tis well known
To thousands of beholders;
Nothing, but a skin,
Does keep his brains in
From running about his shoulders.

On both sides of his noddle
Are straps o'th' very same leather,
Ears are imply'd,
But th'are mere hide,
Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether.

Between these two extendeth
A slit from ear to ear,
That, every hour,
Gapes to devour
The sowce, that grows so near.

Beneath a tuft of bristles,
As rough as a frize-jerkin;
If it had been a beard,
'Twou'd have serv'd a herd
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within a set of grinders
Most sharp and keen, corroding
Your iron and brass,
As easy as,
That you wou'd do a pudding.

But the strangest thing of all is,
Upon his rump there groweth
A great long tail,
That useth to trail
Upon the ground, as he goeth.

PART II.

This monster was begotten
Upon one of the witches
B' an imp, that came to her,
Like a man, to woo her,
With black doublet and britches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
In divers several countries
The hogs and swine
Did grunt and whine,
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

winds did blow, the thunder
d lightning loud did rumble;
The dogs did howl,
The hollow tree in th' owl—
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbl'd.
soon as he was brought forth,
At th' midwife's throat he flew;
And threw the pap
Down in her lap;
They say, 'tis very true.

and up the walls he clamber'd,
With nails most sharp and keen,
The prints whereof,
I'th' boards and roof,
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o'th' top o'th' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew, which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
-ess; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue;
And all those parts much harmed;
'Till a wise-woman, which
Some call a White-witch,
Him into a hogsty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone and with nitre
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spaniel;
For she us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But, to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where, in Fleet-street,
All those may see't,
That will not believe my ditty.

God save the king and parliament,
And eke the prince's highness;
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—*Finis.*

A GOOD SORT OF MAN.

"Pray," said a lady to Foote, "who
is Sir John D.?"—"Oh! a very good
—"But what do you call a good m
"Why, Madam, one who preserves
decencies of ignorance."

SWIFT'S LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine,
Upon a chick, and pint of w
On rainy days I dine alone
And pick my chicken to the

THE WIFE'S COMPLA

Havard the actor (better known
of his manners, by the familiar
yard) had the misfortune to be
notorious shrew and drunkard
Garrick's, he was complaining
his side. Mrs. Garrick offered
"No, no," said her husband;
dear: Billy has mistaken his
plaint lies in his rib."

CHURCH

Query—Whether church
of the living, as well as of

* From this circumstance it
written before the murder of
liest performance of Banquo

CUSE FOR DULNESS.

e following very good excuse for a ving a circle of wits: "Sir, I sup- hing and merriment of the company e were many good things said. Now, a jest myself, so I make it a rule other people's."

DANTIC CONFESSION.

ng received a letter from his friend, it he would buy him some books, fair, and by way of excuse said, friend, "*I am sorry that I never you sent me about the books.*"

UALITIES OF WIT.

fancy, like a diamond,
act and curious 'tis ground,
every caract to abate
value, as it wants in weight.

REGENT'S PUNCH.

this "nectarious drink" is as fol- es of champagne, a bottle of hock, , a quart of brandy, a pint of rum, deira, two bottles of seltzer water, om raisins, seville oranges, lemons, , and instead of water, green tea. ighly iced.

THE DEVIL.

is the first o'th' name,
he race of rebels came,
first bold undertaker
rms against his maker;
miscarrying in th' event,
t known to repent,
l'd from the top of bliss
bottomless abyss;
vhich from their prince
wns ever since,
e ne'er repent the evil
uffer, like the Devil. BUTLER.

POETICAL LAW REPORTS.

Cowper, the poet, in one of his letters has made the following humorous proposal for the publication of poetical law-reports:—

"Poetical reports of law-cases are not very common; yet it appears to me desirable that they should be so;—many advantages would accrue from such a measure. They would in the first place be more commodiously deposited in the memory, just as linen, grocery, and other articles, when neatly packed, are known to occupy less room, and to lie more conveniently in any trunk, chest, or box, to which they may be committed. In the next place, being divested of that infinite circumlocution, and the endless embarrassment in which they are involved by it, they would become surprisingly intelligible in comparison with their present obscurity. And lastly, they would by that means be rendered susceptible of musical embellishment; and instead of being quoted in the country with that dull monotony, which is so wearisome to by-standers, and frequently lulls even the judges themselves to sleep, might be rehearsed in recitative, which would have an admirable effect in keeping the attention fixed and lively, and would not fail to disperse that heavy atmosphere of sadness and gravity which hangs over the jurisprudence of our country. I remember many years ago being informed by a relation of mine, who in his youth had applied himself to the study of the law, that one of his fellow-students, a gentleman of sprightly parts, and very respectable talents, of the poetical kind, did actually engage in the prosecution of such a design, for reasons I suppose somewhat similar to, if not the same with, those I have now suggested. He began with Coke's Institutes, a book so rugged in its style that an attempt to polish it seemed an Herculean labour, and not less arduous and difficult than it would be to give the smoothness of a rabbit's fur to the prickly back of a hedgehog. But he succeeded to admiration, as you will perceive by the following specimen, which is all that my said relation could recollect of the performance.

Tenant in fee-
Simple is he,
And need neither quake nor quiver,
Who hath his lands
Free from demands
To him and his heirs for ever."

The hint which he thus threw out, Cowper has himself acted upon in his report of the case of *Nose* v. *Eyes*. (See page 328.)

An ingenious author has actually versified the substance of Sir Edward Coke's Reports. The point of each case (with the name) is comprised in a couplet, as in the following instances :—

ARCHER. If he for life enfeoff in fee
It bars remainders in contingency.

SNAGG. If a person says, "he kill'd my wife,"
No action lies if she be yet alive.

FOSTER. Justice of peace may warrant send
To bring before him such as do offend.

A poetical Report of a poor-law case occurs in Burns' Justice, which runs as follows :—

A woman having a settlement
Married a man with none ;
The question was, he being dead,
If that *she* had was gone.
Quoth Sir John Pratt, "the settlement
Suspended doth remain,
Living the husband, but him dead,
It doth revive again."

Chorus of the Puisne Judges.

"Living the husband, but him dead,
It doth revive again !"

VAUXHALL WEATHER.

It having happened for several successive summers, that wet weather took place just as the Vauxhall season commenced, Tom Lowe, Tyers's principal vocal performer, accidentally meeting the proprietor, expressed an anxious desire to know when he meant to open his gardens. "Why are you so particular, Mr. Lowe ?" said Jonathan. "I have a very good reason, sir, and should like to *know* the very day." "Why, why ?" reiterated Tyers, impatiently. "That I may borrow a coat to sing in ; for you know we shall have rain."

MODERN SERMONS.

There is no species of composition that does stand more in need of an infusion of fresh wit than sermons.—Many of our preachers seem to think the intrinsic charms of the truth are so great as to supersede the necessity of any outward ornament to them ; and however much, as Swift observes, a good day, they may fall short of the apostles in working miracles, they greatly surpass them in the art of putting men asleep.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

With a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head ;
I saw the graves give up their dead :
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies.
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne.
While each pale sinner hangs his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heav'ns, and said,
"Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind ;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell—*through pride*.
You who in different sects have shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd,
(So some folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you) —
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more ;
I to such blockheads set my wit !
I damn such fools ! go, go ; you're bit."

DE NOVO.

Dr. Franklin, when he heard people say they were tired of a thing, merely through want of proper perseverance, he used to reply, "So do married people do ; *tire* and *begin again*."



KWARDS AND FORWARDS.

coming before the judges of the admittance into an office of a ship adies, was by one of the judges much insufficient person for that office he n; the judge telling him, "that he ld not say the points of his com- man answered, "that he could say vour, better than he could say his The judge replied, "That he would hillings with him upon that." The im up, it came to trial: and the sea- I said all the points of his compass the judge likewise said his *pater-* en he had finished it, he required cording to agreement, because the say his compass *better* than he his hich he had not performed. "Nay, l," quoth the seaman, "the wager for I have but half done:" and so said his compass backwards very the judge failing to do in his *pater-* an carried away the prize.

WHISTLING PRAYERS.

ne, wife of George the Second, was rs used to be read in the outward ng a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, oman in waiting, was one day or- e chaplain, Dr. Madox, afterwards ester, begin the service. He said a very proper altar-piece is here, een Anne had the same custom; ing the door to be shut while she plain stopped. The queen sent to d not proceed? He replied, "he tle the word of God through the

ND HODGE; OR, THE ADDITIONAL WRINKLE.

lay, was swelt'ring in the sun—
et a true child of fun!—
to see his man so blithe,
the labour of his scythe:
For Hodge had risen ere the early dawn,
And now 'twas noon, nor yet clean shaved the lawn.
Much had he done, which he was pleased to view,
But curs'd the little that remained to do!
His arms were weary, and his aged back
Seem'd, ev'ry sinew, at each bend, to crack;
At ev'ry stroke, the drops of sweat fast pace
Down the rough furrows of his time-plough'd face;
And still he stops, though he can scarcely stand,
To sweep his dewy forehead with his hand!
With frequent rubbings, whet his ling'ring blade,
And sighs for ev'ning, and the fresh'ning shade.
Now, old Sir Simon was as queer a soul
As Hodge himself, but nothing like so droll:
He had some wit, and thought that he had more;
As many a greater wit has done before—
And many another, we may well maintain
Has since done too, and still will do again.
"Hodge," says Sir Sim, "you can't well be dry,
For you are wet enough, I see, to fry:
Now, had you been but dry enough to burn,
A jug of ale had done you no ill-turn!"
Hodge smil'd at very mention of the nappy;
But, at the sight, was wondrously more happy:
For, now, Sir Simon, having had his joke,
Drew the full pitcher from beneath his cloak.
Hodge seiz'd, with eager hand, the foaming prize;
And, heav'n-ward raising both his grateful eyes,
Fast down his throat, the welcome liquor pours;
Nor heeds his master, loudly though he roars—
"Stop, Hodge! why, Hodge! zounds! Hodge, why don't you stop?
I'm thirsty, too; zounds! Hodge, leave me a drop!"
Sir Simon bawl'd, as loud as he could bawl;
But Hodge ne'er stopp'd, till he had swallow'd all.
As slowly, now, he panting gains his breath,
That seem'd awhile o'er-match'd by struggling death—
"Hodge," says Sir Simon, "prithee canst not hear?
Why, zounds! I bade thee not drink all the beer!
Deuce take thy throat, mine's hoarse with so much bawl!
I've half a mind to ram down jug and all.
I told thee I was dry, as well as thee;
But not a drop, plague take thee, 's left for me!"

ge, now, affected wonderful surprise,
ke a pig's, just stuck, appear'd his eyes—
d, sir," says he, and seemed to be contrite,
bent, by trick, to pacify the knight—
be main sorry thus to give offence:
to a person of your worship's sense,
need not say, for that would be absurd,
ile a man drinks, he ne'er can hear one word!"—
ot hear, while drinking!" straight Sir Simon
cries;
ll'd, in his turn, with a stuck pig's surprise:
Why, sure—why sure, Hodge,—that can never
be—
gad, I'll fetch another jug, and see."
Away the knight, with his best speed, now went,
To find the truth, as told by Hodge, intent:
And Hodge, meantime, contriv'd the means to
make
Sir Simon, what he said, for gospel take.
"Now, Hodge," the knight returning, cried,
"we'll try
If what you tell me truth be, or a lie,
I'll drink, and you must bellow—Stop, stop, stop!
Do pray, sir, you may add, leave me a drop."
This, when I hear, I certainly will do;
So, as I drink, remember, Hodge, bawl you."
Sir Simon heav'd the pitcher to his head;
Hodge op'd his mouth, but not a word he said:
Yet gap'd so wide, there seem'd abundant fear
The fellow meant to tear from ear to ear.
"This truth, so strange," to Hodge Sir Simon cried,
"I ne'er could have believ'd, had I not tried!
Thus, Hodge, it is, though life wears fast away,
Wiser, and wiser, we grow ev'ry day!
This time thou hadst, I fairly own, most brains;
So freely take the liquor for thy pains."
Hodge thus got paid, for playing off his wit;
And pleas'd his master was, though he was bit:
Convinc'd that he had gain'd a wrinkle more;
No matter where—than e'er he had before!

CREST OF THE TEMPLE.

The Pegasus which appears over the principal entrance of the Inner Temple, and which is the crest of that society, takes its origin from the seal used by the first Knights Templars. Hugh de Payens and Geoffrey de St. Aldemar, had, it is said, engraved upon their seal the figures of two men riding upon one horse,—a type of their poverty. A fine representation of this seal may be seen in the *Historia Minor* of Matthew Paris. This emblem was interrupted by the lawyers, the successors to the Knights Templars, into a Pegasus, and to this day remains their crest. The Society of the Middle Temple adopted the emblem of a lamb bearing a banner; or in heraldic language, a demi-lamb argent charged with a cross gules, and issuing from the nombrel thereof a holy lamb with its banner. These two devices, which are engraved very liberally over all the gateways in the Temple, gave rise to the following

EPIGRAM.

As by the Templars' holds you see,
The *horse* and *lamb*, display'd
In emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.
That clients may infer from these
How just is their profession,
The *lamb* sets forth their innocence,
The *horse* their expedition.
O happy Britons! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Where you get justice without gold,
And law without delay.

ANSWER.

Deluded men, these holds forego
Nor trust such cunning elves;
Those artful emblems tend to show
Their clients, not themselves.
'Tis all a trick, these are all shams
By which they mean to cheat;
But have a care!—for you're the lambs
And they the wolves that eat.
Nor let the thought of no defence
To these their courts allure;
'Tis you're the showy horses,
The jockeys that will ride

POVERTY AND POETRY.

ry, that makes men poor;
rite, that were not so before;
at have writ best, had they been rich,
en clapp'd with a poetic itch;
eir ease too well, to take the pains
hat drudgery of brains;
all other trades unfit,
being idle, set up wit. BUTLER.

VOX POPULI.

v. John Wesley, one of the founders
society which bears his name, was
uring to convince his sister that the
ple is the voice of God. "Yes,"
lied, "it cried, *crucify him, crucify*

LIQUIDATING CLAIMS.

arkably wet summer, Joe Vernon,
aste and humour contributed for
the entertainment of the frequenters
rdens, but who was not quite so good
ey matters as in music, meeting an
ho had the misfortune to hold some
ired paper, was asked by him, not
how the gardens were going on.
gly!" answered the jocose Joe.
it," retorted the creditor, "their
, I hope, will cause the singers to
otes."

IOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ides more cheats and lying
selling, than in buying;
great, unjuster dealing
uying, than in selling.
BUTLER.

ILOLOGICAL PETITIONS.

innovation, when the procreative
art linguists is aiming to subvert
phraseology, the following petitions
as literary morceaux.

"The humble petition of WHO and WHICH,
"Showeth,

"That your petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who hath not injured us. We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, till the jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard, in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, 'That THAT that noble lord urged;' which if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, 'That WHICH that noble lord urged.' Senates themselves, the guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever given against us. In the very acts of parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to every body, word, and thing, we find ourselves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught, they learn to misuse us: "Our Father, WHICH art in heaven;" should be "Our Father, WHO art in heaven;" and even a Convocation, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our General Confession we say, "Spare thou them, O God, WHICH confess their faults," which ought to be "WHO confess their faults." What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges.

"The Spanish proverb says, *El sabio muda consejo, el necio no;* i. e. "A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will." You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by

our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause: besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear no other way but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain.

"And your petitioners, &c."

THE JUST REMONSTRANCE OF AFFRONTED THAT.

"Though I deny not the petition of Messrs. WHO and WHICH, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names: for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate, and at the bar, but let them try to get themselves so often and with so much eloquence repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

"'My lords, (says he) with humble submission, That That I say is this; That, That That gentleman has advanced, is not That That he should have proved to your lordships.' Let those two questionary petitioners try to do this with their Whos and their Whiches.

"What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his Indian Emperor,

'You force me still to answer you in That,'

to furnish out a rhyme to Morat? and what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his 'Egad and all That?' How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying, 'This here,' or 'That there?' And how can a sober man, without using the expletives of oaths (in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others) make a discourse of any tolerable length without 'That is;' and if he be a very grave man indeed, without 'That is to say?' And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, 'Such things as That,' and 'The like of That.'

"I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper *seasons for* the introduction of other words besides That; but I scorn as much to supply the [illegible] Who or a Which at every turn, as they w[illegible] always to fill mine; and I expect good and civil treatment, and hope to receive future: That, That I shall only add is Th[illegible]

"I am, yours,

"TH[illegible]

FLATTERY ADVOCATES.

They, that they do write in author[illegible]
And freely give their friends their w[illegible]
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That's not to give, but pay a due
For praise, that's due, does give no [illegible]
To worth, than what it had before;
But to commend without desert
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,
And writes what shou'd be, not wh[illegible]

TORMENTS OF TANTALIZATION.

Virgil, who has cast the whole system philosophy, so far as it relates to the [illegible] into beautiful allegories, in the sixth Æneid gives the following punishment tuary after death:

——Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulaque ante [illegible]
Regifico luxu: furiarum maxima [illegible]
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contin[illegible]
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque [illegible]

They lie below on golden beds disp[illegible]
And genial feasts with regal pomp [illegible]
The queen of furies by their side is [illegible]
And snatches from their mouths
meat;
Which, if they touch, her hand[illegible]
rears,
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring [illegible]

The following story exhibits a lov[illegible]

under the torments of a kind
nic hell. Monsieur Pontignan,
venture that happened to him
the following account of it.
e country last summer, I was
with a couple of charming
the wit and beauty one could
panions, with a dash of co-
ıe to time gave me a great
ıents. I was, after my way,
hem, and had such frequent
ling my passion to them when
ıat I had reason to hope for
ım each of them. As I was
in my chamber with nothing
ıt-gown, they both came into
me they had a very pleasant
ntleman that was in the same
ıld bear a part in it. Upon
uch a plausible story, that I
ıtrivance, and agreed to do
require of me. They imme-
dle me up in my night-gown,
nen, which they folded about
apt me in above a hundred
ly arms were pressed to my
closed together by so many
nother, that I looked like an
As I stood bolt upright upon
ıue figure, one of the ladies
"And now, Pontignan," says
perform the promise that we
d from each of us. You have
r of us, and I dare say you
alier than to refuse to go to
ıat desire it of you." After
laughter, I begged them to
with me what they pleased.
, "we like you very well as
that ordered me to be carried
s, and put to bed in all my
ı was lighted up on all sides:
r decently between a pair of
. (which was indeed the only
part I could move) upon a very high pillow: this was no sooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in their finest night clothes. You may easily guess at the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undrest and a-bed with him, without being able to stir hand or foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took their posts again, and renewed their raillery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told them that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever. But, alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill-natured caresses and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to womankind, I would not pass such another night to be master of the whole sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why truly my bedfellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise. Accordingly about nine o'clock in the morning an old woman came to unswathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six before five o'clock in the morning." SPECTATOR.

DISADVANTAGES OF WIT.

A man of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

EVERY-DAY PEDANTS.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court! He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but rank pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

The military pedant always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgements, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an ins character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants, the bo much the most supportable; he has exercised understanding, and a head though confused, so that a man who co him may often receive hints from him are worth knowing, and what he may to his own advantage, though they are the owner. The worst kind of pedants men, are such as are naturally endow small share of common sense, and great number of books without tas tion.

The truth of it is, learning, like tra all other methods of improvement, t good sense, so it makes a silly man t times more insufferable, by supplyi matter to his impertinence, and gi opportunity of abounding in absurditi

Shallow pedants cry up one another than men of solid and useful learning the titles they give an editor, or c manuscript, you would take him for t the commonwealth of letters, and th his age, when perhaps upon examinat that he has only rectified a Greek parti out a whole sentence in proper comma

They are obliged indeed to be libe their praises, that they may keep out countenance; and it is no wonder if a of knowledge, which is not capable o man wise, has a natural tendency to vain and arrogant.

ACCOMODATING BUILDER.

When Sir Nicholas Bacon, the La lived, every room in Gorhambury was a pipe of water, from the ponds there mile off. In the lifetime of Mr. Andr the water ceased; after whose death, hi coming to the inheritance, could not h water without infinite charge. When h Chancellor, he built Verulam-house, c



lace of privacy when he was
itch any urgent business. And
: built that house there? his
" That since he could not carry
se, he would carry his house to

ICIAL KNOWLEDGE.
more brisk and pert,
derstand an art;
hine more bright,
s, that give them light.
BUTLER.

IAGE COMMISSION.
inally from Paris, having ac-
ne in one of the French West
ided with himself he could not
yment of it, unless he shared
nerit; and knowing none to
d to write to a worthy corres-
ris. He knew no other style
his trade; therefore, treating
; he did his business, after
a letter, several commissions,
r the last, he went on thus:
at I have taken a resolution to
not find a suitable match for
to send, by next ship bound
an of the qualifications and
for a portion, I demand none.
nest family, between twenty
of age, of a middle stature
ed, her face agreeable, her
aracter blameless, her health
ution strong enough to bear
imate, that there may be no
for a second through lack of
e comes to hand, which must
s much as possible, consider-
and the dangers of the sea.
nditioned as above said, with
orsed by you, or at least an
that there may be no mistake
y oblige and engage myself
ter, by marrying the bearer
at fifteen days' sight. In witness whereof I subscribe this, &c."

The Parisian correspondent read over and over this odd article, which put the future spouse on the same footing with the bales of goods he was to send to his friend; and after admiring the prudent exactness of the American, and his laconic style in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on, he endeavoured to serve him to his mind; and after many inquiries, he judged he had found a lady fit for his purpose, in a young person of reputable family but no fortune, of good humour and of a polite education, well shaped and more than tolerably handsome. He made the proposal to her as his friend had directed; and the young gentlewoman, who had no subsistence but from a cross old aunt, who gave her a great deal of uneasiness, accepted it. A ship bound for that island was then fitting at Rochelle; the gentlewoman went on board the same, together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all necessaries, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and indorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus:

"Item—A young gentlewoman of twenty-five years of age, of the quality and shape and conditioned as per order, as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce."

The writings which were thought necessary for so exact a man as her future husband, were, an extract of the parish register; a certificate of her character, signed by the curate; an attestation of her neighbours, setting forth that she had for the space of three years lived with an old aunt who was intolerably peevish, and had not during all that time given her said aunt the least occasion of complaint; and, lastly, the goodness of her constitution was certified, after the consultation, by four noted physicians. Before the gentlewoman's departure, the Parisian correspondent sent several letters of advice, by other ships, to his friend, whereby he informed him that per such a ship he should send a young woman, of such an age, cha-

racter, and condition, &c.; in a word, such as he desired to marry.—The letters of advice, the bales, and the gentlewoman, came safe to the port; and our American, who happened to be one of the foremost on the pier, at the lady's landing, was charmed to see a handsome person, who having heard him called by his name, told him, "Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you, and you know that it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made. I beg the favour you will be pleased to pay it." At the same time she gave him his correspondent's letter; on the back of which was written, "The bearer of this is the spouse you ordered me to send you." "Ah, Madam!" said the American, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested; and I assure you this shall not be the first. I shall reckon myself the most fortunate of all men, if you allow me to discharge it." "Yes, sir," replied she, "and the more willingly, since I am apprized of your character. We had several persons of honour on board, who knew you very well, and who, during my passage, answered all the questions I asked them concerning you in so advantageous a manner, that it has raised in me a perfect esteem for you."—The first interview was in a few days after followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent. The new-married couple were very well satisfied with their happy union made by a bill of exchange.

JUDICIAL INADVERTENCE.

Scene in the Criminal Court, at the Carlow Assizes.

Dramatis Personæ:—Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Mr. Cassan, a barrister; Dr. Jacob, a physician. *Time*,—immediately after sentence of death passed on a prisoner for murder.—

Mr. Cassan requested to be allowed to proceed with a traverse presentment case.

His Lordship nodded assent.

Mr. Cassan proceeded—In this case, my Lord, I am counsel—

Lord N.—How do you do, glad to see you look so well.

Doctor Jacob.—I am glad to to return the compliment, my

Mr. Cassan, still on his l voice—My lord, in this case I Joseph Mulhall—

Lord N.—Doctor Jacob, I since I last had the pleasure o

Doctor Jacob—So have I, t

Mr Cassan *(with stentorian* have twice stated that in this c

Lord N.—Doctor Jacob, I h you on the marriage of your man of high professional talen tion.

Doctor Jacob—I thank you,

Mr. Cassan *(still loud and* My lord, I shall occupy the att but a short time—

ROCHESTER'S FO

Rochester found out a foo the court, and he furnished h and a musket as a sentinel, winter long, every night, at th as he believed might be carryi

FRANKLIN'S OWN

The following epitaph was many years previous to his dea

THE BOD
OF
BENJAMIN FR
PRINTER,
(LIKE THE COVER OF
ITS CONTENTS TO
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTER
LIES HERE FOOD FO
YET THE WORK ITSELF SH
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIE
MORE IN A
AND MORE BEAUTIF
CORRECTED AND
BY THE AUTH



CHOICE MORSELS OF DRAMATIC WIT.

A KING OF LOW COMPANY.

Scene an alehouse room.

by fellows, with punch and tobacco,
IPKIN *at the head of the table, a little*
n the rest: a mallet in his hand.

urrea, hurrea, hurrea, bravo.
v, gentlemen, silence for a song. The
g to knock himself down for a song.
, a song, a song.
n I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I
is alehouse, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

nasters puzzle their brain,
immar, and nonsense, and learning;
r, I stoutly maintain,
ius a better discerning.
rag of their heathenish gods,
thes, their Styxes, and Stygians:
and their quæs, and their quods,
ll but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

odist preachers come down
ing that drinking is sinful,
he rascals a crown,
ays preach best with a skinful.
ou come down with your pence,
e of their scurvy religion,
to all men of sense,
my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout;
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo.

1 *Fel.* The squire has got spunk in him.

2 *Fel.* I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that's low.

3 *Fel.* O, damn any thing that's low; I can't bear it.

4 *Fel.* The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time, if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3 *Fel.* I like the maxum of it, master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes—"Water parted," or the minuet in Ariadne.

2 *Fel.* What a pity it is the squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

2 *Fel.* Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure old squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight

horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning.

DRILLING A COUNTRY ESTABLISHMENT OF DOMESTICS.

Enter HARDCASTLE, *followed by three or four awkward servants.*

Hard. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can show that you have been used to good company, without stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger, and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Dig. Ay, mind how I hold them: I learned to hold my hand this way when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory; you must be all attention to the guests: You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Dig. By the laws, your worship, that's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees victuals before him, ecod he's always wishing for a bellyful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the belly as good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stomach with that reflection.

Dig. Ecod I thank your worship, I'll remember to stay my stomach with a slice of cold meat in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then you happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a laughing, as one made part of the company.

Dig. Then ecod your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room; I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the life of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that, but still remember to be attentive. Suppose now that company should call for a glass of wine, how do you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please [*to Diggory*]—Eh, why don't you move?

Dig. Ecod, your worship, I never know'd when I see the eatables and drinkables before me on the table and then I'm as handy as a fly.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for certain.

Dig. Wauns, and I'm sure it cannot be mine.

Hard. You numskulls! and so while you quarrel for places, dinner must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must do all over again.——But don't I hear a coach driving into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads! I'll go in the mean time and give my old friend a hearty welcome at the gate.

Dig. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be behind the chair.

1 *Serv.* Where the devil is mine?

My place is to be no where at all; and so
out my business.

FREE AND EASY VISITORS.

TLE *enters the room in which* MARLOW *and*
OS (*who mistake his house for an inn*) *are*

Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome.
Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome.
y way, you see, to receive my friends with
o the fire; I like to give them a hearty re-
the old style at my gate · I like to see
s and trunks taken care of.
Aside.] He has got our names from the ser-
ady. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution
ality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been think-
ge, of changing our travelling dresses in the
I am grown confoundedly ashamed of

I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony
ise.
fancy, George, you're right: the first blow
battle.
Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—
der no restraint in this house. This is
ll, gentlemen; you may do just as you
s.
et, George, if we open the campaign too
first, we may want ammunition before it is
: must show our generalship, by securing,
y, a retreat.
Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts
id of the duke of Marlborough, when he
esiege Denain. He first summoned the

y, and we'll summon your garrison, old

He first summoned the garrison, which
ist of about five thousand men—
Marlow, what's o'clock?
: say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he
the garrison, which might consist of about
nd men.
ve minutes to seven.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now says the duke of Marlborough, to George Brooks that stood next to him, you must have heard of George Brooks—I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So——

Mar. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the mean time, it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir!——This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable.

Enter servant, with a tankard.

This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Mar. So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases. [*Aside.*

Hard. [*Taking the cup*] I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepar'd it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance.

[*Drinks, and gives the cup to Marlow.*

Mar. A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Sir, my service to you.

[*Drinks, and gives the cup to Hastings.*

Hast. I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman. [*Aside.*

Mar. From the excellence of your cup, my friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then at elections I suppose.

[*Gives the tankard to Hardcastle.*

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale. [*Gives the tankard to Hastings.*

Hast. So then you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed,

ed myself about the mistakes of government, ther people; but finding myself every day grow angry, and the government growing no better, it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble ead about who's in or who's out, than I do about Nokes or Tom Stiles. So my service to you.

Hast. So that with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and using them without, you lead a good, pleasant, stling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a good deal, that's certain. alf the differences of the parish are adjusted in this ery parlour.

Mar. [*After drinking*] And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy. [*Aside.*

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack them with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here's your health, my philosopher. [*Drinks.*

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir!——Was ever such a request to a man in his own house! [*Aside.*

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*Aside.*] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-by, I believe they are a actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper, and the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. O no, sir, none in the least; you know, our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we, for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder then. it as a favour. I always match my appetite bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise*] Sir, he's very right, and it's any way to *Hard.* Sir, you have a right to command Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your master Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, sir lop. It was a saying of his, that no man his supper till he had eaten it.

[*Servant brings an the bill of fare.*

Hast. All upon the high ropes! His nel! we shall soon hear of his mother being of peace. [*Aside.*] But let's hear the bill

Mar. [*Perusing*] What's here? *course; for the second course; for the* devil, sir, do you think we have here whole joiners' company, or the carpenters to eat up such a supper? two or three clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading*] *For the first a pig and prune sauce.*

Hast. Damn your pig, I say.

Mar. And damn your prune sauce.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to gry, pig, with prune sauce, is very Their impudence confounds me. you are my guests, make what a Is there any thing else you wish gentlemen?

Item. A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sau-, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of -taf—taffety cream!

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as at a loss in this house, as at a green and yellow er at the French ambassador's table. I'm for eating.

Ard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing like; but if there be any thing you have a parti- fancy to——

Ver. Why really, sir, your bill of fare is so exqui- that any one part of it is full as good as another. us what you please. So much for supper. And to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken of.

Ard. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You not stir a step.

Ver. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must me, I always look to these things myself.

Ard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy at head.

Ver. You see I'm resolved on it.——A very trou- me fellow, as ever I met with. [*Aside.*

Ard. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend -This may be modern modesty, but I never saw hing look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Aside.*

FEMALE QUALIFICATIONS.

HASTINGS AND TONY LUMPKIN.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, retty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare r? And yet she appears to me a pretty well- red girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well Ecod! I know every inch about her; and s not a more bitter cantankerous toad in all ndom.

Hast. Pretty encouragement this for a lover.

[*Aside.*

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a co the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent!

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's wit her playmates she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her tha charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little she kick up, and you're flung in the ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mu Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has tw eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and re as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that woul take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anon.

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Mis Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dea Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, fo who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hea more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop o my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise, that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin, beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me.

We are the boys
That fear no noise
Where thundering cannons roar.

CIRCUITOUS JOURNEY.

HASTINGS *alone.*

Hastings. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow, who probably takes delight in mortifying me.

He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, *booted and spattered.*

My honest squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half, is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varment.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them! Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place, but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! I understand; you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed-lane, where we stuck fast in the mud.—I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down-hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree-heath,—and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodg'd them in the horsepond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So if your own horses be ready, you may ride on with cousin, and I'll be bound that no one of her budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful!

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble sir. But now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. But take a knock in this part of the country, we hold hands and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go shake hands with the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville! if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. She's got into the pond, and is dragging up her waist like a mermaid.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. H. Oh, Tony, I'm kill'd! Shook! Bruised to death! I shall never survive it. That last jolt laid us against the quickset-hedge has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma, it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. H. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drench'd in the mud, overturn'd in a ditch, stuck in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and almost lost at last. Where-abouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. H. O lud! O lud! the most notorious place in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma, don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.



H. The fright will certainly kill me.
Do you see any thing like a black hat moved the thicket?
H. O death!
No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, don't be afraid.
H. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us done.
Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come e of his night walks. [*Aside.*] Ah, it's a man, with pistols as long as my arm. A ll looking fellow.
H Good heaven defend us! he approaches.
Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and to manage him. If there be any danger and cry hem. When I cough be sure to e.

[*Mrs. H. hides behind a tree.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in elp. O, Tony, is that you? I did not expect on back. Are your mother and her charge ?
Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.
H. [*From behind*] Ah, death! I find there's

Forty miles in three hours; sure, that's too youngster.
Stout horses and willing minds make short as they say. Hem.
H. [*From behind*] Sure, he'll do the dear rm.
But I heard a voice here; I should be glad rom whence it came?
It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was at forty miles in three hours was very good lem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have of cold by being out in the air. We'll go please. Hem.
But if you talked to yourself, you did not ourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved [*raising his voice*] to find the other out.

Mrs. H. [*Running forward from behind*] O lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling. Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I am a christian. From whence can she come, or what does she mean!

Mrs. H. [*Kneeling*] Take compassion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice, indeed we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. H. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home?—What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits. So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door. [*To Tony*] This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. [*To Mrs. H.*] Don't you know the gate and the mulberry-tree; and don't you remember the horsepond, my dear?

Mrs. H. Yes, I shall remember the horsepond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. [*To Tony*] And it is to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this. I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. H. I'll spoil you, I will. [*Beats him off.*

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! [*She Stoops to Conquer.*

CAPTAIN BEAUGARD AND CALEB QUOTEM.

Quo. Captain, your most obedient.

Beau. Yours, sir.

Quo. My name, sir, is Caleb Quotem, at your service. My father was well known in this parish, and the country round, as the poet says—sexton and crier here, thirty years and upwards. By trade a plumber and glazier, to which I have added many others; as

auctioneer, schoolmaster, engraver, watch-maker, sign-painter, &c. &c. Talking of signs puts me in mind of the zodiac.—You must know I am allowed to possess some knowledge of the sciences; globes, terrestrial and celestial, telescopes, and household furniture;—understand all sorts of fixtures, magnets, marble slabs, polar stars, and corner cupboards.

Beau. Damn the fellow!—he has travelled over both hemispheres, and now fixed himself in a corner cupboard! But pray, what may your business be with me, sir?

Quo. My business is that of my father's, as Shakspeare says; but my reason for attending you is—talking of reason, puts me in mind of the man in Bedlam, who swore all mankind were mad, for they had locked him up, and he could not divine the cause; now this man, as the poet says, had "cool reason on his side." Talking of side, puts me in mind of myself—I am beside myself—that is, I threw myself beside you, to express how much I am "your humble servant," as Dryden says.

Beau. A mighty expressive sentence, truly, Mr. Quotem.

Quo. Captain, I shall be happy to serve you on all occasions—I can make or mend pumps, or windows, paint cupboards, or carriages, repair watches or weather-glasses—in short, (as a great author says,) "I'm up to every thing." Talking of every thing, I write ballads and epitaphs; cut tombstones and sell coffin furniture—shall be glad to serve you with any of the last articles at the lowest price, as the poet says.

Beau. I hope I sha'nt trouble you for any of the last articles soon, Mr. Quotem;—your town of Windsor is very wholesome.

Quo. The air is salubrious, and the fields look green, as Pope says. Yet somehow or other people drop away very speedily.

Beau. Why you seem the very picture of health.

Quo. That is chiefly owing to a part of my profession—or rather my father's profession, at which I always assist.

Beau. What's that?

Quo. Grave making; turning up the you know, is healthy employ—I shall your grave. Talking of grave-makin mind of physic;—do you know, I do that way!

Beau. Indeed!

Quo. When none of the faculty ca neighbours call me in, being very nea ents—my house—churchyard.

Beau. Churchyard!—Oh! very n ents, I dare say.

Quo. Ha! ha! come that's a good o boy, concerned in every thing, fro weighty matters. How do you thi hours? A day, now, a summer's d says.

Beau. I can't guess, indeed.

Quo. Morning, rise at five—fathe to church—ring bell—back to school boy's accounts—teach children catec at eight—swallow muffins—play tune or fiddle—fright jackdaws from th yard—dig graves till ten—run to pe strayed cattle—make out registers, and certificates, till eleven—hous on fire—away I go—round for pray on with surplice—run to school—wh back time enough to cry *Amen*,—l my forenoon, as Congreve says.

Beau. Forenoon! Zounds, man day's work already.

Quo. Talking of work—dine at s pound rosin or rhubarb—same morn of putty—box of pills—pint of paint mend sash or sideboard—repair sun blot out seven stars—squint at time wheel to watch, and weights to kit to hour glass—main-spring to wat pump. Thus passes my time till ha haps—never out of the way—boys t to chime in—assist in the service—s "Dust to dust"—go home and pl buff with boys till six.

What a devil of a fellow is this!
on't interrupt me, captain.
Well, then, at six?
six, as the poet says, attend at the great
tioneer—knock down household goods—
g, gone!—to my shop—cut tombstones—
phs, to amuse myself—set 'em to music—
—coop hens—drive ducks from the pond—
ght comes on—shut up shop, school, and
ght curfew—go home—chimney corner—
ife—stir fire—draw cork—smoke pipe—
ck joke—laugh—lie down—or, to make
"Wind up the clock," as Yorick says.
the history of a day.
hank heaven his day is done, as the poet
here comes one to prevent his beginning

Review.

LITE'S ATTEMPT TO SEDUCE HIS FRIEND'S WIFE.

OCTOR CANTWELL AND LADY LAMBERT.

Here I am, madam, at your ladyship's com-
v happy am I that you think me worthy—
Please to sit, sir.
Well but, dear lady, ha! You can't con-
yousness I feel at this so much desired
Ah! ah! I have a thousand friendly
ay to you: and how stands your precious
your naughty cold abated yet? I have
d my eyes these two nights with my con-
n.
Your charity is too far concerned for me.
Ah! don't say so; don't say so; you merit
mortal man can do for you.
Indeed you overrate me.
I speak it from my heart: indeed, indeed,
).
O dear! you hurt my hand, sir.
mpute it to my zeal, and want of words
ou: precious soul! I would not hurt you
ld: no, it would be the whole business of
-
But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Dr. C. Ah! thou heavenly woman!

Lady L. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. C. I was admiring the softness of this silk. They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures; how wonderful is human art! Here it disputes the prize with nature: that all this soft and gaudy lusture should be wrought from the labours of a poor worm!

Lady L. But our business, sir, is upon another subject: sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore resolves to give his daughter to you.

Dr. C. Such a thing has been mentioned, madam; but, to deal sincerely with you, that is not the happiness I sigh after; there is a soft and serious excellence for me, very different from what your step-daughter possesses.

Lady. L. Well, sir, pray be sincere and open your heart to me.

Dr. C. Open my heart! can you then, sweet lady, be yet a stranger to it? Has no action of my life been able to inform you of my real thoughts?

Lady L. Well, sir, I take all this, as I suppose you intend it, for my good and spiritual welfare.

Dr. C. Indeed I mean your cordial service.

Lady L. I dare say you do: you are above the low, momentary views of this world.

Dr. C. Why, I should be so; and yet, alas! I find this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other mens', of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady L. We all have those, but yours are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. C. Alas! madam, my heart is not of stone: I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears and penance to my aid; but yet, I am not an angel; I am still but a man; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love, you madam.

Lady L. Ah, doctor, what have you done to me? the trouble of my mind is not to be expressed. You have indeed discovered to me what, perhaps, for my own peace 'twere better I had never been acquainted with, but I had not an opportunity to lay my heart open to you.

Dr. C. Ah! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish

heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot sure think kindly of me!

Lady L. Well, well, I would have you imagine so.

Dr. C. Besides, may I not with reason suspect, that this apparent goodness is but artifice; a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter.

Lady L. Methinks this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolution not to resign her.—I am convinced of it. I can assure you, sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Dr. C. Tears——then I must believe you——But indeed you wrong me. I have myself pressed sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady L. Mere artifice. You knew that modest resignation would make sir John warmer in your interest.

Dr. C. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you——

Lady L. Well, sir, now I'll give you reason to guess why, at our last meeting, I pressed you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Dr. C. Ah dear! ah dear!

Lady L. You cannot blame me for having opposed your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it.

Dr. C. Spare me, spare me; you kill me with this kindness.

Lady L. But now that I have discovered my weakness, be secret; for the least imprudence——

Dr. C. It is a vain fear.

Lady L. Call it not vain; my reputation is dearer to me than life.

Dr. C. Where can it find so sure a guard? The grave austerities of my life will dumb-found suspicion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady L. Well, doctor, 'tis you must answer for my folly.

Dr. C. I take it all upon myself.

Lady L. But there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. C. Nothing, nothing.

Lady L. My husband, sir John.

Dr. C. Alas, poor man! I will [illegible] Between ourselves, madam, your lad[y] can lead him by the nose any where.

[*Sir John Lambert comes from* [illegible] No, caitiff, I'm to be led no further.

Dr. C. Ah! woman.

Sir J. Is this your sanctity? this y[our] these your meditations!

Dr. C. Is then my brother in a con[spi]racy me?

Sir J. Your brother! I have been indeed, to my shame; your dupe; but lost its hold: no more canting; it will turn any longer.

Lady L. Now heaven be praised.

Dr. C. It seems you wanted an [occ]asion with me.

Sir J. Ungrateful wretch! but why you! Had I not been the weakest of never could have proved so great a vil[lain] of my sight; leave my house: of all m[y] is it tells you, that if you stay much [lon]ger not be tempted to wrest you out of the law and punish you as you deserve

AFFECTIONATE CHARTIS[LY]

BETTY, CHARLOTTE, and DR. C[ANT]

Bet. Doctor Cantwell desires to madam.

Char. Let him come in.

Enter DOCTOR CANTWE[LL]

Your servant, sir.—Give us chairs. [Le]the room.—[*Exit Betty*]—Sir, there can the ugly cur say to me?—he seized.

Dr. C. Look ye, young lady, I am standing your good father's favour, I you would desire to be alone with up[on]

Char. Your modesty is pleased to

Dr. C. I'm afraid too, notwithsta[nding] deavours to the contrary, that you [have] bad opinion of me.

Char. A worse, sir, of no mortal [living]



pinion is immoveable.
o firm!
aid then it will be a vain pursuit,
ı, in compliance with my worthy
ny own inclinations, to become my
ssed estate in which we may be a
t to each other.
ie rather than consent to it.
words, you hate me.
scendently.
ere is sincerity at least in your
: not, I see, totally deprived of all
ıst say I never could perceive in

you flatter me.
peak it with sorrow, because you
my best friend. But how are we
'e we to preserve temper?
r fear me, sir, I shall not fly out,
ıt nothing gives so sharp a point
good breeding; as, on the con-
ften hide a secret inclination.
n, young lady, be assured so far
ristian disposition of returning in-
ipathy to me causes no hatred in
u; on the contrary, I would wil-
ppy, if it may be done according
with the interest of heaven in

ın't see, sir, how heaven can be
in a transaction between you and

ou marry any other person, my
:.
, indeed! but pray, doctor, how
receive so insolent a power, with-
r father out of countenance with

it not; but he would crowd it
ions. He is good natured; and I
ve to pious purposes.
derstand you.
for granted, that you would marry
ı I right?

Char. Once in your life, perhaps, you may.

Dr. C. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Char. You're mighty nice, methinks. Well, I would.

Dr. C. Then I will not consent.

Char. You won't?

Dr. C. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly-minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world, those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Char. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.

Dr. C. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady in case of our disagreement.

Char. That's enough, sir.—You think we should have a fellow feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. C. What do you think of half?

Char. How! two thousand pounds?

Dr. C. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less.

Char. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Dr. C. Leave that to my management.

Char. And what security do you expect for the money?

Dr. C. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank-bills.

Char. Pretty good security!—On one proviso though.

Dr. C. Name it.

Char. That you immediately tell my father that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Dr. C. Hum!—stay—I agree to it; but in the mean time, let me warn you, child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your father. I am satisfied of the piety of

wn intentions, and care not what the wicked of them; but force me not to take advantage of ohn's good opinion of me, in order to shield lf from the consequences of your malice.

har. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I w your conscience and your power too well, dear tor!

Dr. C. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank aven, I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Char. No doubt on't.

Dr. C. Farewell, and think me your friend. [*Exit.*

Char. What this fellow's original was, I know ot; but from his conscience and cunning, he would ake an admirable Jesuit.

THE ILLITERATE FANATIC.

DOCTOR CANTWELL, *old* LADY LAMBERT, *and* SEYWARD.

Sey. Sir, Mr. Mawworm is without, and would be glad to be permitted to speak with you.

Old Lady L. Oh pray, doctor, admit him; I have not seen Mr. Mawworm this great while; he's a pious man, though in an humble estate; desire the worthy creature to walk in.

Enter MAWWORM.

—How do you do, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. Thank your ladyship's axing—I'm but deadly poorish indeed; the world and I can't agree—I got the books, doctor—and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her service to you, and thank you for the eighteen-pence.

Dr. C. Hush, friend Mawworm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blaz'd about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady L. Give her this.

[*Offers a purse to Mawworm.*

Dr. C. I'll take care it shall be given up to her.

[*Puts it up.*

Old Lady L. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Mawworm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me—I'm a breaking my heart——I think as as to buy a shop.

Old Lady L. Why, if you think it a sin, [illegible] pray what's your business?

Maw. We deals in grocery, tea, small-[illegible] coal, butter, brickdust, and the like.

Old Lady L. Well, you must consult with your friendly director here.

Maw. I wants to go a preaching.

Old Lady L. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady L. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons already; does them extumpery, because I can't write; now the devils in our alley says, as how my [illegible] turned.

Old Lady L. Ay, devils indeed——but don't mind them.

Maw. No, I don't——I rebukes them, preaches to them, whether they will or not. our house in lodgings to single men, and I gets them together, with one or two of bours, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady L. Did you every preach [illegible] lic?

Maw. I got upon Kennington-common, review day; but the boys threw brickbats pinned crackers to my tail; and I have to mount ever since.

Old Lady L. Do you hear this, doctor brickbats at him, and pinned crackers to tail! can these things be stood by?

Maw. I told them so——says I, I clandecently; I stand here cantagious ty's guards, and I charge you upon your to mislist me.

Old Lady L. And it had no effect?

Maw. No more than if I spoke to esses: but if he advises me to go a quit my shop, I will make an excursion the country.

Old Lady L. An excursion, you

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my

that sheep shall become a shep-
nly as it were a shepherd's dog,
ibs into the field.
wants method, doctor.
m; but there is the matter, and
orant.
t——till I went after him, I was
devil; my conscience was tanned
ce of neat's leather, and had no
: sole of my shoe; always roving
ghts: I used to go every Sunday
· Hats at Islington! it's a public-
· ladyship may know it: I was
ittles too, but now I can't bear

it a blessed reformation!
loctor, you never know'd as how
of the stewards of the reforming
d a man of five oaths, as last
night, at the Pewter-platter, in
another of three, while he was
St. George's-fields: I bought this
hare of the money.
how do you mind your business?
ost almost all our customers; be-
ing them whenever they come

how do you live?
ever we did: while we were
wife and I (for I am married to
you shall see in a thousand)
ings do at all; but since this
it us into the road of the righte-
plenty of every thing; and my
lressed as a gentlewoman—we

iful!
n you and me, doctor, I believe
a.
madam; I am constantly told,
· believe it, a blessing follows

you would hear how the neigh-
e; saying as how she sets no

store by me, because we have words now and then; but as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door; I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. C. I believe 'tis near dinner-time; and sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you, doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell; doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady L. Mr. Mawworm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will indeed: [*Going returns*] Oh, doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you. [*Exit.*

Dr. C. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady L. No, doctor, my coach waits at the door. *The Hypocrite.*

LOW AMBITION AND HONOURABLE FEELING CONTRASTED.

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT *and his Son* EGERTON.

Sir *Per.* Weel, sir! vary weel! vary weel! are nat ye a fine spark! are nat ye a fine spark, I say? —ah! you are a——so you wou'd not come up till the levee?

Eger. Sir, I beg your pardon; but I was not very well: besides, I did not think my presence there was necessary.

Sir *Per.* [*Snapping him up*] Sir, it was necessary; I tauld you it was necessary, and, sir, I must now tell you that the whole tenor of your conduct is most offensive.

Eger. I am sorry you think so, sir; I am sure I do not intend to offend you.

Sir *Per.* I care not what you intend—Sir, I tell

you, you do offend. What is the meaning of this conduct, sir? neglect the levee!—'sdeath, sir, you ——what is your reason, I say, for thus neglecting the levee, and disobeying my commands?

Eger. [*With a stifled filial resentment.*] Sir, I am not used to levees: nor do I know how to dispose of myself; or what to say, or do, in such a situation.

Sir *Per.* [*With a proud angry resentment.*] Zounds! sir, do you nat see what others do? gentle and simple, temporal and spiritual, lords, members, judges, generals, and bishops; aw crowding, bustling, and pushing foremost intill the middle of the circle, and there waiting, watching, and striving to catch a look or a smile fra the great mon, which they meet wi' an amicable reesibility of aspect—a modest cadence of body, and a conciliating cooperation of the whole mon; which expresses an officious promptitude for his service, and indicates, that they luock upon themselves as the suppliant appendages of his power, and the enlisted Swiss of his poleetical fortune; this, sir, is what you ought to do, and this, sir, is what I never once omitted for these five and tharty years, let who would be minister.

Eger. [*Aside.*] Contemptible!

Sir *Per.* What is that you mutter, sir?

Eger. Only a slight reflection, sir, not relative to you.

Sir *Per.* Sir, your absenting yourself fra the levee at this juncture is suspeecious; it is looked upon as a kind of disaffection, and aw your countrymen are highly offended at your conduct. For, sir, they do not look upon you as a friend or a well-wisher either to Scotland or Scotchmen.

Eger. [*With a quick warmth.*] Then, sir, they wrong me. I assure you; but pray, sir, in what particular can I be charged either with coldness or offence to my country?

Sir *Per.* Why, sir, ever since your mother's uncle, Sir Stanley Egerton, left you this three thousand pounds a year, and that you have, in compliance with his will, taken up the name of Egerton, they think you are grown proud—that you have enstranged yourself fra the Macsycophants—have associated with your mother's family—with the opposection, and with those who do not wish well till Scotla sir, the other day, in a conversation at cousin Campbel M'Kenzie's, before a full of your ain relations, did not you a total extinguishment of aw party, national distinctions whatever, relative kingdoms?——[*With great anger.*] A head—was that a prudent wish befo your ain countrymen?—or was it a fili hold before me?

Eger. Sir, with your pardon, I re unfilial or imprudent. [*With a most patri* I own I do wish—most ardently wish, tinction of all party; particularly that lish, Irish, and Scotch, might never co into contest or competition, unless, lik thers, in generous emulation for one co

Sir *Per.* How, sir! do you persist? you banish aw party, and aw distin English, Irish, and your ain countryme

Eger. [*With great dignity of spi* sir.

Sir *Per.* Then damn you, sir, you ar Ay, sir, you may look as angry as you I say, you are nai true Scot.

Eger. Your pardon, sir, I think he is and the true citizen, who wishes equa merit and demerit of every subject of amongst whom I know but of two dis

Sir *Per.* Weel, sir, and what are th those?

Eger. The knave and the honest m

Sir *Per.* Pshaw! rideeculous.

Eger. And he, who makes any oth of the North, or of the South—of the West—in place, or out of place, is a whole, and to the virtues of humanity

Sir *Per.* Ay, sir, this is your hon doctrine, for the which I have banish fra my presence, my heart, and my will have no son of mine, because th educated in an English seminary, pre mask of candour, to speak against or against my principles.

never did—nor do I intend it.
Sir, I do not believe you—I do not believe
sir, I know your connections and associ-
know too, you have a saucy lurking pre-
nst your ain country: you hate it; yes,
r, her family, and your brother, sir, have
e, dark, disaffected rankling; and by that
politics together, they will be the ruin of
selves—and of aw who connect with them.
ver, nai mair of that now; I will talk at
a about that anon.——In the mean while,
standing your contempt of my advice, and
dience till my commands, I will convince
aternal attention till your welfare, by my
it of this voluptuary—this Lord Lumber-
se daughter you are to marry. You ken,
fellow has been my patron above these
rty years.
rue, sir.
Vary weel.——And now, sir, you see by
lity, he is become my dependent; and ac-
: have made my bargain with him: the
bee he has in the world but what comes
se clutches; for his whole estate, which
nplecit boroughs upon it—mark—is now
ody at nurse; the which estate, on my
his debts, and allowing him a life rent of
nd pounds per annum is to be made over
ny life, and, at my death is to descend till
ur issue.—The peerage of Lumbercourt,
ill follow of course.——So, sir, you see,
ree impleecit boroughs, the whole patri-
mbercourt, and a peerage at one slap.—
a stroke—a hit—a hit——Zounds! sir,
y live a century and not make sic an hit

is a very advantageous bargain indeed,
nat will my lord's family say to it?
Why, mon, he cares not if his family were
devil, so his luxury is but gratified:—only
re his race-horse to feed his vanity; his
drink drams with him, scrat his face, and
riwig, when she is in her maudlin hyste-
ree or four discontented patriotic depend-
ents to abuse the ministry, and settle the affairs of the nation, when they are aw intoxicated; and then, sir, the fellow has aw his wishes and aw his wants, in this world and the next.

Enter TOMLINS.

Tom. Lady Rodolpha is come, sir.
Sir *Per.* And my lord?
Tom. Not yet, sir; he is about a mile behind, the servants say.
Sir *Per.* Let me know the instant he arrives.
Tom. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*
Sir *Per.* Step you out, Charles, and receive Lady Rodolpha; and, I desire you will treat her with as much respect and gallantry as possible; for my lord has hinted that you have been very remiss as a lover.—So go, go and receive her.
Eger. I shall, sir.
Sir *Per.* Vary weel, vary weel;—a guid lad: go, go and receive her as a lover should. [*Exit Egerton.*] Hah! I must keep a devilish tight hand upon this fellow, I see, or he will be touched with the patriotic phrenzy of the times, and run counter till aw my designs. I find he has a strong inclination to have a judgment of his ain, independent of mine, in aw political matters; but as soon as I have finally settled the marriage writings with my lord, I will have a thorough expostulation with my gentleman, I am resolved—and fix him unalterably in his political conduct.—Ah! I am frightened out of my wits, lest his mother's family should seduce him to desert to their party, which would totally ruin my whole scheme, and break my heart.—A fine time of day for a blockhead to turn patriot—when the character is exploded, marked, proscribed? Why, the common people, the vary vulgar, have found out the jest, and laugh at a patriot now-a-days, just as they do at a conjurer, a magician, or any other impostor in society.

RIGHT HONOURABLE FOLLY AND BASE FLATTERY.

Sir PERTINAX *and Lord* LUMBERCOURT.

Lord *Lum.* Sir Pertinax, I kiss your hand.

Sir *Per.* Your lordship's most devoted.

Lord *Lum.* Why, you stole a march upon me this morning; gave me the slip, Mac; though I never wanted your assistance more in my life. I thought you would have called on me.

Sir *Per.* My dear lord, I beg ten millions of pardons for leaving town before you; but you ken that your lordship at dinner yesterday settled it that we should meet this morning at the levee.

Lord *Lum.* That I acknowledge, Mac.—I did promise to be there, I own.

Sir *Per.* You did, indeed. And accordingly I was at the levee, and waited there till every soul was gone, and, seeing you did not come, I concluded that your lordship was gone before.

Lord *Lum.* Why to confess the truth, my dear Mac, those old sinners, Lord Freakish, General Jolly, Sir Anthony Soaker, and two or three more of that set, laid hold of me last night at the opera; and, as the General says, "from the intelligence of my head this morning," I believe we drank pretty deep ere we departed; ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! nay, if you were with that party, my lord, I do not wonder at not seeing your lordship at the levee.

Lord *Lum.* The truth is, Sir Pertinax, my fellow let me sleep too long for the levee. But I wish I had seen you before you left town; I wanted you dreadfully.

Sir *Per.* I am heartily sorry that I was not in the way:—but on what account did you want me?

Lord *Lum.* Ha, ha, ha! a cursed awkward affair. And, ha, ha, ha! yet I can't help laughing at it neither, though it vexed me confoundedly.

Sir *Per.* Vext you, my lord! Zounds, I wish I had been with you: but, for heaven's sake, my lord, what was it that could possibly vex your lordship?

Lord *Lum.* Why, that impudent, teasing, dunning rascal, Mahogany, my upholsterer.—You know the fellow?

Sir *Per.* Perfectly, my lord.

Lord *Lum.* The impudent scoundrel has sued me up to some damned kind of a——something or other in the law which I think they call an execution.

Sir *Per.* The rascal!

Lord *Lum.* Upon which, sir, the fellow asking pardon, ha, ha, ha! had the [illegible] on me two or three days ago, to inform ha, ha, ha! as he was pleased to [illegible] the execution was now ready to be put in my honour; but that out of respect to as he had taken a great deal of my [illegible] he would not suffer his lawyer to [illegible] had first informed my honour, becau[illegible] willing to affront my honour; ha, ha, a whore!

Sir *Per.* I never heard of so impudent

Lord *Lum.* Now my dear Mac, ha, h scoundrel's apology was so very satisfa information so very agreeable, I told honour, I thought that my honour co[illegible] than to order his honour to be paid imm

Sir *Per.* Vary weel, vary weel, you plaisant as the scoundrel till the fal lord.

Lord *Lum.* You shall hear, you sha so, sir, with great composure, seeing cudgel that stood very handily in a dressing-room, I ordered two of my [illegible] the rascal, and another to take the cud the scoundrel's civility with a good [illegible] as the stick lasted.

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! admirable! a of humour as ever I heard of. And him, my lord?

Lord *Lum.* Most liberally, most libe there I thought the affair would have should think proper to pay the scou morning, just as I was stepping into servants all about me, a fellow, called ped up, and begged the favour of my threshed the upholsterer, and of the him, to go along with him upon a li my Lord Chief Justice.

Sir *Per.* The devil!

Lord *Lum.* And at the same instant, was accosted by two other very civil se with a most insolent politeness, beg

ormed me that I must not go into my own

er. How, my lord! not intill your ain carriage?
Lum. No, sir; for that they, by order of the must seize it, at the suit of a gentleman—one ihogany, an upholsterer.
er. An impudent villain!
Lum. It is all true, I assure you: so you see, r Mac, what a damned country this is to live re noblemen are obliged to pay their debts just rchants, cobblers, peasants, or mechanics—is : a scandal, dear Mac, to the nation?
er. My lord, it is not only a scandal, but a l grievance.
Lum. Sir, there is not another nation in the as such a grievance to complain of. Now in ountries were a mechanic to dun, and tease, ave as this Mahogany has done, a nobleman xtinguish the reptile in an instant; and that the expense of a few sequins, florins, or louis cording to the country where the affair hap-

er. Vary true, my lord, vary true—and it is as that a mon of your lordship's condition is tled to run one of these mechanics through r, when he is impertinent about his money; laws, shamefully, on these occasions, make ection of persons amongst us.
Lum. A vile policy, indeed, Sir Pertinax,—, the scoundrel has seized upon the house too, rnished for the girl I took from the opera.
er. I never heard of sic an a scoundrel.
Lum. Ay, but what concerns me most—I am my dear Mac, that the villain will send down market, and seize my string of horses.
er. Your string of horses? zounds! we must that at all events: that would be sic an a . I will despatch an express to town directly, stop till the rascal's proceedings.
Lum. Pr'ythee do, my dear Sir Pertinax.
er. O! it shall be done, my lord.
Lum. Thou art an honest fellow, Sir Pertinax, nour.

Sir *Per.* O! my lord, it is my duty to oblige your lordship to the utmost stretch of my abcelity.

BATH FASHIONABLES.

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT, EGERTON, *Lord and Lady* LUMBERCOURT, *and their daughter Lady* RODOLPHA.

Sir *Per.* Weel; but, Lady Rodolpha, I wanted to ask your ladyship some questions about the company at the Bath; they say you had aw the world there.

Lady *Rod.* O, yes! there was a very great mob there indeed; but very little company. Aw canaille, except our ain party. The place was crowded with your little purse-proud mechanics; an odd kind of queer looking animals that have started intill fortune fra lottery tickets, rich prizes at sea, gambling in Change-Alley, and sic like caprices of fortune; and away they aw crowd to the Bath to learn genteelity, and the names, titles, intrigues, and bon-mots of us people of fashion; ha, ha, ha!

Lord *Lum.* Ha, ha, ha! I know them: I know the things you mean, my dear, extremely well. I have observed them a thousand times, and wondered where the devil they all came from; ha, ha, ha!

Lady *Lum.* Pray, Lady Rodolpha, what were your diversions at Bath?

Lady *Rod.* Guid traith, my lady, the company were my diversion; and better nai human follies ever afforded; ha, ha, ha! sic an a mixture, and sic oddities, ha, ha, ha! a perfect gallimaufry. Lady Kunegunda M'Kenzie and I used to gang about till every part of this human chaos, on purpose to reconnoitre the monsters and pick up their frivolities; ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! why that must have been a high entertainment till your ladyship.

Lady *Rod.* Superlative and inexhaustible, Sir Pertinax; ha, ha, ha! Madam, we had in one group, a peer and a sharper, a duchess and a pin-maker's wife, a boarding-school miss and her grandmother, a fat parson, a lean general, and a yellow admiral; ha, ha, ha! aw speaking together, and bawling and

wrangling in fierce contention, as if the fame and fortune of aw the parties were to be the issue of the conflict.

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! pray, madam, what was the object of their contention?

Lady *Rod.* O! a very important one, I assure you; of no less consequence, madam, than how an odd trick at whist was lost, or might have been saved.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady *Lum.* Ridiculous!

Lord *Lum.* Ha, ha, ha! my dear Rodolpha, I have seen that very conflict a thousand times.

Sir *Per.* And so have I, upon honour, my lord.

Lady *Rod.* In another party, Sir Pertinax, ha, ha, ha! we had what was called the cabinet-council, which was composed of a duke and a haberdasher, a red-hot patriot and a sneering courtier, a discarded statesman and his scribbling chaplain, with a busy, bawling, muckle-headed, prerogative lawyer; all of whom were every minute ready to gang together by the lugs, about the in and the out meenistry; ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! weel, that is a droll motley cabinet, I vow.——Vary whimsical, upon honour.—But they are aw great politicians at Bath, and settle a meenistry there with as much ease as they do the tune of a country dance.

Lady *Rod.* Then, Sir Pertinax, in a retired part of the room——in a by corner——snug——we had a Jew and a bishop——

Sir *Per.* A Jew and a bishop;—ha, ha!— a develish guid connection that;—and pray, my lady, what were they about!

Lady *Rod.* Why, sir, the bishop was striving to convert the Jew—while the Jew, by intervals, was slily picking up intelligence fra the bishop, about the change in the meenistry, in hopes of making a stroke in the stocks.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Per.* Ha, ha, ha! admirable! admirable! I honour the smouse—hah! it was develish clever of *him*, my lord, develish clever.

Lord *Lum.* Yes, yes; the fellow k
out. I think it was a fair trial of s
Mr. Egerton.

Eger. True, my Lord, but the J
been in the fairer way to succeed.

Lord *Lum.* O! all to nothing, s
Well, child, I like your Jew and y
It 's develish clever. Let us have
history, pray, my dear.

Lady *Rod.* Guid traith, my lord
—that there we aw danced, and w
tered, and slandered, and gambled,
mingled, and jumbled, and walk
clean and unclean—even like the a
Noah's ark.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord *Lum.* Ha, ha, ha!—Well,
girl, Rodolpha; and, upon my ha
you have given us as whimsical a s
hit off.

Sir *Per.* Ah! yes, my lord, sa
assembly in Noah's ark. It is an e
the oddities that one meets with at

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCOTCH

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT
EGERTON.

Sir *Per.* Charles, I have often
again I tell you, once for aw, th
of pliability are as necessary to
as wrangling and logical subtlety
bar. why you see, sir, I have an
tune, a princely fortune—and ha
raised it!

Eger. Doubtless, sir, by your s

Sir *Per.* Doubtless, sir, you ar
nai, sir, I'll tell you how I raise
it—by bowing; [*Bows ridiculous*
ing: sir, I never could stand stra
of a great man, but always bowed
bowed—as it were by instinct.

Eger. How do you mean by in



lo I mean by instinct?—Why, sir, by the instinct of interest, sir, which stinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonhat a cordial, what an amicable—llible influence bowing has upon the of human nature. Charles, answer e you a mind to be convinced of doctrine, by example and demon-

r, sir.

sir, as the greatest favour I can I'll give you a short sketch of the ng, as an excitement, and a landow by, and as an infallible nostrum l.

ll be proud to profit by your expe-

reel, sir: sit ye down then, sit you *y sit down.*]—and now, sir, you r thoughts, that your grandfather penurious income of half-pay was is fortune; and, sir, aw my provimodicum of Latin, an expertness a short system of worldly counsel; dients of which were, a persevering conomy, a smooth tongue, a pliabi- a constant attention to make every with himself.

ident advice, sir.

ore, sir, I lay it before you.—— se materials, I set out a raw-boned orth, to try my fortune with them and my first step intill the world rkship in Sawney Gordon's countthe city of London, which you'll barren sort of a prospect.

t a very fertile one indeed, sir.

verse, the reverse: weel, sir, seeing nprofitable situation, I reflected bout my thoughts morning, noon, rked every man and every mode ast I concluded that a matrimonial ly conducted, would be the readiest gate I could gang for the bettering of my condition, and accordingly I set about it: now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty!—ah! beauty often struck mine een, and played about my heart! and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed, sir, that beauty—is generally—a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

Eger. Very justly observed, sir.

Sir *Per.* And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and in its stead, sir—mark! I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, ptisicky, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainy thing, ainy thing that had the siller, the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nai that right?

Eger. O! doubtless—doubtless, sir.

Sir *Per.* Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller?—nair till court, nai till play-houses or assemblies—nai, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the anabaptist, independent, bradlonian, and muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nai comfort but in metaphysical visions, and supernatural deliriums; ha, ha, ha! sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

Eger. Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

Sir *Per.* O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly morning and evening, at the tabernacle in Moorfields: and as soon as I found she had got the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my

ees close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and
ghed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth
s vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay,
nd turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings
swmost cracked again:—I watched her motions,
aanded her till her chair, waited on her home, got
most religiously intimate with her in a week,—mar-
ried her in a fortnight, buried her in a month;—
touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning,
a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful
heart, I began the world again;—and this, sir, was
the first bow, that is, the first effectual bow. I ever
made till the vanity of human nature:—now, sir, do
you understand this doctrine?

Eger. Perfectly well, sir.

Sir *Per.* Ay, but was it not right? was it not in-
genious, and weel hit off?

Eger. Certainly, sir: extremely well

Sir *Per.* My next bow, sir, was till your ain mo-
ther, whom I ran away with fra boarding-school;
by the interest of whose family I got a good smart
place in the Treasury:—and, sir, my vary next step
was intill Parliament; the which I entered with as
ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated
the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I bowed, and
watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards
and forwards; and attended, and dangled upon the
then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of
his confidence,—and then, sir, I wriggled, and
wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among
the very thick of them: hah! I got my snack of the
clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets,
and aw the political bonuses;—till at length, sir, I
became a much wealthier man than one half of the
golden calves I had been so long a-bowing to: [*He rises, and* Egerton *rises too*]—and was nai that bow-
ing to some purpose?

Eger. It was indeed, sir.

Sir *Per.* But are you convinced of the guid effects,
and of the utility of bowing.

Eger. Thoroughly, sir.

Sir *Per.* Sir, it is infallible:—but, Charles, ah!
while I was thus bowing, and wriggling, and raising
this princely fortune, ah! I met with many hu-
sores and disappointments fra the want of
eloquence, and other popular abelities. If, per
could but have spoken in the house, I could
done the deed in half the time; but as
opened my mouth there, they aw fell a
me;—aw which deficiencies, sir, I
any expense, to have supplied by the
tion of a son, who, I hoped, would
house of Macsycophant till the
ministerial ambition. This, sir, is
done my part of it; nature has
popular, you are eloquent; aw
spect you; and now, sir, it only
be directed—completion follows.

LEGAL TERGIVERSATION EXPLAINED.

Sir Pertinax Macsycophant and
Plausible.

Sir *Per.* Why, Counseller, did you
pertinent, so meddling, and so
as that Serjeant Eitherside!
has put me out of aw temper.

Plaus. But, Sir Pertinax, there is a
in this business that you do not
and which, I am afraid, governs
these boroughs.

Sir *Per.* What spring do you mean,
tied down by some means or other
jeant in, the very first vacancy,
boroughs:—now that, I believe,
why the serjeant is so strenuous
keep the boroughs in his own power;
might reject him for some man of
Sir *Per.* Odswounds and death!
are clever, devilish clever. By the
hit upon the vary string that has
—Oh! I see it, I see it now. But
bide a wee bit—a wee bit, soon;
come intill my head—yes—I think
with a little twist in our negocia

ɔed, may be still made to produce
we wish for. Yes, yes! I have
[see, understands business—and,
en, knows how to take a hin·
ɔdy better, Sir Pertinax.
hen, Plausible, the short road is
ith sic a mon.—You must even
ark at once, and assure him from
:ure him a seat for one of these

will do, Sir Pertinax—that will
it.
rther—I beg you will let him know
' obliged to consider him in this
: me as weel as for my lord, as a
baith:—and for the services he
ıs, make my special compliments
· let this amicable bit of paper be
ate to convince him of what my
intends for his great [*Gives him a*
· in adjusting this agreement be-
me.
ha!——upon my word, Sir Perti-
—Ay, ay! this is an eloquent bit

r Plausible, in aw human dealings
method is that of ganging at once
n of a man's heart:—for if we ex-
ıld serve us, we must first win their
ng them.

LUMBERCOURT *and Serjeant* EITHERSIDE.

ɔou, Sir Pertinax, that in all his
ation with me upon this business,
instructions—both he and I always
nination to be in my lord, *durante*

nt gentlemen, gentlemen, a little
his mistake, some how or other,
—Pr'ythee, Mr. Serjeant, let you
: next room by ourselves, and re-
: relative to the boroughs, and try

if we cannot hit upon a medium that will be agreeable to both parties.

Serj. [*With great warmth.*] Mr. Plausible, I have considered the clause fully; am entirely master of the question; my lord cannot give up the point. It is unkind and unreasonable to expect it.

Plaus. Nay, Mr. Serjeant, I beg you will not misunderstand me. Do not think I want his lordship to give up any point without an equivalent. Sir Pertinax, will you permit Mr. Serjeant and me to retire a few moments to reconsider this point?

Sir *Per.* For Heaven's sake, as your lordship and I can have but one interest for the future, let us have nai mair words about these paltry boroughs, but conclude the agreement just as it stands: otherwise there must be new writings drawn, new consultations of lawyers; new objections and delays will arise; creditors will be impatient and impertinent, so that we shall nai finish the Lord knows when.

Lord *Lum.* You are right, you are right: say no more, Mac, say no more. Split the lawyers—you judge the point better than all Westminster-Hall could. It shall stand as it is: yes, you shall settle it your own way; for your interest and mine are the same, I see plainly.

Sir *Per.* No doubt of it, my lord.

Lord *Lum.* O! here the lawyers come.

Enter Counsellor PLAUSIBLE *and Serjeant* EITHERSIDE.

Serj. My lord, Mr. Plausible has convinced me—fully convinced me.

Plaus. Yes, my lord, I have convinced him; I have laid such arguments before Mr. Serjeant as were irresistible

Serj. He has indeed, my lord: besides, as Sir Pertinax gives his honour that your lordship's nomination shall be sacredly observed, why, upon a nearer review of the whole matter, I think it will be the wiser measure to conclude the agreement just as it is drawn.

Lord *Lum.* I am very glad you think so, Mr. Serjeant, because that is my opinion too; so, my dear

Eitherside, do you and Plausible despatch the business now as soon as possible.

Serj. My lord, every thing will be ready in less than an hour. Come, Mr. Plausible, let us go and fill up the blanks, and put the last hand to the writings on our part.

Plaus. I attend you, Mr. Serjeant. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*

Lord *Lum.* And while the lawyers are preparing the writings, Sir Pertinax, I will go and saunter with the women. [*Exit singing,* '*Sons of care,*' &c.

Sir *Per.* So! a little flattery mixt with the finesse of a gilded promise on the one side, and a quantum sufficit of the aurum palpabile on the other, have at last made me the happiest father in Great-Britain. Hah! my heart expands itself, as it were, through every part of my whole body, at the completion of this business, and feels nothing but dignity and elevation.

BAFFLED CUNNING.

Sir PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT *and his* SON.

Sir *Per.* Come hither, Charles.

Eger. Your pleasure, sir.

Sir *Per.* About twa hours since I told you, Charles, that I received this letter express, complaining of your brother's activity at an election in Scotland against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence; and, sir, you are mentioned in the letter as weel as he: to be plain, I must roundly tell you, that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man; and my affection to you, sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

Eger. I hope, sir, I shall never do any thing either to forfeit your affection, or disturb your happiness.

Sir *Per.* I hope so too: but to the point. The fact is this: there has been a motion made this vary day to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday seven-night:—now, sir, as you are popular, have talents, and are weel heard, it is expected, and I insist upon it, that you endeavour to atone, sir, for your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a large share in that question, and supporting it with aw your power.

Eger. Sir, I have always divided as you directed, except on one occasion; never your friends, only in that affair.—But, sir, I not so exert your influence, as to porting a measure by an obvious, try, in direct opposition to my science.

Sir *Per.* Conscience! why, you ever hear any man talk of matters? Conscience, quotha? I have ment these three and thirty years, the term made use of before—sir, mentary word, and you will be therefore, I desire you will not me with sic phantoms, but let me for thus slighting my friends and mands.—Sir, give me an answer.

Eger. Then, sir, I must frankly work against my nature; you men I despise, and press me who have no friendship but in in corruption—nor interest in own;—and to such men I sir, that the malignant ferment bition of the times provokes in of other men, I detest.

Sir *Per.* What are you ment! and venal ambition! be ambitious to serve his should be rewarded for it: you wish to serve your I say, would nai you wish to and my life is hers. armies, to steer her fleets, geance on her insulting foes, pull down a state leviathan, his country, black with and send his infamy down monumental terror to corr foremost in such service, ting ardour of a Roman



weel, sir! vary weel! the fellow is

ɔe a common barker at envied power
ım of faction, and sound the trumpet
iotism, only to displace a rival—or
ıter in proud corruption's filthy train
my voice, my reason, and my trust,
ɛr who best can promise or pay for
se, sir, are services my nature abhors
ch a malady to every kind of virtue,
lestroy the fairest constitution that
ıed, or virtuous liberty fought for.
are you mad, sir? you have cer-
by some mad whig or other: but
w this foul-mouthed phrenzy, and
ntemperance, suppose we were to
uestion or twa: Pray, what single
or any man, give of the political
ı of these days, that has nai been
ɾreater states, and in the most vir-
hallenge you to give me a single

ırdon, sir—it is a subject I wish to
w, sir, we never can agree about it.
insist upon an answer.
ıu will excuse me, sir.
not excuse you, sir.—I insist.
·, in obedience, and with your pa-
ɯer your question.
ay! I will be patient, never fear:
it, let us have it.
ll; and now, sir, let prejudice, the
l the habitual insolence of success-
ut for one moment—and let religion,
lf, the policy of a nation's virtue,
ırdian genius, take a short, impar-
: of one transaction, notorious in this
they behold yeomen, freemen, citi-
ines, courtiers, patriots, merchants,
and the whole plebeian tribe, in
ion, urged and seduced by the con-
s of the land to the altar of perjury
in one hand, and the evangelist in the other—impiously and audaciously affront the Majesty of Heaven, by calling him to witness that they have not received, nor ever will receive, reward or consideration for his suffrage.—Is not this a fact, sir? Can it be denied? Can it be believed by those who know not Britain? Or can it be matched in the records of human policy?—Who then, sir, that reflects one moment, as a Briton or a Christian, on this picture, would be conducive to a people's infamy and a nation's ruin?

Sir *Per.* Sir, I have heard your rhapsody with a great deal of patience, and great astonishment—and you are certainly beside yourself. What the devil business have you to trouble your head about the sins or the souls of other men? You should leave this matter till the clergy, wha are paid for looking after them; and let every man gang to the devil his ain way: besides it is nai decent to find fault with what is winked at by the whole nation—nay, and practised by aw parties.

Eger. That, sir, is the very shame, the ruin I complain of.

Sir *Per.* Oh! you are vary young, vary young in these matters; but experience will convince you, sir, that every man in public business has twa consciences—a religious and a political conscience. Why, you see a merchant now, or a shopkeeper, that kens the science of the world, always looks upon an oath at a custom-house, or behind a counter, only as an oath in business, a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that has nothing to do with religion;—and just so it is at an election,—for instance now—I am a candidate, pray observe, and I gang till a periwig-maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twenty, or tharty guineas for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose; and so on, through a majority of voters;—vary weel;—what is the consequence? Why, this commercial intercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us, a commercial friendship—and in a day or twa these men gang and give me their sufferages; weel! what is the inference? Pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, caw this a bribe? Nai, sir, in fair political reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the one

ide, and gratitude on the other. So, sir, let me have nai mare of your religious or philosophical refinements, but prepare, attend, and speak till the question, or you are nai son of mine. Sir, I insist upon it.

Enter Sam.

Sam. Sir, my lord says the writings are now ready, and his lordship and the lawyers are waiting for you and Mr. Egerton.

Sir *Per.* Vary weel: we'll attend his lordship.—[*Exit Sam.*] I tell you, Charles, aw this conscientious refinement in politics is downright ignorance, and impracticable romance; and, sir, I desire to hear no more of it. Come, sir, let us gang down and finish this business.

Eger. [*Stopping Sir Per. as he is going off.*] Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear a word or two upon the subject.

Sir *Per.* Weel, sir, what would you say?

Eger. I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match——

Sir *Per.* How, sir!

Eger. But my respect, and fear of disobliging you, have hitherto kept me silent——

Sir *Per.* Your aversion! your aversion, sir! how dare you use sic language till me? Your aversion! Look you, sir, I shall cut the matter very short:—consider, my fortune is nai inheritance; aw mine ain acquisition: I can make ducks and drakes of it; so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

Eger. I beg your pardon, sir, but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

Sir *Per.* How! another woman! and, you villain, how dare you love another woman without my leave? But what other woman—who is she? Speak, sir, speak.

Eger. Constantia.

Sir *Per.* Constantia! oh, you profligate! what! a creature taken in for charity!

Eger. Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune; her birth is equal to the noblest; and virtue, though covered with a village-garb, is still; and of more worth to me than all the pride of ermined pride or redundant wealth.

Sir *Per.* Haud your jabbering, you villain, you sir——

Sir *Per.* Haud your jabbering; none of your remarks, your jabbering; none of your remarks till me. I have but one question to ask you, one question—and then I have done with you for ever; for ever; therefore think before you speak—Will you marry the lady, or will you not against my heart?

Eger. Sir, my presence shall no longer offend you longer: but when reason and reflection return, I am sure you will not be pleased with me for this unpaternal passion.

Sir *Per.* Tarry, I command you, and I will you likewise not to stir till you have given me an answer, a definitive answer: will you, or will you not?

Eger. Since you command me, sir, I must tell you that I cannot, will not marry her.

Sir *Per.* Oh! the villain has shot me through the head: he has cut my vitals! I shall not survive the fellow destroys aw my measures—aw my projects—there never was sic a bargain as I had in hand with this foolish lord;—possession of his estate with three boroughs upon it—six and what an acquisition! what consequence! what dignity! what weight till the house of O! damn the fellow! three boroughs ing down six broom-sticks—O! able! ruined! undone! For these years, ever since this fellow came have I been secretly preparing his dignity—and with the fellow's popularity, these boroughs, and and sure never were times so fair might certainly, in a little time, conspires, for aw the auld broken-winded and foundered, and as till the rising generation passing one another in what and elegance, binds them hand

, wnich will always set them up till the
er; so that if they can but get wherewithal
their dissipation, a minister may convert
al morals of aw sic voluptuaries intill a
would sell the nation till Prester John, and
ted liberties till the great Mogul:—and this
y I shall lose by my son's marrying a var-
gar for love:—O! confound her vartue!
re me distracted. [*Exit*

ANCY AND INDEPENDENCE CONTRASTED

ERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT *and* SIDNEY

Pertinax, your servant:—Mr. Tomlins
a desired to speak with me.

Yes, I wanted to speak with you upon a
lar business. Maister Sidney give me your
ain it did nai look like flattery, which I
would tell you Maister Sidney, that you are
till your cloth, your country, and till hu-
e.

, you are very obliging.

Sit you down, Maister Sidney:—sit you
by me.——My friend, I am under the
bligations till you for the care you have
Charles.—The principles—religious, moral,
al, that you have infused intill him, de-
warmest return of gratitude both fra him
e.

ur approbation, sir, next to that of my own
, is the best test of my endeavours, and the
plause they can receive.

Sir, you deserve it—richly deserve it.
sir, the same care that you have had of
he same my wife has taken of her favourite
——And sure, never were accomplish-
owledge or principles, social and religious,
ill a better nature.

truth, sir, I think so too.

She is besides a gentlewoman, and of as
ily as any in this county.

I understand, sir.

Sir, her father had a vast estate; the
dissipated and melted in feastings and
friendships, and charities, hospitalities, and sic kind
of nonsense.——But to the business.——Maister
Sidney, I love you—yes, I love you—and I have
been looking out and contriving how to settle you in
the world.—Sir, I want to see you comfortably and
honourably fixed at the head of a respectable family;
and guin you were mine ain son a thousand times, I
could nai make a more valuable present till you for
that purpose, as a partner for life, than this same Con-
stantia, with sic a fortune down with her as you your-
self shall deem to be competent, and an assurance of
every canonical contingency in my power to confer
or promote.

Sid. Sir, your offer is noble and friendly: but
though the highest station would derive lustre from
Constantia's charms and worth, yet were she more
amiable than love could paint her in the lover's
fancy—and wealthy beyond the thirst of the miser's
appetite—I could not—would not wed her. [*Rises.*

Sir *Per.* Not wed her! odswuns, man! you sur-
prise me!—Why so?—What hinders?

Sid. I beg you will not ask a reason for my refusal
—but, briefly and finally—it cannot be; nor is it a
subject I can longer converse upon.

Sir *Per.* Weel, weel, weel, sir, I have done—I have
done. Sit down, man;—sit down again;—sit you
down.—I shall mention it no more;—not but I must
confess honestly till you, friend Sidney, that the match,
had you approved of my proposal, besides profiting
you, would have been of singular service till me like-
wise. However, you may still serve me as effectually
as if you had married her.

Sid. Then, sir, I am sure I will most heartily.

Sir *Per.* I believe it, friend Sidney, and I thank
you.——I have nai friend to depend upon but your-
self. My heart is almost broke.——I cannot help
these tears.——And, to tell you the fact at once—
your friend Charles is struck with a most dangerous
malady—a kind of insanity.——You see I cannot
help weeping when I think of it;—in short—this
Constantia, I am afraid, has cast an evil eye upon
him.—Do you understand me?

Sid. Not very well, sir.

Sir *Per.* Why, he is grievously smitten with the

is the matter with you, mon! What the devil gars you start and look so astounded?

Sid. Sir, you amaze me.——In what part of my mind or conduct have you found that baseness which entitles you to treat me with this indignity?

Sir *Per.* Indignity! What indignity do you mean, sir? Is asking you to serve a friend with a wench, an indignity? Sir, am I not your patron and benefactor? Ha?

Sid. You are, sir, and I feel your bounty at my heart; but the virtuous gratitude, that sowed the deep sense of it there, does not inform me that, in return, the tutor's sacred function, or the social virtue of the man, must be debased into the pupil's pander, or the patron's prostitute.

Sir *Per.* How! what, sir! do you dispute? Are you nai my dependent! ha? And do you hesitate about an ordinary civility, which is practised every day by men and women of the first fashion? Sir, let me tell you, however nice you may be, there is nai a client about the court that wou'd nai jump at sic an opportunity to oblige his patron.

Sid. Indeed, sir, I believe the doctrine of pimping for patrons, as well as that of prostituting eloquence and public trust for private lucre, may be learned in your party schools: for where faction and public

done with you.—
parting, for your
squeamish about
or about doing sic
patron, you will
Sid. Though n
rise in her power,
the favour of my
esteem of all wor
and dignity beyo
can bestow.
Sir *Per.* What
it is! I see my fo
policy. This Sid
been about my so
him principles, th
the ancient Rom
modern Britons.
sons, I never wou
versity-bred fello
for they have sic a
and sic saucy En
fermenting in the
of them. Now,
foreigner of any
pressed him at o



FEMALE INFLUENCE.

MIRABELL *and* FAINALL.

I wonder, Fainall, that you who are married,
onsequence should be discreet, will suffer
: to be of a scandalous party.
Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who
g'd are women and relations; and for the
y are of a kind too contemptible to give

I am of another opinion. The greater the
, always the more the scandal: for a woman,
t a fool, can have but one reason for asso-
.th a man who is one.
Are you jealous as often as you see Wit-
ertain'd by Millamant?
Of her understanding I am, if not of her

You do her wrong; for, to give her her due,
rit.
he has beauty enough to make any man
and complaisance enough not to contradict
shall tell her so.
For a passionate lover, methinks you are a
:what too discerning in the failings of your

ınd for a discerning man, somewhat too
: a lover; for I like her with all her faults;
her for her faults. Her follies are so natural,
ıl, that they become her; and those affec-
:h in another woman would be odious, serve
ke her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fain-
once us'd me with that insolence, that in
took her to pieces; sifted her, and separated
gs; I studied 'em, and got 'em by rote.
ogue was so large, that I was not without
day or other to hate her heartily: to which
s'd myself to think of 'em, that at length,
o my design and expectation, they gave me
r less and less disturbance; 'till in a few
ecame habitual to me to remember 'em
eing displeas'd. They are now grown
ır to me as my own frailties: and in all

probability in a little time longer I shall like them as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't, you are your own man again.

[*Way of the World.*

FRIENDLY SUPPORT OF CHARACTER.

FAINALL, WITWOUD, *and* MIRABELL.

Fain. What have you done with Petulant?

Wit. He's reckoning his money——my money it was——I have no luck to-day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at play;——for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee; since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

Mir. I don't find that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwoud.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and wou'd breed debates——Petulant's my friend, and a very honest fellow, and a very pretty fellow, and has a smattering——faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I'll do him justice. I'm his friend, I won't wrong him.——And if he had any judgment in the world,——he wou'd not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merit of my friend.

Fain. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred?

Wit. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own——no more breeding than a bum baily, that I can grant you—'tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

Mir. What courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that, I can't say as to that.——Yes, faith, in a controversy, he'll contradict any body.

Mir. Tho' 'twere a man whom he fear'd, or a woman whom he lov'd.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;—we have all our failings: you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him——I can defend most of his faults, except one or two: one he has, that's the truth on't; if he were

my brother, I cou'd not acquit him—that indeed I cou'd wish were otherwise.

Mir. Ay, merry, what's that, Witwoud?

Wit. O pardon me———expose the infirmities of my friend?———No, my dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

Wit. No, no, what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: a wit shou'd no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

Mir. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate?

Wit. That! that's his happiness——his want of learning gives him the more opportunities to show his natural parts.

Mir. He wants words?

Wit. Ay: but I like him for that now; for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

Fain. He's impudent?

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mir. Vain!

Wit. No.

Mir. What? he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion?

Wit. Truths! ha, ha, ha! no, no; since you will have it.———I mean, he never speaks truth at all, ——that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

[*Way of the World.*

BEAUTY DEPENDENT ON A LOVER'S FANCY.

MIRABELL, MILLAMANT, *and* WITWOUD.

Mil. Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? O ay, and went away——now I think on't, I'm angry——no, now I think on't I'm pleas'd——for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mir. Does that please you?

Mil. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

Mir. You wou'd affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vani pleasing.

Mil. O I ask your pardon for t is in one's power; and when t cruelty, one parts with one's po has parted with that, I fancy one

Mir. Ay, ay, suffer your cruel of your power, to destroy your lo vain, how lost a thing you'll fin are no longer handsome when yo your beauty dies upon the instan lover's gift; 'tis he bestows yo glass is all a cheat. The ugly the looking-glass mortifies, yet can be flatter'd by it, and discre that reflects our praises, rather t

Mil. O the vanity of these hear him? If they did not con not handsome! now you must c commend one, if one was not the lover's gift——Lord, what i give? Why, one makes lovers a and they live as long as one ple soon as one pleases; and the makes more.

Wit. Very pretty. Why, yo making of lovers, Madam, thar card-matches.

Mil. One no more owes one than one's wit to an echo; they we look and say; vain empty th or unseen, and want a being.

Mir. Yet to those two vain e two the greatest pleasures of yo

Mil. How so?

Mir. To your lover you owe ing yourselves prais'd; and to of hearing yourselves talk.

Wit. But I know a lady tha cessantly, she won't give an ech that everlasting rotation of tong wait 'till she dies, before it can

Mil. O fiction; Fainall, let u



PRISON SCENE.

his dress torn, from the last night's ged in by the turnkeys—he resists, tside as he comes.]

ou scoundrels, you renegadoes, you nat's this for! To be dragged out of my dungeon, to look in the faces of edly ugly set of cannibals.

him along. [*He is forced in.*

ing to struggle]—Cannot I sleep or I'll blow up the prison.—I'll mas- I'll do worse—I'll let the law loose

Master Torrento, you need not be . You used to have no objection to -ha, ha, ha! He has been moulting le last night. [*To the hussars.*

y—Banditti! Who are those fellows? gmen? [*Looking at the hussars.*

ghty handsome idea, by the glory of [*Laughing.*

you must see that we are officers.

!—aye, sheriff's officers. Honest th very rascally countenances. d meerschaums!—Very impudently

n, parish officers! Hunters of brats, ht bread.

ing]—Another guess for your life. e! Sirrah, we are in his Majesty's

understand—Customhouse officers. d thermometers. [*They murmur.*

the scoundrel's head!

[*Half drawing his sabre.*

it; *ardent spirits*, every soul of them

Well done. This is our man— —I like him—the freshest rascal! I will not be disturbed for any man. ught out before these,—*fellows in* aol is my house; my freehold; my goods and chattels. My very straw's my own; untouchable, but by myself—and the rats.

Maj. Here's a freeholder!

Col. With a vote for the galleys.

Tor. [*Turning to the prisoners, harangues burlesquely.*]—Gentlemen of the gaol—

[*Prisoners cheer.*

Col. A decided speech!

Cor. Out of the orator's way! Muffs and meerschaums! [*The prisoners lift Torrento on a bench, laughing and clamouring.*]

Tor. [*Haranguing*]—Are we to suffer ourselves to be molested in our domestic circle; in the loveliness of our private lives; in our *otium cum dignitate?* Gentlemen of the gaol! [*cheering.*]—Is not our residence here for our country's good? [*cheering*]—Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them? [*cheering.*]—I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our honourable straw, our venerable bread and water, our virtuous slumbers, and our useful days, to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity? [*cheering.*]—No! freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die!—No! every man's cell is his castle. By the law, we live here; and should not all that live by the law, die by the law? —Now gentlemen, a general cheer! here's liberty, property, and purity of principle! Gentlemen of the gaol!

[*They carry him round the hall. Loud cheering.*

Gaol. Out with ye, ye dogs! No rioting! Turnkeys! [*calls.*]—The black-hole and double irons.

[*He drives them off, and follows them.*

Cor. A dungeon Demosthenes! Muffs and meerschaums.

Maj. A regular field preacher, on my conscience.

Col. [*To Tor.*]—So, then, we must not fix our head-quarters here.

Tor. Confound me if I care, if your head-quarters and all your other *quarters* were fixed here.

Col. No insolence sir. What are you?

Tor. A gentleman. [*Haughtily.*

Cor. Psha! *every body's* a gentleman now.

Col. Aye, that accounts for the vices of the age.
Tor. A gentleman, sir, by the old title of liking
easure more than trouble; play more than money;
ve more than marriage; fighting more than either;
nd any thing more than the unparalleled impudence
f your questions.
Maj. Sirrah! do you mean this to me? I'll—
Tor. Aye, sirrah, and to every honourable person
present. I never drink a health without sending the
toast round. In matters of contempt, I make it a
point of honour to be impartial.

[*Pride shall have a Fall.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE DIGNITY.

PAUL PLYANT, *Lord* FROTH, BRISK, CARELESS.

Sir *Paul.* When Mr. Brisk jokes, your lordship's
laugh does so become you, he, he, he!
Lord *F.* Ridiculous!—Sir Paul, you're strangely
mistaken; I find champagne is powerful. I assure
you, Sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jest but my own,
or a lady's, I assure you Sir Paul.
Brisk. How! how, my lord! What affront my wit!
let me perish, do I never say any thing worthy to be
laugh'd at?
Ld. *F.* O foy, don't misapprehend me; I don't
say so, for I often smile at your conceptions. But
there is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality,
than to laugh; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the
passion! every body can laugh. Then, especially to
laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when any
body else of the same quality does not laugh with
one. Ridiculous! to be pleased with what pleases
the crowd! now, when I laugh, I always laugh
alone!
Brisk. I suppose that's because you laugh at your
own jests, 'egad, ha, ha, ha!
Ld. *F.* He, he! I swear though, your raillery pro-
vokes me to smile.
Brisk. Ay, my lord, it 's a sign I hit you in the
teeth, if you show 'em.
Ld. *F.* He, he, he, I swear that's so very pretty, I
can't forbear.
Care. But does your lordship never see comedies?
Ld. *F.* O yes, sometimes, but I never laugh.
Care. No!
Ld. *F.* Oh, no, never laugh indeed, sir.
Care. No! Why what d'ye go there for?
Ld. *F.* To distinguish myself from the
and mortify the poets;—the fellows pra
ceited when any of their foolish wit pas
the side boxes.—I swear—he, he, he, I
constrained my inclination to laugh—
avoid giving them encouragement.
Care. You are cruel to yourself, my
as malicious to them.
Ld. *F.* I confess I did myself some
but now I think I have conquered it.
Brisk. Let me perish, my lord, but
thing very particular in the humour
makes against wit, and I'm sorry for
mine that write, but 'egad I love w
Nay, deuce take me, there's wit in't
must be foiled by wit; cut a diam
mond, no other way, 'egad.
Ld. *F.* Oh, I thought you would
you found out the wit.
Care. Wit! in what? where
not laughing when a man has a

A BLUE STOCKING LADY.

Lady FROTH and

Cyn. Indeed, madam! is it
could have been so much in la
Lady *F.* I could not sleep
wink for three weeks together
Cyn. Prodigious! I wonde
much love, and so much wit
did not turn your brain.
Lady *F.* O my dear Cyn
your friend—but really, as
but then I had a way. For
whimsies and vapours, but
Cyn. How, pray, madam
Lady *F.* O, I writ, writ
never write!



Write, what?
?. Songs, elegies, satires, encomiums, panegpoons, plays, or heroic poems.
) lord, not I, madam; I am content to be a reader.
?. O inconsistent! in love, and not write! l and I had been both of your temper, we r come together——O bless me! what a ; would that have been, if my lord and I ver have met!
hen neither my lord nor you would ever with your match, on my conscience.
?. O my conscience no more we should; it right——for sure my Lord Froth is as tleman, and as much a man of quality!·Ah! t all of the common air——I think I may rants nothing but a blue riband and a star, im shine the very phosphorus of our hemi- Do you understand those two hard words? 't I'll explain them to you.
es, yes, madam, I am not so ignorant.—— won't own it, to be troubled with your in- [*Aside.*
?. Nay, I beg your pardon; but being dein the Greek, I thought you might have he etymology.—But I am the more amazed, u a woman of letters, and not write! Bless can Mellefont believe you love him?
Vhy, faith, madam, he that won't take my ll never have it under my hand,
?. I vow Mellefont's a pretty gentleman, but he wants a manner.
manner! What's that, madam?
. Some distinguishing quality, as for exam- *air* or *brilliant* of Mr. Brisk; the solemcomplaisance of my lord, or something of hat should look a little *je ne sçai quoi*: he h a mediocrity in my mind.
e does not indeed affect either pertness or for which I like him. [*Double Dealer.*

MASKWELL'S SOLILOQUY.

, let thy beauty gild my crimes; and whatommit of treachery or deceit shall be imputed to me as a merit.—Treachery, what treachery? Love cancels all the bonds of friendship, and sets men right upon their first foundations. Duty to kings, piety to parents, gratitude to benefactors, and fidelity to friends, are different and particular ties; but the name of rival cuts them all asunder, and is a general acquittance—Rival is equal, and love like death, an universal leveller of mankind. Ha! but is there no such a thing as honesty? yes, and whosoever has it about him, bears an enemy in his breast: for your honest man, as I take it, is that nice, scrupulous, conscientious person who will cheat nobody but himself; such another coxcomb as your wise man, who is too hard for all the world, and will be made a fool of by nobody but himself. Ha, ha, ha; well, for wisdom and honesty give me cunning and hypocrisy; Oh, 'tis such a pleasure to angle for fair-faced fools?—Then that hungry gudgeon Credulity will bite at any thing——Why, let me see, I have the same face, the same words and accents when I speak what I do think, and when I speak what I do not think—the very same—and dear dissimulation is the only art not to be known from nature.

Why will mankind be fools, and be deceiv'd?
And why are friends' and lovers' oaths believ'd?
When each who searches strictly his own mind,
May so much fraud and power of baseness find.
[*Double Dealer.*

AN OVER-RIGHTEOUS LADY.

CARELESS *and* MELLEFONT.

Care. Mellefont, get out of the way, my lady Flyant's coming, and I shall never succeed while thou art in sight——tho' she begins to tack about; but I made love a great while to no purpose.

Mel. Why, what's the matter? she is convinced that I don't care for her.

Care. I cannot get an answer from her that does not begin with her honour, or her virtue, her religion, or some such cant. Then she has told me the whole story of Sir Paul's nine years courtship; how he has lain for whole nights together upon the stairs before her chamber door; and that the first favour he received from her was a piece of an old scarlet petticoat

stomacher; which, since the day of his marriage, he has, out of a piece of gallantry, converted into a night-cap, and wears it still with much solemnity on his anniversary wedding night.

Mel. That I have seen, with the ceremony thereto belonging—for on that night he creeps in at the feet, like a gulled Bassa that has married a relation of the Grand Signior, and that night he has his arms at liberty. Did she not tell you at what a distance she keeps him? He has confessed to me, that but at some certain times, that is, I suppose, when she apprehends being with child, he never has the privilege of using the familiarity of a husband with a wife. He was once given to scrambling with his hands, and sprauling in his sleep, and ever since she has swaddled him up in blankets, and his hands and feet swathed down, and so put to bed; and there he lies with a great beard like a Russian bear upon a drift of snow. You are very great with him. I wonder he never told you his grievances; he will, I warrant you.

Care. Excessively foolish!——But that which gives me most hopes of her, is her telling me of the many temptations she has resisted.

Mel. Nay, then you have her; for a woman's bragging to a man that she has overcome temptations, is an argument that they were weakly offered, and a challenge to him to engage her more irresistibly. 'Tis only an enhancing the price of the commodity, by telling you how many customers have underbid her.

Care. Nay, I don't despair—but still she has a grudging to you—I talked to her t'other night at my Lord Froth's masquerade, when I am satisfied she knew me, and I had no reason to complain of my reception; but I find women are not the same barefac'd and in masks——and a vizor disguises their inclinations as much as their faces.

Mel. 'Tis a mistake; for women may most properly be said to be unmasked when they wear vizors; for that secures them from blushing and being out of countenance, and next to being in the dark, or alone, they are most truly themselves in a vizor mask. Here they come. I'll leave you. Ply her close, and by and by clap a *billet-doux* into her hand: for a woman never thinks a man truly in love with her, he has been fool enough to think of his mistress's sight, and to lose so much time as to write a letter.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

Young WOULDBE and RICHLY.

Y. W. Come, Frank, canst thou lend me a hundred pounds?

Rich. What would you do with them?

Y. W. Do with them? There's a question——Do you think I would eat them?

Rich. Yes, o' my troth would you, together. Look 'e, Mr. Wouldbe, well with your father, I could have lent you five guineas. But as the case assure you I have lately paid off and——

Y. W. Sir, this put-off looks like you know I don't use to take such

Rich. Sir, your demand is rather you know I don't use to give such

Y. W. Sir, I'll pawn my honour

Rich. That's mortgaged already worth; you had better pawn your bring you forty shillings.

Y. W. 'Sdeath, sir—[*Takes*

Rich. Hold, Mr. Wouldbe—to your misfortunes all at once.

Y. W. How, sir?

Rich. Why, go to a mas would have robbed me of Look'e sir, you have been travagance would some time you; and it will go a great to have turned the pad upon

Y. W. This usage is the you, in whose company I

Rich. I'm therefore a wi spent—why would you ke expenses with me that hav What was gallantry in m mine was health, because a disease, because you co



is this all I must expect from our

ship! sir, there can be no such thing
ility.
is, there can be so such thing when
a for't.
sir——our friendship was over a
nd whilst you can pay your club of
that way your humble servant; but
come borrowing, I'm this way——
rvant. [*Exit.*
big, proud, arrogant villain! I have
econd, thrice sick of the same love,
ed by the same physic, and now he
trifle——That an honest fellow in his
such a rogue when he is sober!——
rted rascal has been drinking coffee
Well, thou dear solitary half-crown,
e, Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of
Balderdash bring it himself. [*Exit*
elancholy are my poor breeches; not
Thou art a villainous hand, for thou
pocket.——This vintner now has all
honest fellow, a broad face, a copious
g belly, and a jolly mien. I have
ove three pounds a night for these two
ly. The rogue has money, I'm sure,
lend it.
ERDASH, *with a bottle and glass.*
lerdash, good morrow.
Mr. Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble
e brought you a whetting-glass, the
Europe; I know 'tis your drink in a

edge you, Mr. Balderdash.
ealth, sir. [*Drinks.*
Mr. Balderdash, tell me one thing, but
now tell me plainly what you think

of you, sir! I think that you are the
st gentleman, that ever drank a glass
he best customer that ever came into

lo you really think as you speak?

Bald. May this wine be my poison, sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my heart. [*Drinks.*

Y. W. And how much money do you think I have spent in your house?

Bald. Why, truly, sir, by a moderate computation, I do believe that I have handled of your money the best part of five hundred pounds within these two years.

Y. W. Very well! And do you think that you lie under any obligation for the trade I have promoted to your advantage?

Bald. Yes, sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my ability.

Y. W. Well! thanks to my stars, there is still some honesty in wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and your kindness: I am at present a little low in cash, and must beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

Bald. Why truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my head several times to caution you upon your expenses: but you were so very genteel in my house, and your liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any thing that might check your disposition; but truly, sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

Y. W. But since you reaped the benefit of my extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my necessity.

Bald. Consider your necessity! I do with all my heart; and must tell you, moreover, that I will be no longer accessary to it: I desire you, sir, to frequent my house no more.

Y. W. How, sir!

Bald. I say, sir, that I have an honour for my good lord your father, and will not suffer his son to run into any inconvenience: sir, I shall order my drawers not to serve you with a drop of wine. Would you have me connive at a gentleman's destruction?

Y. W. But methinks, sir, that a person of your nice conscience should have cautioned me before.

Bald. Alas! sir, it was none of my business: would you have me be saucy to a gentleman that was my best customer? Lack-a-day, sir, had you money to hold it out still, I had been hanged rather

be rude to you—But truly, sir, when a man is
d 'tis but the duty of a Christian to tell him of it.
W. Will you lend me money, sir?
ald. Will you pay me this bill, sir?
W. Lend me the hundred pound, and I'll pay
bill.
Bald. Pay me the bill, and I will——not lend you
hundred pounds, sir.——But pray consider with
urself, now, sir; would not you think me an errant
xcomb, to trust a person with money that has
ways been so extravagant under my eye? whose
rofuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled?
lave not I known you, sir, throw away ten pounds a
ight upon a covey of pit-partridges, and a setting-
log? Sir, you have made my house an ill house: my
very chairs will bear you no longer.—In short, sir, I
desire you to frequent the Crown no more, sir.
Y. W. This is the punishment of hell; the very
devil that tempted me to sin, now upbraids me with
the crime. I have villainously murdered my fortune,
and now its ghost, in the lank shape of poverty,
haunts me. [*The Twin Rivals.*

LEGAL INDUCEMENTS.

Y. W. I have got possession of the castle, and if I
had but a little law to fortify me now, I believe we
might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my
attorney. Mr. Subtleman, your servant.

Enter SUBTLEMAN.

Sub. My lord, I wish you joy. My aunt has sent
me to receive your commands.
Y. W. Has she told you any thing of the affair?
Sub. Not a word, my lord.
Y. W. Why then——come nearer.——Can you
make a man right heir to an estate during the life of
an elder brother?
Sub. I thought you had been the eldest.
Y. W. That we are not yet agreed upon; for you
must know, there is an impertinent fellow that takes
a fancy to dispute the seniority with me. For look'e,
sir, my mother has unluckily sowed discord in the
family, by bringing forth twins; my brother, 'tis true,
was first born; but I believe from the bottom of my
heart I was the first begotten.
Sub. I understand—you are come to an open
dignity, that by justice indeed is your own, but by
law it falls to your brother.
Y. W. I had rather, Mr. Subtleman, it were by
by justice, and mine by law: for I would have the
strongest title, if possible.
Sub. I am very sorry there should happen any
breach between brethren; so I think it would be
a Christian and charitable act to take away all
disputes, by making you true heir to the estate of
last will of your father. Look 'e, I'll
you shall yield the eldership
he shall quit his estate to you.
Y. W. Why, as you say, I don't much
grant him the eldest, half an hour is but a trifle
how shall we do about the will? Who shall we get
prove it?
Sub. Never trouble yourself for that: I expect a
cargo of witnesses and tiderwaiters by the first
wind.
Y. W. But we can't stay for them; it must be
immediately.
Sub. Well, well; we'll find some body; I warrant
you, to make oath of his last words.
Y. W. That's impossible; for my father fell
apoplexy, and did not speak at all.
Sub. That's nothing, sir: he's not the first
man that I have made to speak.
Y. W. You're a great master of speech, I
question, sir; and I can assure you there
guineas for every word you extract from
favour.
Sub. O, sir, that's enough to make
grandfather speak.
Y. W. Come, then, I'll carry you to
he shall give you the names of the
true titles and denominations of the
you shall go to work.

[*The Fo*

INTERVIEW BETWEEN AN AUTHOR AND
PUBLISHER.

STRICTLY, VAMP, and CAPE.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp: Your
good sir?

. a word, master Cape, for your pri-
ıy communicate; this gentleman is
hor?
ıous.
t way?
ıl.
ıe! he's very young, and exceed-
l; what, a good subscription, I
ıonth from Leyden; an admirable
dy'd it in Germany; if you should
; now, as ten or a dozen manuscript
eas'd clergyman, I believe he can
ed originals.
; I don't deal in the sermon way,
y by the last I printed, for all 'twas
ıodist; but I believe, sir, if they
ıve a good deal of Latin in 'em, I
p.
, sir?
ınuscript sermons you have wrote,
se of.
that I have wrote?
; master Cape has been telling
I am mightily oblig'd to him.
ıy, don't be afraid; I'll keep coun-
ad not kept a shop so long at the
d not know how to be secret; why,
ı, when I was in the treasonable
ak'd; I never gave up but one au-
ıd he was dying of a consumption,
ɔ a trial.
—look here (*shews the side of his*
e!—bare as a board!—and for no-
but an innocent book of bawdy, as
: oh! the laws are very hard, very
e given me, sir, so positive a proof of your secrecy that you may rely upon my communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but, gadso! we must mind business, tho'. Here, master Cape, you must provide me with three taking titles for these pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largest——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, master Cape; to strike they must be well dress'd; fine feathers make fine birds; a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions.—Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin, *ad unguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd you a fable of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's, into Latin verse in a twinkling! except Peter Hasty, the voyage-writer, he was as great a loss to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carried him off?

Vamp. A halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, master Cape; I thought there was something the matter by his not coming to our shop for a month or two: he was a pretty fellow!

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death?

Vamp. I can't say;—as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his last moments: he was a pretty fellow!

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr. Vamp?

Vamp. Not at present; about the spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject?

Vamp. I leave that to him; master Cape knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and the other watering places: no bad commodity for the West India trade neither; let 'em be novels, master Cape.

Cape. You shall be certainly supplied.

Vamp. I doubt not; pray how does Index go on with your journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time—but you have overstock'd the market. Titlepage and I had once lik'd to have engaged in a paper. We had got a young cantab for the essays; a pretty historian from Aberdeen; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence; but, I don't know how, it dropp'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any ——

Vamp. No, thank you, master Cape; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa tree coffee-house; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months, to understand trade and the funds; and then, I'll start him—— no, no, you have enough on your hands; stick to your business; and d'ye hear, 'ware clipping and coining; remember Harry Handy; he was a pretty fellow!

[*The Author.*

THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

There is, by the constitution of this kingdom, an assembly of many individuals, who, as the seventh son of a seventh son is born a physician, are orators by hereditary right; that is, by birth they are enabled to give their opinions and sentiments on all subjects, where the interest of their country is concerned. To this we are to add another assembly, consisting of six hundred and fifty-eight individuals, where, though the same privilege is enjoyed as in the first instance, yet this advantage is not possessed in virtue of any inherent natural right, but is obtained in consequence of an annual, triennial, or septennial deputation from the whole body of the people; if then we add to this list the number of all those candidates who are ambitious of this honour, with the infinite variety of changes that a revolution of twenty years will produce, we cannot estimate those funds of national orators, in *esse*, *posse*, and *velle*, at a smaller quantity than 20,000; and this, I believe, by the disciples of Demoivre, will be thought a very moderate computation.

[*The Orators.*

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

SCENE, *The Robin Hood*

THE PRESIDENT; DERMOT O'DROHEDA, [illegible]

TIM TWIST, *a tailor*; STEAP, *a* [illegible]

a smith; SAM SLAUGHTER, *a* [illegible]

POLE, *a bailiff*. *All with pewter pots before them*

Pres. Silence, gentlemen, as you are furnished with porter!

All. Full, Mr. President.

Pres. We will then proceed to the business of the day; and let me beg, gentlemen, that in all your debates, preserve that decency and decorum which is due to the importance of your deliberations and the dignity of this illustrious assembly—

[*Gets up, pulls off his hat, and reads the motion.*] Motion made last Monday to be debated now: "That, for the future, instead of that vague phrase called porter, the honourable members may be supplied with a proper quantity of Irish usquebaugh."

"Dermot O'Droheda? he said."

O'Droh. [*Gets up.*] That's I myself.

Pres. Mr. O'Droheda.

O'Droh. Mr. President, the case is this; I [illegible] because I am any grate lover of that same usquebaugh that I have set my mark to the motion; but I did not think it was decent for a number of gentlemen that were, d'ye see, met to settle the affairs of the nation, to be guzzling a pot of porter; to be sure liquor is a pretty sort of a liquor enough when it is hot with trotting between a couple of pails; this is another guess matter, because why, the [illegible] concerned; and if it was not for the [illegible] haps, dibble burn me but I would as soon drink from the Thames as your porter. But usquebaugh; ah long life to the liquor—it is the [illegible] rator of the bowels, and a stomatic to the [illegible] say, Mr. President, it invigorates, it stimulates; in short it is the onliest liquor of life, and [illegible] alive will die whilst he drinks it.

[*Sits down.* TWIST *gets up, having a paper, containing the heads of what he says, in his hat.*

Pres. Mr. Timothy Twist.

T. Twist, Mr. President, I second Mr.



and, sir, give me leave —I say, Mr. *s in his hat*] give me leave to ob- ıo' it is impossible to add any force advanced by my honourable friend et, sir, [*looks into his hat again,*] it ıe necessary to obviate some objec- : made to the motion; and first it —I say, sir, some gentlemen may ıay prove pernicious to our manufac- *is hat,*] and the duty doubtless it ıber of this illustrious assembly to ır eye unto that; but, Mr. Presi- *in his hat, is confused, and sits*

ist, O pray finish, Mr. Twist. Mr. President, that, sir, if, sir, it be as—I say—[*looks in his hat,*] I have ı say. [*Sits down, and* STRAP *gets*

p.

esident, it was not my intention to ıbly upon this occasion, but when I thrown out by gentlemen, where the ıuntry is so deeply concerned, I own ent; and give me leave to say, sir, ıame before this assembly a point of : than this; it strikes, sir, at the very constitution; for, sir, what does this t implies that porter, a wholesome, acture, is to be prohibited at once. r? for a foreign, pernicious commo- formerly the honour, in conjunction friend in the leather apron, to ex- amongst us, as I looked upon lemons eign fruit; and can it be thought, t silent to this? No, sir, I will put rongly against it; I will oppose it For should this proposal prevail, it : fatal, give me leave to say, will, : issue; and I shan't be surprised in ear from the same quarter, a motion of gin, and a premium for the im- key. [*A hum of approbation, with and winks from the other members.*

He sits down, and ANVIL *and another member get up together; some cry* Anvil, *others* Jacobs.

Pres. Mr. Anvil.

Anvil. Mr. President, sir—

[*The members all blow their noses, and cough;* ANVIL *talks all the while, but is not heard.*]

Pres. Silence, gentlemen; pray, gentlemen. A worthy member is up.

Anvil. I say, Mr. President, that if we consider this case in its utmost extent—[*All the members cough and blow their noses again.*] I say, sir, I will. Nay, I insist on being heard. If any gentleman has any thing to say any where else, I'll hear him.

[*Members all laugh, and* ANVIL *sits down in a passion, and* SLAUGHTER *gets up.*

Pres. Mr. Samuel Slaughter.

Slaug. Sir, I declare it, at the bare hearing of this here motion, I am all over in a sweat; for my part I can't think what gentlemen mean by talking in that there manner; not but I likes that every man should deliver his mind; I does mine; it has been ever my way; and when a member opposes me I like him the better for it; it's right; I'm pleas'd; he can't please me more; it is as it should be; and though I differ from the honourable gentleman in the flannel night-cap over the way, yet I am pleased to hear him say what he thinks; for, sir, as I said, it is always my rule to say what I think, right or wrong—[*a loud laugh.*] Ay, ay, gentlemen may laugh, with all my heart, I am used to it, I don't mind it a farthing; but, sir, with regard to that there motion, I entirely agree with my worthy friend with the pewter pot at his mouth. Now, sir, I would fain ask any gentleman this here question; Can any thing in nature be more natural for an Englishman than porter? I declare, Mr. President, I think it the most wholesomest liquor in the world. But if it must be a change, let us change it for rum, a wholesome palatable liquor, a liquor that—in short, Mr. President, I don't know such a liquor. Ay, gentlemen may stare; I say, and I say it upon my conscience, I don't know such a liquor. Besides, I think there is in this here affair a point of law, which I shall leave to the consideration

ned, and for that there reason, I shall take
e of your time.

[*He sits down*, CATCHPOLE *gets up.*

Mr. Catchpole.
I get up to the point of law. And though,
bred to the business, I can't say I am pre-
r this question. But though this usquebaugh,
am, may not (by name) be subject to a duty,
s my opinion, or rather belief, it will be con-
, as in the case of horses, to come under the
of dry'd goods—But I move that another day
oint be debated.

aught. I second the motion.

CATCHPOLE *gives a paper to the President, who*
k it.

Pres. Hear your motion.

"That it be debated next Thursday, whether the
am usquebaugh is subject to a particular duty; or,
in the case of horses, to be considered under the
rticle of dry'd goods."

All. Agreed, agreed. [*The Orators.*

EDUCATION OF A MIMIC.

SIR WILLIAM WEALTHY *and* SHIFT.

Sir Will. Pray, sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Cou'd nothing induce you to unbosom yourself.

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of some-thing in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne sçai quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock: You shall see me all.

Sir Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know then, that fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a tailor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of light your honour——A link boy.

Sir Will. A pleasant fellow.——Who are your parents?

Shift. I was produced, sir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the newspapers, between an illustrious lamplighter and an eminent tallow-and dog butcher.——Cat's meat, and dog's meat——I dare say, you have heard my mother, sir. But as this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me——in the gutter.

Sir Will. Proceed

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the play-house. There, sir, having extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pockets, connivance from constables, politeness fashions from footmen, and the art of making breaking a promise, from their masters. How light me across the kennel.——I hope you will remember poor Jack.——You rascal, you have no halfpence——I'll pay you the next time see you.——But, lack-a-day, sir, that time I am seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within *Sir Will.* How did you gain admittance to *Shift.* My merit, sir, that, like my link, radiance round me.——A detachment from quarters here took possession, in the country corporation, where I did the business barn, by sweeping the stage, and clipping There my skill and address was so conspi it procur'd me the same office the ensu Drury-lane, where I acquir'd interprity of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For I think, sir, stand the shot of the gallery in lighting sweeping, the first night of a new pla ance to the pillory, with all its ri ments.

Sir Will. Some truth in that.



ın unlucky crab-apple, apply'd to my
ı patriot gingerbread-baker from the
would not suffer three dancers from
cause he hated the French, forced me
retreat.
or devil!
io and Contades have done the same.
n'd, like a tennis-ball I rose higher from

ow so?
isfortune, sir, mov'd the compassion of
ormers, a whimsical man, he took me
To him I owe, what, I believe, will
to you.
plain.
sir, my master was remarkably happy
ı however disesteem'd at present, is,
n'd among the perfections of an ora-

ıy you are deeply read, Mr. Shift.
ıattering—But as I was saying, sir,
miss to my master. Bipeds, or qua-
ials, or animals; from the clamour of
ckle of the barn-door; from the sopo-
ıe tabernacle of Tottenham-court, to
ray of their long-ear'd brethren in
all were objects of his imitation, and
In a word, sir, for two whole years,
ofessor, I study'd and starv'd, im-
body, and pamper'd my mind; till
pretty near equal to my master, I
: of his own bows, and set up for

u have been successful, I hope.
well. I can't complain. My art, sir,
-tout. I seldom want employment.
and my engagements. [*Pulls out a*
Hum,—hum,—Oh! Wednesday at
near Hanover-square; there, there, I
:al upon the Mingotti; for her lady-
pera interest: but, however, I shall
ie upon her rival Mattei, Sunday even-
ıstinuto's concert. Thursday I dine
, with ten templars, at the Mitre in
Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parley of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarsops, near the Monument. So, sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me. [*The Minor.*

UNION OF VICE AND FANATICISM.

SIR GEORGE, MRS. COLE, LOADER, *and* DICK.

Mrs. C. Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning, I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. C. Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. C. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge——

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. C. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of——Oh la! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. C. And never once call'd upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of the new birth; no,—— There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's. Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroach?

Mrs. C. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour! You know the colonel——He and Jenny Cummings drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share.

Mrs. C. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earn'd thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: but now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs C. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!——But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no.——Oh!

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. C. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, abed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mintwater in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. C. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch 'em, you blockhead. [*Ex. Dick.*

Mrs. C. Ay, I am a going; a wasting and a wasting, Sir George. What will become of the house when I am gone, heaven knows.——No——When people are miss'd, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, tho' I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day. Reputable tradesmen, Sir George, neighbours, Mr. Loader knows; no knock me down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the parish of St. Paul's, and during the whole time, nobody has said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the round-house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, M

Load. May I lose deal, with if old Moll does not bring tears

Mrs. C. However, it is a con one has passed thro' the world w ter. Ay, a good name, as M better than a gallipot of ointmen

Enter DICK *with*

Load. Come, haste, Dick, h Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bu

Mrs. C. Hold, hold, Mr. Load I could as soon swallow the Tha keep the gout out of my stomach

Load. Why then, here's to th it is supernaculum.—Speak when

Mrs. C. I won't trouble you hands do so tremble and shake, good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I see a ti a linen gown, knock at your door

Mrs. C. Ay; a young thing fr

Load. Could we not get a pre ing?

Mrs. C. Impossible! She is en Totter. I have taken earnest months.

Load. Pho, what signifies suc Tip him an old trader, and give h

Mrs. C. Tip him an old tra where do you expect to go to Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squin brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I has wrought a most happy reform

Mrs. C. Oh, it was a wonderf I been tossing in a sea of sin compass. And had not the good me into the harbour of grace, against the rocks of reprobation, swallow'd up in the whirlpool the precious instrument of my sp But however, Sir George, if you



thing, to-morrow night I believe I can

w?
ıave advertis'd this morning, in the
for servants under seventeen; and ten
ht on something that will do.
y me, but it has a face.
ly, consistently with my conscience, I
hing for your honour.
ght, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that
pray, how long has this heavenly
rought in you?
r since my last visitation of the gout.
it, seven years ago, I began to have
my waverings; but I was lost in a
nobody to show me the road. One
of dying a Roman, which is truly a
mmunion enough for one of us: but it

ıy not?
nt one summer over to Boulogne to re-
ı'd you believe it, the barefooted, bald-
would not give me absolution, without I
ness.—Did you ever hear of such a
—Besides, I cou'd not bear their bar-
l you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock
s in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest,
ıings!——Oh, six of them, for a sea-
ıh my business here, and then I shou'd
do, but to think of hereafter.
l me, what a country!
, scandalous!
ıo, it would not do. So in my last
isited by Mr. Squintum, who stept in
grace, got me with the new birth, and
ou see, regenerate, and another crea-

Enter DICK.

ransfer, sir, has sent to know if your
me.
s. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with
ness, you know—
ue, sir George. Mr. Loader, your
', oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Wou'd you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. C. Not a drop——I shall see you this evening?

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. C. To-morrow I hope to suit you——We are to have, at the tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. C. Or if that should not do, I have a titbit at home, will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by a beard. Well, heaven bless you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader——Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently——so, so!

[*Exit* MRS. COLE *and* LOADER.

Sir Geo. Dick, show Mr. Transfer in——Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

[*The Minor.*

ADVANTAGEOUS MODES OF BANKRUPTCY.

PILLAGE *and* RESOURCE.

Pil. Ay, take my word for it, Mr. Resource, in the whole round of the law, and, thank heaven, the dominions are pretty extensive, there is not a nicer road to hit than the region of bankrupts.

Res. I should have thought it a turnpike, for you see how easily even a country attorney can find it.

Pil. Pshaw, what amongst manufacturers and meagre mechanics? fellows not worth powder and shot; and yet these paltry provincials, master Resource, are often obliged to solicit my aid.

Res. Indeed!

Pil. Why, t'other day, a poor dog, over head and ears in debt, from the country, was recommended to me by a client: the fellow had scrap'd together all he could get, and came up to town, with a view of running beyond sea, but I stopp'd him directly.

Res. Really!

Pil. O, ay, in a couple of months wash'd him as white as a sheep that is just shorn.

Res. How did you bring it about?

Pil. Easy enough. Made him take a house in Cheapside, call'd him a citizen, in the London Gazette, and his name of John Madge being as common as carrots, not a soul in the country suspected that it was he.

Res. How should they?

Pil. Pass'd a few necessary notes to get him number and value, white-wash'd him, and sent him home to his wife.

Res. Cleanly and cleverly done.

Pil. When the country chaps brought in their bills, he drew out of his pocket a certificate, and gave them a receipt in full for all their demands.

Res. How the loobies must look.

Pil. Chop-fallen, no doubt: but he is in business again.

Res. He is?

Pil. O yes, and I hear does very well. For I left him two hundred out of the six he brought with him, to begin the world with credit afresh.

Res. Very generous indeed, Mr. Pillage.

Pil. O! a trifling affair, got little by it!—for the matter of that, a mere statute is not much in itself.

Res. Ay! well I thought it brought pretty perquisites with it.

Pil. No, no; it is a good hot-bed indeed to raise chancery suits in.

Res. Ay, that is a produce that deserves propagation.

Pil. What, I see you have found a remedy for master Monk of the Minories? I thought his was an incurable disease.

Res. Only skinn'd over the sore, master Pillage, it will soon break out again.

Pil. What were the means that you used?

Res. Got some friend of mine to advance him cash on a project.

Pil. Of what kind?

Res. A scheme of his, to monopolize sprats and potatoes.

Pil. And it took?

Res. Oh! there was no danger. ple of this country are always r bubble.

Pil. Will it hold?

Res. Pshaw! We shall break b sprats, and as to the potatoes, we load or two.

Pil. For which you procured a

Res. Not a souse. They are all in Southwark, and have shot out b the trees in the park.

Pil. Ha! ha! ha! but apropo Sir Robert's business with us?

Res. Very near, I believe.

Pil. What, the house is not a t

Res. A pretty large crack.

Pil. Which he wants our assi Why, I thought the knight was as

Res. I knew better things. I saw daily decaying. Hush, here he co

Enter SIR ROBERT, *followed*

Sir Rob. As we have effects in the bills to be sure. But how when they are due.—So, gentlemen you to beg your assistance.

Pil. Sir Robert, we shall be v you if you will tell us but how.

Sir Rob. Why, to deal plainly affairs are come to a crisis, and w stantial and speedy assistance, my expire.

Pil. You surprise me: I never ger. Pray, Sir Robert, what brou was it an alley fever, or a gradual

Sir Rob. A complication of could have weather'd them all, had land but stood, their failure mine.

Pil. What, Van Swieten's?

Sir Rob. Have you heard any

Pil. No doubt, I believe, of th bills were offer'd at Garraway's u As your name is not blown a

of quires! don't you think the circu-
erve you?
o, that mint is exhausted, and private
to its primitive value. My real case
ger conceal'd. I must stop, and should
r advice how to manage the matter.
are two methods in use. The choice
on how your affairs stand with the

tter bad, Mr. Pillage.
s'd as much, by your sending for us.
, master Resource, like a couple of
apply but in desperate cases.
all diseases there are different de-

for instance, if you find you are pretty
with perhaps a small balance per con-
our creditors, lay your conditions fully
convince them you have a fund to
r demands, and crave a respite for three

st to call in my debts, and make the
ier effects?
as the English merchants have a good
their blood, that is a favour rarely

is master Pillage, will be only defer-

, Sir Robert, as you manage the cards.
hat the length of time, with the want or
noney for trade, will dispose the bulk
s to sell their debts at a loss of thirty
it?
ue.
temptible sum, when a man's deal-

t how shall I profit by—
inders you from privately buying the

it indeed—
'ortune sav'd out of the fire.
And now we talk of the fire, for a
you may burn a warehouse or two,
n gutted of all its contents.

Res. And recover the full amount of the policy.

Pil. Did you never try that?

Res. No, I don't think he has done any thing in the fire way yet; have you, Sir Robert?

Sir Rob. Never once came into my head.

Pil. May be not; oh! for a fertile brain, there are many means to be used; but what d'ye say to my plan?

Sir Rob. What the summoning scheme? I am so involved, that I am afraid that project will never prevail.

Pil. Then you have nothing left but a statute.

Sir Rob. But if my certificate should not be granted?

Pil. That is my proper business, Sir Robert. If we find your creditors inclined to be crusty, there will be no difficulty in creating demands to get number and value.

Sir Rob. That will swell my debts to a monstrous amount.

Res. So much the more for your honour; consider you are a knight, and your dignity demands you should fail for a capital sum.

Sir Rob. Does it?

Pil. To be sure. Why, you would not sneak into the Gazette like a Birmingham button-maker.

Res. Oh fie!

Pil. He would never after be able to show his head upon change.

Res. Never, never.

Pil. And then, you know, what with the portable stuff, such as jewels, or cash, that he himself may secrete, and the dividends that fall to the share of his friends, which they will doubtless restore—

Res. He will be fit to begin the world again with *éclat*.

Pil. In a much better condition than ever.

Res. And his children's children will have reason to thank him.

Sir Rob. But is there not some danger in conceal-ing the portable stuff, as you call it?

Pil. Not in the least. Besides, to colour the busi-ness, you may collect a purse of light guineas, with an old batter'd family watch, and deliver them to the commissioners, on your first examination.

Res. That will give an air of integrity.

Sir Rob. You seem to think, then, gentlemen, that it is the duty of every honest merchant to break once at least in his life, for the good of his family?

Res. Not the least question of that.

Pil. Every day's practice confirms it. Well, Sir Robert, when shall I provide you the tackle?

Sir Rob. The tackle!

Pil. In about a month or six weeks, I think, you may be made fit to appear in the papers.

Sir Rob. In the Gazette, as a bankrupt?

Res. Aye, but then no time must be lost.

Pil. Not a moment, for should they smoke his design—

Sir Rob. Gentlemen, I must decline your assistance.

Pil. How?

Sir Rob. For, without considering the private injury I may do to particular persons, this mischievous method must soon affect the whole mercantile world.

Pil. Why, what has that—

Sir Rob. Mutual confidence is the very cement of commerce. That weaken'd, the whole structure must fall to the ground.

Res. Hey!

Sir Rob. From the practice of these infamous arts, as it is impossible they can be conceal'd, what suspicions, what jealousies must every man in trade entertain!

Pil. How?

Sir Rob. What an injury besides, to those in my unhappy condition! The risks and losses unavoidably connected with commerce, procure the unsuccessful trader generally the compassion, sometimes the friendly aid, of those of his order.

Res. We know that well enough.

Sir Rob. But when bankruptcy becomes a lucrative traffic, and men are found to fail with a view of making their fortunes, the unhappy and fraudulent will be confounded together, and punishment fall on his head who has a title to pity.

Pil. The man's mad.

Sir Rob. Perhaps I myself am a sacrifice to those very arts you have recommended as w[ays] there the mischief shall end. Men may my calamities, but they never shall by [this]

[*Th*

NEWSPAPER EDITORSHIP.

MARGIN *with newspapers, accessed in*

September the 9th. Sold twelve h[undred] thirty. June the 20th. Two thousand and increase for the time, considering too that has been pretty pacific: dabbled but little and not remarkably scurrilous, unless, in few personal cases. We must season high up the demand. Writers in Journals, dancers, to engage the public attention, m[ust] their necks every step that they take. The people feel, arises from the risk that what's the matter?

Enter DINGEY.

Dingey. Mr. Hyson has left the answer to letter on East India affairs.

Margin. A lazy rascal, now his letter is comes with an answer. Besides, the subject Return it again. Are all our people in wait

Dingey. The attorney general to the p[ress] answers the law cases, is not come yet.

Margin. Oh! that's Ben Boo[th]'en d[o] prudently done, perhaps he has a writ again our authors—Bid them enter, and call names.

Dingey. Walk in, gentlemen.

Enter PEPPER, PLAISTER, RUMOUR, F[OG] FIBBER, COMMA, CAUSTIC, O'BLAB, and [others]

Dingey. Politicians, pro and con, Mess[rs.] per and Plaister.

Pepper, Plaister. Here.

Margin. Pepper and Plaister, as both [sides] are up, I shall adjourn your political [war] their meeting again.

Pepper. Don't you think the public [will] one skirmish more before we close the [cam]have a trimmer here in my hand.

Plaister. To which I have as tart a retort.

Margin. No, no; enough for the pres[ent] Plaister the proper timing the subject, [&c.]

labours. The conductor of a news-
iod cook, should always serve up things
: who eats oysters in June? Plays and
ıses are winter provisions.
:n half the satire and salt will be lost:
great man should happen to die, or go

ıaw! it will do as well for the great
es in. Political papers should bear
sermons, change but the application
hey will suit all persons and seasons.
ıe enough; but meantime, what can
r we shall be quite out of work?
warrant you, if you an't idle, there's
h, the press teems with fresh publica-
ı, translations, voyages—
ıt take up as much time to read as to

ıd what with letters from Paris or
ons, elopements, dismal effects of
;htning, remarkable causes at country
ith changing the ministry now and
have employment enough for the

d so enter upon our old trade in the

e, or for variety, as it must be tiresome
one side; you, Pepper, may go over to
and Plaister will join opposition. The
:rhaps give fresh spirits to both.
th all my heart. A bold writer has
ıgement to sharpen his pen. I have
when there was no difficulty in get-
in Newgate; but now, all I can say
me a warrant from a Westminster

u say right, hard times, master Pep-
tion is the very life and soul of our
on't despair, who knows how soon
end? gentlemen, you may draw back.

tics—Thomas Comma, and Christo-

ere are they?

Dingey. As you could not find them in constant employment, they are engaged by the great, to do the articles in the Monthly Reviews.

Margin. I thought they were done by doctor Doubtful the Deist.

Dingey. Formerly; but now he deals in manuscript sermons, and writes religious essays for one of the Journals.

Margin. Then he will soon sink. I foresaw what would come of his dramming. Go on.

Dingey. Collectors of paragraphs, Roger Rumour, and Phelim O'Flam.

Rumour, Flam. Here.

Dingey. Fibber and Forge'em, composers and makers of ditto.

Fibber, Forge'em. Here.

Margin. Well, Rumour, what have you brought for the press?

Rumour. I have been able to bring you no positives.

Margin. How! no positives?

Rumour. Not one. I have a probability from the court end of the town, and two good supposes out of the city.

Margin. Hand them here—[*reads.*] "It is probable, that if the king of Prussia should join the Czarina, France will send a fleet into the Mediterranean, which, by giving umbrage to the maritime powers, will involve Spain by its family compact. To which if Austria should refuse to accede, there may be a powerful diversion in Poland, made conjunctly by Sweden and Denmark. And if Sardinia and Sicily abide by the treaties, the German Princes can never be neuter; Italy will become the seat of war, and all Europe soon set in a flame."——Vastly well, master Rumour, finely confused, and very alarming. Dingey, give him a shilling for this. I hope no other paper has got it?

Rumour. Oh fie! did you ever now me guilty of such a——

Margin. True, true, now let's see your supposes.—[*Reads.*] "It is supposed, if Alderman Mango should surrender his gown, he will be succeeded by Mr. Deputy Drylips; and if my Lord Mayor should con-

tinue ill of the gout, it is supposed the swan-hopping will cease for this season."—The last supposed is fudged in: why would you cram these upon me for a couple?

Rumour. As distinct as can be.

Margin. Fye, remember our bargain. You agreed to do the court of aldermen always for sixpence.

Rumour. What, if a common hall should be called?

Margin. Oh! then you are to have threepence a motion, I know that very well: I am sure no gentleman can accuse me of being sneaking. Dingey, give him sixpence for his supposes. Well, Phelim O'Flam, any deaths in your district?

O'Flam. The devil a one.

Margin. How! none?

O'Flam. O yes, a parcel of nobodies, that died worth nothing at all. Fellows that can't pay for a funeral. Upon my conscience, I can't think what becomes of the folks: for my part, I believe all the people who live in town fall down dead in the country; and then too, since doctor Dispatch is gone to the Bath, patients linger so long.

Margin. Indeed!

O'Flam. To be sure they do. Why, I waited at the Jolly Topers, a matter of two days and a half, for the last breath of Lady Dy Dropsy, for fear some other collector should catch it.

Margin. A long time, indeed.

O'Flam. Wasn't it? considering that she had two consultations, besides devilish tough. Mr. Margin, I shall quit the mortality walk, so provide yourself as soon as you can.

Margin. I hope not.

O'Flam. Why, what will I do? I am sure the deaths won't keep me alive; you see I am already stripp'd to my shroud; since November, that suicide season, I have not got salt to my porridge.

Enter SIR THOMAS TRADEWELL.

Sir Thomas. Is your name Matthew Margin?

Margin. It is, and what then?

Sir Thomas. Then, pray what right had you to kill me in your last Saturday's paper?

Margin. Kill you!

Sir Thomas. Ay, sir, here the article is; surely the law has some punishment for such i you.

Margin. Punishment! and for all, what injury have you sustain'd

Sir Thomas. Infinite. All my post out of the country, my house cousins to be present at the opera there has been (as it is known the jointure) no less than three propo already made to my relict.

Margin. Let me look at the par "Last night, after eating a hearty denly, with his mouth full of cot Tradewell, knight, an amiable comp tionate relation, and a friend to the this is some blunder of yours; for, j gentleman is, and alive.

O'Flam. So he says, but the devil case would I believe but himself; was told it by Jeremy O'Turlough, chairman, my dear: by the same tok with a pint of porter for the good ne

Sir Thomas. Vastly oblig'd to yo but I have nothing to do with this w it is you, Margin, shall answer for th

Margin. Why, Sir Thomas, it is now and then we must kill a man by in some measure to make amends, good character the paper has given y

Sir Thomas. Character!

Margin. Aye, sir, I can tell yo crown for putting in many a worse.

O'Flam. Aye, Sir Thomas, consid think what a comfort it is to live lo you are dead, to read such a good ac in the papers.

Sir Thomas. Ha! ha! ha! w rascal! but I would advise you, go take such liberties with me for the fu

O'Flam. Indeed and we won't, a Mr. Margin my word, that you shall long as you live, unless, indeed, we your own hand.

…PEARANCE OF THE DEVIL.
…VIL, HARRIET, *and* INVOICE.
bottle.] Heigh-ho!
is that?
where?
…ot you hear a voice?
Fancy, my love; only your fears.
…gh-ho!
again!
it now.—Who is there?

e speaks English! Who and where are

… in this bottle; where I have been
hese six months.
up in a bottle! I never heard of such
life, unless, indeed, in the Hay-market
up in a bottle d'ye say?
by the master of this house, a magi-

ician! Why then you are a spirit, I

are right; I am the Devil.
on us!
t be terrified, miss: You remember
, "The devil is not so black as he is

…ut, sir——
…ce to your questions, my good sir,
—Consider, rammed up in this narrow
't be much at my ease; now if you
he bottle before you on the floor——
aven's sake, Mr. Invoice, take care

my pretty miss, what risk do you run?
hardly be changed for the worse.
…true, indeed!
…e me, miss, as matters stand, we can
…: Your lover may deliver me from
n prevent you both from going into

ys my Harriet? shall I rely on the
d?
madam! I am a devil of honour.

Besides, you have but a little time to consider; in less than five minutes, you will have the consul and all his crew in the house.

Inv. Nay, then—Pray which is the bottle?

Devil. That in the middle, right before you.

Inv. There it goes!

[*He breaks the bottle and the Devil rises out of it. Thunder.*

Har. Oh, what a——

Devil. I am not surpris'd, miss, that you are a little shock'd at my figure: I could have assum'd a much more agreeable form; but as we are to be a little better acquainted, I thought it best to quit all disguise and pretence; therefore, madam, you see me just as I am.

Har. I am sure, sir, you are ve—ve—very agreeable.

Devil. Yo—yo—you are pleas'd to compliment, madam.—Come, answer me sincerely; am I such a being as you expected to see?

Har. Really, sir, I can hardly say what I expected to see.

Devil. I own it is a puzzling question; at least, if the world does us justice in the contradictory qualities they are pleas'd to afford us.

Inv. You will forgive me, if I don't understand you.

Devil. Why, for all their superlative epithets, you cannot but see how much men are beholden to us; by our means it is that you measure the extent both of your virtues and vices.

Inv. As how?

Devil. As thus: In describing your friends, or your foes, they are *devilish* rich, *devilish* poor, *devilish* ugly, *devilish* handsome; now and then, indeed, to vary the mode of conversing, you make a little free with our condition and country, as, *hellish* dull, *damn'd* clever, *hellish* cold; Psha! how *damn'd* hot it is!

Inv. True, sir; but I consider this as a rhetorical figure, a manner of speaking devis'd and practis'd by dulness, to conceal the lack of ideas, and the want of expressions.

Devil. Partly that, I confess: Not but there is some truth in the case; for at different times we have



there's scarce an individual of any rank or importance, but has five or six in his train.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. A little before I got rammed in that phial, I had been for some time on very hard duty in this part of the world.

Inv. Of what kind?

Devil. The dæmon of power and I had long laid siege to a subject, the man a grandee; I was then a popular spirit, and wore the mask of a patriot; at different times, we possessed him by turns; but, in the midst of a violent struggle, (by which means I got lame on this leg, and obtained the nick-name of the Devil upon sticks,) the dæmon of vanity, a low under-strapper amongst us, held over his head a circle of gold, with five knobs on the top, and, *whew!* flew away with our prize in an instant.

Inv. Under-strapper! what, are there different ranks and orders amongst you?

Devil. Without doubt.

Inv. And pray, sir—I hope, no offence; but I would not be wanting in proper respect—are you, when at home, of condition? or how must I——

Devil. You mean, am I a devil of fashion, or one

hands?

Devil. Yes; quite out o
their *cent. per cent.* squee
various modes of extortion
room, they have six or s
direct the dissipation of the

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. Poor Lucifer, it
were not for the fluctuatio
lottery, or a contested ele
empty, and Lucifer have a
pocket when the playhous

Inv. Perhaps, sir, your

Devil. He! worse and
has the least regard to his
be seen in his company. I
lant, waspish, quarrelsome
is the imp of chicane, and
the law.

Inv. Then he, at least,

Devil. Yes, during the
do: He is the parent of
pettifoggers, bad bail, and



age.
belief; he could have hang'd
ole, with half the pains that this
im.
at about?
n't know—he had unfortunately
inate magistrate, who bears a
gues, and whose sagacity could
it, however, tho' he was not able
from the shame of conviction,
leed but little regarded,) yet he
ide, or at least defer, the time of

ns?
a flaw.
t's a flaw?
ophole, that the lawyers leave
w and then to creep through,
t be wholly destroyed.
rtsmen! Would it not be too
our me with this particular in-

Why, sir, when matters grew
se was given over for lost, little
e form of an able practitioner,
d, that his client could not be
t indictment; for as much as
rg'd with foreswearing himself
clearly appeared, by the evi-
ly foresworn himself THEN: If,
indicted generally, for commit-
then, proofs might be produced
nay have committed; whereas,
t of time to the *now*, no proofs
as to the *then*. So that, with
bly conceived, his client was
d his character as fair and as
it's just born, and immaculate as
r.
tion was good?
e was no getting rid of the flaw.
leman——
ut at his ease; not a public
his person full in your face.

Inv. That ought not to be; the contempt of the public, that necessary supplement to the best digested body of laws, should in these cases be never dispensed with.

Devil. In days of yore, when the world was but young, that method had merit, and the sense of shame was a kind of a curb; but knaves are now so numerous and wealthy, they can keep one another in countenance, and laugh at the rest of the world.

Inv. There may be something in that.—Well, sir, I have twice been out of my guess; will you give me leave to hazard a third? Perhaps you are Belphegor, or Uriel?

Devil. Neither. They too are but diminutive devils: the first favours the petty pilfering frauds; he may be traced in the double score and soap'd pot of the publican, the alum and chalk of the baker, in the sophisticated mixtures of the brewers of wine and beer, and in the false measures and weights of them all.

Inv. And Uriel?

Devil. He is the demon of quacks and of mountebanks; a thriving race all over the world, but their true seat of empire is England: there, a short sword, a tie, and a nostrum, a month's advertising, with a shower of handbills, never fail of creating a fortune. But of this tribe I foresee I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Inv. Well, but, sir——

Devil. Come, sir, I will put an end to your pain; for, from my appearance, it is impossible you should ever guess at my person.—Now, miss, what think you of Cupid.

Har. You? you Cupid? you the gay god of love?

Devil. Yes; me, me, miss!—What, I suppose you expected the quiver at my back, and the bow in my hand; the purple pinions, and filleted forehead, with the blooming graces of youth and of beauty.

Har. Why, I can't but say the poets had taught me to expect charms——

Devil. That never existed but in the fire of their fancy; all fiction and phrensy!

Inv. Then, perhaps, sir, these creative gentlemen may err as much in your office, as it is clear they have mistaken your person.

Devil. Why, their notions of me are but narrow. It is true, I do a little business in the amorous way; but my dealings are of a different kind to those they describe.—My province lies in forming conjunctions absurd and preposterous: it is I that couple boys and belnames, girls and greybeards, together; and when you see a man of fashion lock'd in legitimate wedlock with the stale leavings of half the fellows in town, or a lady of fortune setting out for Edinburgh in a post-chaise with her footman, you may always set it down as some of my handywork. But this is but an inconsiderable branch of my business.

Inv. Indeed!

Devil. The several arts of the drama, dancing, music, and painting, owe their existence to me: I am the father of fashions, the inventor of *quinte, trente, quarante*, and hazard; the guardian of gamesters, the genius of gluttony, and the author, protector, and patron of licentiousness, lewdness, and luxury.

Inv. Your department is large.

Devil. One time or other I may give you a more minute account of these matters; at present we have not a moment to lose. Should my tyrant return, I must expect to be again cork'd up in a bottle. [*Knocking.*] And hark! it is the consul that knocks at the door; therefore be quick! how can I serve you!

Inv. You are no stranger, sir, to our distress: here, we are unprotected and friendless; could your art convey us to the place of our birth—

Devil. To England?

Inv. If you please.

Devil. Without danger, and with great expedition. Come to this window, and lay hold of my cloak.—I have often resided in England; at present indeed, there are but few of our family there; every seventh year, we have a general dispensation for residence; for at that time the inhabitants themselves can play *the devil* without our aid or assistance.—Off we go! stick fast to your hold! *Devil on two Sticks.*

MEN OF WIT AND PLEASURE ABOUT TOWN.

Rhoderique. What, Monsieur D'Olive, the only admirer of wit and good words.

D'Olive. Morrow, wits: morrow, good wits: my little parcels of wit, I have rods in pickle for you. 'dost, Jack; may I call thee, sir, Jack yet?

Rhod. Faith, thou followest a figure in thy suit, as country gentlemen follow fashion, when they are out of threadbare.

D'Ol. And what! you stand gazing at what comes here, and admire it, I dare say.

Rhod. And do not you?

D'Ol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rhod. But I wonder how she entertains time in that solitary cell: does she not take tobacco with you?

D'Ol. She does, she does: others make it their physic, she makes it her food: her sister and she take it by turn, first one, and then the other, and Vandome ministers to them both.

Rhod. How sayest thou by that Helen of Gibbs the Countess's sister? there were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive, to admire and marry too.

D'Ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No? what exceptions lie against the dame?

D'Ol. Tush, tell me not of choice; if I stood affected that way, I would choose my wife as men do valentines, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing; for of this of me, there's ten times more deceit in women than in horse-flesh; and I say still, that a pretty pac'd chamber-maid is the only fashion; if she prove full or fulsome, give her but sixpence to buy her hand-basket, and send her the way of all flesh, and no more but so.

Mug. Indeed that's the savingest way.

D'Ol. O me! what a hell 'tis for a man to be to the continual charge of a coach, with the appurtenances, horses, men, and so forth: and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of grooms, panders, waiting-maids, &c. I cannot please my wife, she careless to displease me; chaste if she be honest; intolerable if she be wise; [illegible] as an empress; all she does must be law, all she says gospel: oh, what a penance 'tis to endure her! glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal, perhaps when all's done, my heir shall be her horse-keeper: fie on't! the very thought of it were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

Chapman's Busy D'Ambois.—Quarto.

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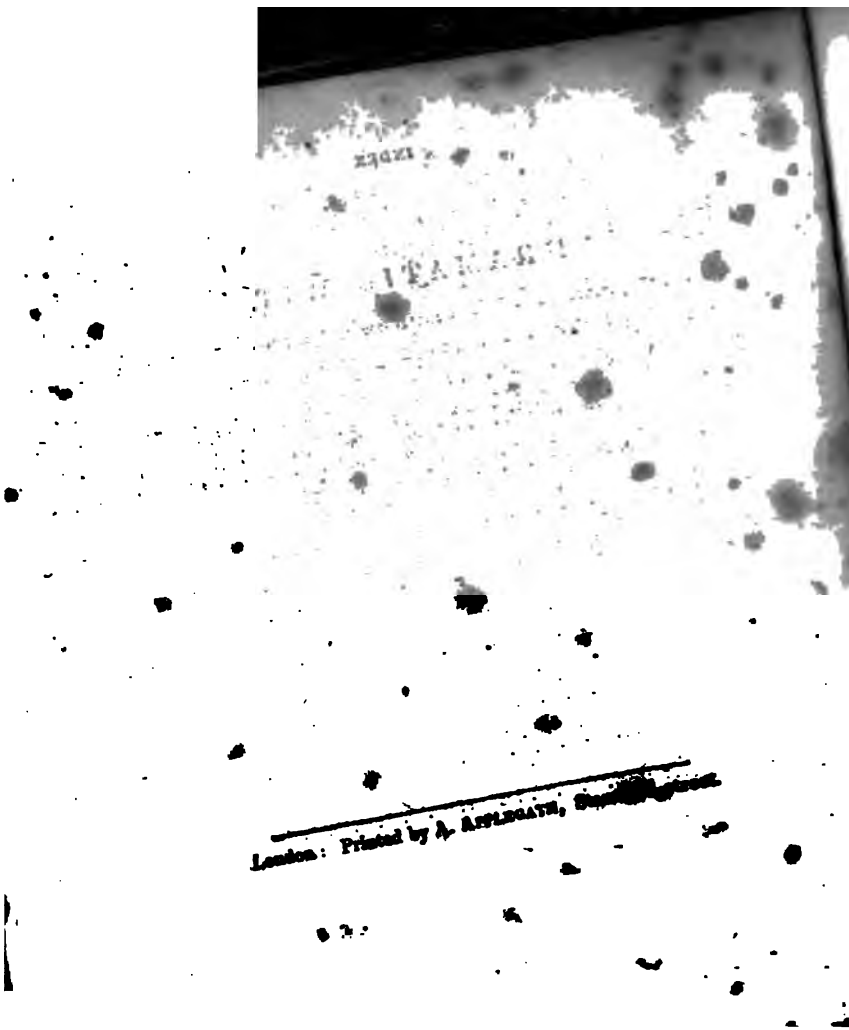
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